THE NEW HUMAN

# The New Hymnal

AS AUTHORIZED AND APPROVED FOR USE BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1916; TOGETHER WITH THE CANTICLES FOR MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER; AND OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS. PUBLISHED UNDER LICENSE FROM THE CHURCH PENSION FUND.

BOSTON
The Parish Choir
1924

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# Certificate

It was voted by both Houses of the General Convention, held in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen:

That the New Hymnal, as reported by the Joint Commission on the Revision of the Hymnal, be authorized and approved for use in this Church.

That the Commission be continued with authority to perfect the details of its work and to complete, for the benefit of the Church Pension Fund, musical editions of the New Hymnal.

That the publication of the Hymnal be committed to the Trustees of the Church Pension Fund for the benefit of that Fund.

Attest:

GEORGE FRANCIS NELSON,
*Secretary of the House of Bishops.*

HENRY ANSTICE,
*Secretary of the House of Deputies.*

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal having been compared with and corrected by, the standard book as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD, *Chairman.*
MORRIS EARLE, *Secretary.*

## CANON 25 OF TITLE I OF THE DIGEST

### Of Church Music

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

# Preface

By action taken at the General Convention, held in Portland, Oregon, in September, 1922, the Church Pension Fund was given authority, by the Commission of the Revision of the Hymnal, to license the publication and sale of musical editions of the New Hymnal. With the acceptance and the adoption by the Church of the New Hymnal it is believed that the use of this book would be more general if various musical editions were available.

This edition conforms in text to the words and arrangement of the New Hymnal, retaining the typography and many of the old familiar tunes as found in the Hymnal of 1892, and the Revised Church Hymnal, as edited by the late Dr. Hutchins.

Much effort has been made to discover the owners of copyright tunes. If by inadvertence mention of the ownership has been omitted, sincere apologies are now offered.

Many valuable suggestions have been offered in regard to the preparation of this edition, and to all those who have thus given of their time and thought grateful acknowledgment is made.

The Plainsong harmonizations of the more frequently used Canticles have been arranged by Francis W. Snow, Organist of Trinity Church, Boston.

It is hoped that this Hymnal may be helpful in the promotion of hearty congregational worship and singing.

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Hail to the Lord's Anointed.... 99
Hark! the song of jubilee....103
Hasten the time appointed....477
How beauteous were the marks divine...108
How bright appears the morning star.... 98
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun....480
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Light of those whose dreary dwelling....100
Not by Thy mighty hand....109
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O One with God the Father.... 97
O very God of very God....102
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Jesus, Lover of my soul....223
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all....228
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me....390
Jesus, still lead on....449
Just as I am, without one plea....139
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee....125
Lord, for ever at Thy side....306
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day....122
Lord Jesus, think on me....393
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Love of Jesus, all divine....231
My faith looks up to Thee....211
My God, I love Thee, not because....234
My God, my Father, while I stray....391
Nearer, my God, to Thee....222
O for a closer walk with God....305
O help us, Lord, each hour of need.... 33
O Jesus, I have promised....379
O Jesus, Lord most merciful....131
O Jesus, Thou art standing....132
O Lamb of God, still keep me....149
O Love divine that stooped to share....400
O Love that will not let me go....236
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O Thou from Whom all goodness flows..401
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Thou say'st "Take up thy cross"....246
Thy life was given for me....238
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| FIRST LINE OF HYMN | NO. |
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| In the Cross of Christ I glory | 152 |
| Jesus, in Thy dying woes | 164 |
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| O come and mourn with me awhile | 153 |
| O Jesus, Lord most merciful | 131 |
| O Sacred Head surrounded | 158 |
| O Thou in whom Thy saints repose | 462 |
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| See the destined day arise | 146 |
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| | |
|---|---|
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| At the Lamb's high feast we sing | 178 |
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| Come, ye faithful, raise the strain | 170 |
| Forty days of Eastertide | 180 |
| He is risen, He is risen | 179 |
| How firm a foundation | 212 |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day | 172 |
| Jesus lives! thy terrors now | 176 |
| Jesus, still lead on | 449 |
| Joy dawned again on Easter Day | 556 |
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| On wings of living light | 559 |
| Peace, perfect peace | 405 |
| Praise to the Holiest | 259 |
| Rejoice, the Lord is King | 521 |
| The Day of Resurrection | 171 |
| The King of Love my Shepherd is | 326 |
| The strife is o'er, the battle done | 173 |
| There is a blessed Home | 515 |
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| | |
|---|---|
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| FIRST LINE OF HYMN | NO. |
|---|---|
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| Majestic sweetness sits enthroned | 194 |
| O God of God, O Light of Light | 251 |
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| Praise the Lord through every nation | 262 |
| Rejoice, the Lord is King | 521 |
| See the Conqueror mounts in triumph | 522 |
| The Head, that once was crowned | 188 |
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| | |
|---|---|
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| Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest | 375 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire | 455 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One | 8 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove | 200 |
| Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come | 196 |
| Come to our poor nature's night (Litany) | 203 |
| Creator Spirit, by Whose aid | 198 |
| Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost | 121 |
| Hear us, Thou that broodedst | 524 |
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| Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed | 199 |
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| | |
|---|---|
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| Come, Thou Almighty King | 209 |
| Father of all, Whose love profound | 206 |
| Holy Father, cheer our way (Evening) | 16 |
| Holy Father, great Creator | 210 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | 208 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty | 205 |
| Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us | 247 |
| O Trinity of blessed Light | 11 |
| Round the Lord in glory seated | 207 |
| Thou, Whose Almighty word | 104 |
| Three in One, and One in Three | 38 |

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| | |
|---|---|
| A mighty Fortress is our God | 213 |
| All people that on earth do dwell | 249 |
| Art thou weary, art thou languid | 386 |
| As pants the wearied hart | 313 |
| Awake, and sing the song | 261 |
| Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve | 111 |
| Children of the Heavenly King | 517 |
| Christ, of all my hopes the ground | 219 |
| Conquering kings their titles take | 91 |
| Eternal Light! Eternal Light | 241 |
| Fight the good fight with all thy might | 113 |
| From all that dwell below the skies | 250 |
| God is our Stronghold and our stay | 214 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | 216 |
| Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah | 42 |
| He leadeth me! O blessed thought | 245 |
| How beauteous were the marks divine | 108 |
| How firm a foundation, ye saints | 212 |
| How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds | 232 |
| How wondrous and great | 254 |

| FIRST LINE OF HYMN | NO. |
|---|---|
| I could not do without Thee | 239 |
| I heard the voice of Jesus say | 242 |
| In heavenly love abiding | 224 |
| In the Cross of Christ I glory | 152 |
| In the hour of trial | 147 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home | 514 |
| Jesus, I live to Thee | 218 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken | 378 |
| Jesus, Lord of life and glory | 127 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul | 223 |
| Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all | 228 |
| Jesus, my Saviour, look on me | 390 |
| Jesus, my strength, my hope | 215 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun | 480 |
| Jesus, still lead on | 449 |
| Jesus, the very thought of Thee | 316 |
| Jesus, Thy boundless love to me | 229 |
| Just as I am, without one plea | 139 |
| Lead, kindly Light | 244 |
| Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us | 247 |
| Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace | 248 |
| Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates | 186 |
| Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee | 125 |
| Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne | 124 |
| Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee | 233 |
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| Love of Jesus, all divine | 231 |
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| My faith looks up to Thee | 211 |
| My God, how wonderful Thou art | 221 |
| My God, I love Thee, not because | 234 |
| My heart is resting, O my God | 220 |
| My soul with patience waits | 314 |
| My spirit on Thy care | 225 |
| Nearer, my God, to Thee | 222 |
| O bless the Lord, my soul | 318 |
| O come, loud anthems let us sing | 308 |
| O could I speak the matchless worth | 263 |
| O for a closer walk with God | 305 |
| O for a heart to praise my God | 260 |
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| O God of God! O Light of Light | 251 |
| O God of truth, Whose living Word | 498 |
| O God, our help in ages past | 445 |
| O heavenly Jerusalem | 509 |
| O help us, Lord, each hour of need | 33 |
| O Jesus, I have promised | 379 |
| O Jesus! Lord most merciful | 131 |
| O Jesus, Thou art standing | 132 |
| O Lamb of God, still keep me | 149 |
| O Light, Whose beams illumine all | 40 |
| O Lord and Master of us all | 496 |
| O Love divine, that stooped to share | 400 |
| O Love that casts out fear | 235 |
| O Love that will not let me go | 236 |
| O Master, let me walk with Thee | 493 |
| O Saviour, precious Saviour | 526 |
| O Thou from whom all goodness flows | 401 |
| O Thou to Whose all-searching sight | 119 |
| O very God of very God | 102 |
| O what the joy and the glory must be | 544 |
| O worship the King | 255 |
| Our Father! Thy dear Name doth show | 499 |
| Peace, perfect peace | 405 |
| Pleasant are Thy courts above | 467 |
| Praise, my soul, the King of heaven | 258 |
| Praise the Lord through every nation | 262 |
| Praise to the Holiest in the height | 259 |
| Rejoice, the Lord is King | 521 |
| Rise, crowned with light | 466 |
| Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings | 114 |
| Rock of ages, cleft for me | 217 |
| Saviour, source of every blessing | 243 |
| Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise | 265 |
| Sing, my soul, His wondrous love | 257 |
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| Songs of praise the angels sang | 256 |
| Spirit divine, attend our prayers | 202 |
| Stand up, stand up for Jesus | 538 |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand | 541 |
| The Church's one foundation | 464 |
| The God of Abraham praise | 253 |
| The King of love my Shepherd is | 326 |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare | 317 |
| The Son of God goes forth to war | 85 |
| The spacious firmament on high | 252 |
| There is a green hill far away | 159 |
| There's a wideness in God's mercy | 240 |
| Thine for ever! God of love | 370 |
| Thou art my hiding place, O Lord | 403 |
| Thou art the way, to Thee alone | 279 |
| Thou hidden love of God, whose height | 227 |
| Thou say'st "Take up thy cross" | 246 |
| Thou, Whose Almighty word | 104 |
| Thy kingdom come, O God | 105 |
| Thy life was given for me | 238 |
| Thy way, not mine, O Lord | 394 |
| To the Name of our salvation | 89 |
| Triumphant Sion, lift thy head | 472 |
| We love the place, O God | 465 |
| We walk by faith, and not by sight | 270 |
| When all Thy mercies, O my God | 237 |
| When morning gilds the skies | 37 |
| Where cross the crowded ways of life | 494 |
| While Thee I seek, protecting Power | 35 |
| Ye holy angels bright | 264 |
| Ye watchers and ye holy ones | 266 |


### Holy Days

*In addition to those appointed for special days.*


| | |
|---|---|
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| Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs | 290 |
| Hark! the sound of holy voices | 297 |
| I heard a sound of voices | 542 |
| In the Cross of Christ (Conv. of St. P.) | 152 |
| In the hour of trial (St. Peter) | 147 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home | 514 |
| Jerusalem the golden | 511 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be (St. Peter) | 135 |
| Let saints on earth in concert sing | 299 |
| Light's abode, celestial Salem | 507 |
| Lo! what a cloud of witnesses | 300 |
| O Heavenly Jerusalem | 509 |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | 167 |
| O what the joy and the glory must be | 544 |
| Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise | 265 |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand | 541 |
| The Saints of God! their conflict past | 294 |
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FIRST LINE OF HYMN — NO.

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Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high....450
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Revive Thy work, O Lord....452
Ye Servants of the Lord....456
(See also Ordinations)

**Rogation Days**

Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead .183
O Jesus, crowned with all renown....181
To Thee, our God, we fly....182

**Thanksgiving and Harvest**

All people that on earth do dwell....249
Come, ye thankful people, come....421
For the beauty of the earth....425
Now thank we all our God....422
O come, loud anthems let us sing....308
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea....426
O worship the King....255
Praise to God, immortal praise....420
Rejoice, the Lord is King....521
We come unto our fathers' God....424

FIRST LINE OF HYMN — NO.

We plough the fields and scatter....423
When all Thy mercies, O my God....237
(See also National Days)

**National Days**

Ancient of Days....519
Faith of our fathers....441
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God of our fathers! known of old....439
God of our fathers, Whose Almighty hand 430
God of the nations, Who hast led....442
God the All-Terrible....435
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates....186
Lord God of hosts Whose mighty hand..438
Lord God, we worship Thee....440
Lord, while for all mankind we pray....431
Mine eyes have seen the glory....434
My country, 'tis of thee....427
O come, loud anthems let us sing....308
O God of love, O King of peace....436
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King....437
O say can you see....429
Once to every man and nation....433
We come unto our fathers' God....424


## THE CHURCH


**Baptism**

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Father of Heaven, Who hast created all.342
In token that thou shalt not fear....344
Jesus, I my cross have taken (a)....378
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding....343
Soldiers of Christ, arise (a)....346
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Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest....375
Go forward, Christian Soldier....535
Holy Spirit, Lord of Love....371
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine....373
Jesus, I my cross have taken....378
Lord, in Thy presence dread and sweet..377
Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee..376
My faith looks up to Thee....211
My God, accept my heart this day....372
Nearer, my God, to Thee....222
O help us, Lord, each hour of need .... 33
O Jesus, I have promised....379
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed....199
Saviour, blessed Saviour....527
Soldiers of Christ, arise....346
The cross is on our brow....369
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Bread of the world, in mercy broken....336
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored..335
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord330
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.334
I am not worthy, holy Lord....323
I hunger and I thirst....325
Jesus, Lover of my soul....223
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts....328
Jesus, to Thy table led....327
Let all mortal flesh keep silence....339
Let Thy blood in mercy poured....340
My God, and is Thy table spread....329
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling....338
O God unseen, yet ever near....321
O Saving Victim, opening wide....331
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless....324
The King of Love my Shepherd is....326
Thou Who at Thy first Eucharist....337

**Burial of the Dead**

A few more years shall roll....443
Abide with me.... 18
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep....413
Blessed City, heavenly Salem....508
Brief life is here our portion .... 69
Come, ye disconsolate....388
For all the saints who from their labours 295
For ever with the Lord....516
For thee, O dear, dear country....512
God of the living, in whose eyes....410
Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs....290
Hark! the sound of holy voices....297
I heard a sound of voices....542
Jerusalem, my happy home....514
Jerusalem, the golden....511

| FIRST LINE OF HYMN | NO. |
|---|---|
| Jesus lives! thy terrors now | 176 |
| Lead, kindly Light | 244 |
| Light's abode, celestial Salem | 507 |
| My God, my Father, while I stray | 391 |
| My Jesus, as Thou wilt | 395 |
| Nearer, my God, to Thee | 222 |
| Now the labourer's task is o'er | 411 |
| O God, our help in ages past | 445 |
| O Heavenly Jerusalem | 509 |
| O Love divine, that stooped to share | 400 |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | 167 |
| O what the joy and the glory must be | 544 |
| Peace, perfect peace | 405 |
| Resting from His work to-day | 165 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me | 217 |
| Sunset and evening star | 412 |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand | 541 |
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| The day of resurrection | 171 |
| The grave itself a garden is | 166 |
| The King of Love my Shepherd is | 326 |
| The Saints of God, their conflict past | 294 |
| The strife is o'er, the battle done | 173 |
| There is a blessed home | 515 |
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| | |
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| From all that dwell below the skies | 250 |
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| Glorious things of thee are spoken | 468 |
| God is working His purpose out | 483 |
| God of mercy, God of grace | 312 |
| Hail to the Lord's Anointed | 99 |
| Hasten the time appointed | 477 |
| I love Thy kingdom, Lord | 315 |
| Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun | 480 |
| Joy to the world! the Lord is come | 101 |
| Let the song go round the earth | 485 |
| Light of those whose dreary dwelling | 100 |
| Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping | 481 |
| O brothers, lift your voices | 495 |
| O Sion, haste | 474 |
| O Spirit of the living God | 475 |
| Rise, crowned with light | 466 |
| Rise up, O men of God | 492 |
| Saviour, sprinkle many nations | 478 |
| Soldiers of the Cross, arise | 115 |
| Soon may the last glad song arise | 484 |
| Stand up, stand up for Jesus | 538 |
| The Church's one foundation | 464 |
| The morning light is breaking | 479 |
| Thou, Whose almighty word | 104 |
| Thy kingdom come, O God! | 56 |
| Thy life was given for me | 238 |
| Watchman, tell us of the night | 106 |
| Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim | 453 |

| FIRST LINE OF HYMN | NO. |
|---|---|

**Almsgiving and Charities**

| | |
|---|---|
| Holy offerings, rich and rare | 504 |
| Master, no offering | 500 |
| O God of mercy, hearken now | 503 |
| O Lord of heaven and earth and sea | 426 |
| Through Him Who all our sickness felt | 505 |
| We give Thee but Thine own | 319 |
| Where cross the crowded ways of life | 494 |

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| | |
|---|---|
| Christ for the world we sing | 486 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire | 455 |
| Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures | 288 |
| Go, labour on! spend and be spent! | 490 |
| God of the prophets | 451 |
| Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high | 450 |
| Lord, speak to me, that I may speak | 502 |
| O Master, let me walk with Thee | 493 |
| O Spirit of the living God | 475 |
| O Thou Who makest souls to shine | 454 |
| Soldiers of the Cross, arise! | 115 |
| Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross" | 246 |
| Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim | 453 |

(See also Ember Days)

**Church Building and Consecration**

| | |
|---|---|
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| Angel voices, ever singing | 461 |
| Blessed City, heavenly Salem | 508 |
| Christ is made the sure foundation | 457 |
| Christ is our Corner-stone | 458 |
| Glorious things of Thee are spoken | 468 |
| I love Thy kingdom, Lord | 315 |
| Jesus, where'er Thy people meet | 459 |
| O 'twas a joyful sound to hear | 307 |
| Pleasant are Thy courts above | 467 |
| Rise, crowned with light | 466 |
| Spirit divine, attend our prayers | 202 |
| The Church's one foundation | 464 |
| We love the place, O God | 465 |

**Brotherhood, Parochial Missions, etc.**

| | |
|---|---|
| A few more years shall roll | 443 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' Name | 192 |
| Approach, my soul, the mercy seat | 303 |
| Art thou weary, art thou languid | 386 |
| At even, when the sun was set | 399 |
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# THE HYMNAL

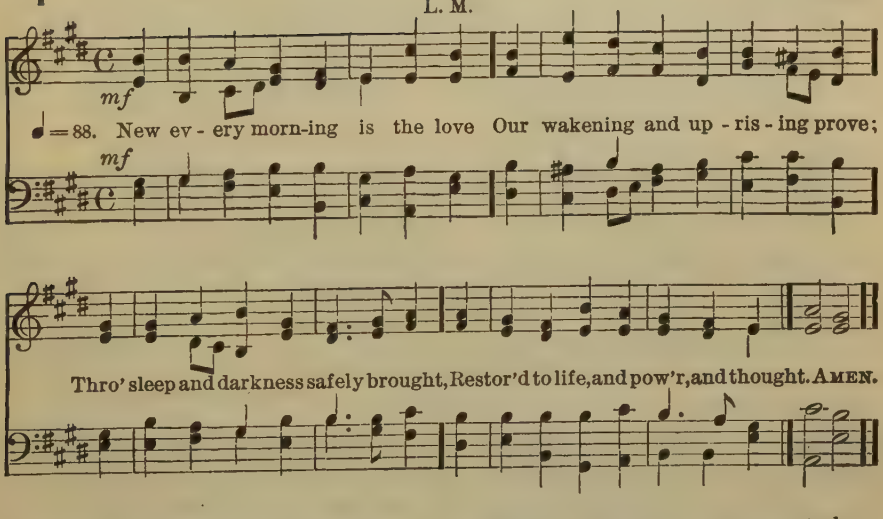
## Daily Prayer

### Morning

1

MELCOMBE
*S. Webbe*

L. M.


mf
♩ = 88. New ev - ery morn-ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
mf
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought. AMEN.

*mf* 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
*cr* New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

*mf* 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

*mf* 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
*dim* Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

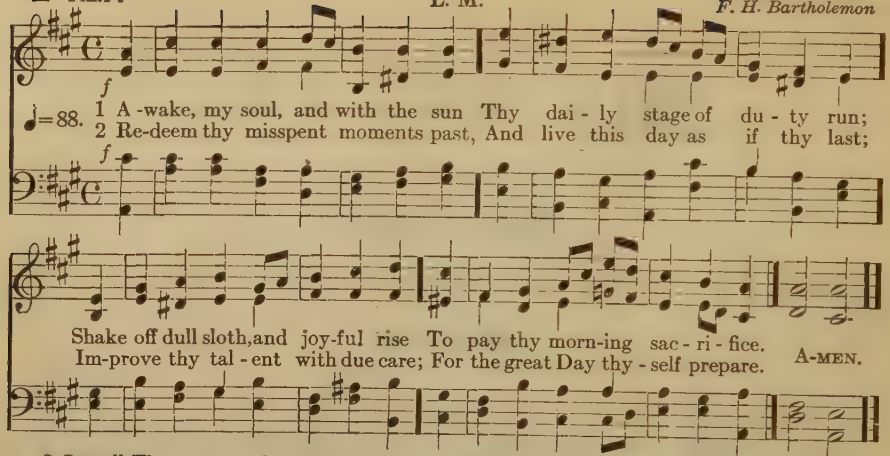
*mf* 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

*p* 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
*mf* And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

*J. Keble*

**2** PART I — L. M. — MORNING HYMN — *F. H. Bartholemon*


♩=88.
1 A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;
2 Re-deem thy misspent moments past, And live this day as if thy last;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
Im-prove thy tal-ent with due care; For the great Day thy-self prepare.
A-MEN.

3 Let all Thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

*mf* 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II

*mf* 5 All praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

*mf* 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

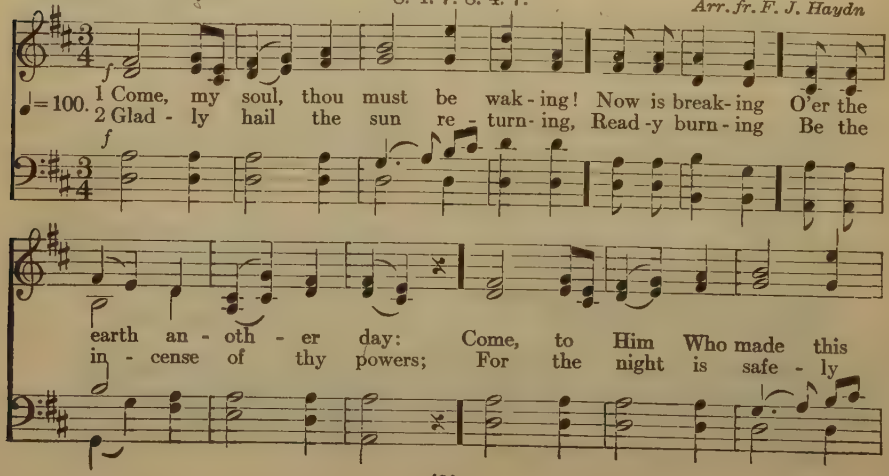
*mf* 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

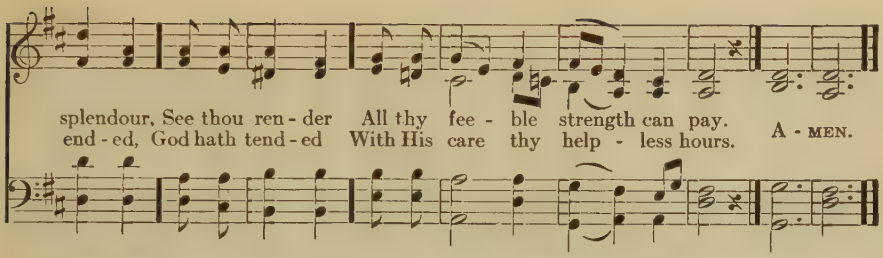
*f* 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Ken*

*The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part* 1.

**3** (FIRST TUNE) — 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7. — HAYDN — *Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn*


♩=100.
1 Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing! Now is break-ing O'er the
2 Glad-ly hail the sun re-turn-ing, Read-y burn-ing Be the
earth an-oth-er day: Come, to Him Who made this
in-cense of thy powers; For the night is safe-ly




*mf* 3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
And that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

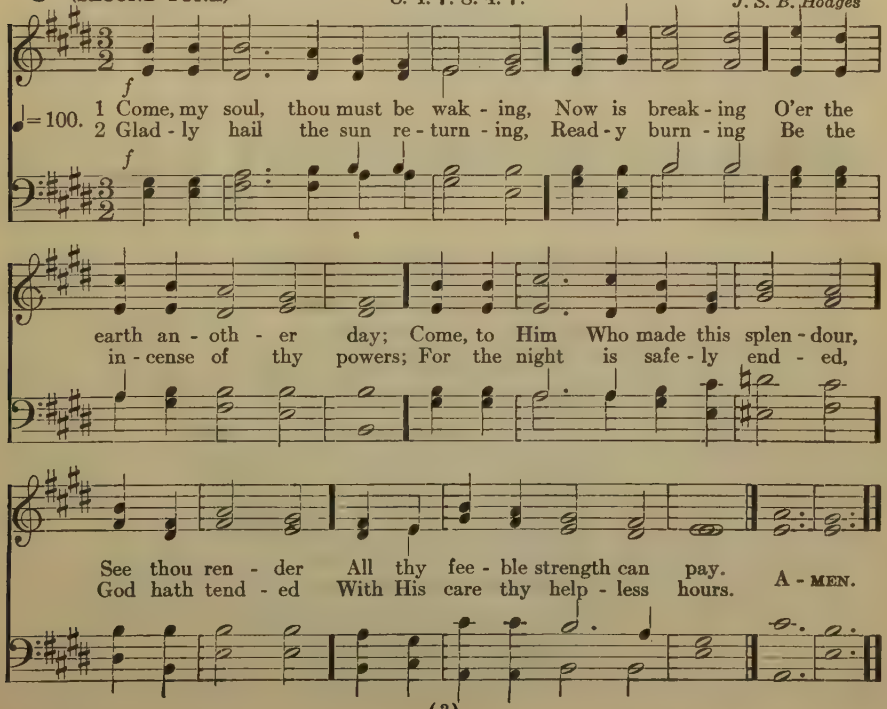
4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

*p* 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
*cr* And, released from death's dark sadness,
*f* Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

*mf* 6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
*cr* Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

*F. R. L. Canitz*, TR. *H. J. Buckoll*

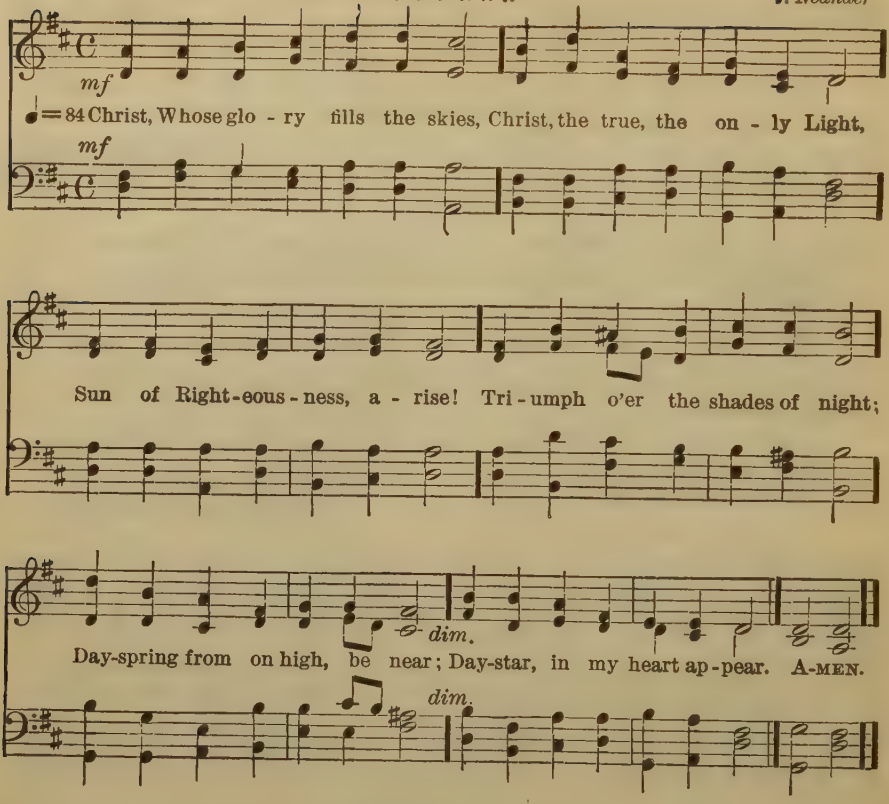
**3** (SECOND TUNE) 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7. MATINS *J. S. B. Hodges*


f
♩=100. 1 Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the
2 Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing, Read - y burn - ing Be the
earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him Who made this splen - dour,
in - cense of thy powers; For the night is safe - ly end - ed,
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
God hath tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
A - MEN.

4

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

RATISBON
*J. Neander*


mf
♩=84 Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
mf
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
dim.
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-MEN.
dim.

*p* 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
*or* Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart

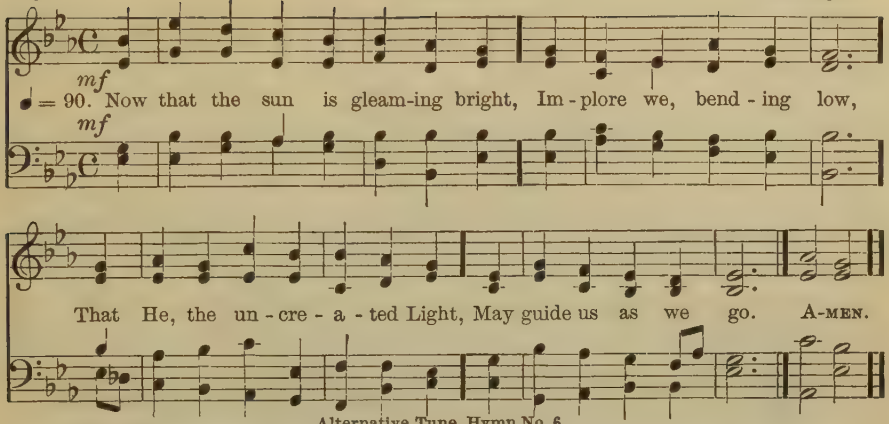
*p* 3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
*or* More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

*C. Wesley*

5

C. M.

ST. PETER
*A. R. Reinagle*




Alternative Tune, Hymn No. 6

*mf* 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

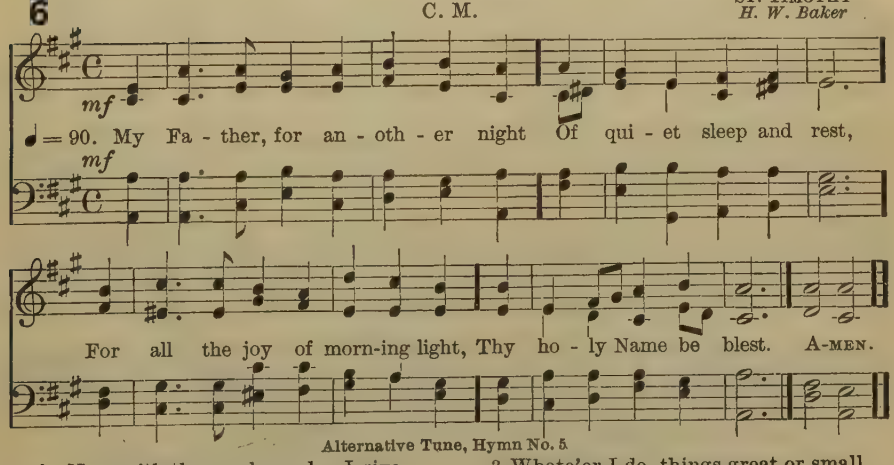
4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

*Latin;* TR. *J. H. Newman*

6

C. M.

ST. TIMOTHY
*H. W. Baker*




Alternative Tune, Hymn No. 5

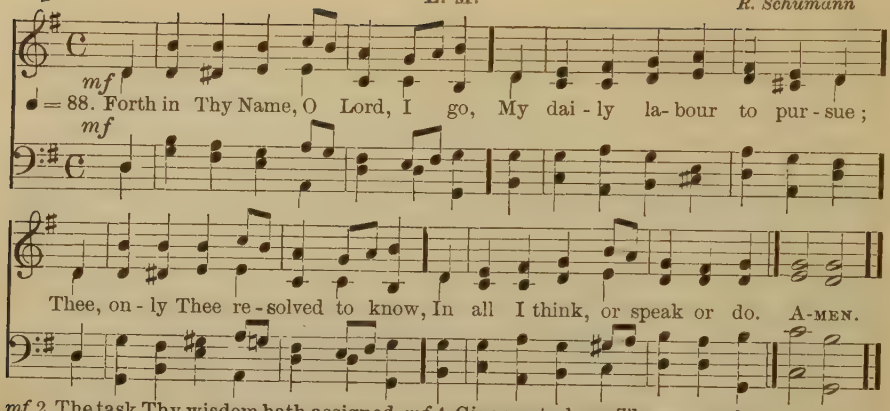
*mf* 2 Now with the newborn day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

*H. W. Baker*

**7** L. M. CANONBURY *R. Schumann*


mf
♩ = 88. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bour to pur - sue;
mf
Thee, on - ly Thee re - solved to know, In all I think, or speak or do. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

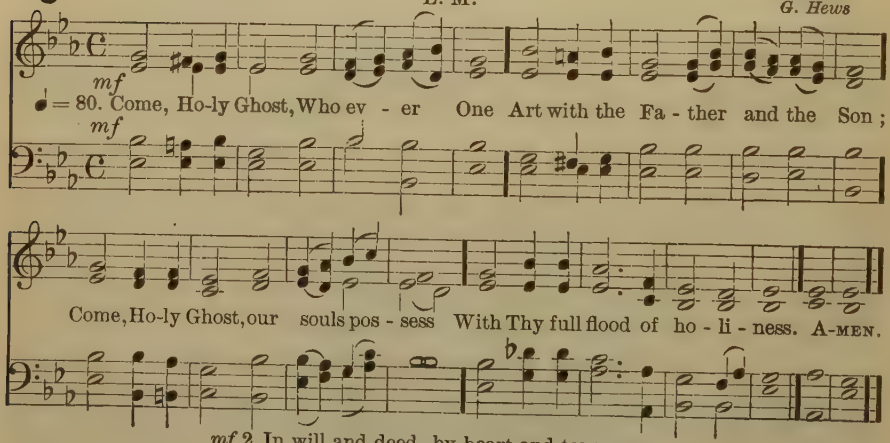
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

*mf* 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
*cr* And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

*mf* 5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

*C. Wesley*

**8** L. M. HOLLEY *G. Hews*


mf
♩ = 80. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Who ev - er One Art with the Fa - ther and the Son;
mf
Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our souls pos - sess With Thy full flood of ho - li - ness. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 In will and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, Thy praise be sung;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

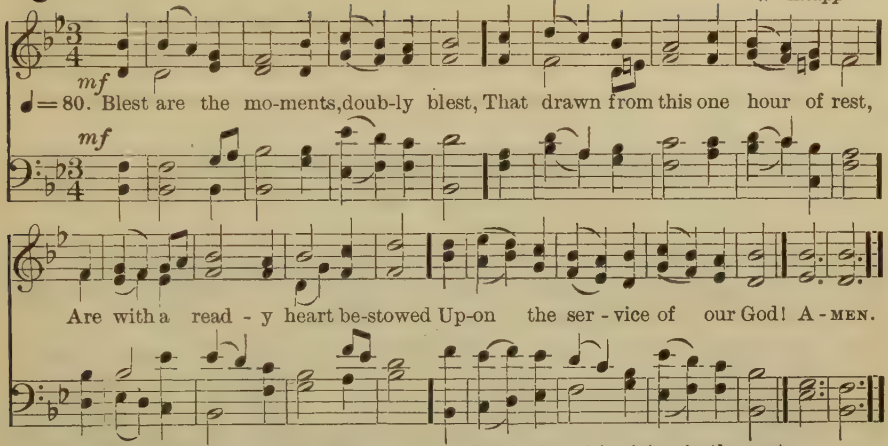
3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally.

*St. Ambrose.* TR. *J. H. Newman*

## 9

L. M.

WAREHAM
*W. Knapp*


mf
♩= 80. Blest are the mo-ments, doub-ly blest, That drawn from this one hour of rest,
mf
Are with a read - y heart be-stowed Up-on the ser - vice of our God! A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

3 Look up to heaven, the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run·
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

4 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course;

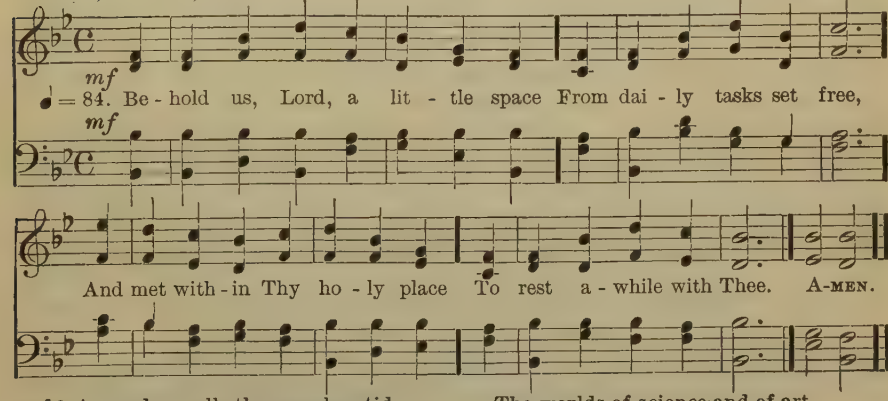
5 Help with Thy grace, thro' life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

*W. Wordsworth*

## 10

C. M.

EVAN
*W. H. Havergal*




*mf* 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee and not Thy foe.

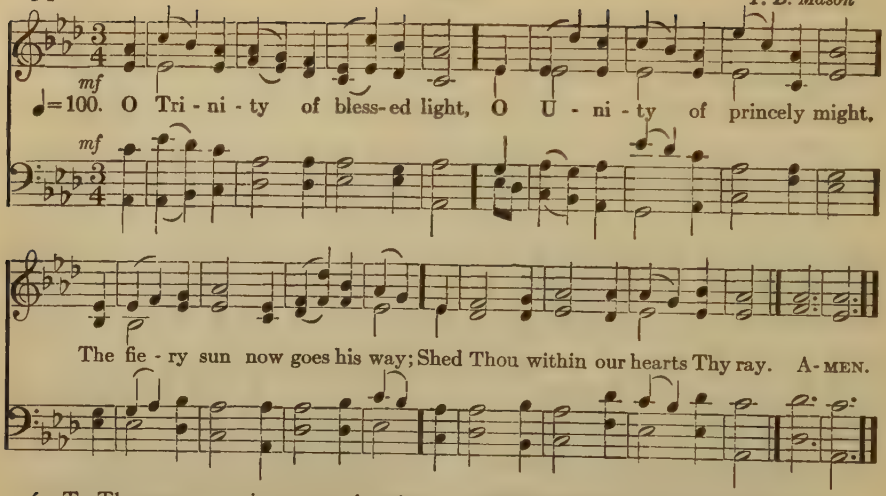
6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

*J. Ellerton*

## 11

L. M.

EDEN
*T. B. Mason*


mf
♩=100. O Tri - ni - ty of bless-ed light, O U - ni - ty of princely might,
The fie - ry sun now goes his way; Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us with Thy saints on high
To praise Thee through eternity.

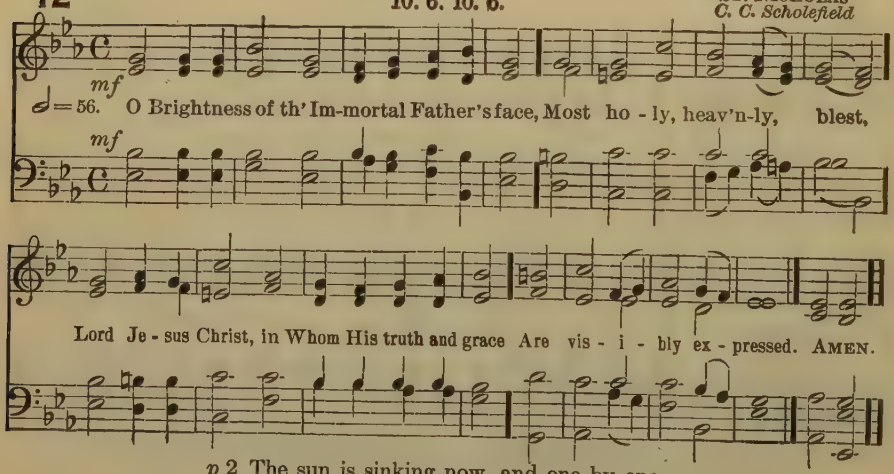
*f* 3 All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete.

LATIN *St. Ambrose*; TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 12

10. 6. 10. 6.

ST. NICHOLAS
*C. C. Scholefield*


mf
♩=56. O Brightness of th' Im-mortal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heav'n-ly, blest,
Lord Je - sus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex - pressed. AMEN.

*p* 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
*cr* We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

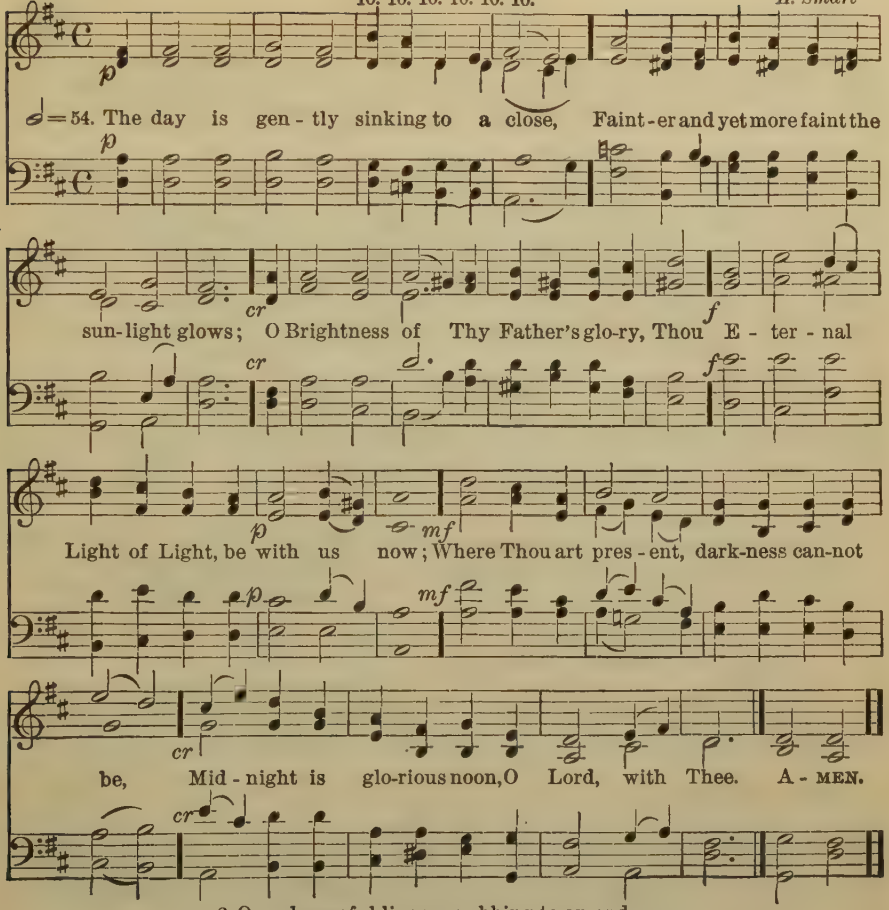
*f* 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

TR. *E. W. Eddis*

13

NACHTLIED
*H. Smart*

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.


♩=54. The day is gen - tly sinking to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the
sun-light glows; O Brightness of Thy Father's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal
Light of Light, be with us now; Where Thou art pres - ent, dark-ness can-not
be, Mid - night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
*cr* O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
*f* Be Thou our light (*dim*) in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

*mf* 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
*dim* And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
*p* When all is dark (*cr*) may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

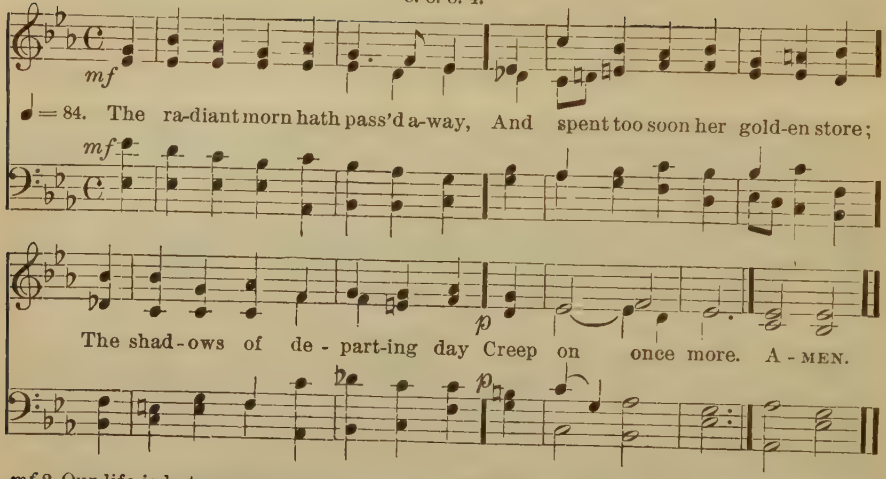
*p* 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
*cr* In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
*ff* May we arise awakened by Thy call,
*dim* With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
*cr* In that blest day which has no eventide.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 14 (FIRST TUNE)

ST. GABRIEL
*F. A. G. Ouseley*

8. 8. 8. 4.


mf
♩ = 84. The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
mf
The shad-ows of de - part-ing day Creep on once more. A - MEN.
p
p

*mf* 2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
*cr* Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

*mf* 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.

*mf* 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

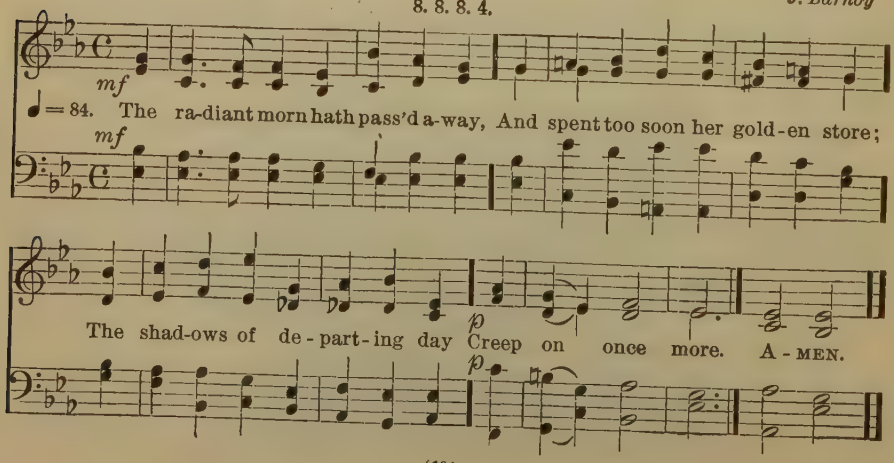
*f* 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

*G. Thring*

(SECOND TUNE)

SUNSET
*J. Barnby*

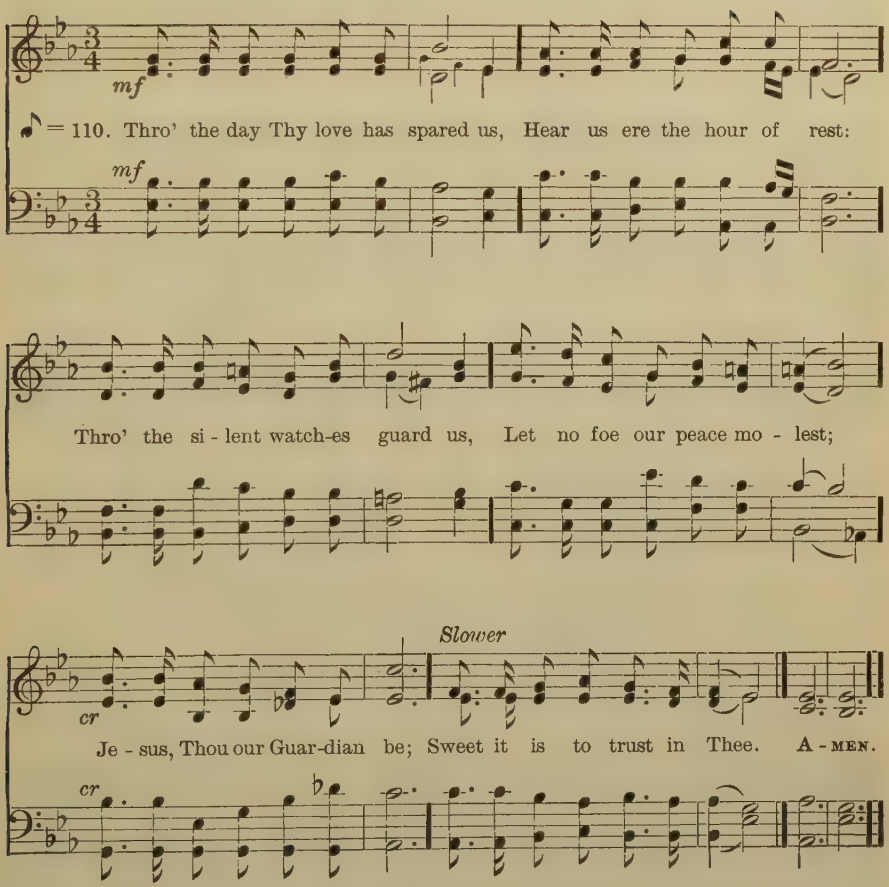
8. 8. 8. 4.


mf
♩ = 84. The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
mf
The shad-ows of de - part-ing day Creep on once more. A - MEN.
p
p

15

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

KIRKDALE
*J. Barnby*


mf
♪ = 110. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Hear us ere the hour of rest:
mf
Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Slower
cr
Je - sus, Thou our Guar-dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A - MEN.
cr

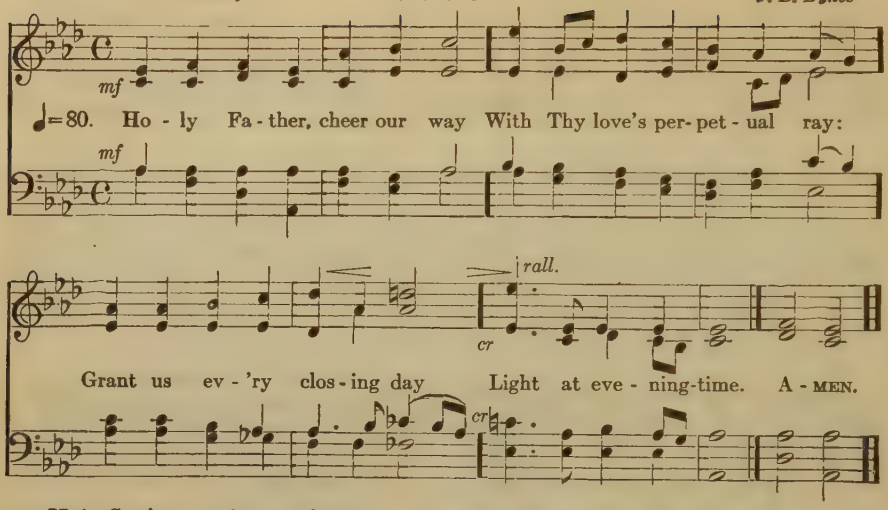
*mp* 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
*p* And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

*T. Kelley*

## 16 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 5.

VESPERI LUX
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=80. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:
mf
rall.
cr
Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning-time. A - MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
*cr* Light at evening-time.

*pp* 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

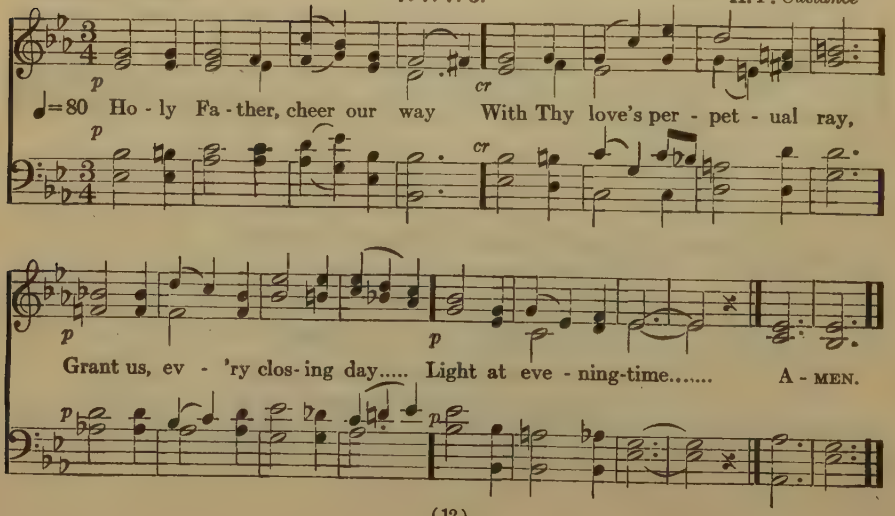
*mf* 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
*cr* Darkness is not dark with Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
*f* Light at evening-time.

*R. H. Robinson*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 5.

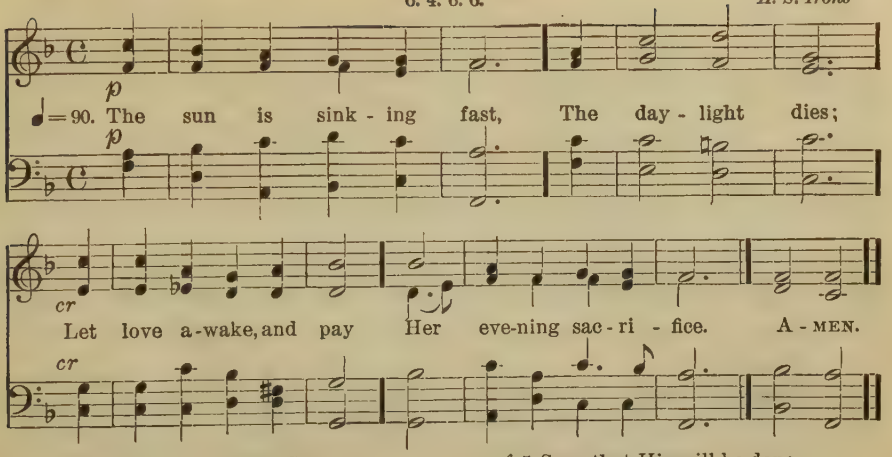
ORISON
*A. F. Custance*


p
cr
♩=80 Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray,
p
cr
p
p
Grant us, ev - 'ry clos - ing day..... Light at eve - ning-time..... A - MEN.
p
p

## 17 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 4. 6. 6.

ST. COLUMBA
*H. S. Irons*




*p* 2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

*mf* 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

*mf* 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

*mf* 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

*f* 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

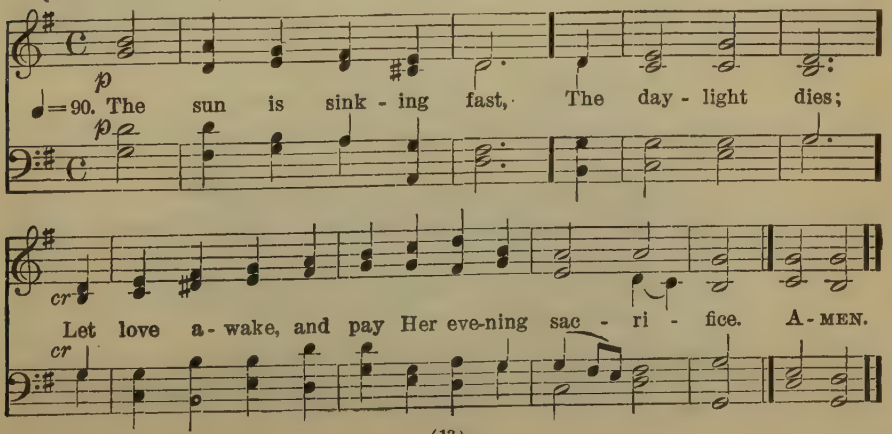
*f* 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Tr. *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 4. 6. 6.

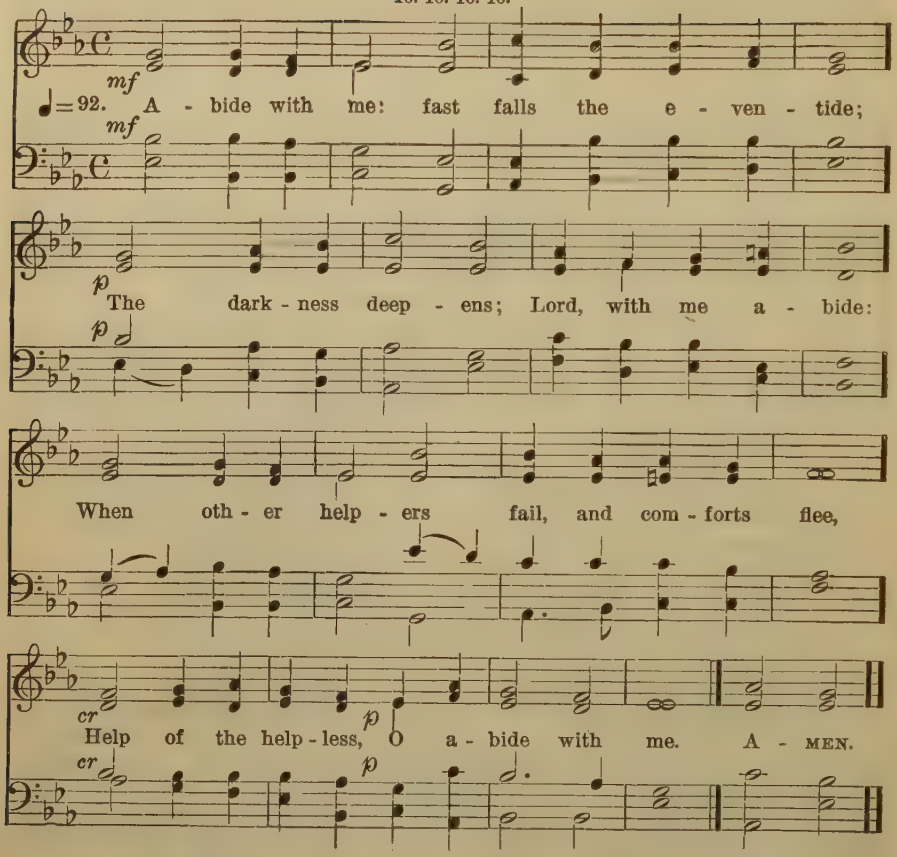
TWILIGHT
*J. H. Hopkins*



**18** (FIRST TUNE)

EVENTIDE
*W. H. Monk*

10. 10. 10. 10.


mf
♩=92. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
mf
p
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
p
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
cr
p
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - MEN.
cr
p

*p* 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
*mf* O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
*cr* What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
*f* Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

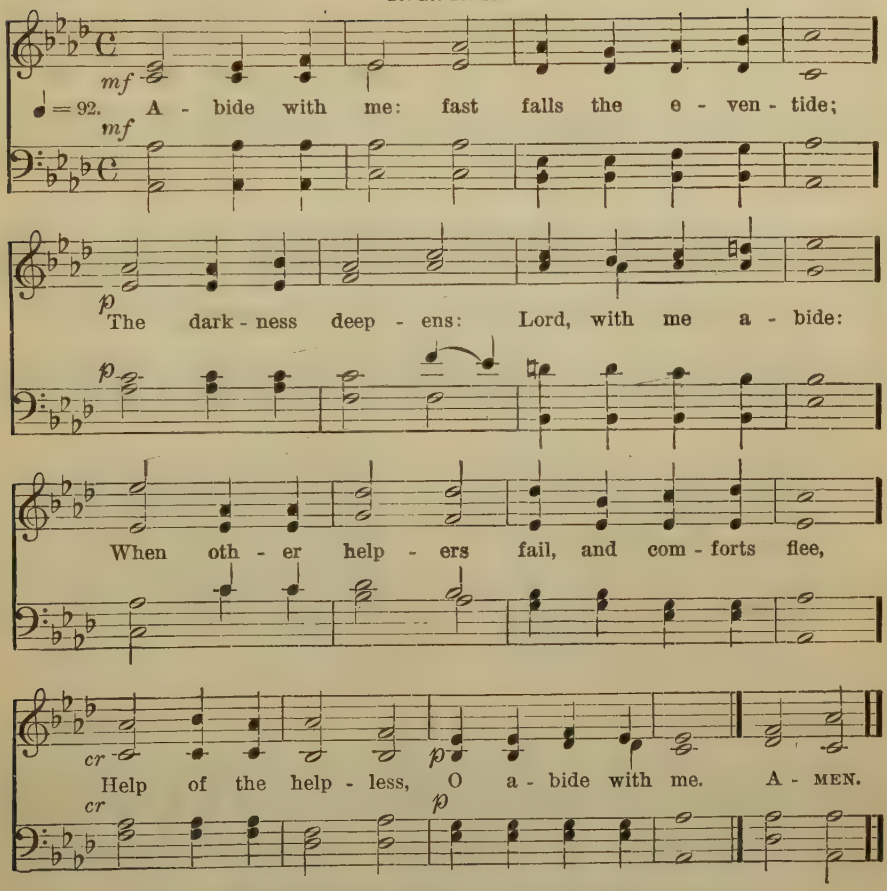
*p* 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes:
*cr* Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
*dim* In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte*

## 18 (SECOND TUNE)

BENEDICTION
*E. J. Hopkins*

10. 10. 10. 10.


mf
♩ = 92. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
mf
p
The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide:
p
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
cr
p
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - MEN.
cr
p

*p* 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
*mf* O Thou, Who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
*cr* What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
*f* Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

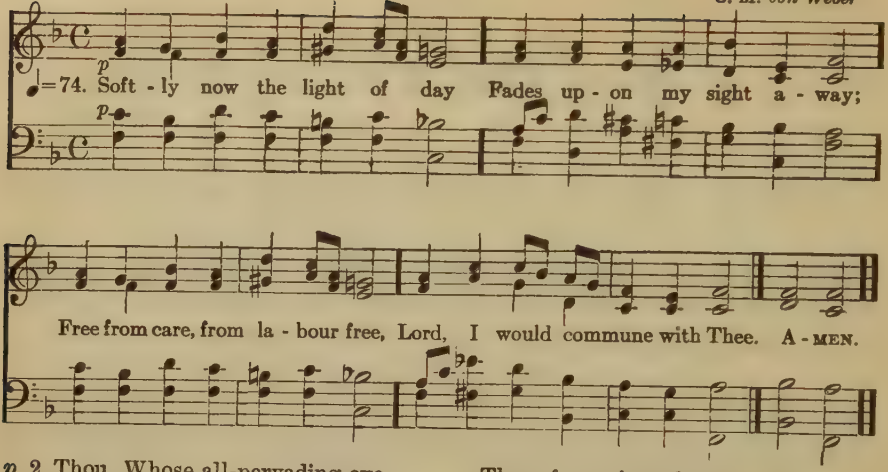
*p* 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
*cr* Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
*dim* In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte*

## 19 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

SEYMOUR
*C. M. von Weber*


p
♩=74. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
p
Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

*p* 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

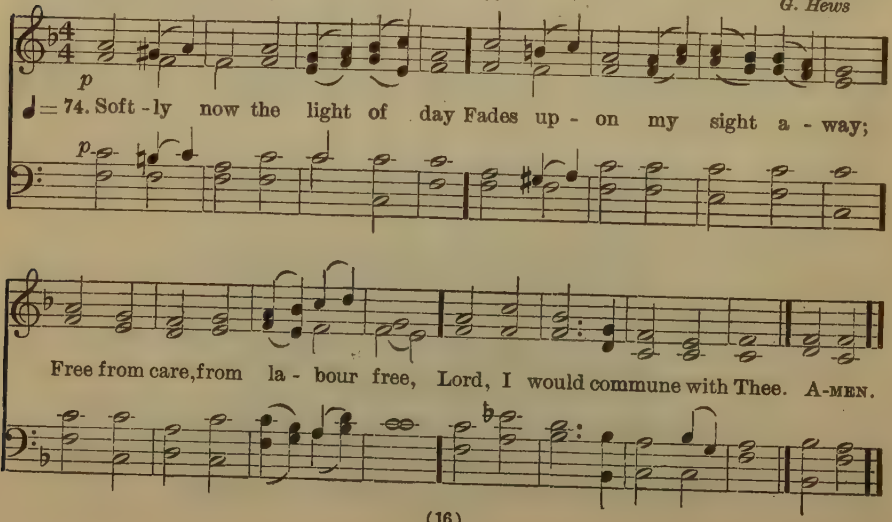
*p* 4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
*cr* Then, from Thine eternal throne,
*dim* Jesus, look with pitying eye.

*G. W. Doane*

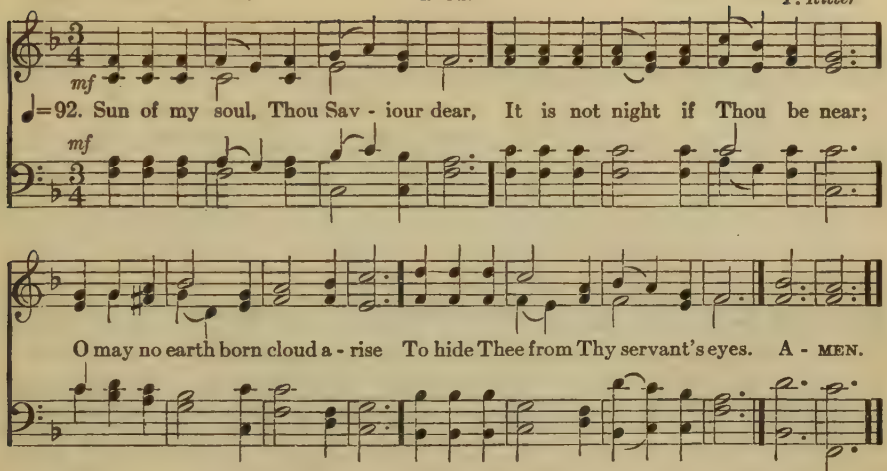
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

HOLLEY
*G. Hews*


p
♩= 74. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
p
Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-MEN.

20 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. HURSLEY *P. Ritter*


mf
♩=92. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
mf
O may no earth born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - MEN.

*p* 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

*mf* 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
*dim* Abide with me when night is nigh,
*p* For without Thee I dare not die.

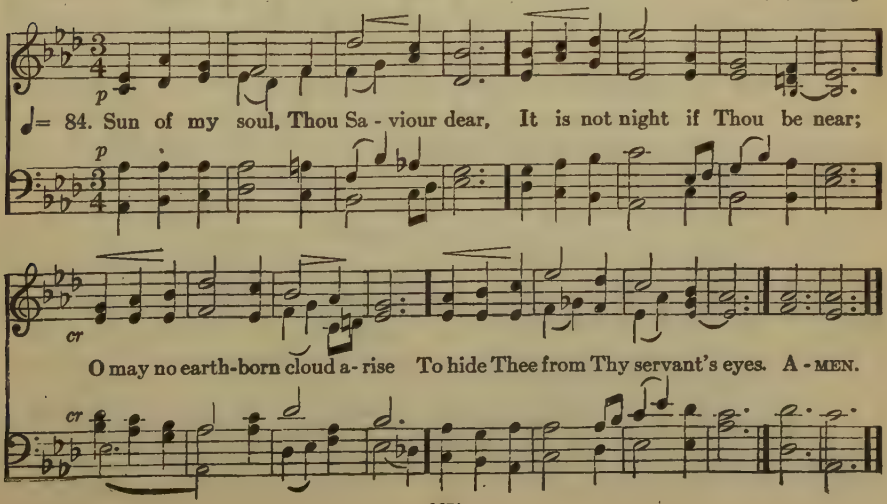
*p* 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine.
*mf* Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

*mf* 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
*p* Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

*cr* 6 Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take
*f* Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*J. Keble*

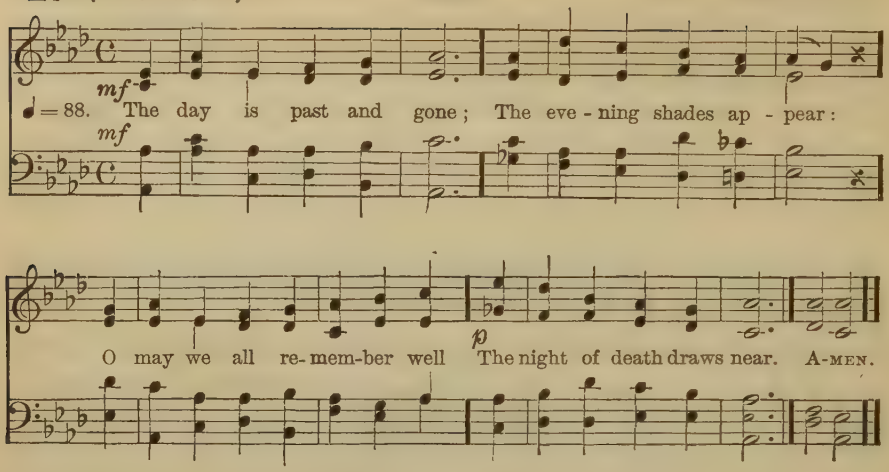
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ABENDS *H. S. Oakeley*


p
♩= 84. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
p
cr
O may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - MEN.
cr

## 21 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

HEATH
*R. Schumann*




*p* 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

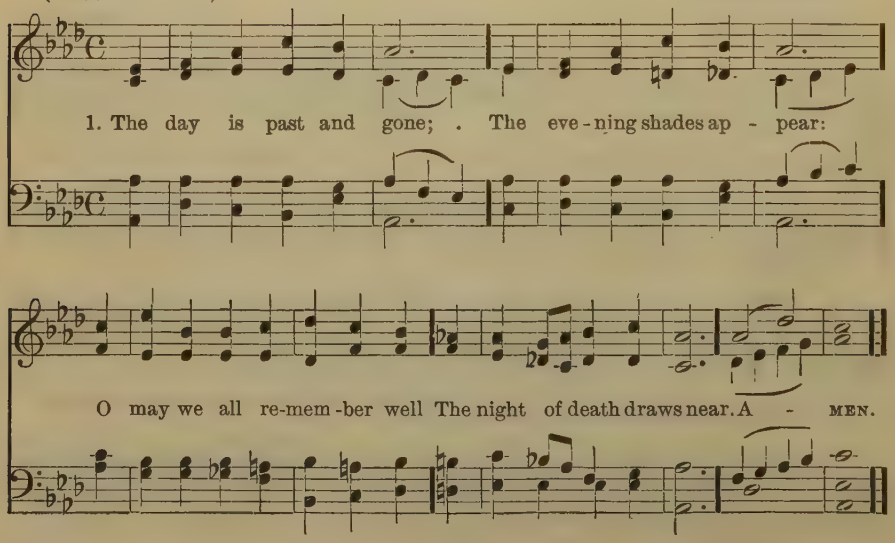
*p* 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
*cr* May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

*J. Leland*

(SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

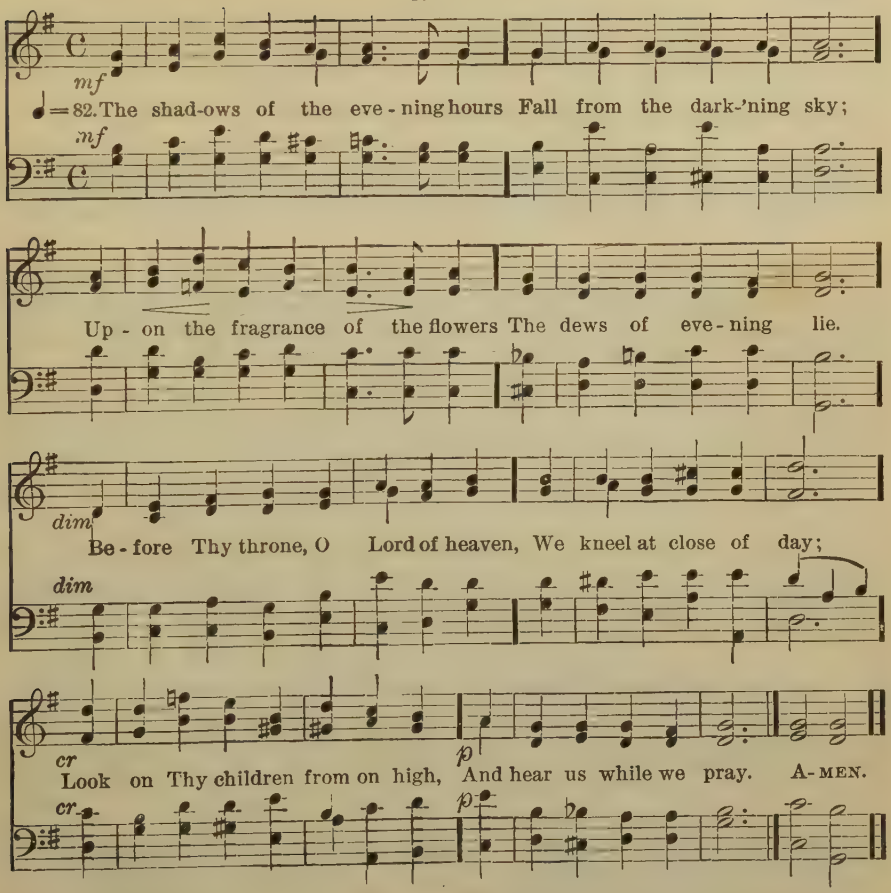
GARDEN CITY
*Horatio Parker*



22

C. M. D.

ST. LEONARD
*H. Hiles*


mf
♩=82. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
mf
Up-on the fragrance of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie.
dim
Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
dim
cr
Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-MEN.
cr
p

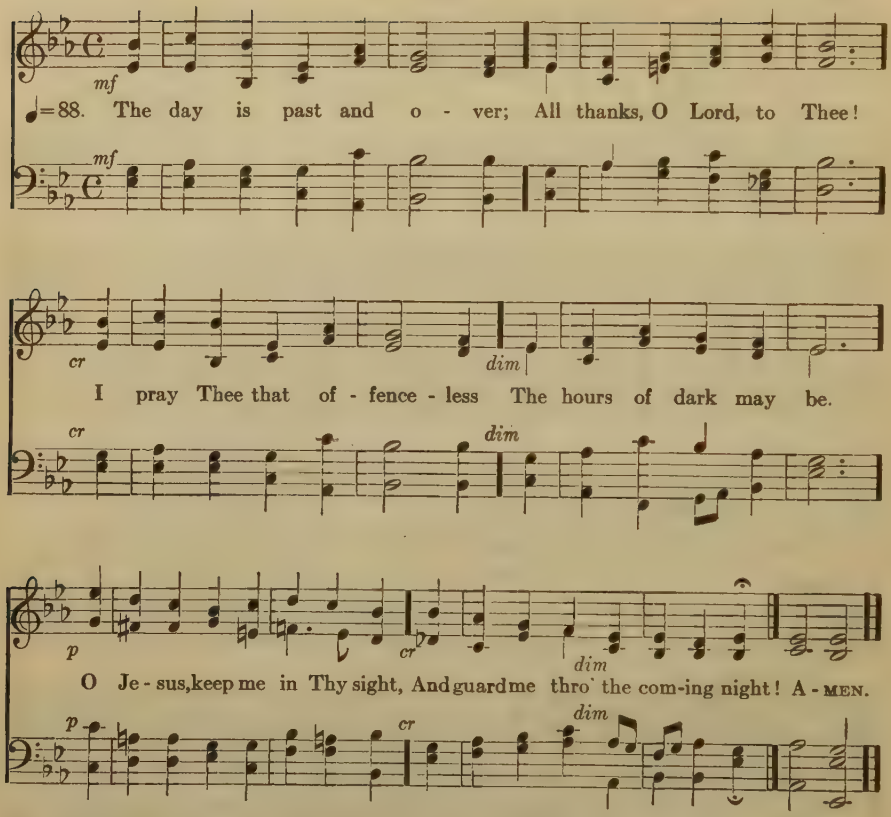
*p* 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
*cr* The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

*p* 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
*mf* Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

*p* 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
*p* Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose.

*A. A. Procter*

**23** 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. ST. ANATOLIUS *A. H. Brown*


mf
♩=88. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
cr
dim
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
p
O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com-ing night! A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
*cr* And call on Thee that sinless
*dim* The hours of gloom may be.
*p* O Jesus, make their darkness light,
*cr* And guard me through (*dim*) the coming night!

*mf* 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
*cr* And ask that free from peril
*dim* The hours of fear may be:
*p* O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
*cr* And guard me through (*dim*) the coming night.

*mf* 4 Lord, that in death I sleep not,
And lest my foe should say,
"I have prevailed against him,"
Lighten mine eyes, I pray:
*cr* O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

*mf* 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
*p* How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
*cr* Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

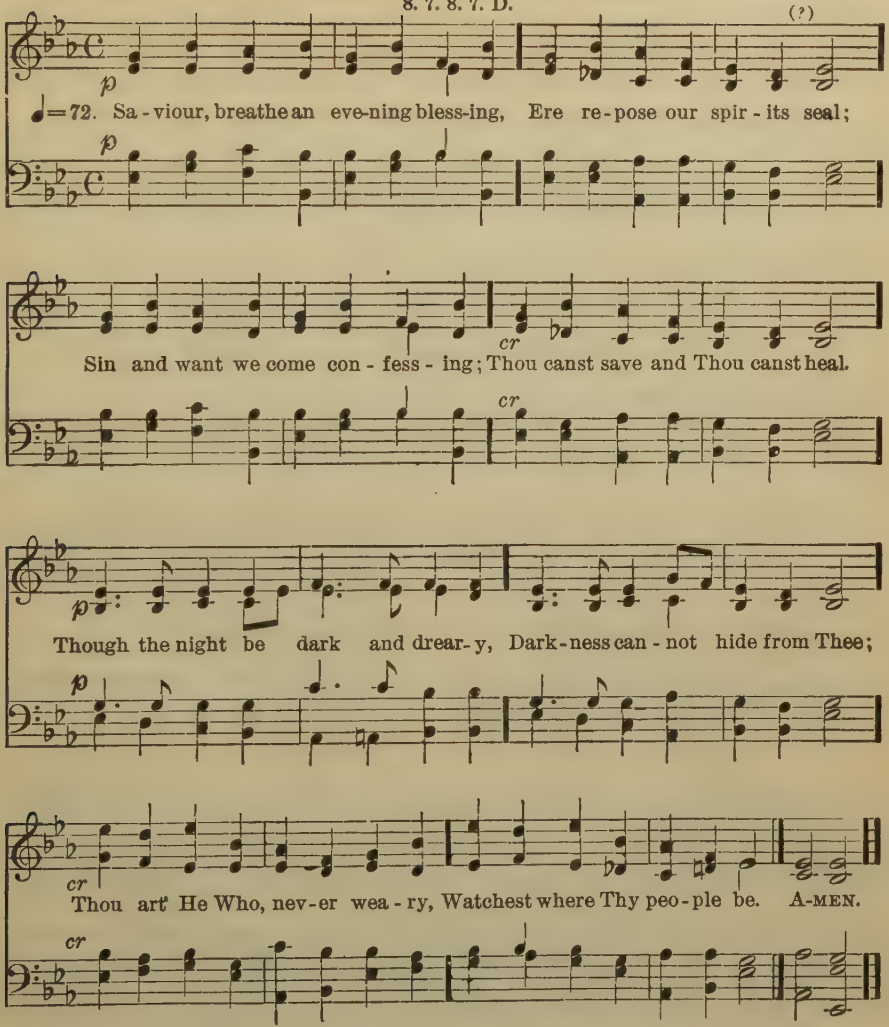
*Anatolius*, TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 24

VESPER HYMN

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(?)


p
♩=72. Sa - viour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir - its seal;
p
cr
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
cr
p
Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
p
cr
Thou art He Who, nev-er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
*mf* Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesus then our refuge be,
*cr* And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

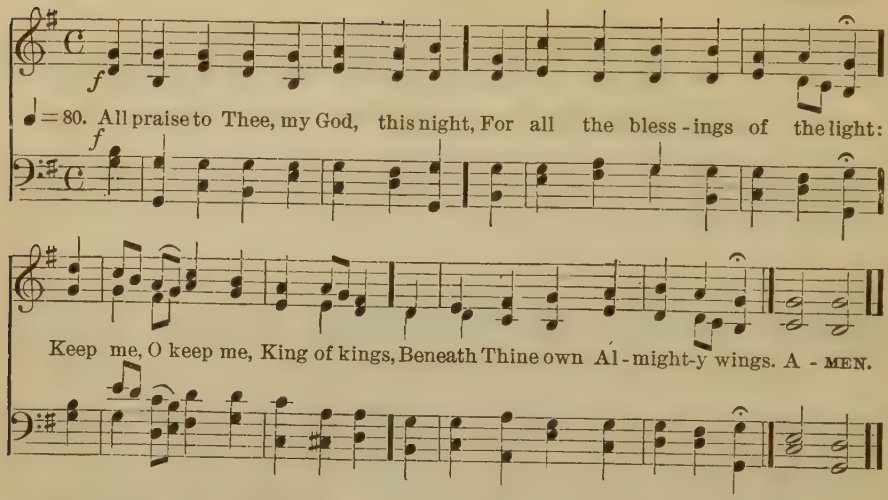
*mf* 3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
*p* Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
*cr* Chase the darkness of our night,
*f* Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

*J. Edmeston*

## 25 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

TALLIS'S HYMN
*T. Tallis*


♩ = 80. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Al - might - y wings. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

*mf* 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
*p* Teach me to die, that so I may
*cr* Rise glorious at the awful day.

*p* 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
*cr* Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

*mf* 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

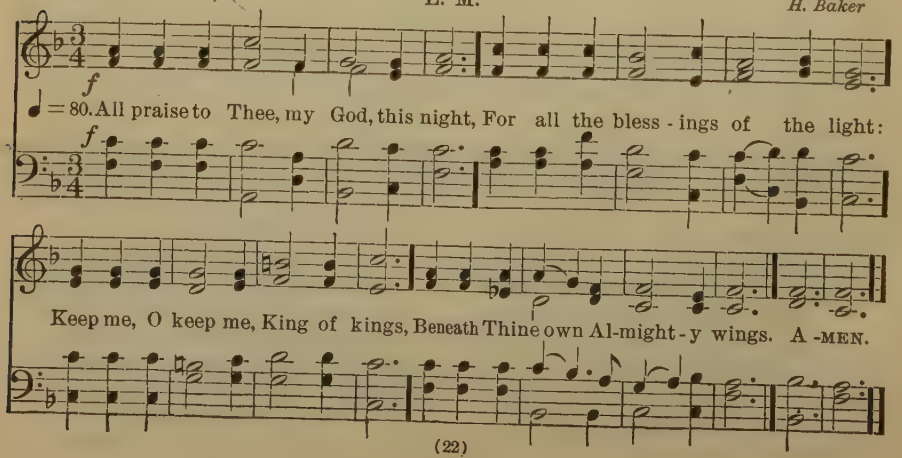
*f* 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

*f* 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
*T. Ken*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

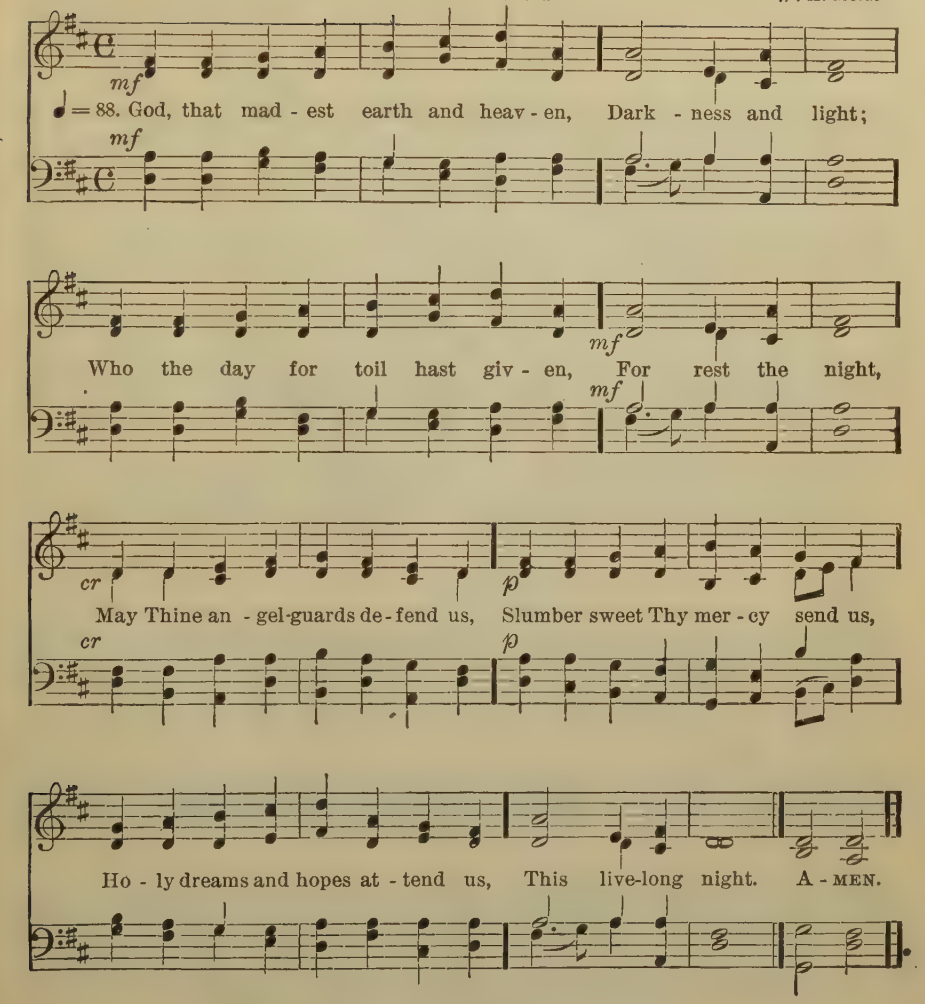
HESPERUS
*H. Baker*


♩ = 80. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Al-might - y wings. A - MEN.

26

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

NUTFIELD
*W. H. Monk*


mf
♩ = 88. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
mf
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night,
mf
cr
May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
p
cr
p
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night. A - MEN.

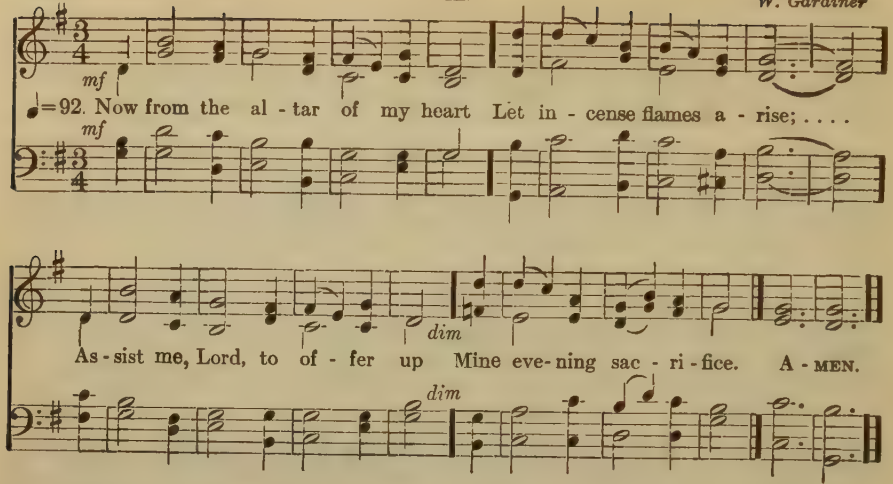
*mf* 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
*p* And, when we die,
*cr* May we in Thy mighty keeping,
*p* All peaceful lie:
*mf* When the last dread call shall wake us,
*p* Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
*mf* But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

*R. Heber* and *R. Whateley*

## 27

C. M.

BELMONT
*W. Gardiner*


mf
♩=92. Now from the al - tar of my heart Let in - cense flames a - rise; . . . .
mf
dim
As - sist me, Lord, to of - fer up Mine eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

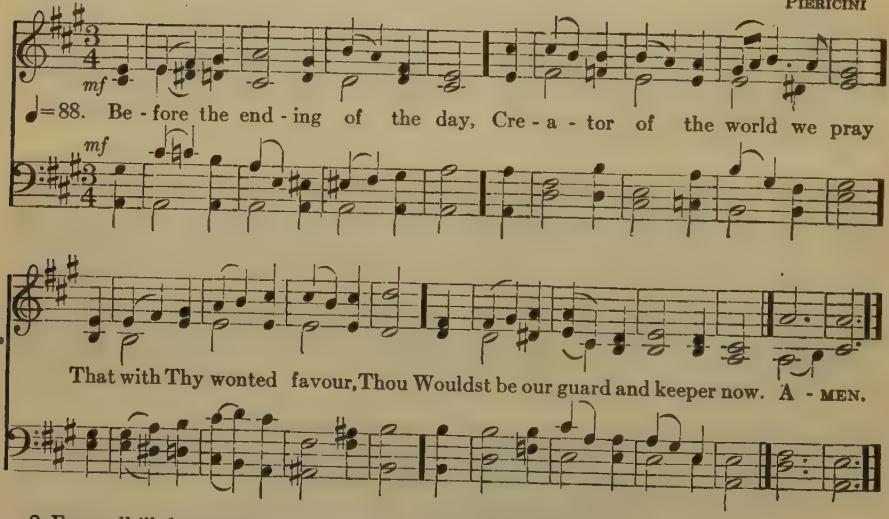
*mf* 3 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

*J. Mason*

## 28

L. M.

PIERICINI


mf
♩=88. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world we pray
mf
That with Thy wonted favour, Thou Wouldst be our guard and keeper now. A - MEN.

*p* 2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

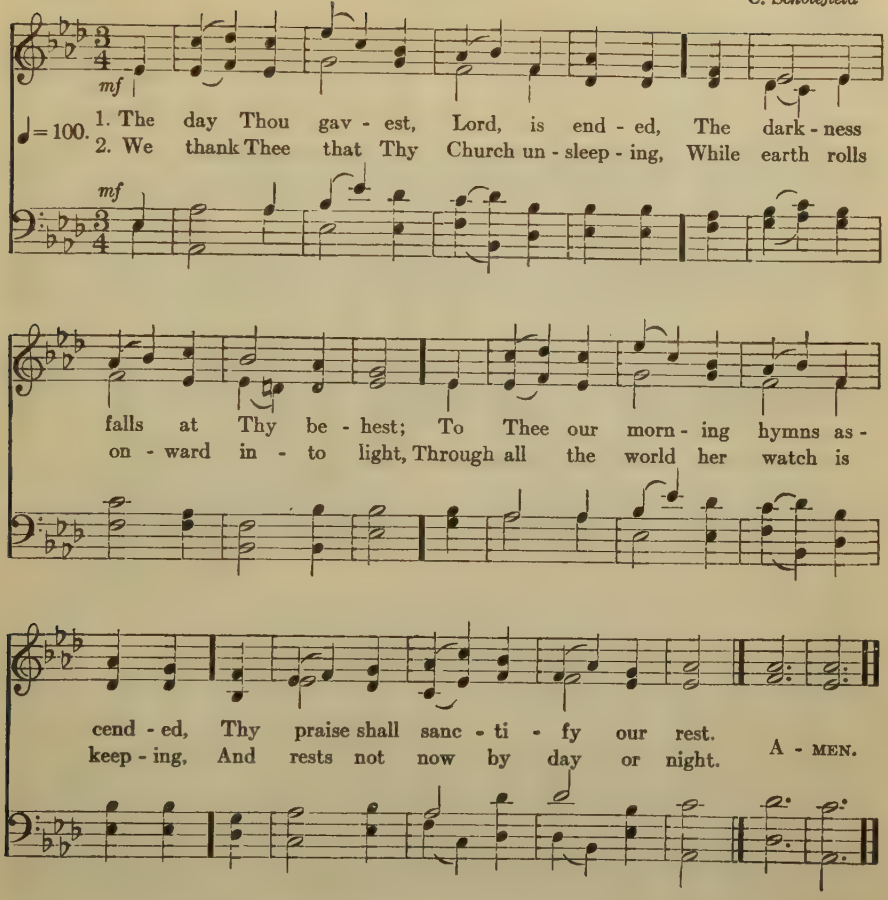
*mf* 3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son
*cr* Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

*St. Ambrose (?)* TR. *J. M. Neale*

29

9. 8. 9. 8.

ST. CLEMENT
*C. Scholefield*


mf
♩= 100.
1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls
mf
falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as -
on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her watch is
cend - ed, Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.
keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.
A - MEN.

*mf* 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
*cr* And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

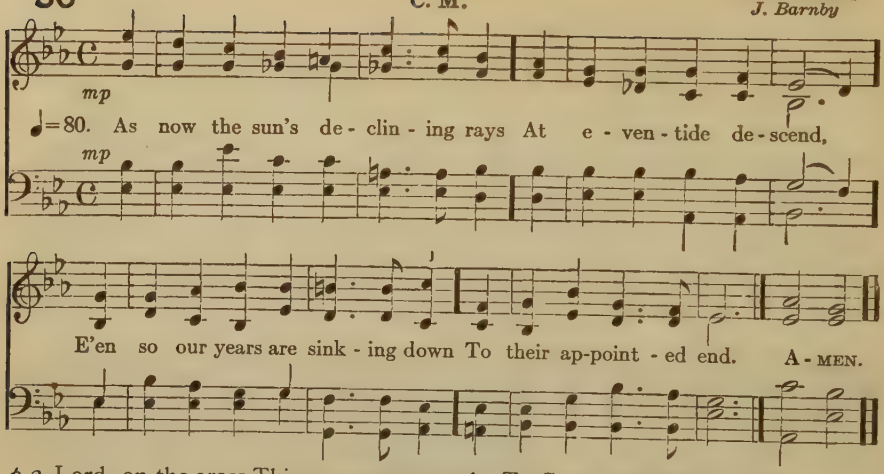
*f* 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

*J. Ellerton*

## 30

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY
*J. Barnby*



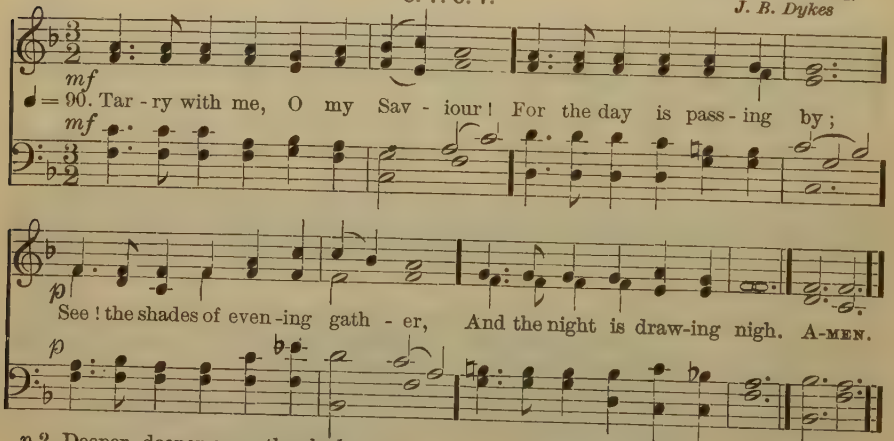

*p* 2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw the nations nigh;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

*mf* 3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

## 31

8. 7. 8. 7.

*C. Coffin:* TR. *J. Chandler*
ST. SYLVESTER
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩= 90. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;
mf
p
See! the shades of even - ing gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh. A - MEN.
p

*p* 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

*p* 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
*cr* Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

*mf* 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms:
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

*p* 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness,
While I sleep, still watch by me.

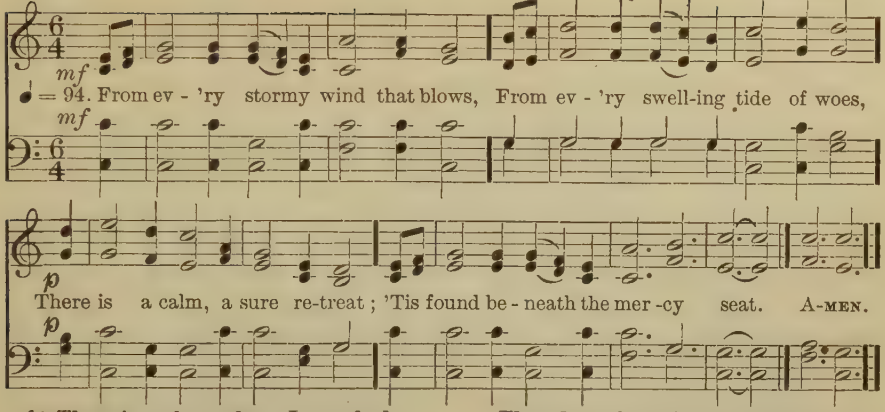
*mf* 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
*cr* Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest.

*C. L. Smith*

## 32

L. M.

RETREAT
*T. Hastings*


mf
♩ = 94. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
mf
p
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer -cy seat. A-MEN.
p

*mf* 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
*p* A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

*mf* 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

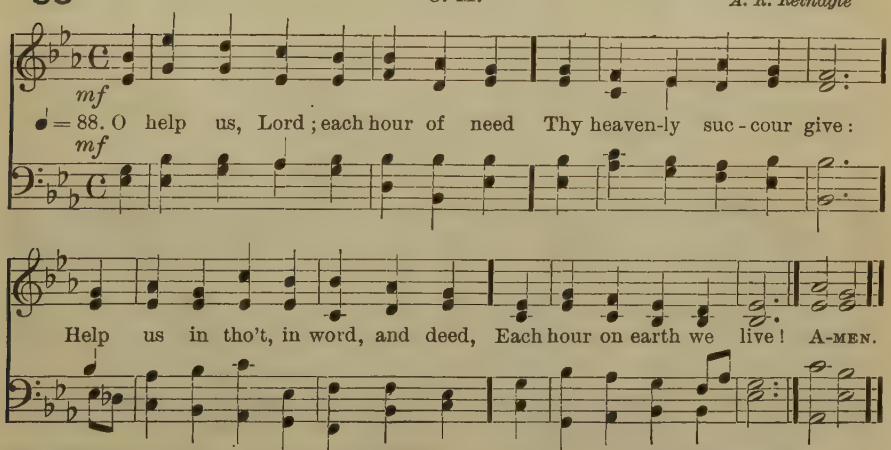
*cr* There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
*f* And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

*H. Stowell*

## 33

C. M.

ST. PETER
*A. R. Reinagle*


mf
♩ = 88. O help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heaven-ly suc - cour give:
mf
Help us in tho't, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live! A-MEN.

*p* 2 O help us, when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O help us, Lord, the more!

*mf* 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
*cr* For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

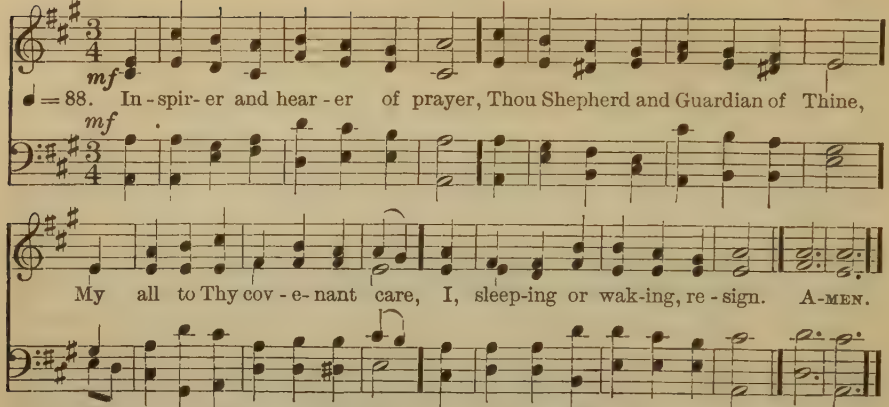
*mf* 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but Thee.
*cr* O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be!

*H. H. Milman*

## 34

8. 8. 8. 8.

DEVOTION
(?)


mf
♩ = 88. In - spir- er and hear - er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
mf
My all to Thy cov - e- nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re - sign. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
*p* They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

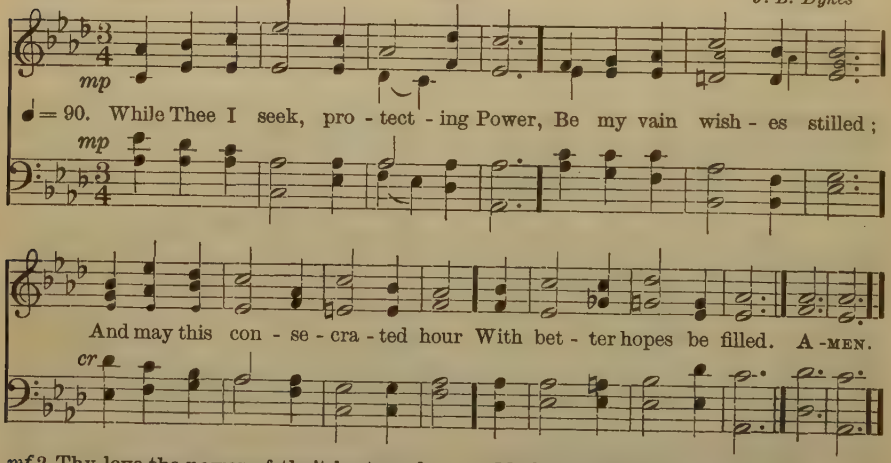
*f* 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

*A. M. Toplady*

## 35 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*


mp
♩ = 90. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
mp
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestowed,
*cr* To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

*mp* 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
*cr* Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

*mf* 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
*p* In every pain I bear,
*cr* My heart shall find delight in praise,
*p* Or seek relief in prayer.

*mf* 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
*p* Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

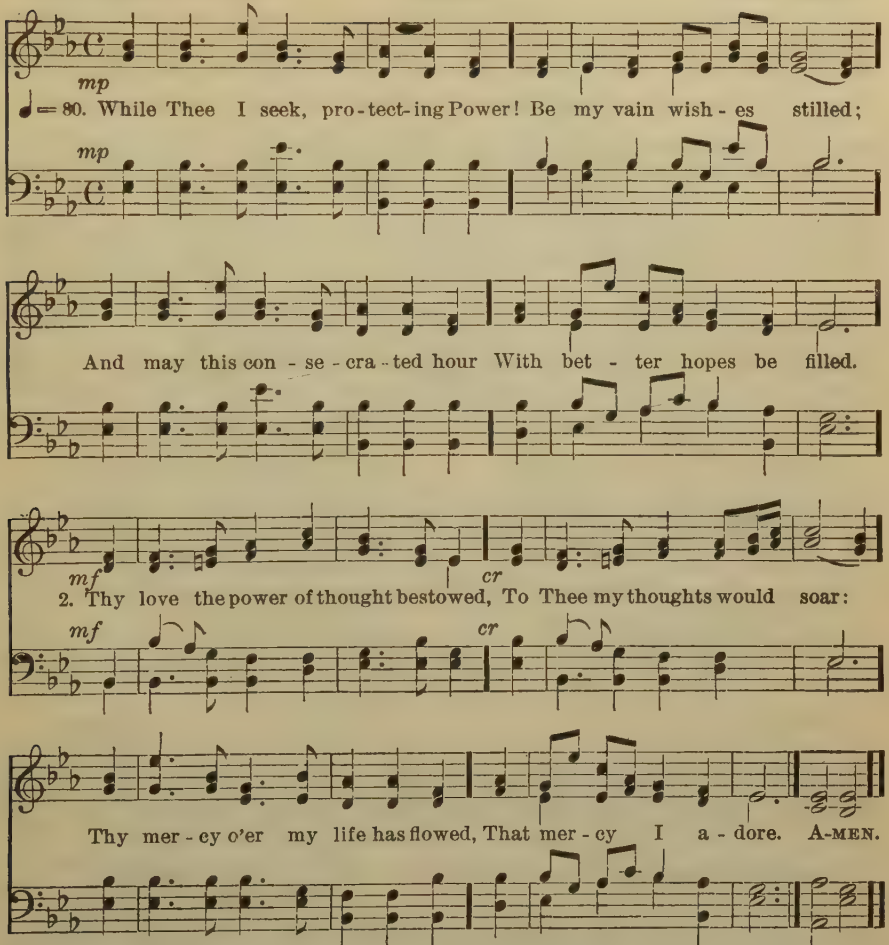
*mf* 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
*cr* My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

*H. M. Williams*

## 35 (SECOND TUNE)

C. M. D.

BRATTLE STREET
*From Pleyel*


mp
♩ = 80. While Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
mp
And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.
mf
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar:
cr
mf
cr
Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a-dore. A-MEN.

*mp* 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
*cr* Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

*mf* 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
*p* In every pain I bear,
*cr* My heart shall find delight in praise,
*p* Or seek relief in prayer.

*mf* 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
*p* Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

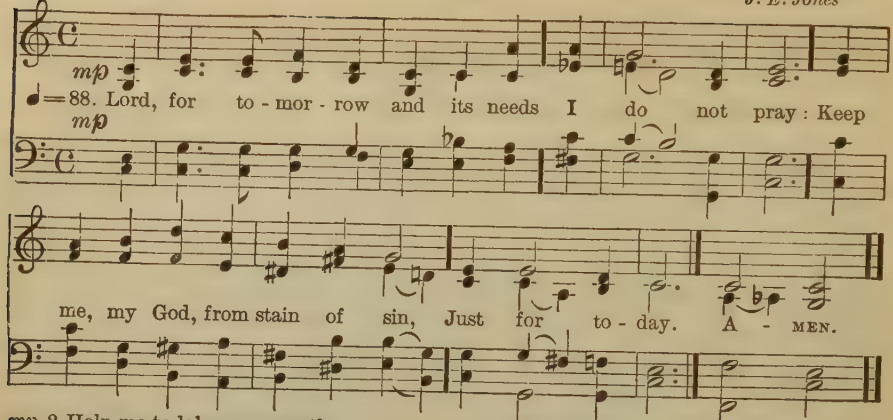
*mf* 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
*cr* My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

*H. M. Williams*

## 36 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 4. 8. 4.

BELLEVILLE
*J. E. Jones*




*mp* 2 Help me to labour earnestly
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Father, to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Gladly, to-day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day.

5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay:
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

*p* 6 And if to-day this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacrament divine,
Father, to-day.

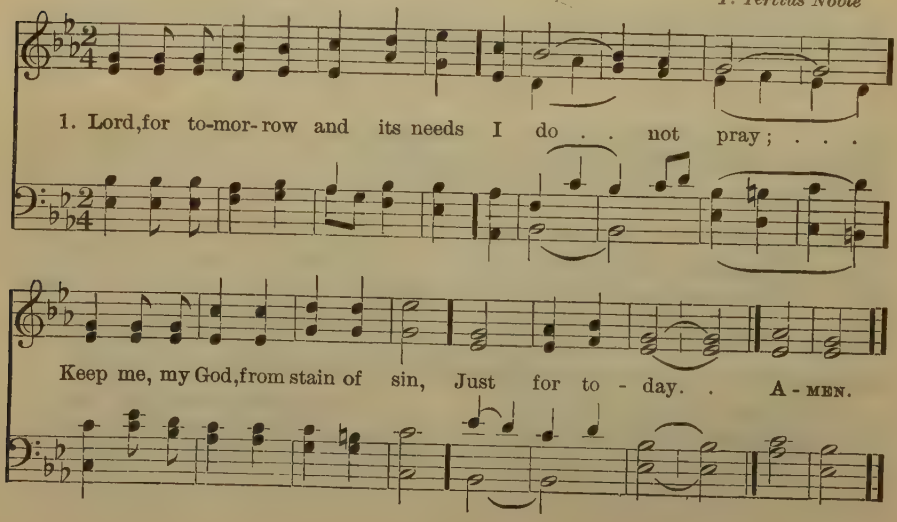
7 So for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray:
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day.

*M. Xavier*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 4. 8. 4.

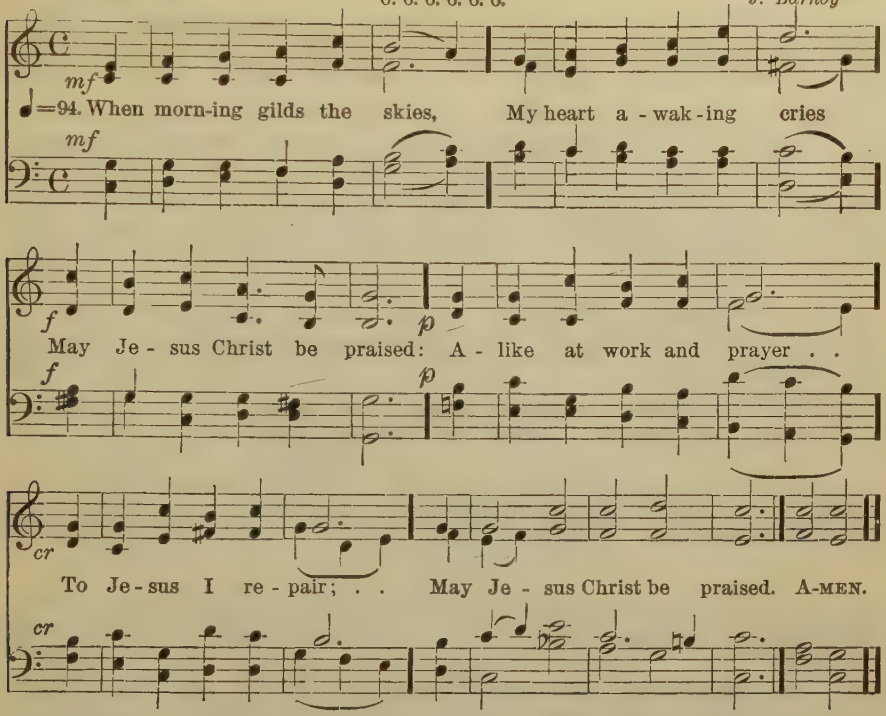
RAYMOND
*T. Tertius Noble*



## 37 (FIRST TUNE)

LAUDES DOMINI
*J. Barnby*

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.


mf
♩=94. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
mf
f p
May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer . .
f p
cr
To Je - sus I re - pair; . . May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
*f* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*p* O hark to what it sings,
*cr* As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

*mf* 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
*f* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*p* This song of sacred joy,
*cr* It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

*p* 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
*mf* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*p* When evil thoughts molest,
*cr* With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

*p* 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
*cr* A solace here I find,
*mf* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*p* Or fades my earthly bliss?
*cr* My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

*mf* 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
*f* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*p* The powers of darkness fear,
*cr* When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

*f* 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
*ff* May Jesus Christ be praised!
*f* Let earth, and sea, and sky
*cr* From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

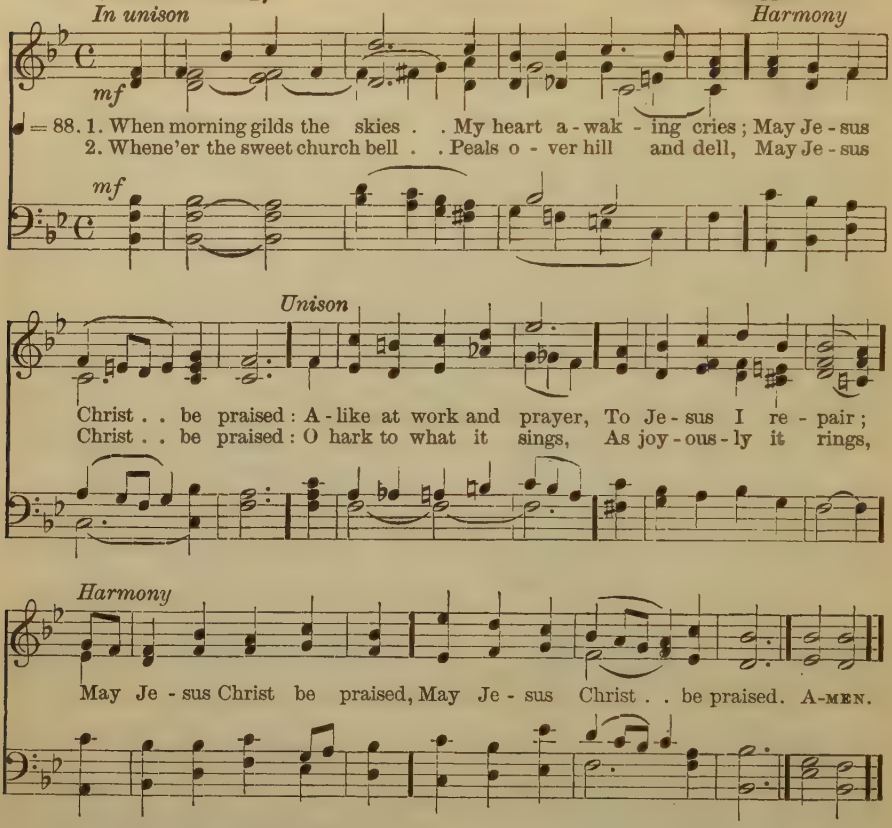
*mf* 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
*f* May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
*cr* May Jesus Christ be praised!

TR. *E. Caswall*

## 37 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

THURNSCOE-ST. HELEN
*H. F. Sheppard*


In unison
Harmony
mf
♩ = 88. 1. When morning gilds the skies . . My heart a - wak - ing cries; May Je - sus
2. Whene'er the sweet church bell . . Peals o - ver hill and dell, May Je - sus
mf
Unison
Christ . . be praised: A - like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair;
Christ . . be praised: O hark to what it sings, As joy - ous - ly it rings,
Harmony
May Je - sus Christ be praised, May Je - sus Christ . . be praised. A-MEN.

*mf* 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

*p* 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
When evil thoughts molest,
*cr* With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

*p* 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
*cr* May Jesus Christ be praised;
*p* Or fades my earthly bliss?
*cr* My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

*mf* 6 The night becomes as day.
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

*f* 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
*cr* Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

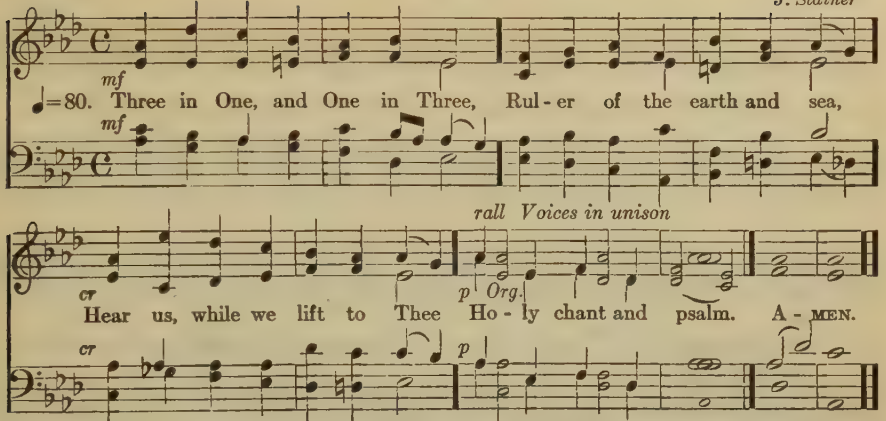
*mf* 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
*cr* Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

*Anon., German;* TR. *E. Caswall*

## 38

7. 7. 7. 5.

CHARITY
*J. Stainer*


mf
♩=80. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul-er of the earth and sea,
mf
rall Voices in unison
cr
p Org.
Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho-ly chant and psalm. A-MEN.
cr
p

*mf* 2 Light of Lights! with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
*pp* Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

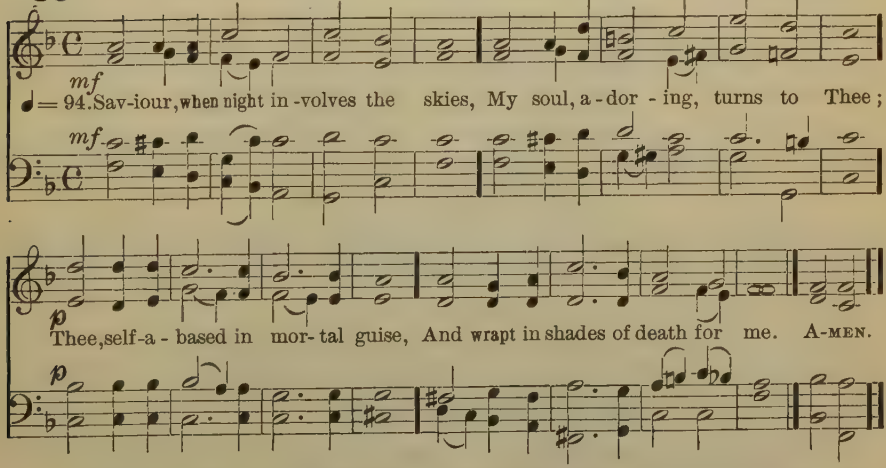
*mf* 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
*cr* With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

*G. Rorison*

## 39

L. M.

SWEDEN
*H. Hiles*


mf
♩= 94. Sav-iour, when night in-volves the skies, My soul, a-dor-ing, turns to Thee;
mf
p
Thee, self-a-based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. A-MEN.
p

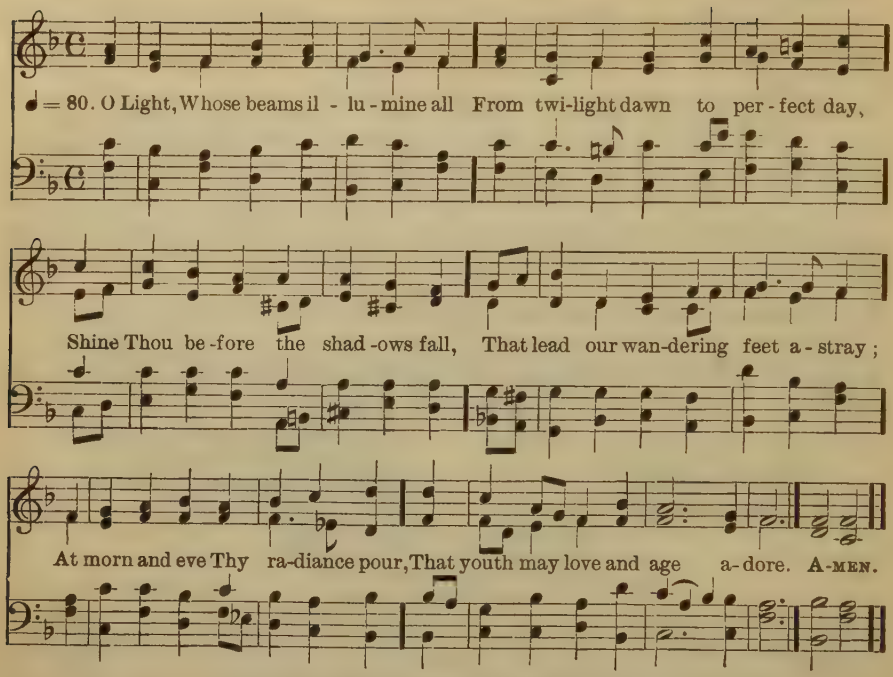
*mf* 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

*mf* 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
*cr* Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

*p* 4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
To death and Thee my tho'ts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

*T. Gisborne*

40 Six 8's. ST. MATTHIAS *W. H. Monk*


♩ = 80. O Light, Whose beams il - lu - mine all From twi-light dawn to per - fect day,
Shine Thou be-fore the shad-ows fall, That lead our wan-dering feet a-stray;
At morn and eve Thy ra-diance pour, That youth may love and age a-dore. A-MEN.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

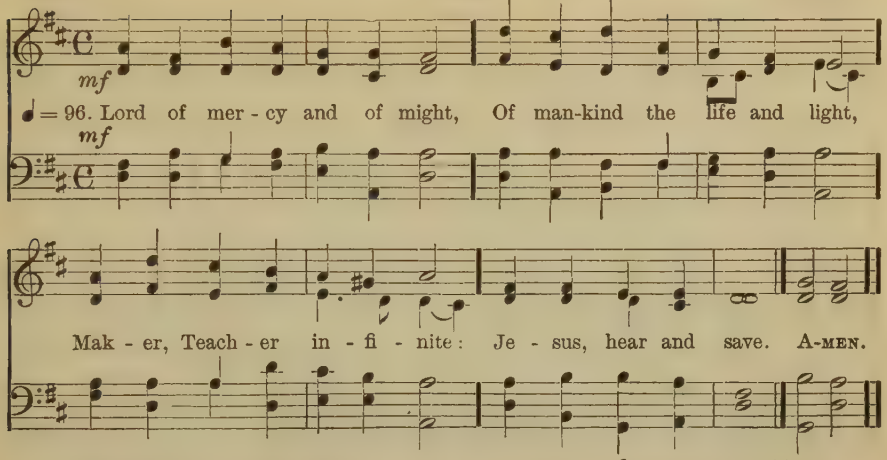
5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

*E. H. Plumptre*

## 41

7. 7. 7. 5.

CAPETOWN
*F. Filitz*




2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
Jesus, hear and save.

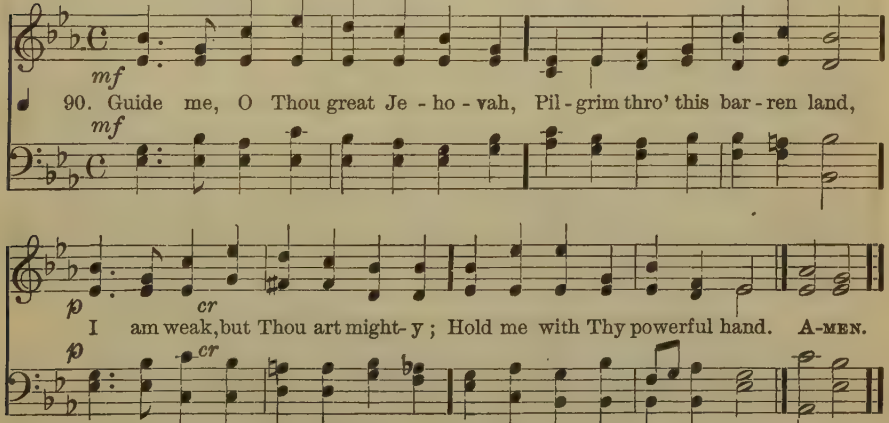
4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesus, hear and save.

*R. Heber*

## 42 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

ST. OSWALD
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ 90. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land,
mf
p cr
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand. A-MEN.
p cr

*mf* 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

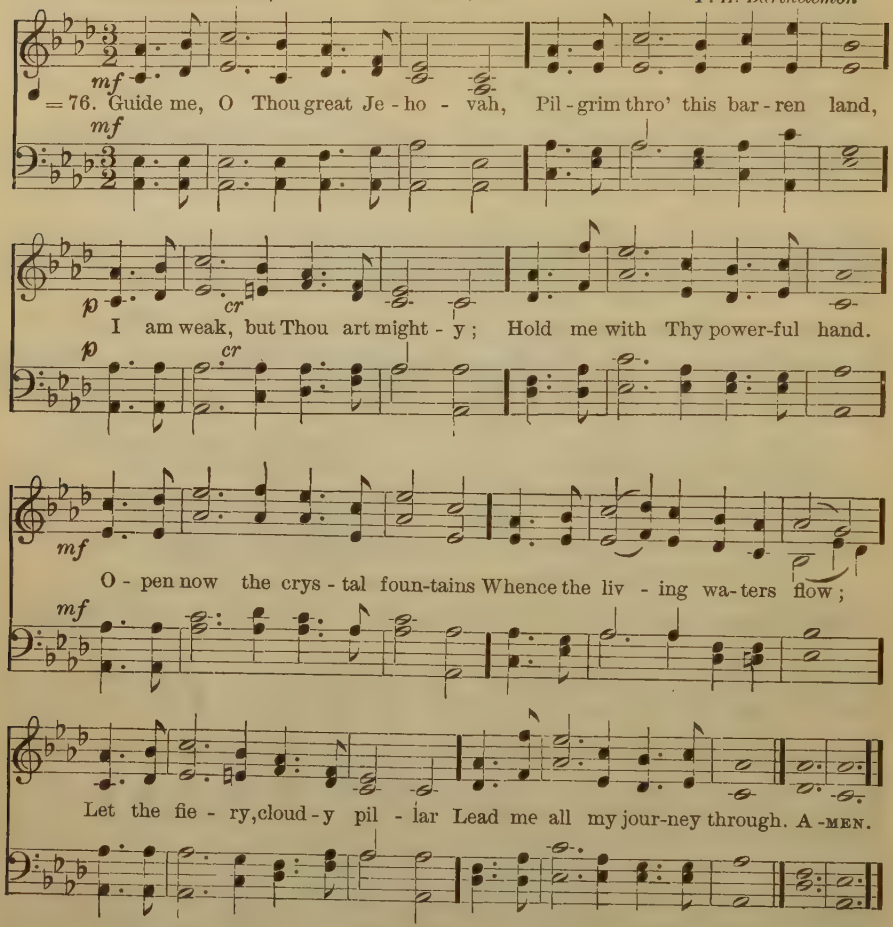
*mf* 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

*p* 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
*cr* Bid my anxious fears subside;
*f* Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

TR. *P. Williams*

**42** (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

AUTUMN
*F. H. Barthelemon*


mf
= 76. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land,
mf
p cr
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand.
p cr
mf
O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tains Whence the liv - ing wa-ters flow;
mf
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through. A - MEN.

*mf* 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

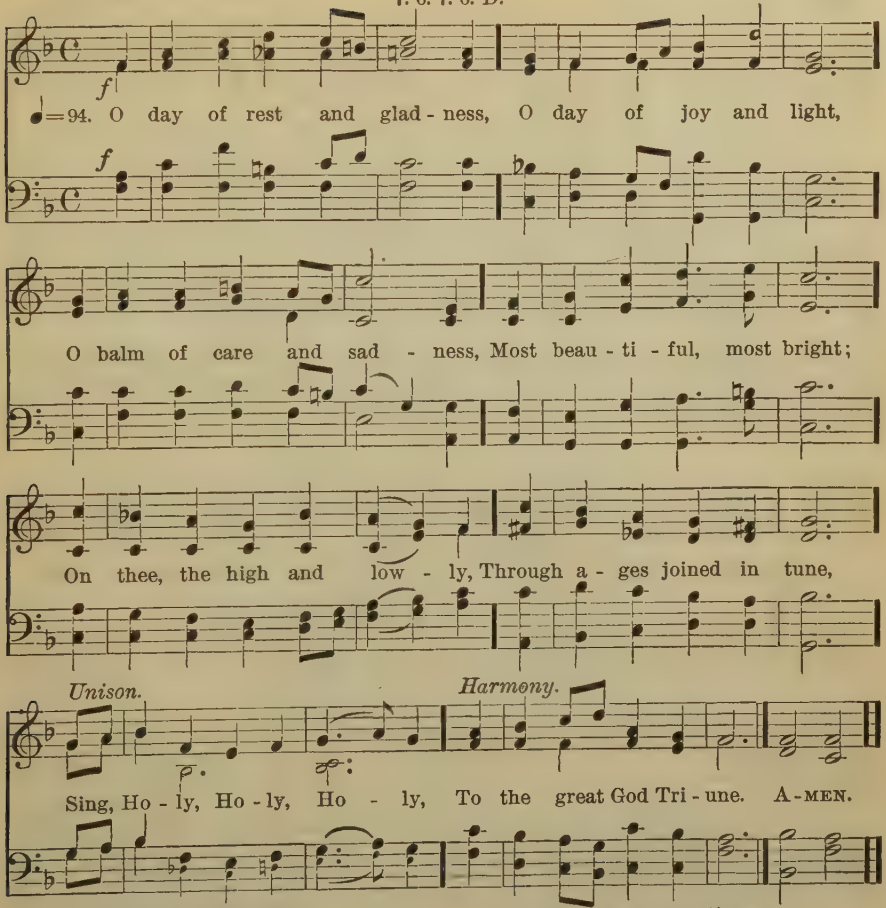
*p* 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
*cr* Bid my anxious fears subside;
*f* Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

TR. *P. Williams*

## 43 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

DAY OF REST
*J. W. Elliott*


f
♩=94. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Unison.
Harmony.
Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
*cr* On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

*mf* 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
*p* Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
*cr* From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

*mf* 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
*cr* The silver trumpet calls,
*f* Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

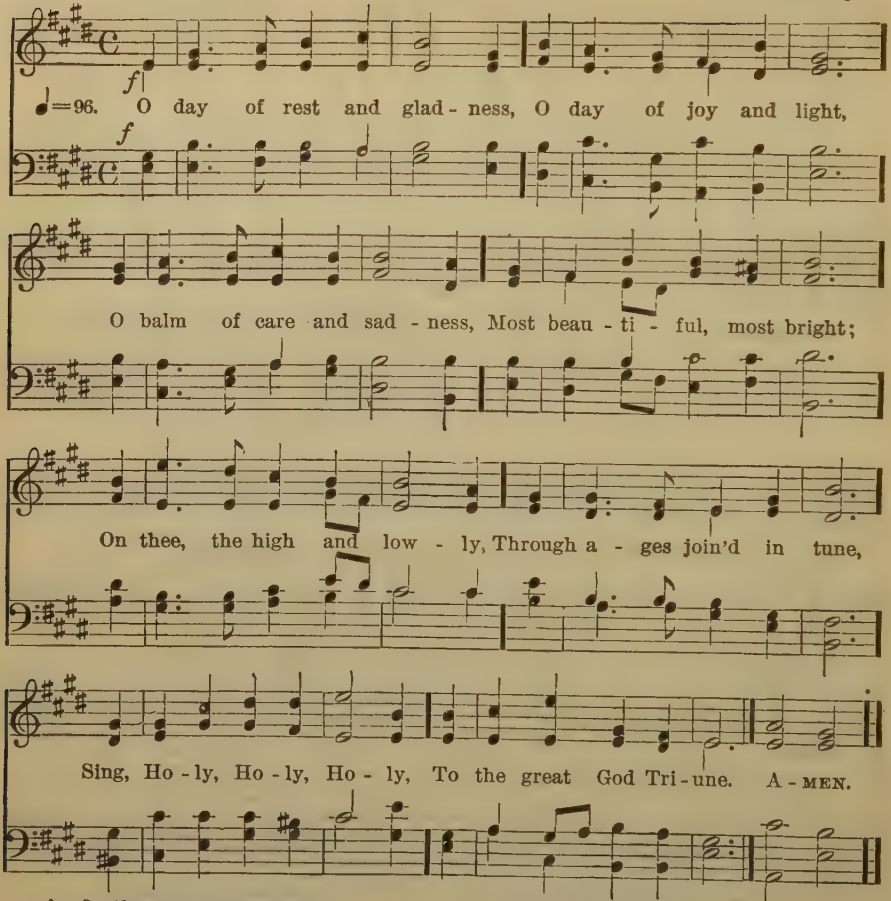
*mf* 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
*cr* To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
*f* The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 43 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

HODGES
*J. S. B. Hodges*


f
♩=96. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
f
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,
Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
*cr* On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

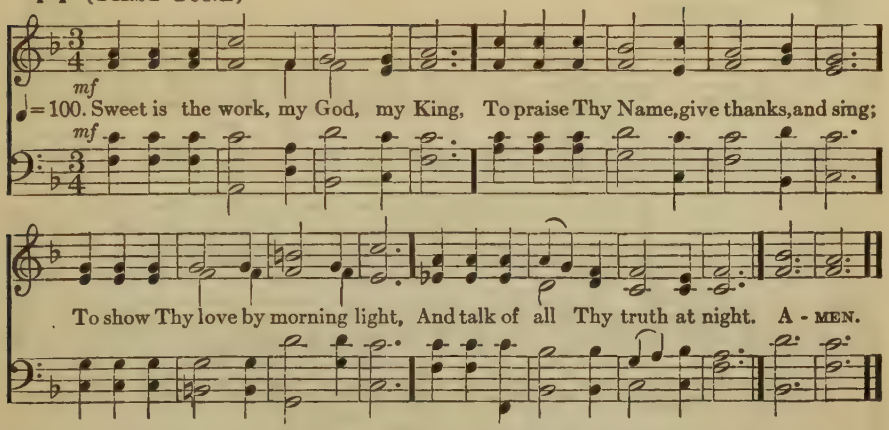
*mf* 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
*p* Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
*cr* From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

*mf* 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
*cr* The silver trumpet calls,
*f* Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

*mf* 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
*cr* To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
*f* The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

*C. Wordsworth*

**44** (FIRST TUNE) L. M. HESPERUS *H. Baker*


mf
♩= 100. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A - MEN.

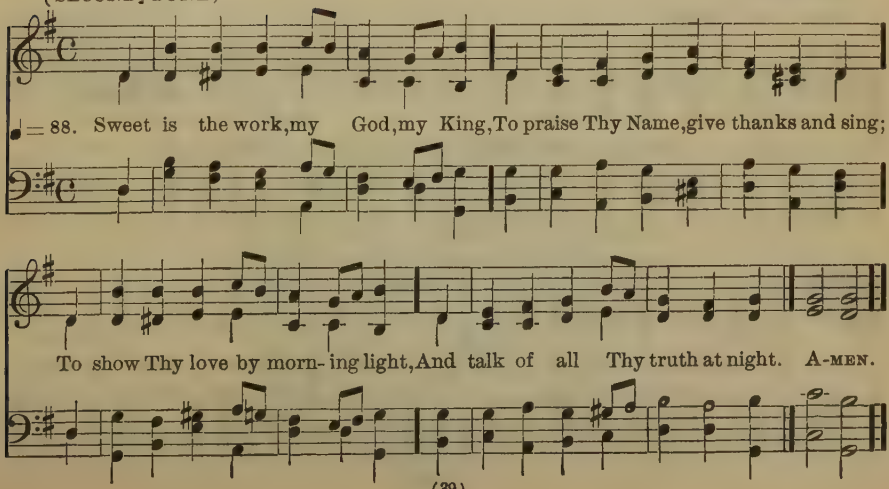
*p* 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
*cr* O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

*mf* 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

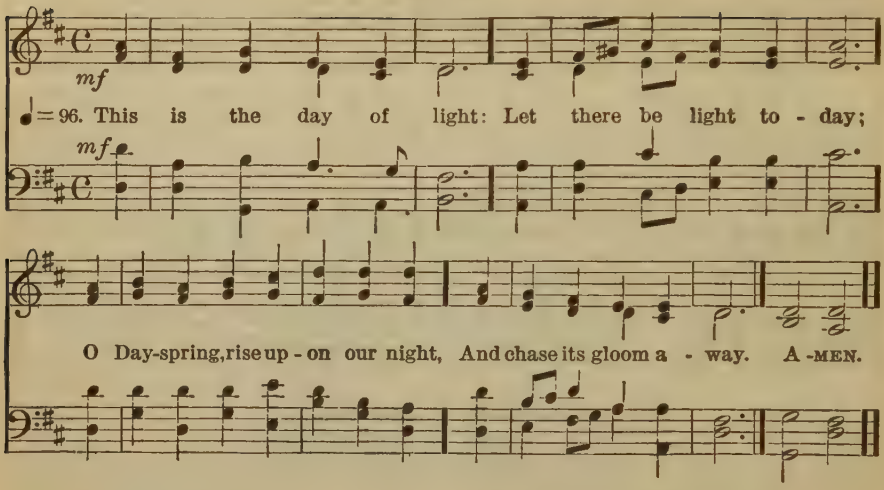
*mf* 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

*I. Watts*

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. CANONBURY *R. Schumann*


♩= 88. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morn- ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A-MEN.

**45** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SWABIA *German*




*p* 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

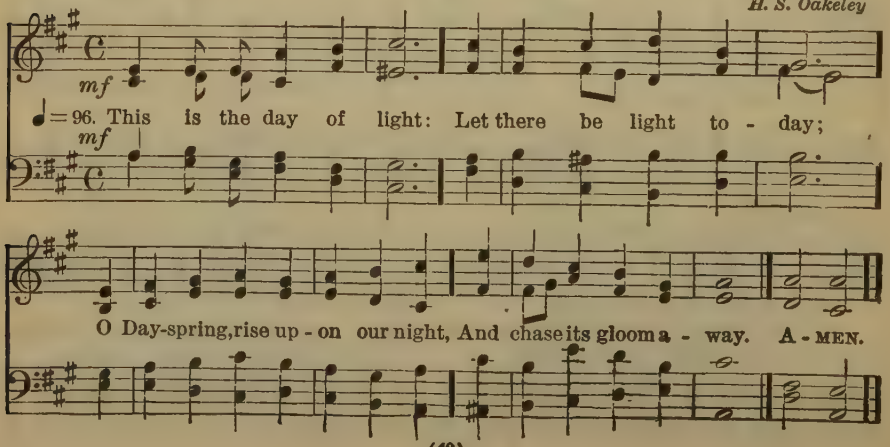
*p* 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
*cr* Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
*dim* The waves of strife be still.

*p* 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
*cr* Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

*f* 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise
O Vanquisher of death!

*J. Ellerton*

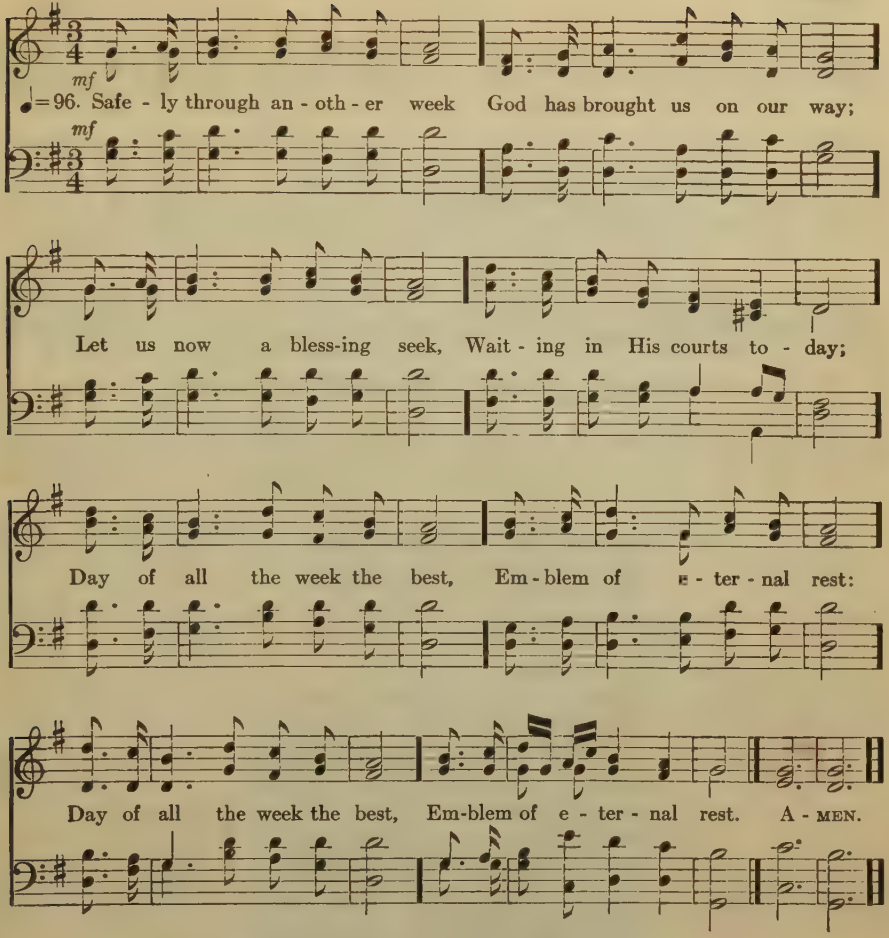
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. DOMENICA *H. S. Oakeley*



46

7.7.7.7.7.7.

SABBATH
*L. Mason*

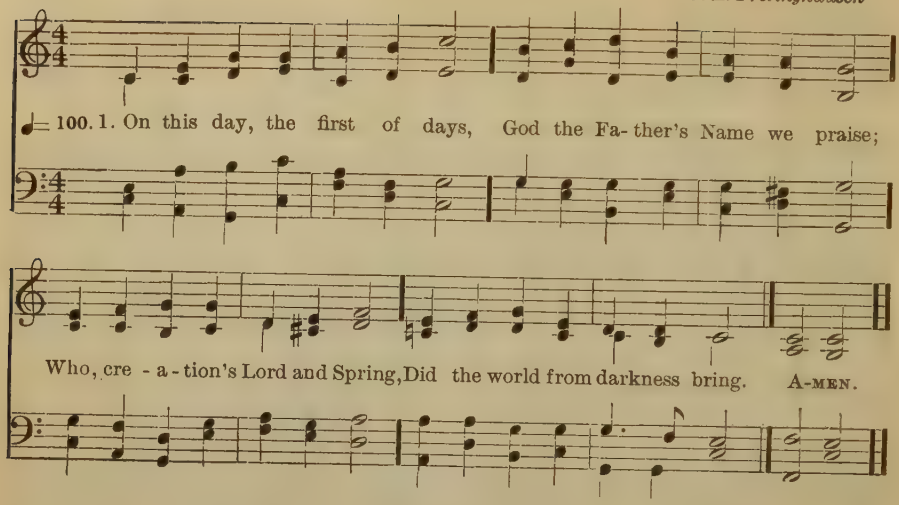

mf
♩=96. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
mf
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest. A - MEN.

*p* 2 While we seek for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
*cr* May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

*J. Newton*

**47** 7. 7. 7. 7. LUBECK *J. A. Frelinghausen*


♩= 100. 1. On this day, the first of days, God the Fa-ther's Name we praise;
Who, cre - a - tion's Lord and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring. A-MEN.

2 On this day, th' Eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

*mf* 3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light.

4 Father, Who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, blest Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

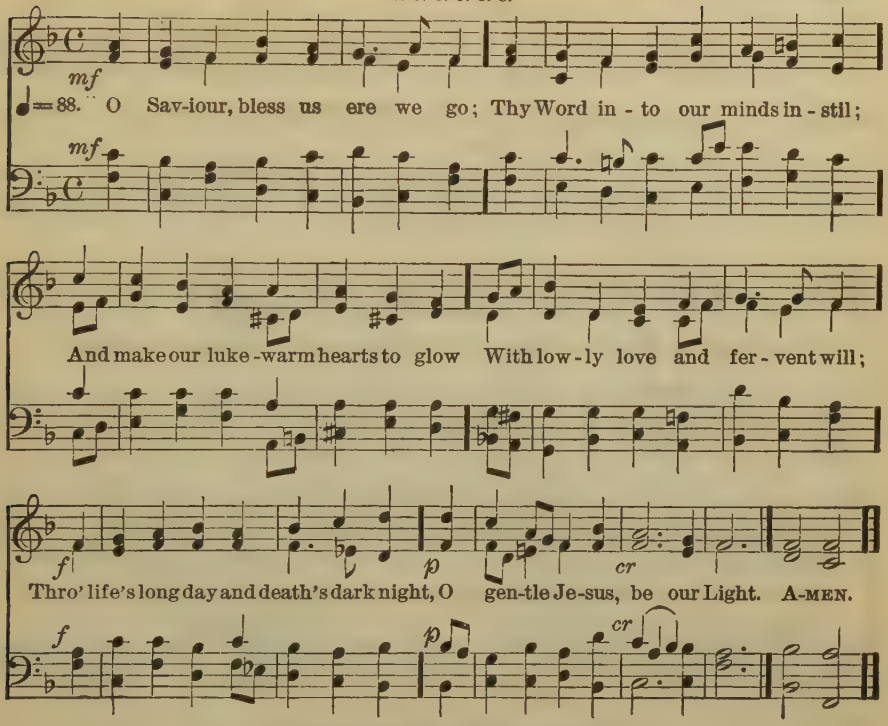
7 God, the blessèd Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee.

LATIN; TR. *H. W. Baker*

**48** (FIRST TUNE)

ST. MATTHIAS
*W. H. Monk*

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.


mf
♩=88. O Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - still;
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will;
f
p
cr
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our Light. A-MEN.

*p* 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*mf* 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*p* 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
*cr* O let Thy mercy make us glad;
*f* Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

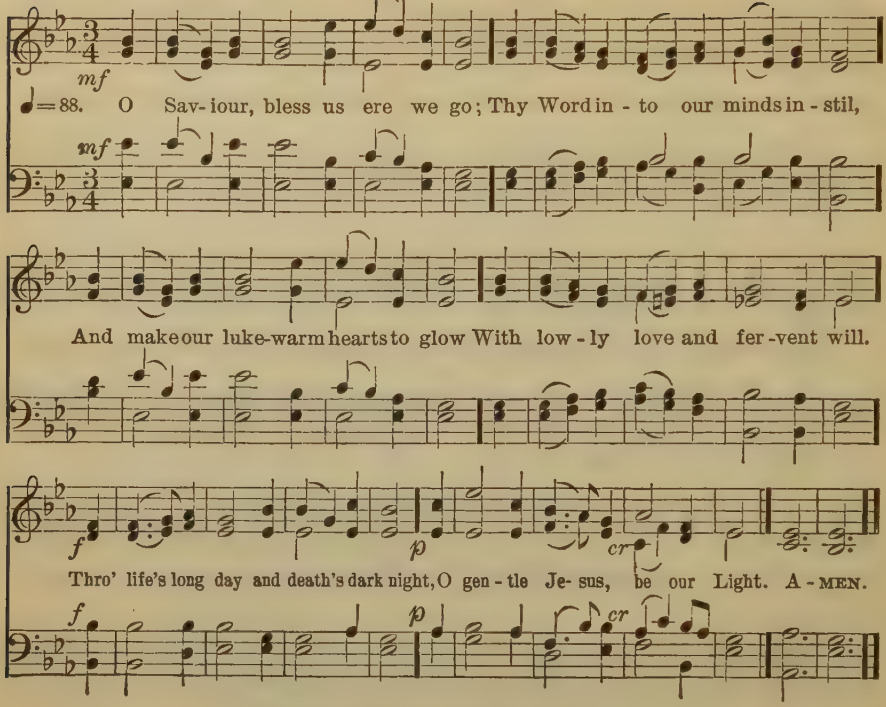
*mf* 5 O Saviour, bless us; night is come;
*dim* Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*F. W. Faber*

## 48 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

STELLA
*H. F. Henry*


mf
♩=88. O Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - stil,
mf
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
f
p
cr
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je- sus, be our Light. A - MEN.
f
p
cr

*p* 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

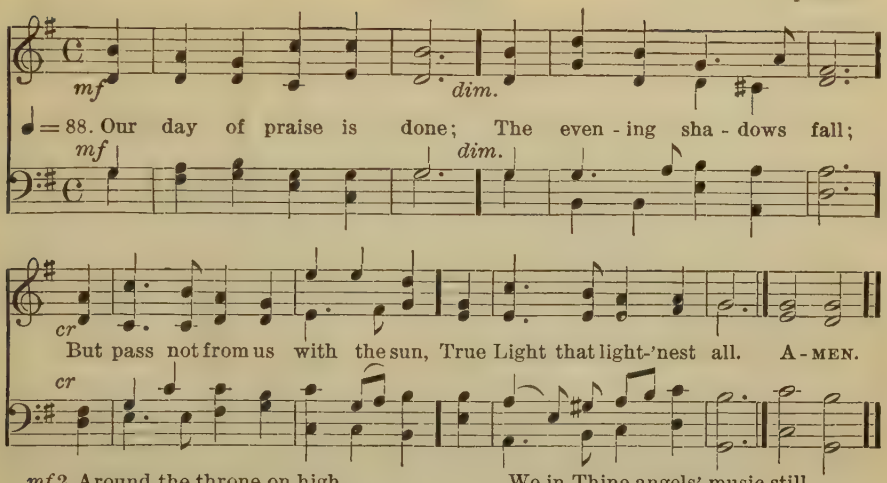
*mf* 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*p* 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
*cr* O let Thy mercy make us glad;
*f* Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*mf* 5 O Saviour, bless us; night is come;
*dim* Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
*f* Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
*p* O gentle Jesus, (*cr*) be our Light.

*F. W. Faber*

**49** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. ALLINGTON *J. Hopkins*


mf
dim.
♩ = 88. Our day of praise is done; The even - ing sha - dows fall;
mf
dim.
cr
But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light-'nest all. A - MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

*p* 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
*cr* But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

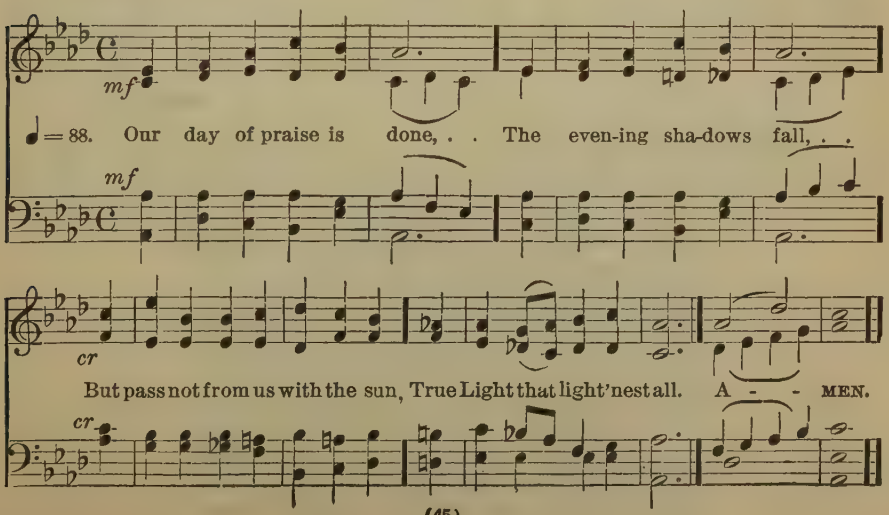
*mf* 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

*mf* 5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

*p* 6 A little while, and then
*cr* Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

*J. Ellerton*

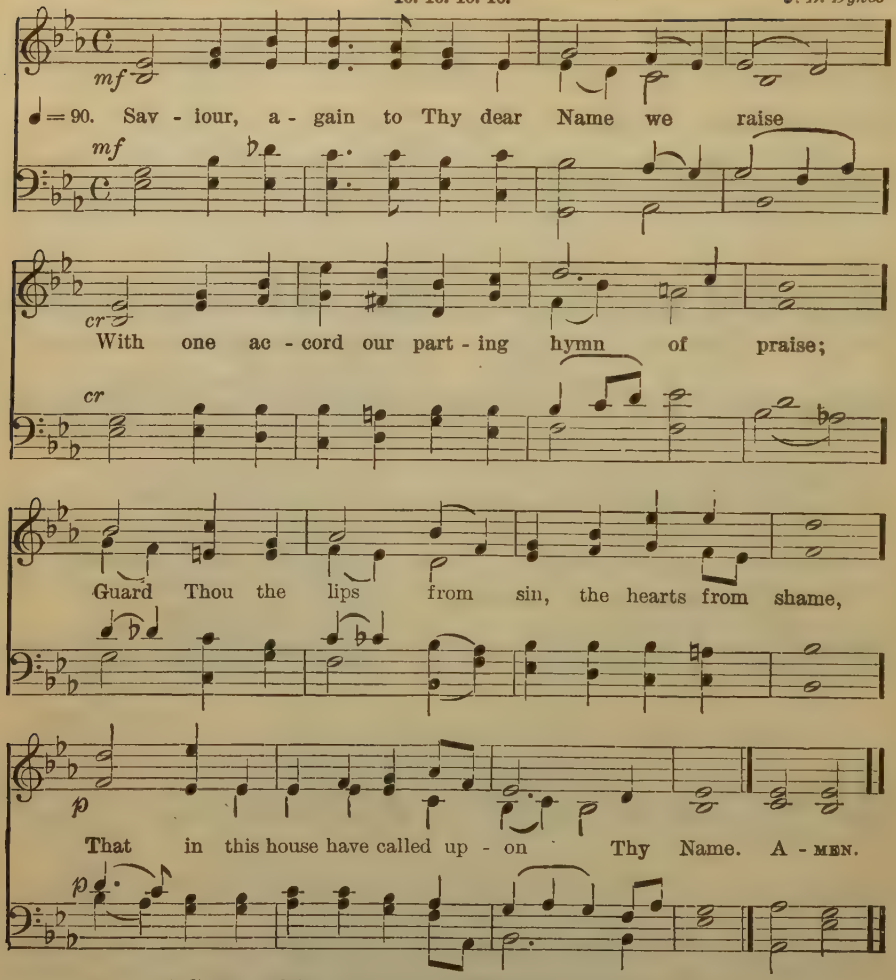
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. DAY OF PRAISE *H. W. Parker*


mf
♩ = 88. Our day of praise is done, . . The even-ing sha-dows fall, . .
mf
cr
But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - - MEN.
cr

**50** (FIRST TUNE)

10. 10. 10. 10.

PAX DEI
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 90. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise
mf
cr
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
cr
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
p
That in this house have called up - on Thy Name. A - MEN.
p

*p* 2 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
*cr* Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

*p* 3 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above:

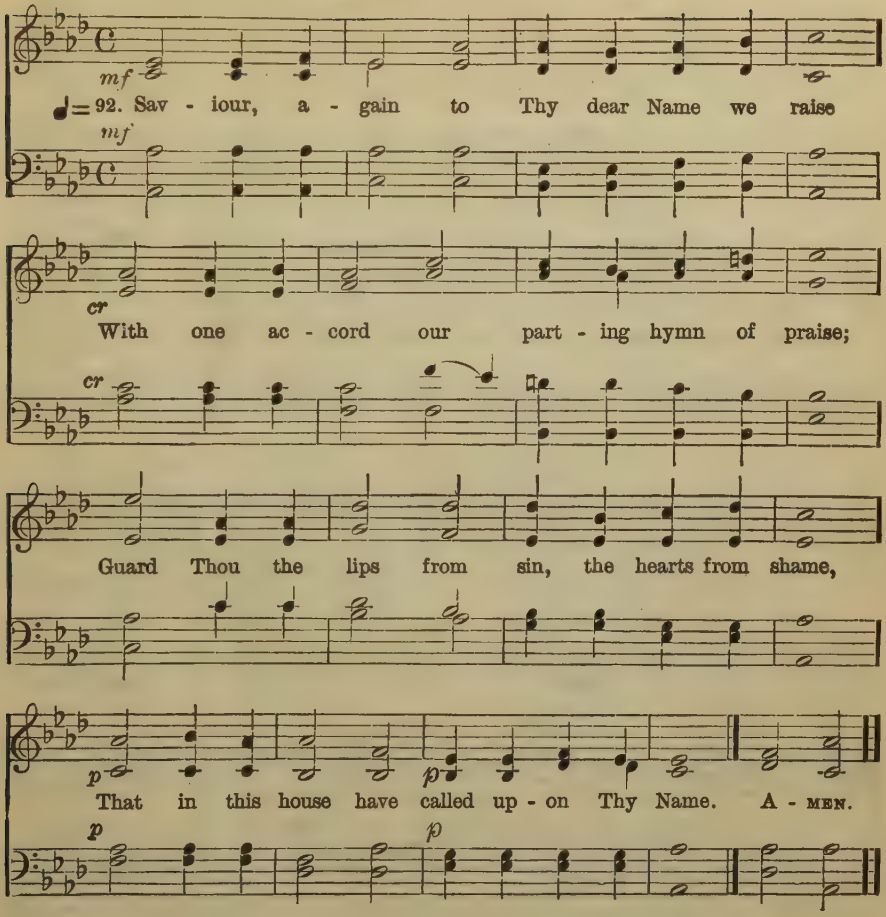
*p* 4 Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

*J. Ellerton*

**50** (SECOND TUNE)

BENEDICTION
*E. J. Hopkins*

10. 10. 10. 10.


mf
♩= 92. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise
mf
cr
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
cr
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
p
That in this house have called up - on Thy Name. A - MEN.
p
p

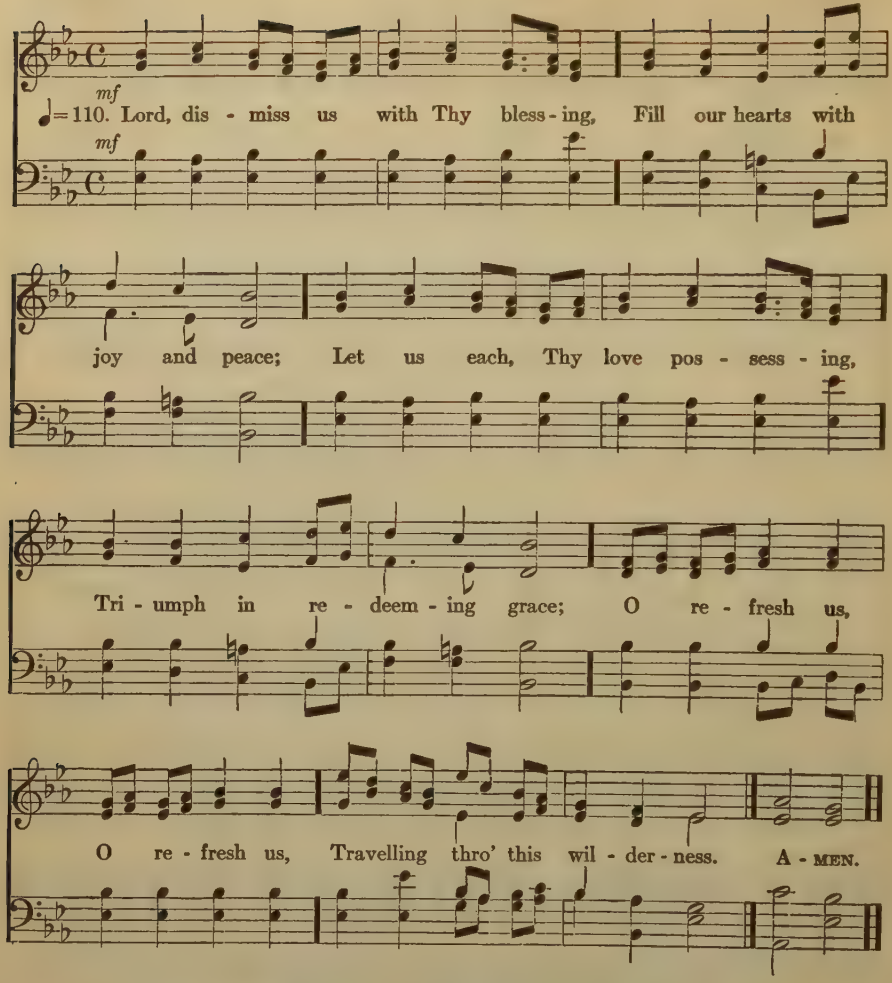
*p* 2 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
*cr* Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

*cr* 3 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above:

*p* 4 Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

*J. Ellerton*

51 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. SICILY


mf
♩= 110. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
mf
joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; O re - fresh us,
O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

*f* 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

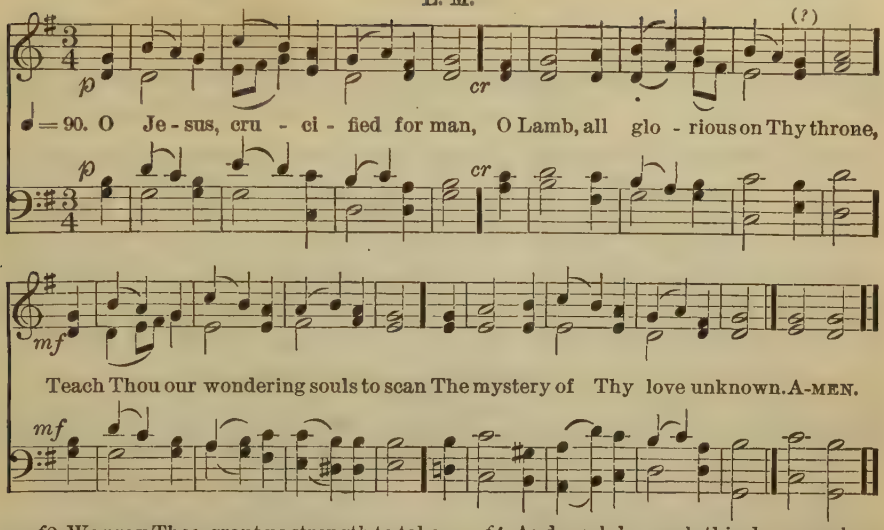
*p* 3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
*cr* Fear of death shall not appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey
*f* May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

*J. Fawcett* (?)

## 52 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

INTERCESSION


(?)
p
cr
♩ = 90. O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne,
mf
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan The mystery of Thy love unknown. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
*dim* In paths of pain to follow Thee.

*mf* 3 As on our daily way we go,
Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife,
*cr* O may we bear Thy marks below
*dim* In conquered sin and chastened life.

*mf* 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

*p* 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
*cr* Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there,
*f* And thro' the cross attain the crown.

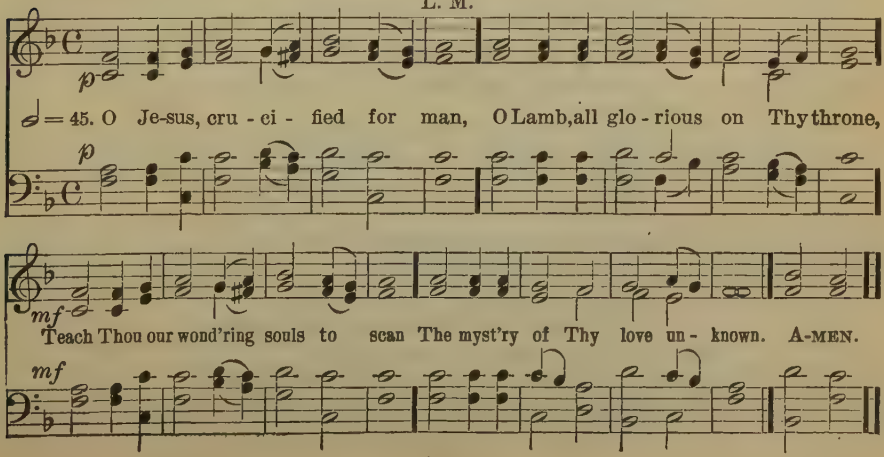
*W. W. How*

HAMBURG

*From a Gregorian Tone. L. Mason*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

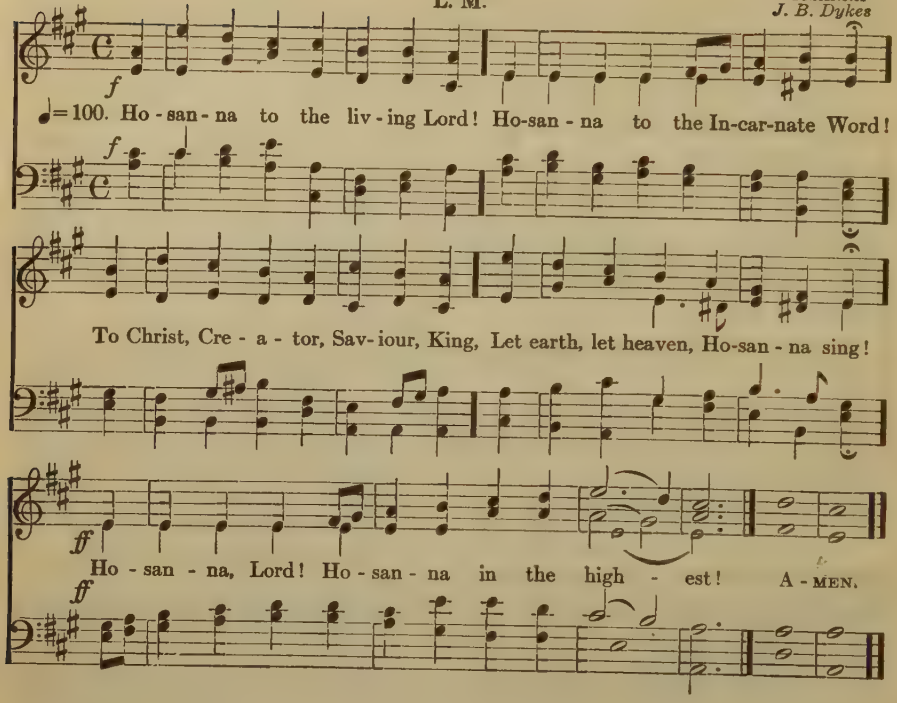

p
♩ = 45. O Je-sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne,
mf
Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love un - known. A-MEN.

## Advent

53

L. M.

HOSANNA
*J. B. Dykes*


f
♩=100. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho-san - na to the In-car-nate Word!
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho-san - na sing!
ff
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - MEN.

*f* 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
*ff* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

*mf* 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
*ff* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

*mf* 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
*ff* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

*mp* 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
*cr* Shall swell the sound of praise again:
*ff* Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

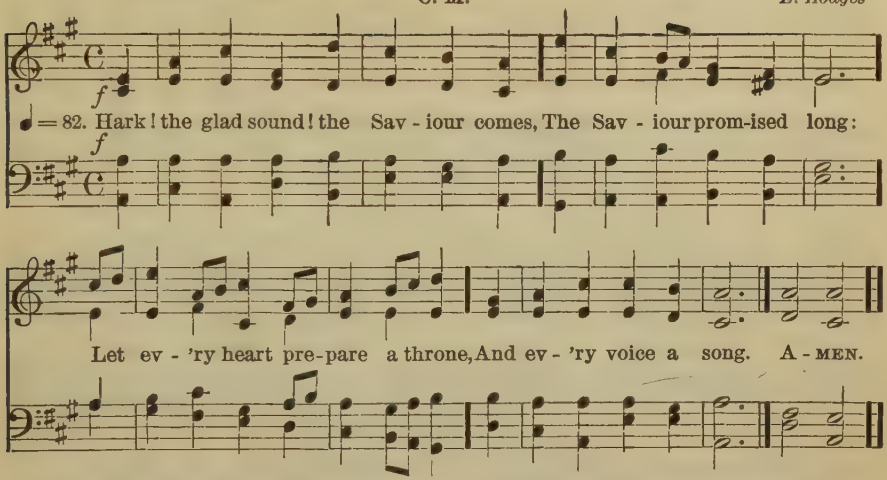


*R. Heber*

## 54 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BRISTOL
*E. Hodges*


f
♩ = 82. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A - MEN.

*f* 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

*f* 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

*p* 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

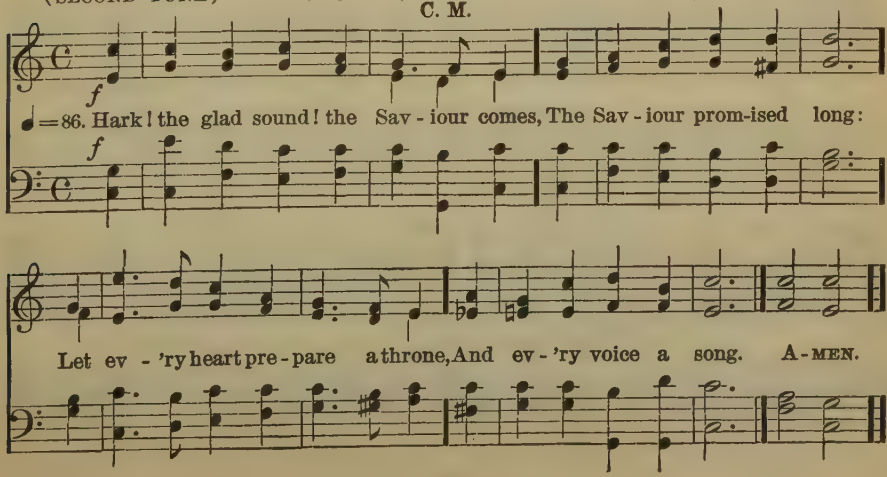
*f* 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
*ff* And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

*P. Doddridge*

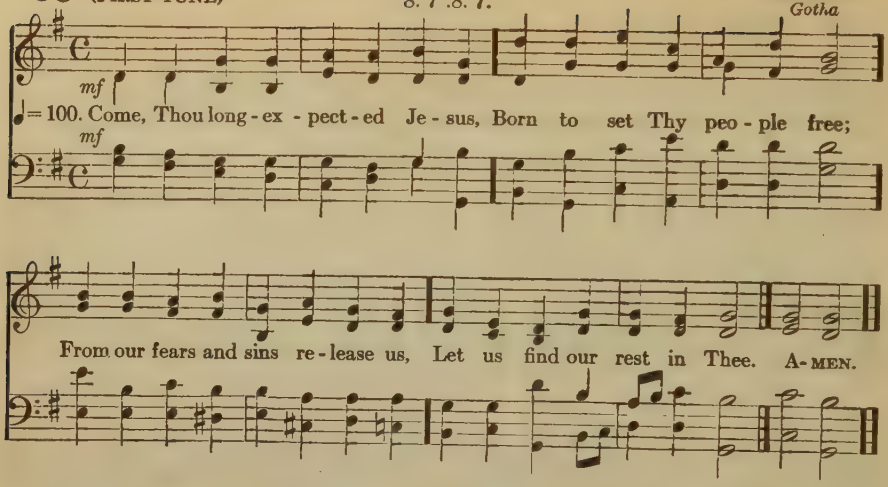
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

ST. SAVIOUR
*F. G. Baker*


f
♩ = 86. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A - MEN.

55 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. STUTTGART *Gotha*


mf
♩= 100. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
mf
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A - MEN.

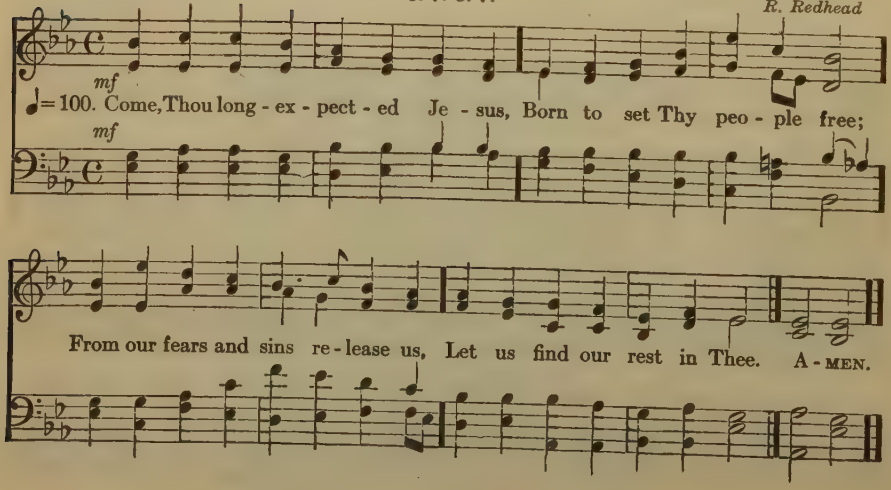
*mf* 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

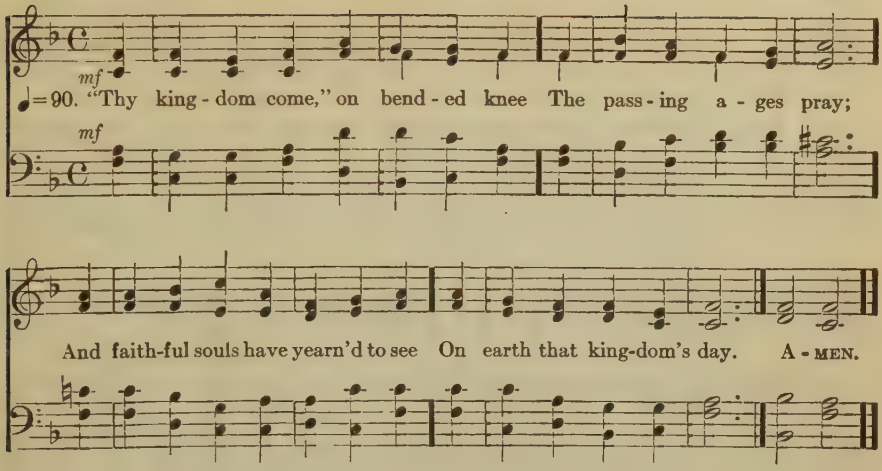
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

*C. Wesley*

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. ST. NICOLAS *R. Redhead*


mf
♩= 100. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
mf
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A - MEN.

56 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. FLAVIAN *Day's Psalter*


mf
♩=90. "Thy king - dom come," on bend - ed knee The pass - ing a - ges pray;
mf
And faith-ful souls have yearn'd to see On earth that king-dom's day. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

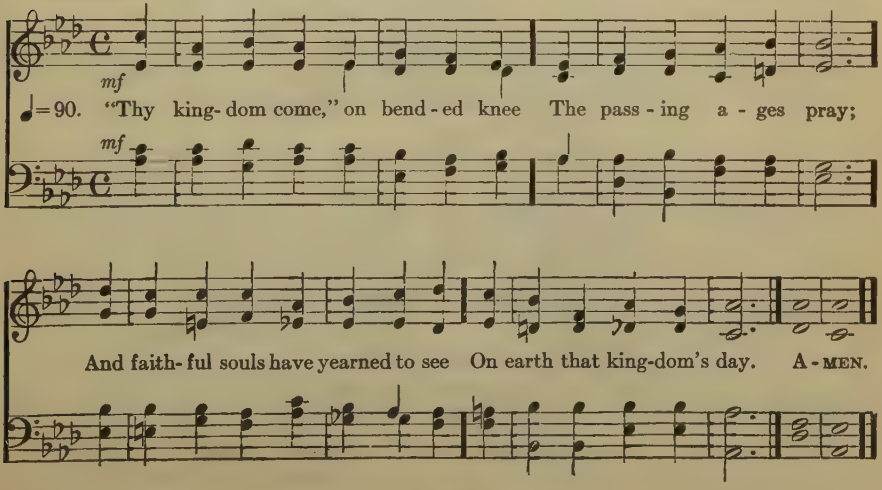
*cr* 3 And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrongs shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

*F. L. Hosmer*

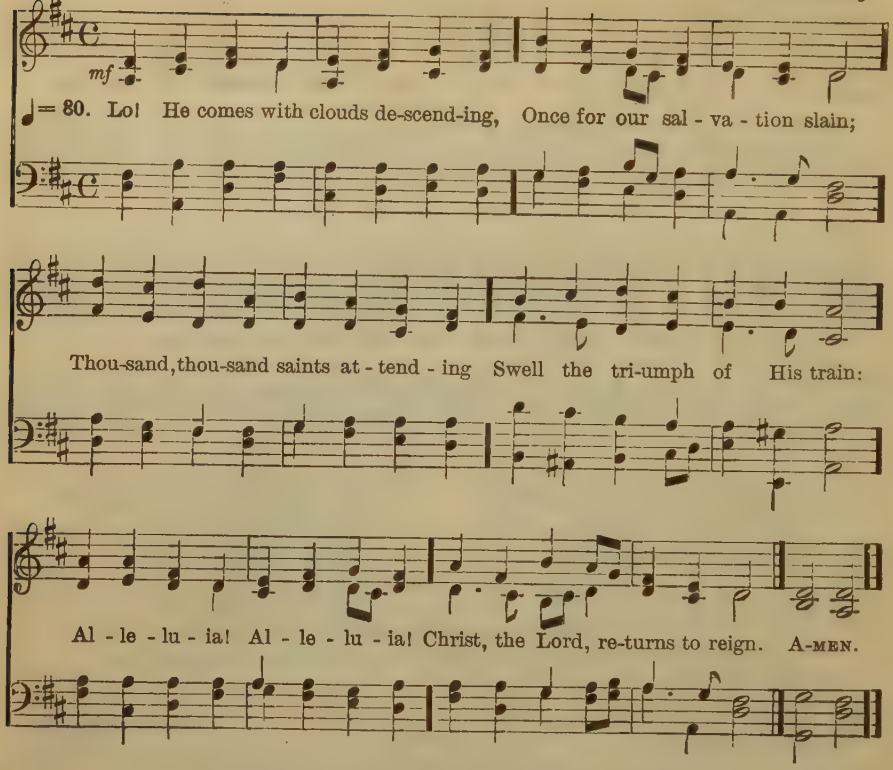
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. ST. MARGUERITE *E. C. Walker*


mf
♩=90. "Thy king- dom come," on bend - ed knee The pass - ing a - ges pray;
mf
And faith- ful souls have yearned to see On earth that king-dom's day. A - MEN.

57

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

ST. THOMAS
*17th Cent. Melody*


mf
♩= 80. Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;
Thou-sand, thou-sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re-turns to reign. A-MEN.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

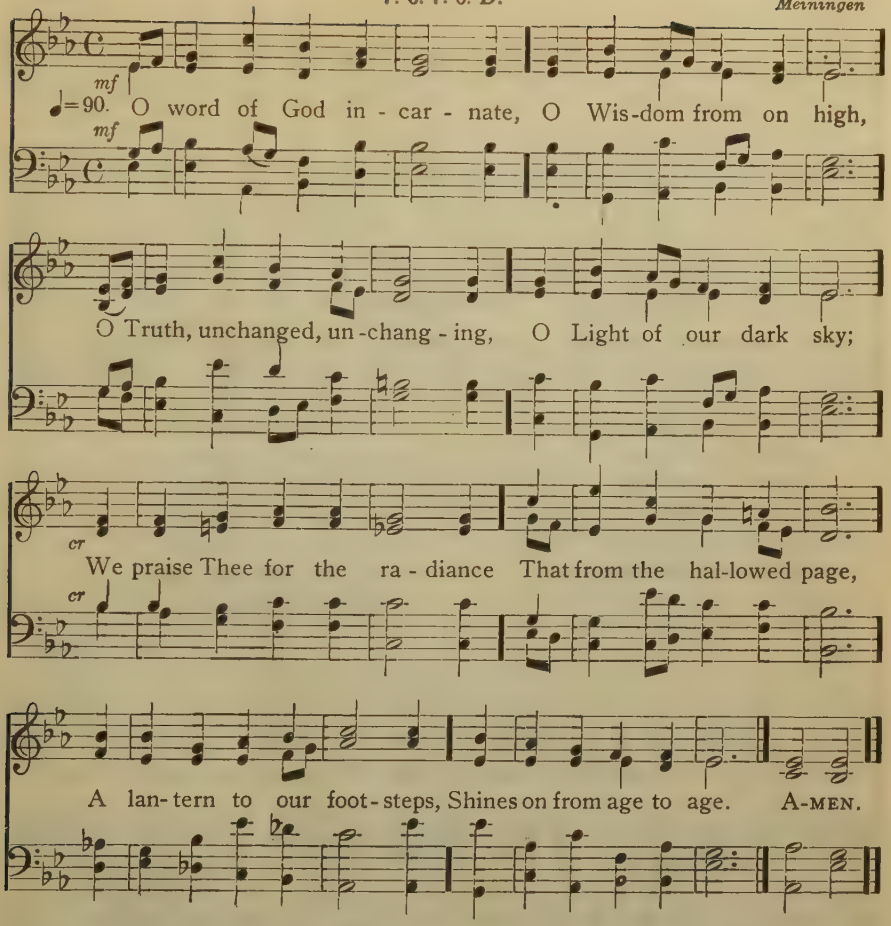
4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shall reign, and Thou alone. AMEN.

*J. Cennick, and Charles Wesley*

58

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MUNICH
*Meiningen*


mf
♩=90. O word of God in - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high,
mf
O Truth, unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
cr
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page,
cr
A lan-tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

*f* 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
*cr* It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

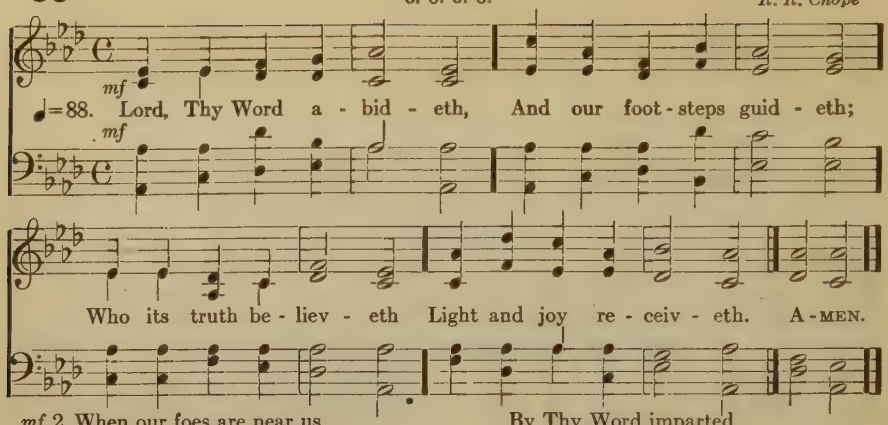
*mf* 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
*cr* Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

*W. W. How*

## 59

6. 6. 6. 6.

ST. CYPRIAN
*R. R. Chope*




*mf* 2 When our foes are near us.
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

*p* 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
*cr* Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

*mf* 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

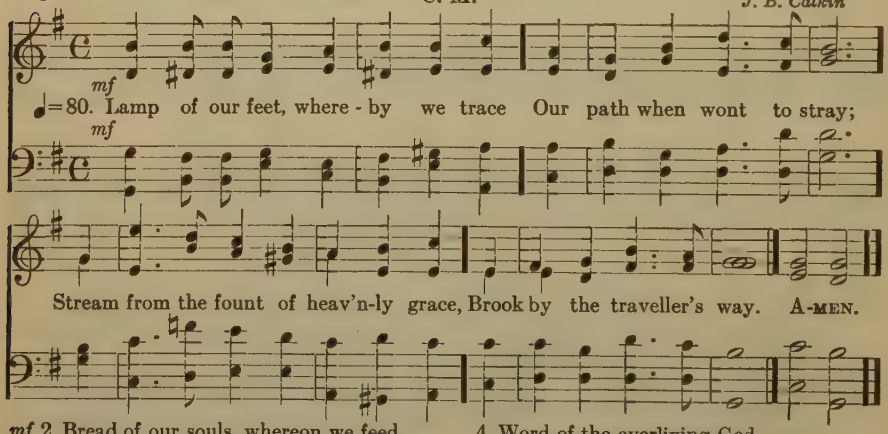
6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

*H. W. Baker*

## 60

C. M.

NOX PRÆCESSIT
*J. B. Calkin*


mf
♩=80. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
mf
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the traveller's way. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the everliving God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod
Or heaven itself be won?

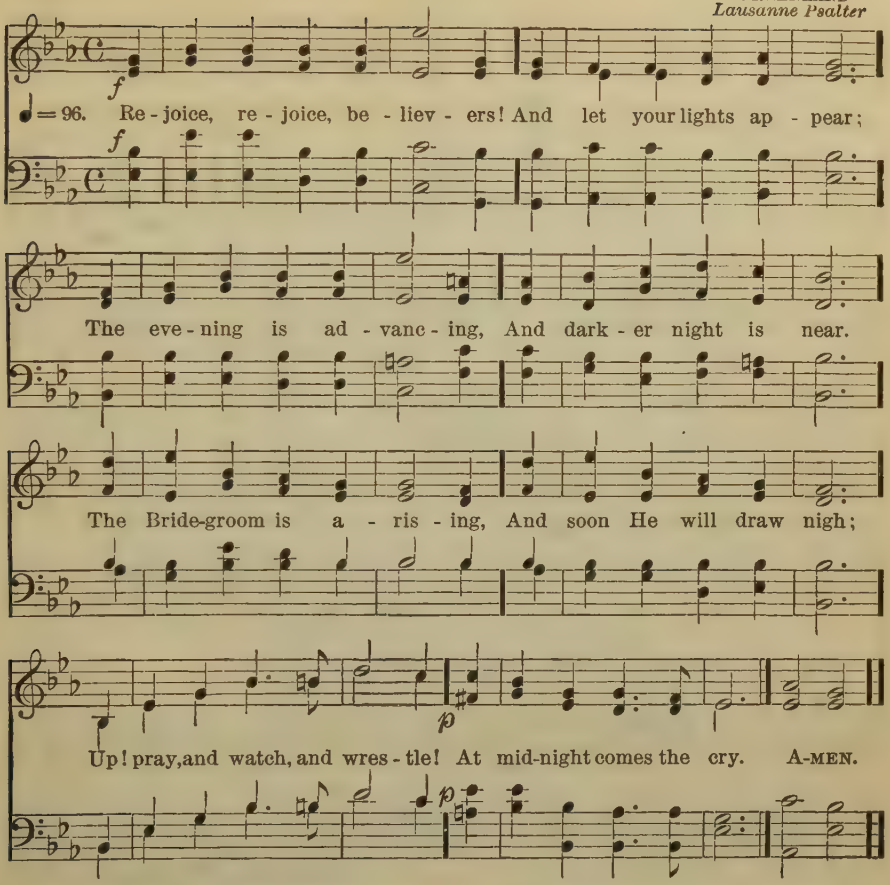
5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

*B. Barton*

61

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

GREENLAND
*Lausanne Psalter*


f
♩= 96. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
p
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
*cr* Go meet Him as He cometh,
*f* With alleluias clear.

*f* 3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

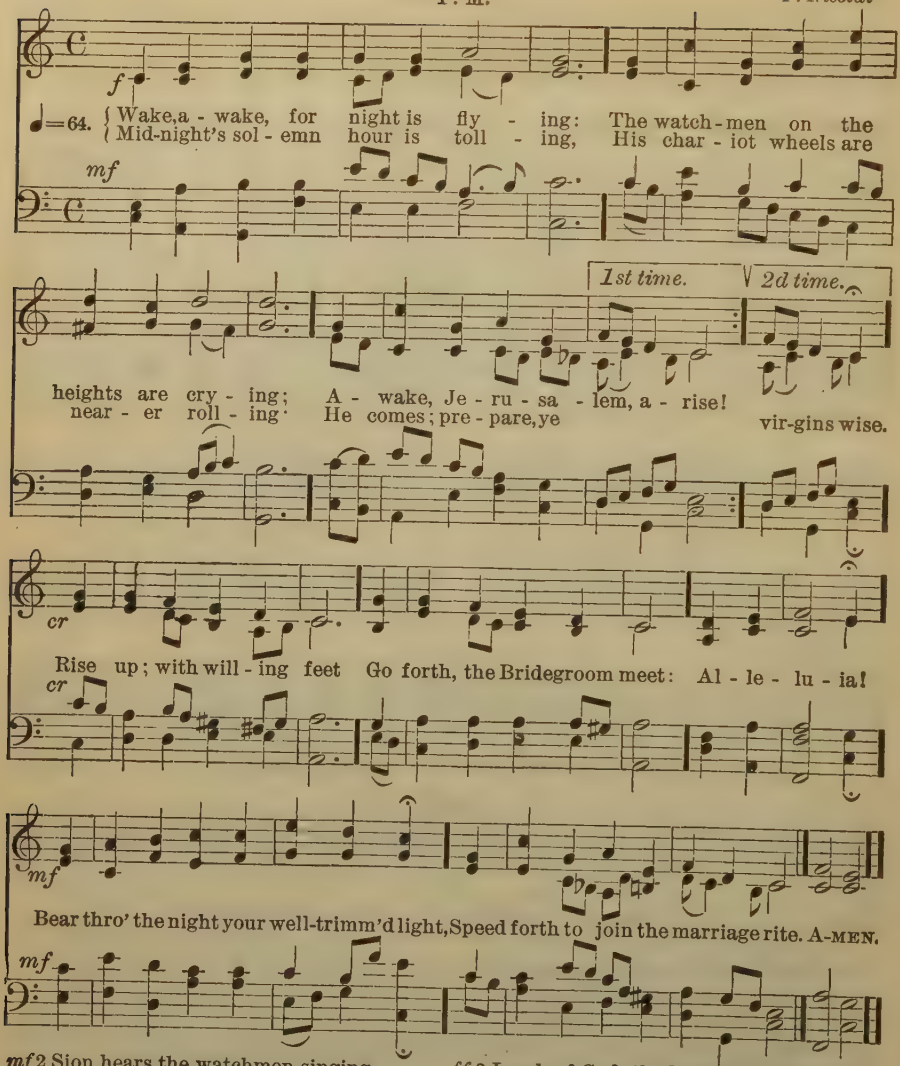
*mp* 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
*cr* Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
*f* With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

*L. Laurenti:* TR. *S. Findlater*

62

P. M.

HERRNHUT
*P. Nicolai*

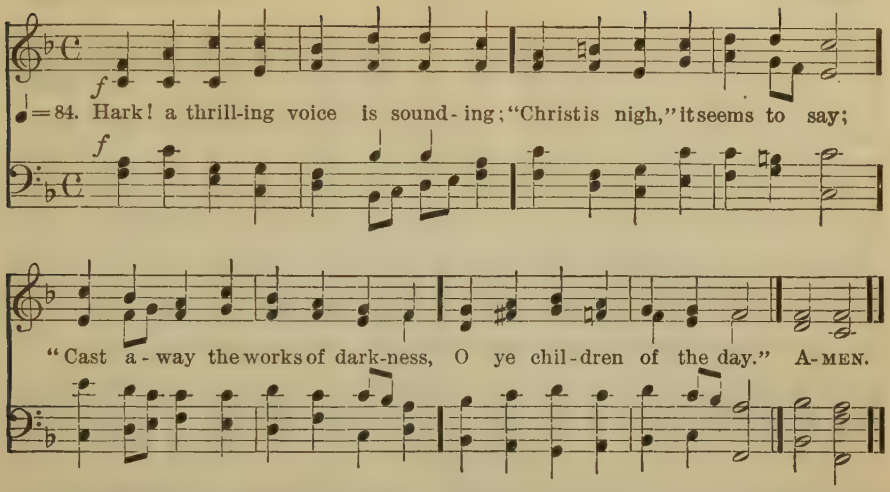

f
♩=64. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watch-men on the
Mid-night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing, His char - iot wheels are
mf
1st time.
2d time.
heights are cry - ing; A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
near - er roll - ing: He comes; pre - pare, ye vir-gins wise.
cr
Rise up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!
cr
mf
Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite. A-MEN.
mf

*mf* 2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
*cr* Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
*f* Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

*ff* 3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
*mf* By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
*p* No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
*ff* We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

*P. Nicolai*

63 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. MERTON *W. H. Monk*


f
♩=84. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day." A-MEN.

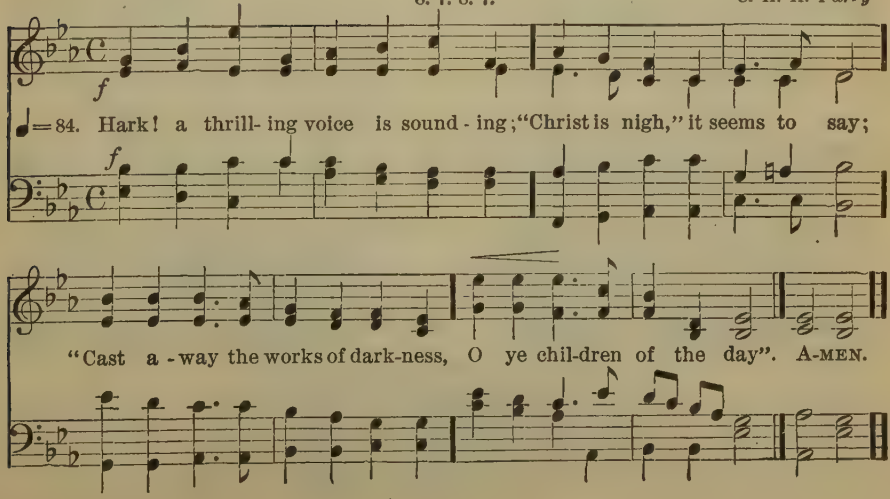
*mf* 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
*cr* Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

*f* 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
*dim* Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

*mf* 4 So when next He comes with glory,
*p* Wrapping all the world in fear,
*cr* May He with . . mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Tr. by *E. Caswall*

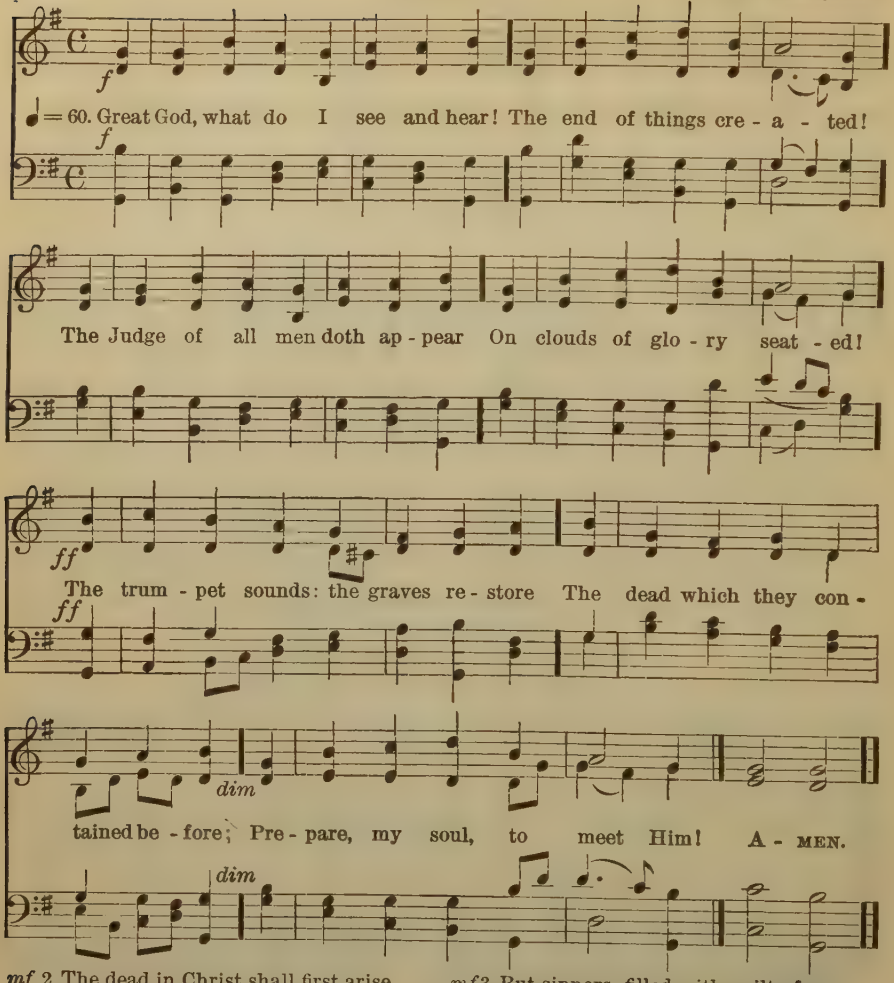
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. BISHOPTHORPE *C. H. H. Parry*


f
♩=84. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day". A-MEN.

64

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

LUTHER'S HYMN
*J. Klug's Gesangbuch*


f
♩ = 60. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
f
The Judge of all men doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
ff
The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -
ff
dim
tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A - MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
*cr* Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
*f* With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

*mf* 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
*dim* The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
*p* All unprepared to meet Him.

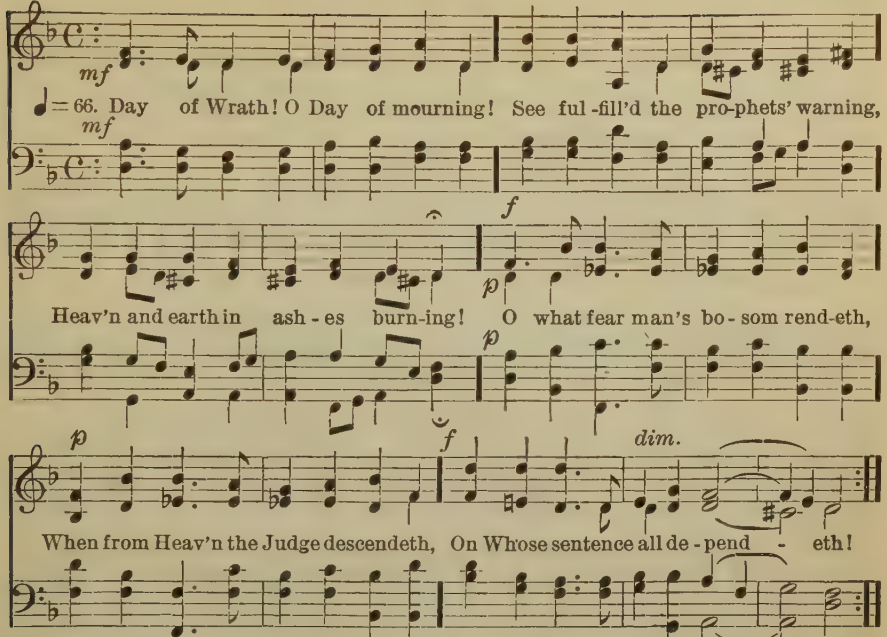
*mf* 4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
*cr* One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
*f* The Judge my nature wearing.
*mf* Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
**cr** And thus prepare to meet Him.

*W. B. Collyer* and *J. Cotterill*

65

8. 8. 8.

DIES IRAE
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩= 66. Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning! See ful-fill'd the pro-phets' warning,
mf
f
p
Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
p
p
f
dim.
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all de-pend - eth!

*ff* 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

*f* 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

*mf* 5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

*mf* 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

*p* 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

*f* 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
*dim* Fount of pity, then befriend us!

*mf* 9 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
*dim* Leave me not to reprobation!

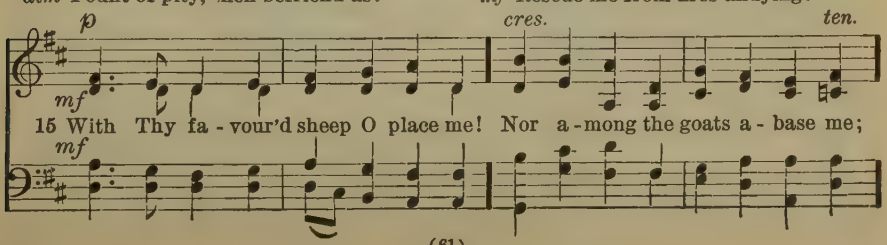
*p* 10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

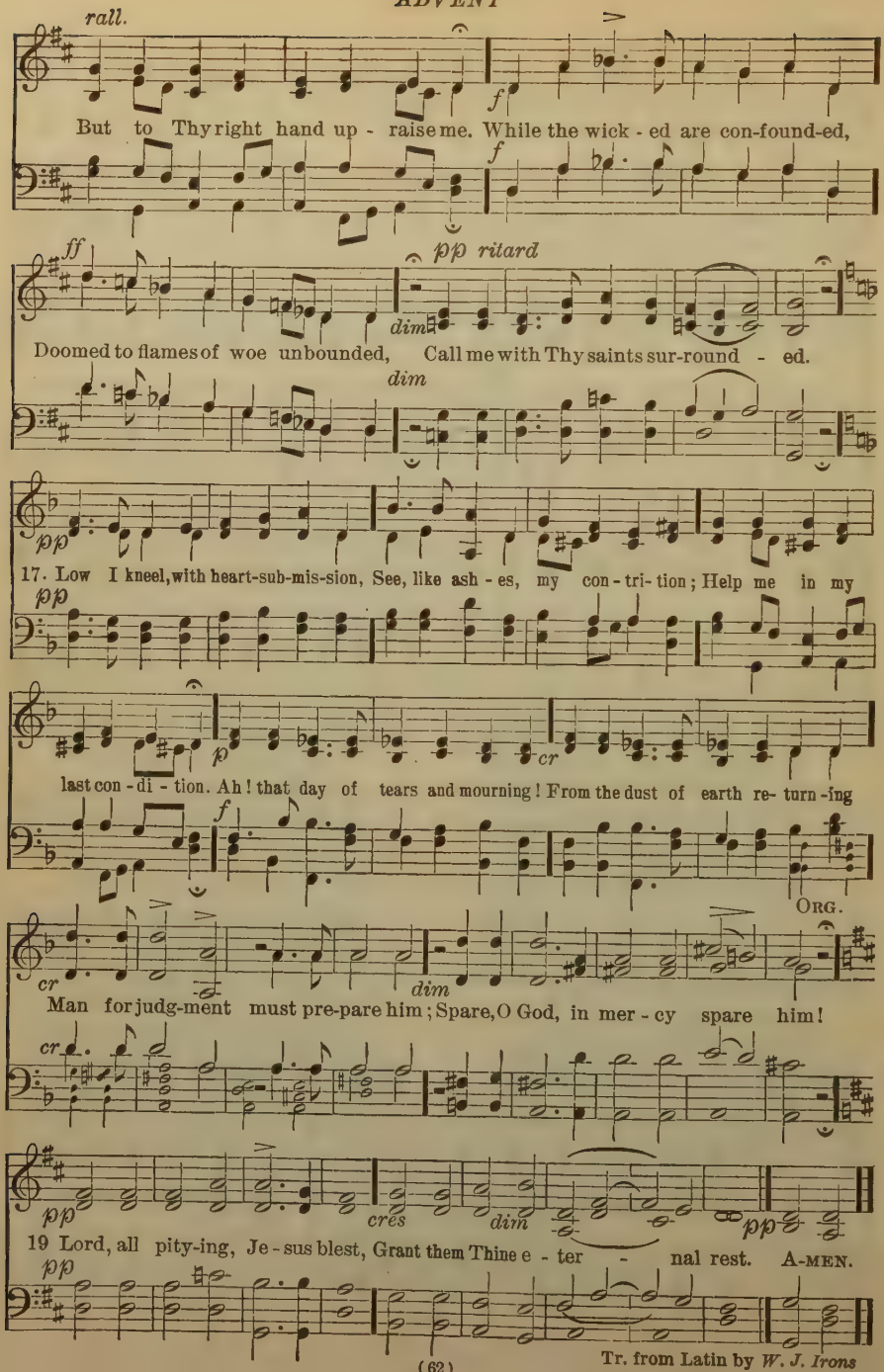
*mf* 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere the day of retribution.

*p* 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

*cr* 13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
*mf* Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

*p* 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
*cr* Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
*mf* Rescue me from fires undying!




rall.
But to Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded, Call me with Thy saints sur-round - ed.
17. Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion, See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my
last con - di - tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re- turn -ing
ORG.
Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him; Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him!
19 Lord, all pity-ing, Je - sus blest, Grant them Thine e - ter - nal rest. A-MEN.

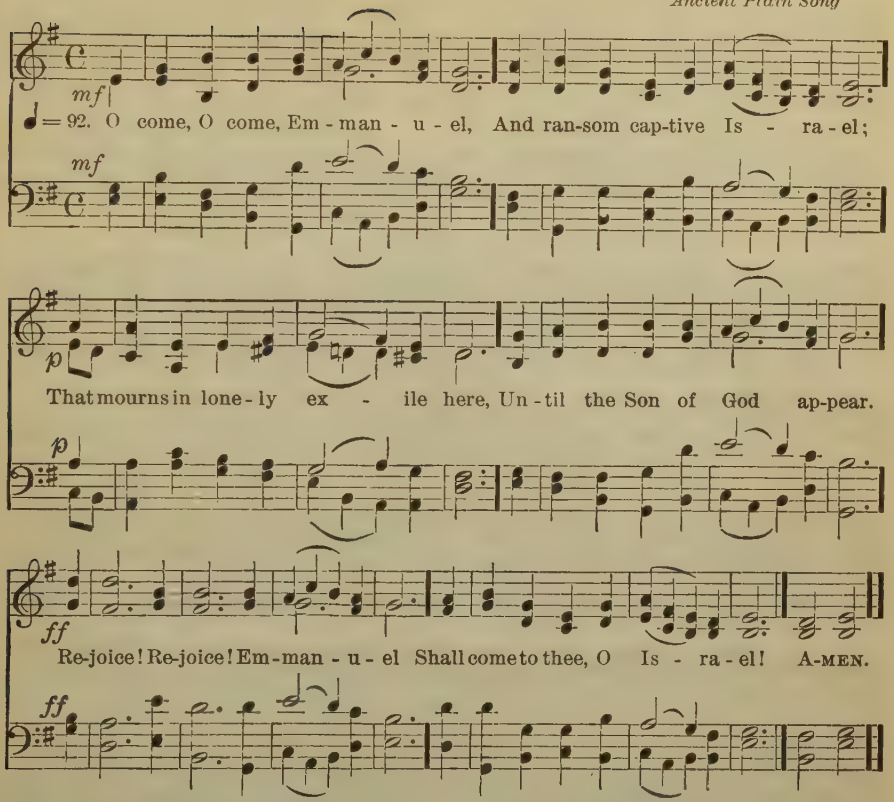


Tr. from Latin by *W. J. Irons*

66

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

VENI EMMANUEL, No, 1
*Ancient Plain Song*


mf
♩ = 92. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el;
mf
p
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap-pear.
p
ff
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-MEN.
ff

*mf* 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
*cr* And give them victory o'er the grave.
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, o Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

TR. *J. M. Neale*

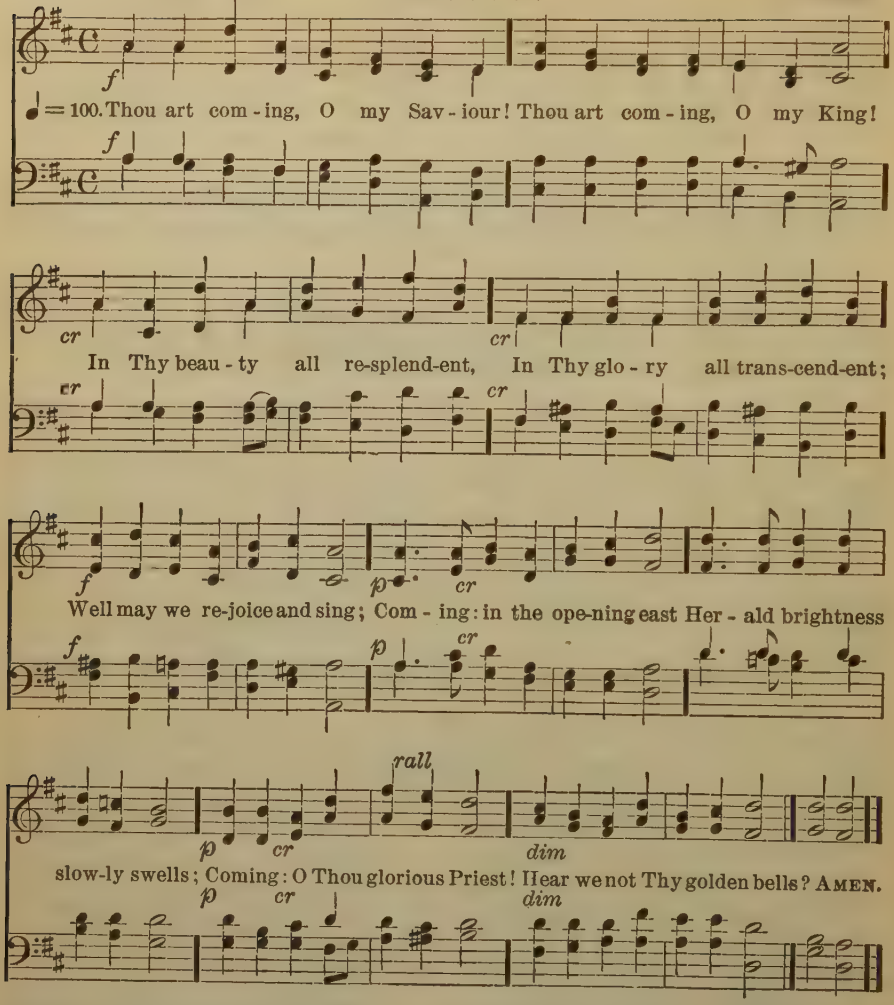
**This hymn may be sung in HARMONY throughout, or the first four lines of each verse in UNISON, and the last two lines in HARMONY.**

**Or where the character of the choir permits, the first four lines of each verse may be sung in UNISON: — The 1st and 5th verses by *all the singers;* the 2nd verse, by *female voices alone;* the third verse, by *boys' voices alone;* the 4th verse by *men's voices alone.* The last two lines of each verse are to be sung in HARMONY by *all the singers, and the congregation.***

## 67 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

BEVERLY
*W. H. Monk*


f
♩ = 100. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour! Thou art com - ing, O my King!
cr
In Thy beau - ty all re-splend-ent, In Thy glo - ry all trans-cend-ent;
Well may we re-joice and sing; Com - ing: in the ope-ning east Her - ald brightness
rall
dim
slow-ly swells; Coming: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy golden bells? AMEN.

*mf* 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
*p* All our hearts could never say;
*cr* What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

*mf* 3 Thou art coming; at Thy Table
We are witnesses for this;
While rememb'ring hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
*cr* And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

*mf* 4 Thou art coming; (*p*) we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
*mf* Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

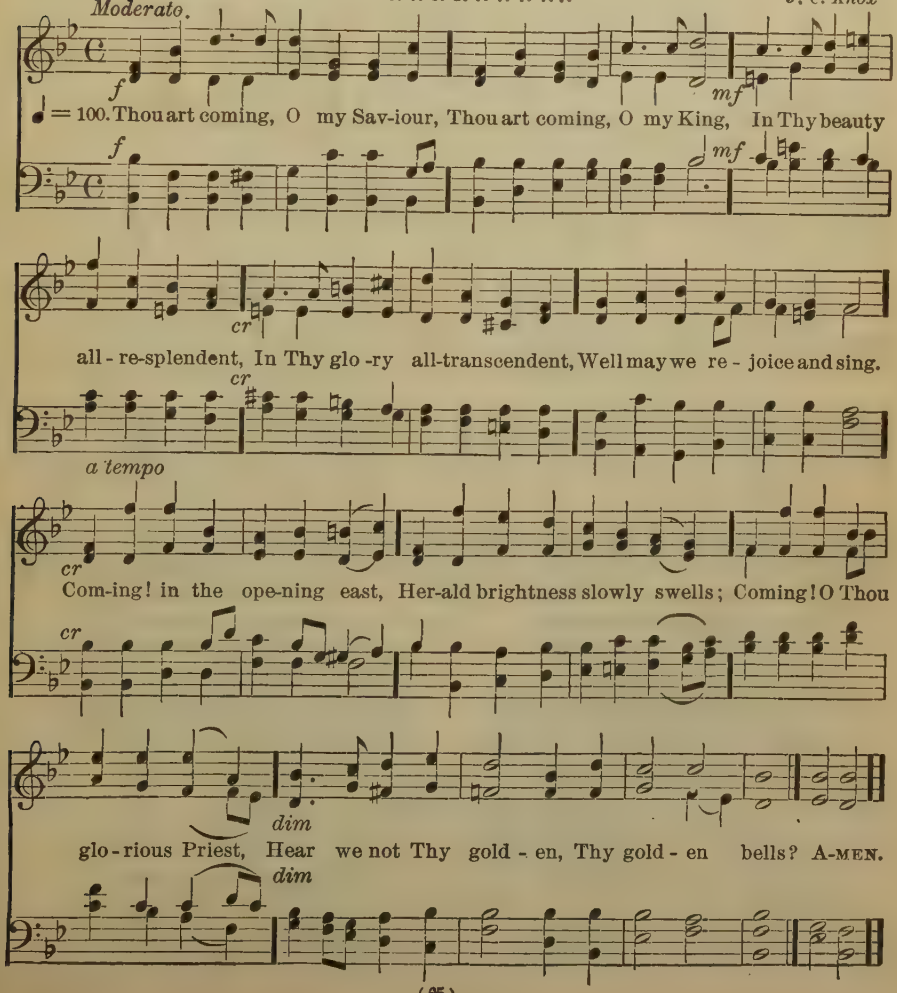
*f* 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

*F. R. Havergal*

## 67 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

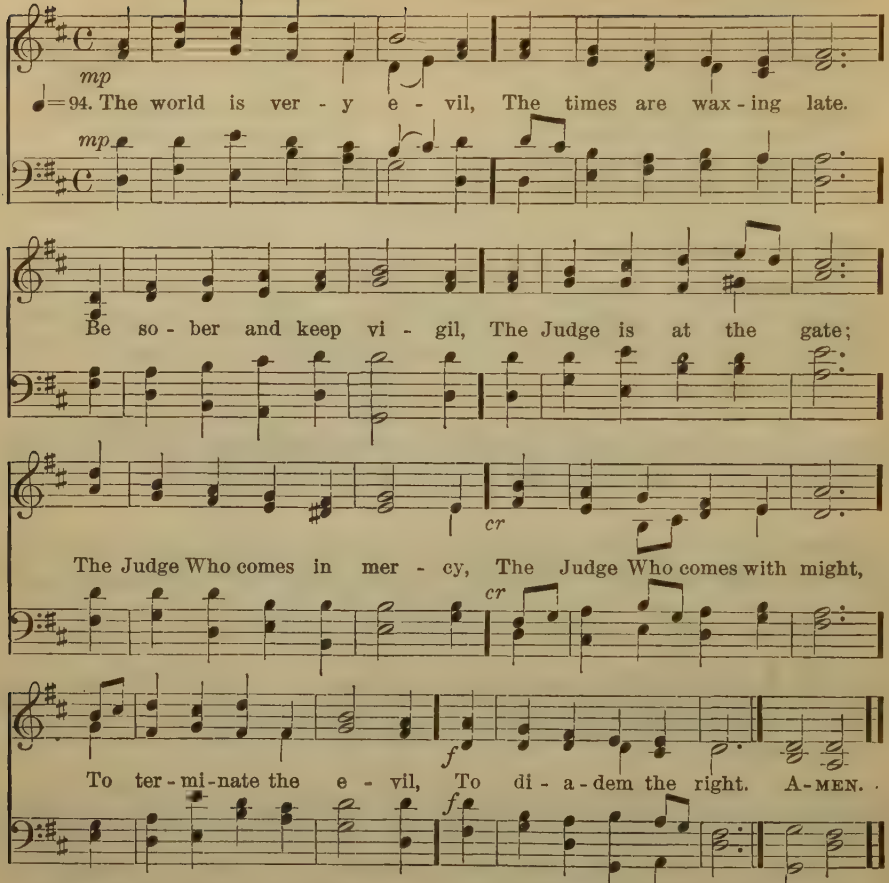
ADVENT
*J. C. Knox*


Moderato.
f
mf
♩ = 100. Thou art coming, O my Sav-iour, Thou art coming, O my King, In Thy beauty
cr
all - re-splendent, In Thy glo -ry all-transcendent, Well may we re - joice and sing.
a tempo
Com-ing! in the ope-ning east, Her-ald brightness slowly swells; Coming! O Thou
dim
glo - rious Priest, Hear we not Thy gold - en, Thy gold - en bells? A-MEN.

68

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PEARSALL
*German*


mp
♩=94. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late.
mp
Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;
cr
The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,
cr
f
To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - MEN.
f

*f* 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
*p* Let penitential sorrow
*cr* To heavenly gladness lead:
*mf* To the home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn;

*mf* 3 ' Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
*p* Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
*mf* O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

*mf* 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
*f* Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

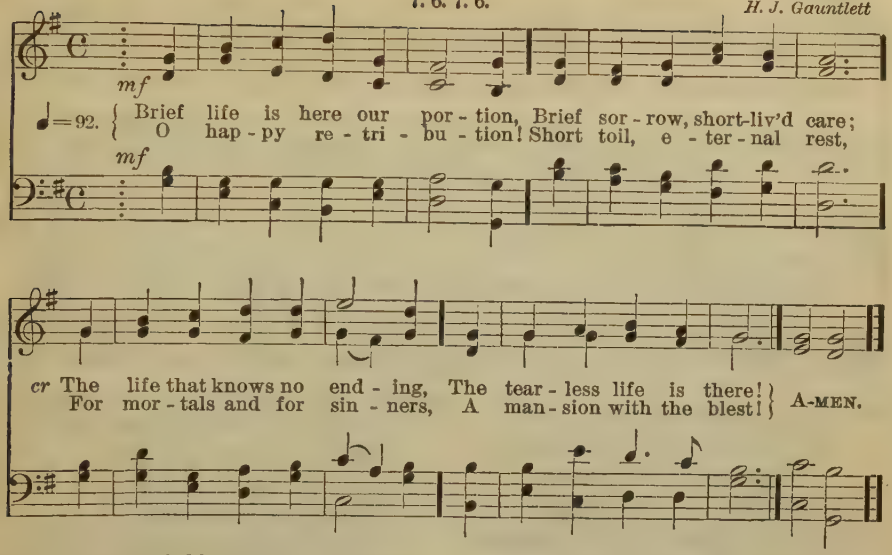
*mf* 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
*cr* Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

69

7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. ALPHEGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
♩=92.
Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-liv'd care;
O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
mf
cr The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest!
A-MEN.

*mf* 2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
*p* And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
*cr* And after storm and whirlwind,
*p* Are calm, and joy, and light.

*p* 3 And now we fight the battle,
*cr* But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
*f* And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

*p* 4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
*cr* But there is David's Fountain,
*f* And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

*mf* 5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
*cr* And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
*f* For God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

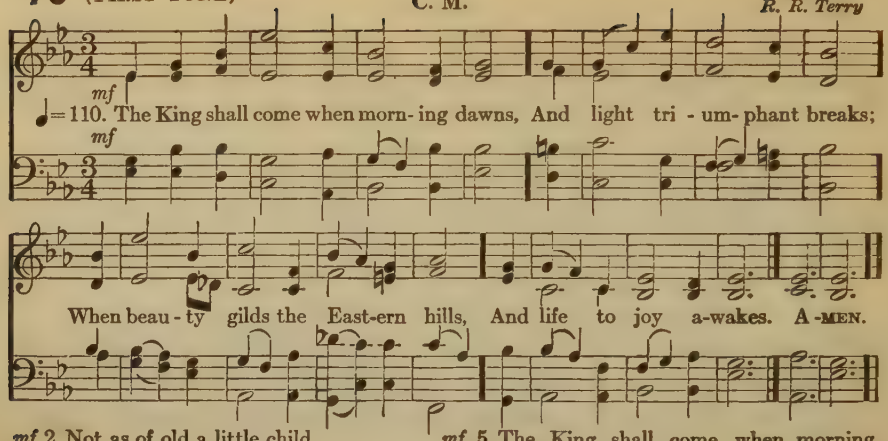
*mf* 6 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
*mf* Who art, with God the Father,
*p* And Spirit, ever blest.

*Alternate Tune. St. Anselm, No. 97* TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 70 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

NEWMAN
*R. R. Terry*


mf
♩= 110. The King shall come when morn- ing dawns, And light tri - um- phant breaks;
When beau - ty gilds the East-ern hills, And life to joy a-wakes. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Not as of old a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,
*cr* But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.

*f* 3 O brighter than the rising morn
When He, victorious, rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes;—

4 O brighter than that glorious morn
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we His face shall see.

*mf* 5 The King shall come when morning
And earth's dark night is past; [dawns,
O haste the rising of that morn,
The day that aye shall last;

6 And let the endless bliss begin,
By weary saints foretold,
*cr* When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

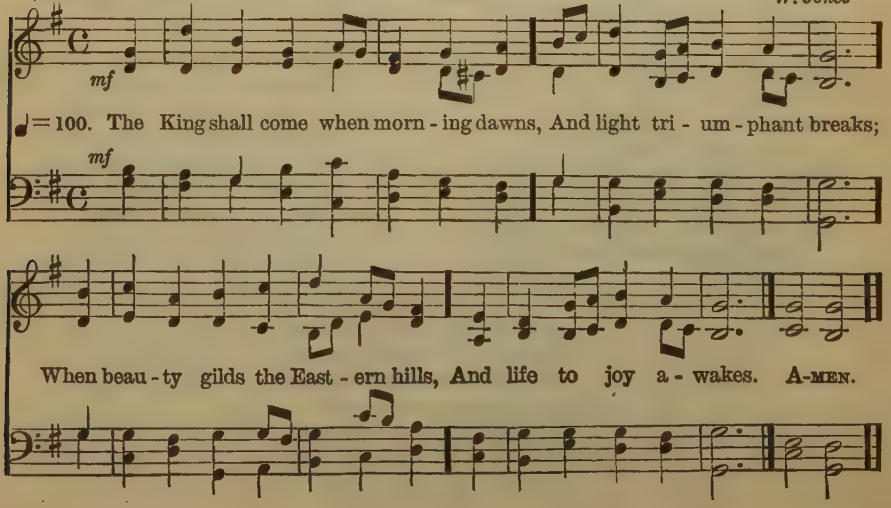
*f* 7 The King shall come when morning
And light and beauty brings: [dawns,
*ff* Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy people pray,
Come quickly, King of kings.

GREEK; TR. *J. Brownlie*

(SECOND TUNE)

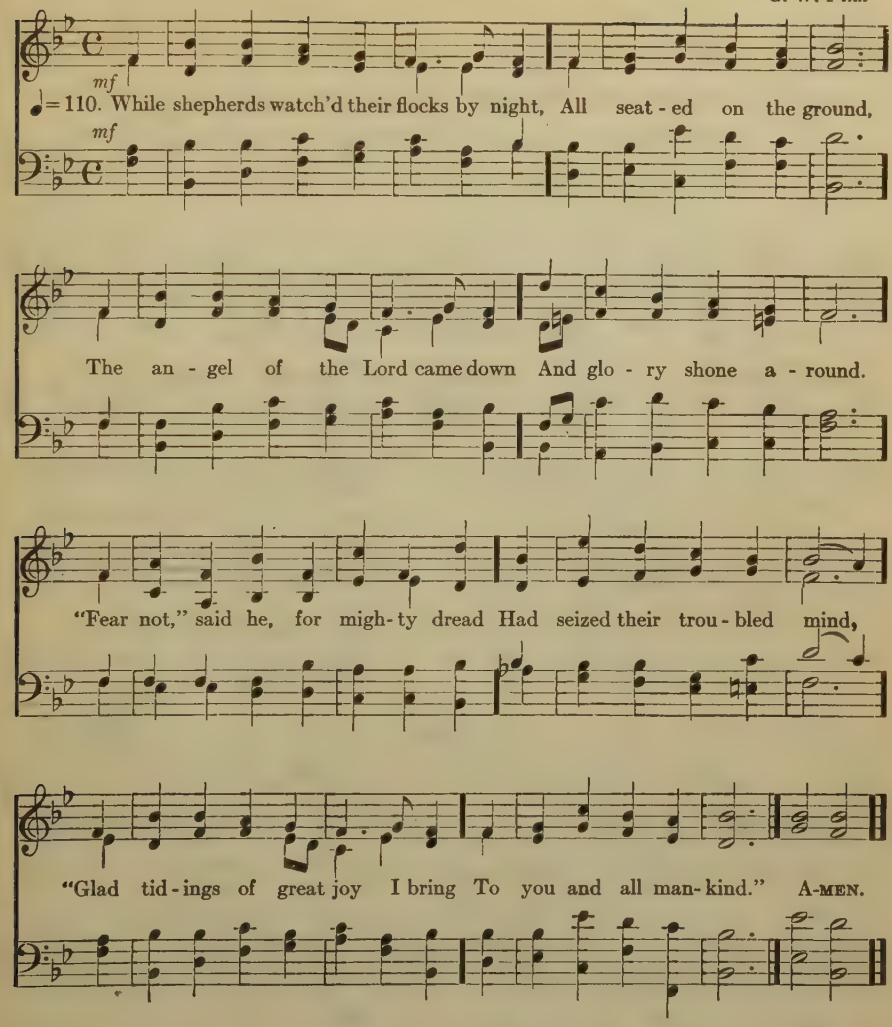
C. M.

ST. STEPHEN
*W. Jones*


mf
♩= 100. The King shall come when morn - ing dawns, And light tri - um - phant breaks;
When beau - ty gilds the East - ern hills, And life to joy a - wakes. A-MEN.

# Christmas

**71** (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. GABRIEL. *G. W. Fink*


mf
♩= 110. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
mf
The an - gel of the Lord came down And glo - ry shone a - round.
"Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had seized their trou - bled mind,
"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind." A-MEN.

*f* 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

*f* 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

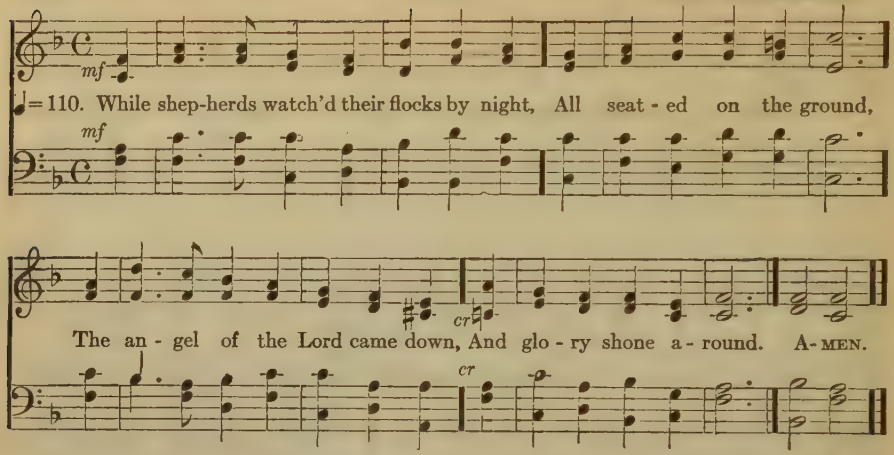
*f* 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

*f* 6 "All glory be to God on high,
*p* And on the earth be peace;
*f* Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

*N. Tate*

## 71 (SECOND TUNE) C. M.

WINCHESTER OLD
*Whole book of Psalms, 1592.*


mf
♩=110. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
mf
cr
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. A - MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

*mf* 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

*mf* 4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

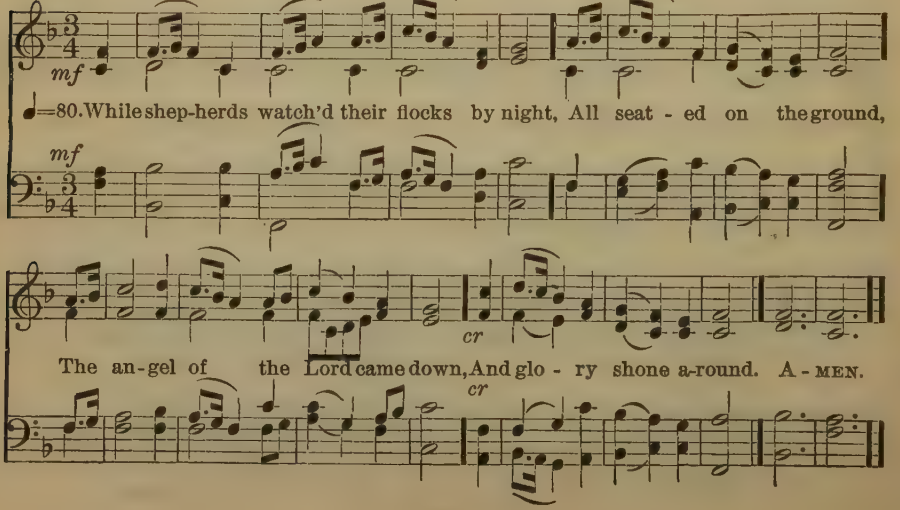
*mf* 5 Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
*cr* Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

*f* 6 "All glory be to God on high,
*dim* And on the earth be peace;
*cr* Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
*f* Begin and never cease."

*N. Tate*

(THIRD TUNE) C. M.

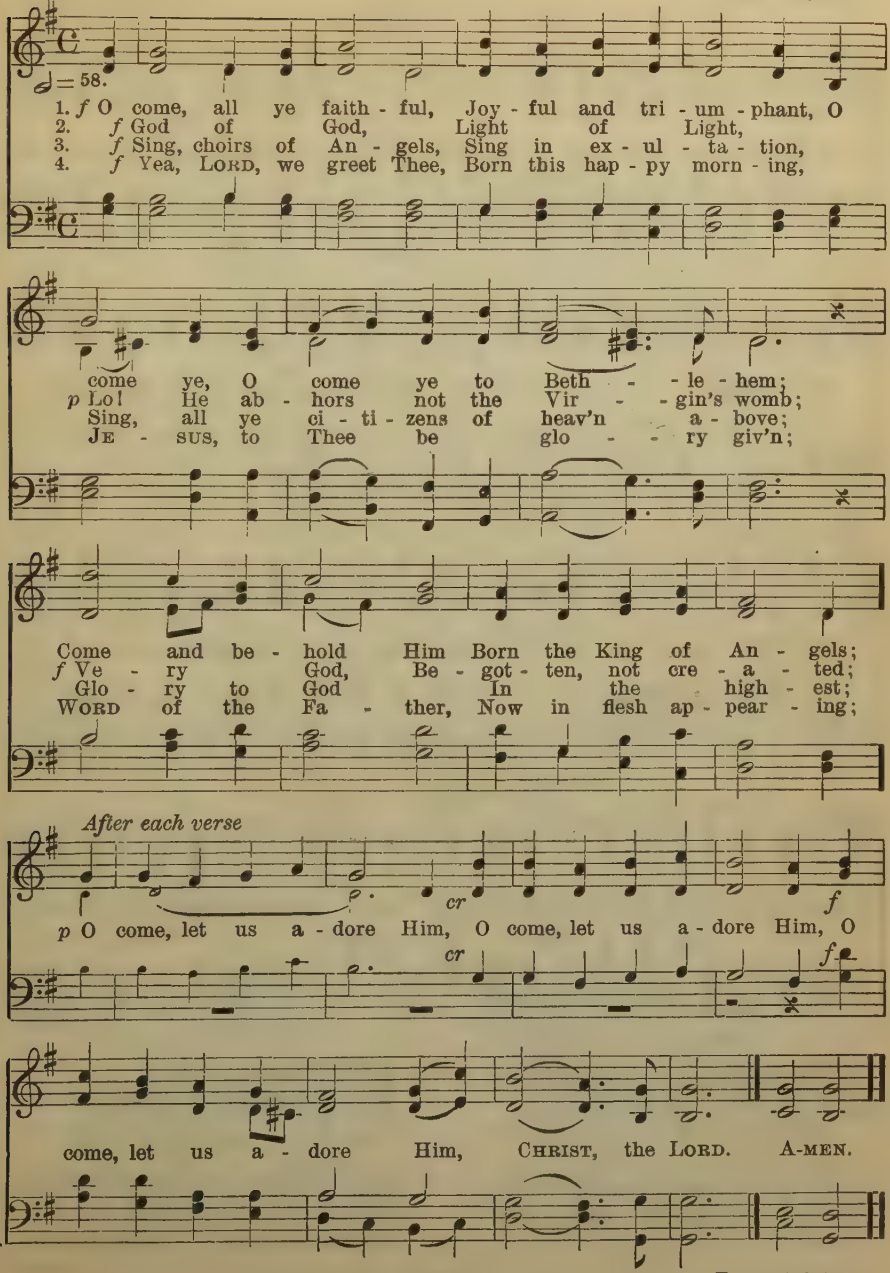
ST. MARTIN'S
*W. Tansur*


mf
♩=80. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
mf
cr
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a-round. A - MEN.
cr

72

P. M.

ADESTE FIDELES
*J. Reading*


♩ = 58.
1. f O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
2. f God of God, Light of Light,
3. f Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
4. f Yea, LORD, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,
come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;
p Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - - gin's womb;
Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove;
JE - SUS, to Thee be glo - - ry giv'n;
Come and be - hold Him Born the King of An - gels;
f Ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
Glo - ry to God In the high - est;
WORD of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
After each verse
p O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O
cr
f
come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST, the LORD. A-MEN.

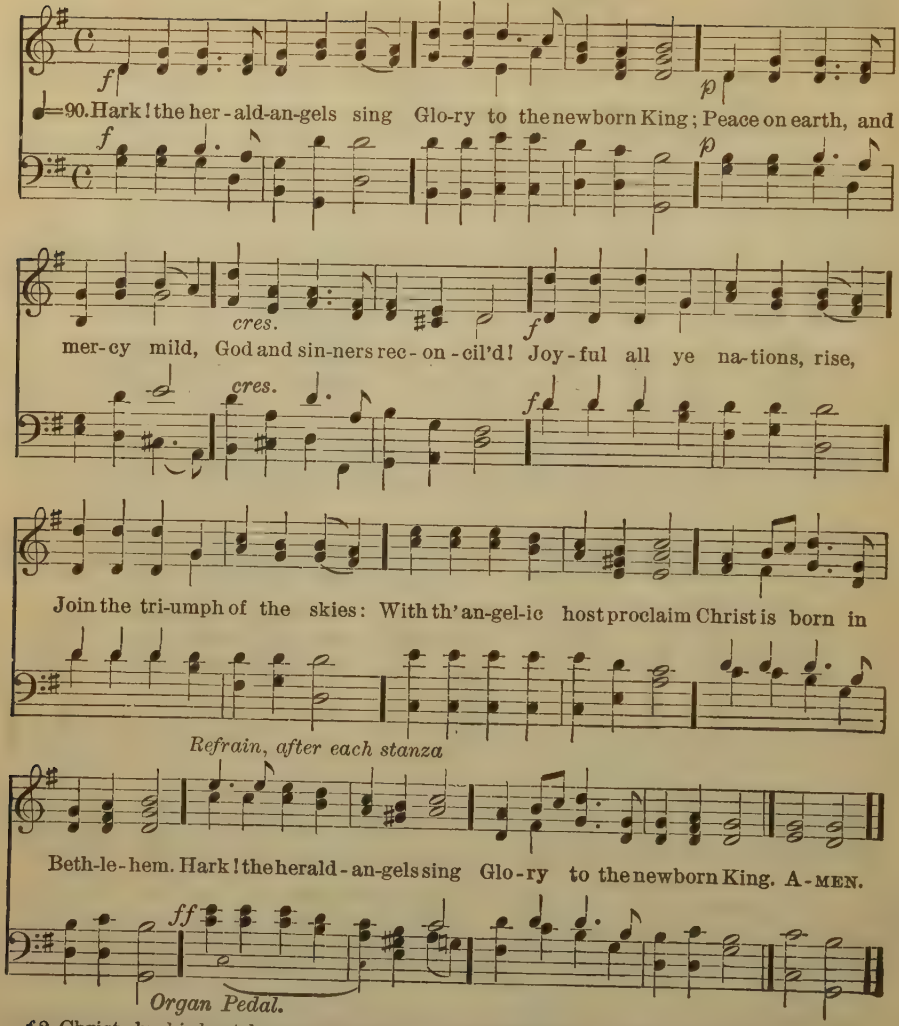


TR. *F. Oakeley.*

73

7. 7. 7. 7. D. With Refrain.

MENDELSSOHN
*Mendelssohn*


f
p
♩=90. Hark! the her-ald-an-gels sing Glo-ry to the newborn King; Peace on earth, and
f
p
cres.
f
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-cil'd! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,
cres.
f
Join the tri-umph of the skies: With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim Christ is born in
Refrain, after each stanza
Beth-le-hem. Hark! the herald-an-gels sing Glo-ry to the newborn King. A-MEN.
ff
Organ Pedal.

*f* 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
*dim* Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

*p* Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
*cr* Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

*mf* 3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

*cr* Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
*f* Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

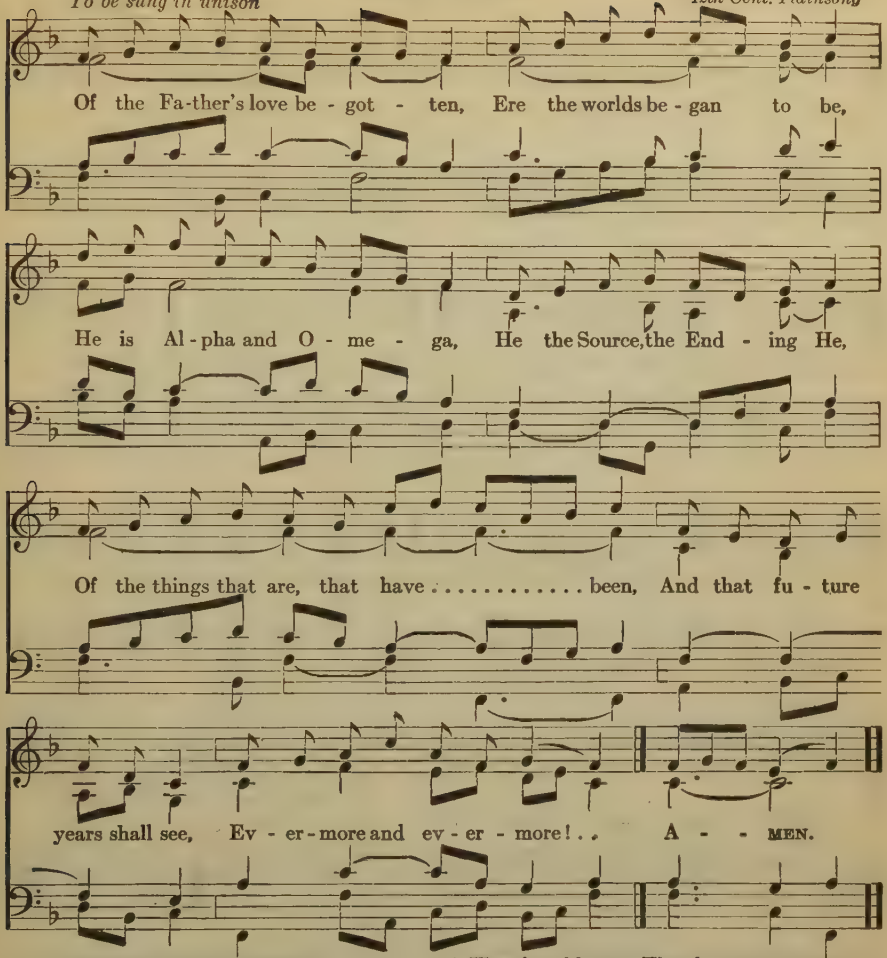
*C. Wesley*

## 74 (FIRST TUNE)

*To be sung in unison*

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM
*12th Cent. Plainsong*


Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
He is Al-pha and O - me - ga, He the Source, the End - ing He,
Of the things that are, that have . . . . . been, And that fu - ture
years shall see, Ev - er-more and ev - er - more! . . A - - MEN.

2 O that Birth for ever blesséd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 O ye heights of heaven adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

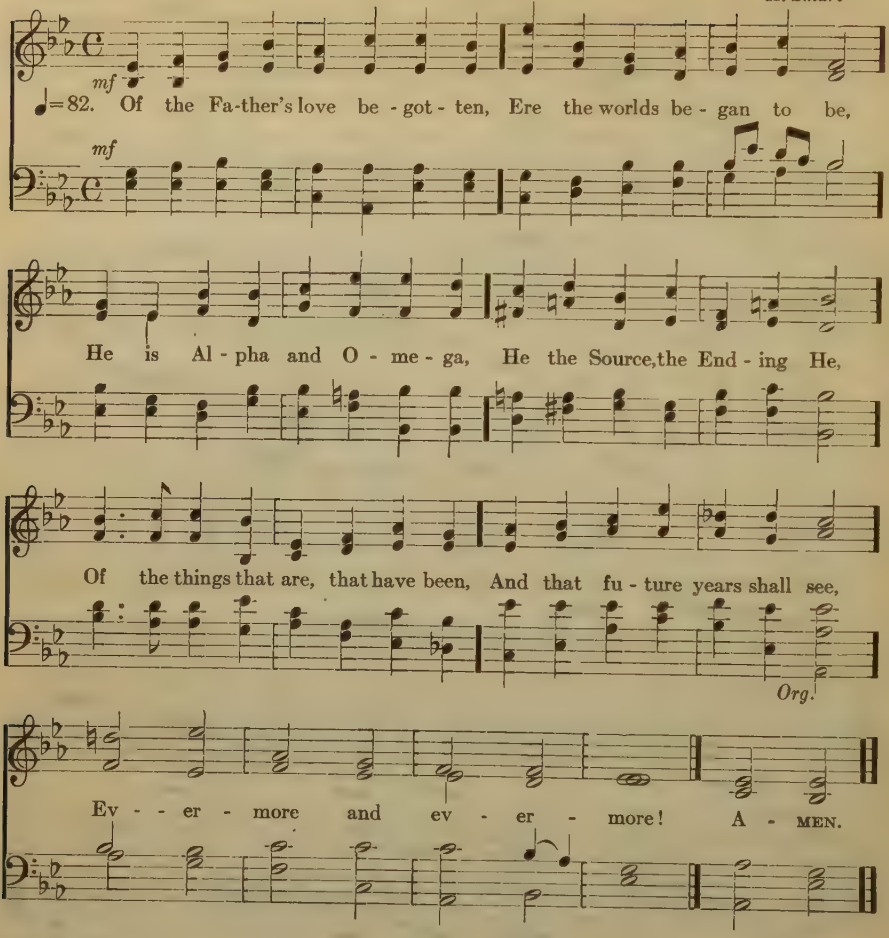
5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

*A. C. Prudentius, 5th cent;* TR. *J. M. Neale,* 1854, *and H. W. Baker,* 1859

## 74 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

CORDE NATUS
*H. Smart*


mf
♩=82. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be,
mf
He is Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the Source, the End-ing He,
Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu-ture years shall see,
Org.
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! A-MEN.

2 O that Birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 O ye heights of heaven adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent.
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

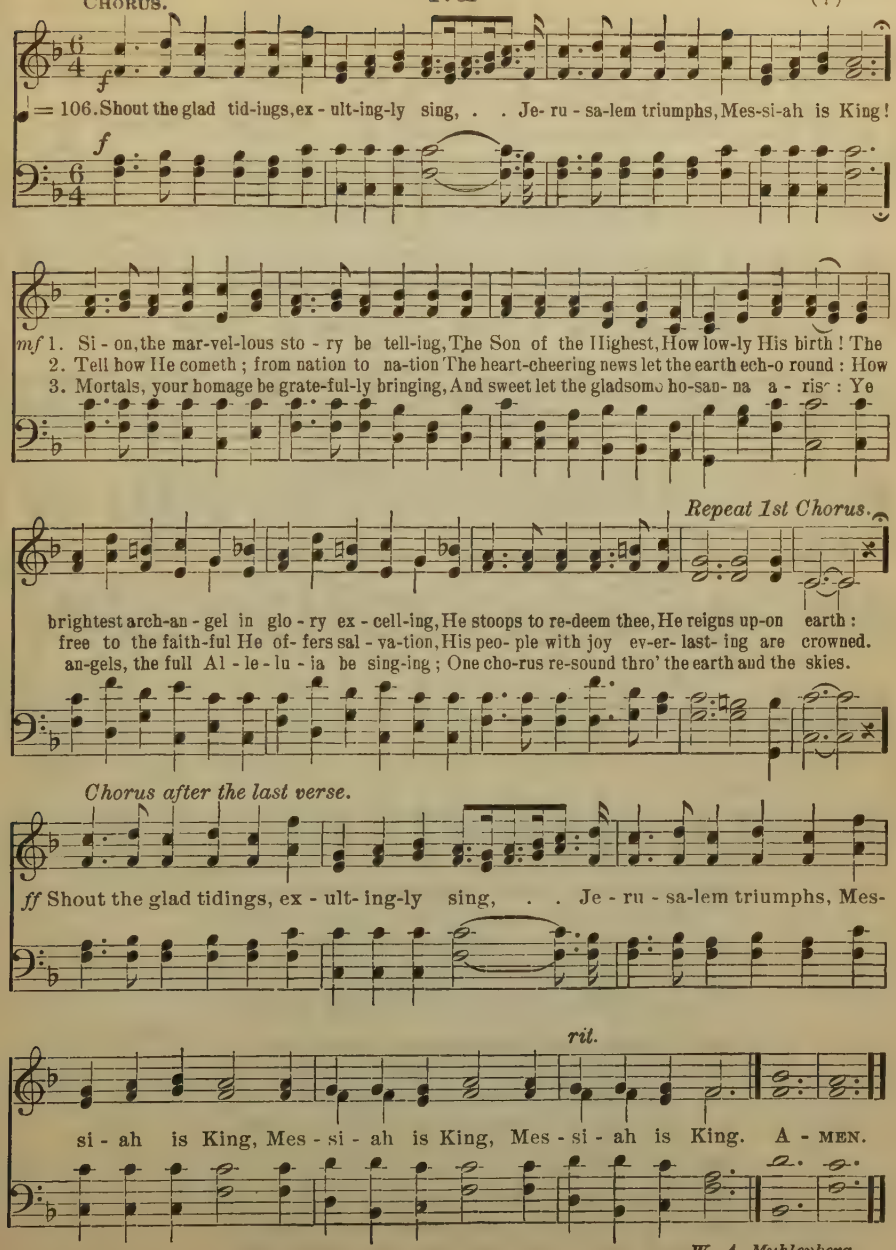
4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

*A. C. Prudentius, 5th cent;* TR. *J. M. Neale*, 1854, *and H. W. Baker*, 1859

75

CHORUS. P. M AVISON (?)

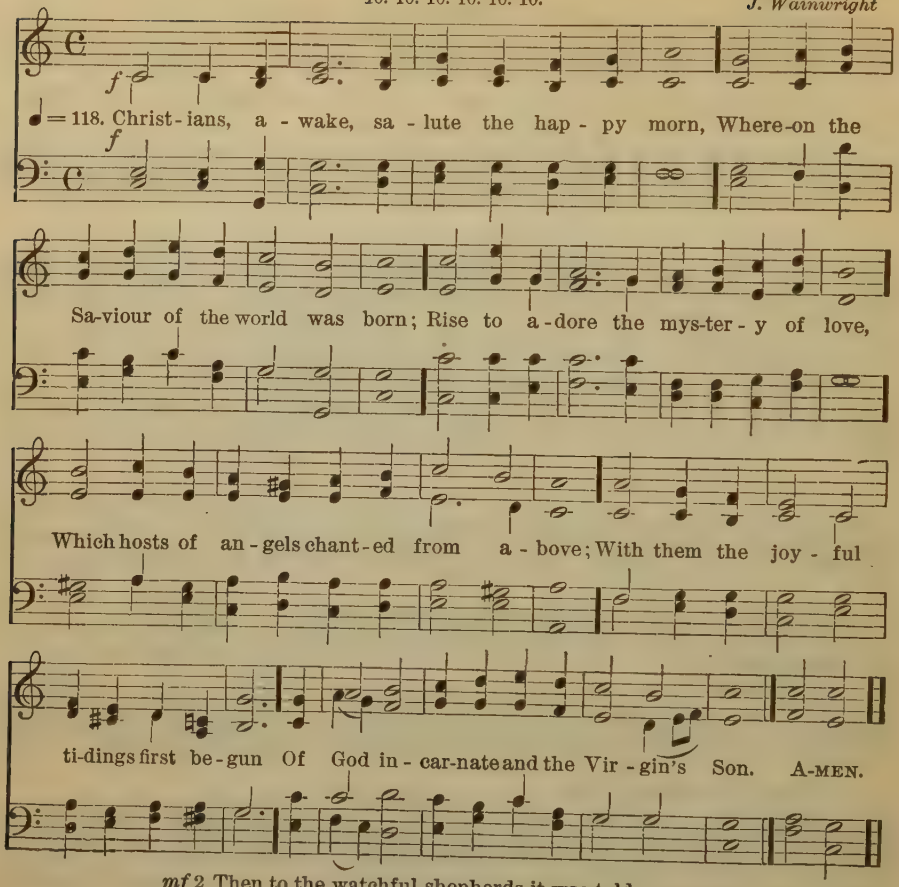

f
♩ = 106. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult-ing-ly sing, . . Je- ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!
mf 1. Si - on, the mar-vel-lous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, How low-ly His birth! The
2. Tell how He cometh; from nation to na-tion The heart-cheering news let the earth ech-o round: How
3. Mortals, your homage be grate-ful-ly bringing, And sweet let the gladsome ho-san- na a - rise: Ye
Repeat 1st Chorus.
brightest arch-an - gel in glo - ry ex - cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth:
free to the faith-ful He of- fers sal - va-tion, His peo- ple with joy ev-er- last- ing are crowned.
an-gels, the full Al - le - lu - ia be sing-ing; One cho-rus re-sound thro' the earth and the skies.
Chorus after the last verse.
ff Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult- ing-ly sing, . . Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
rit.
si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - MEN.

W. A. Muhlenberg

76

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

YORKSHIRE
*J. Wainwright*


f
♩= 118. Christ-ians, a-wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn, Where-on the
Sa-viour of the world was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love,
Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful
ti-dings first be-gun Of God in-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

*mf* 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
*cr* In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
*f* And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
*dim* Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

*mf* 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
*dim* To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,

Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
*cr* Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

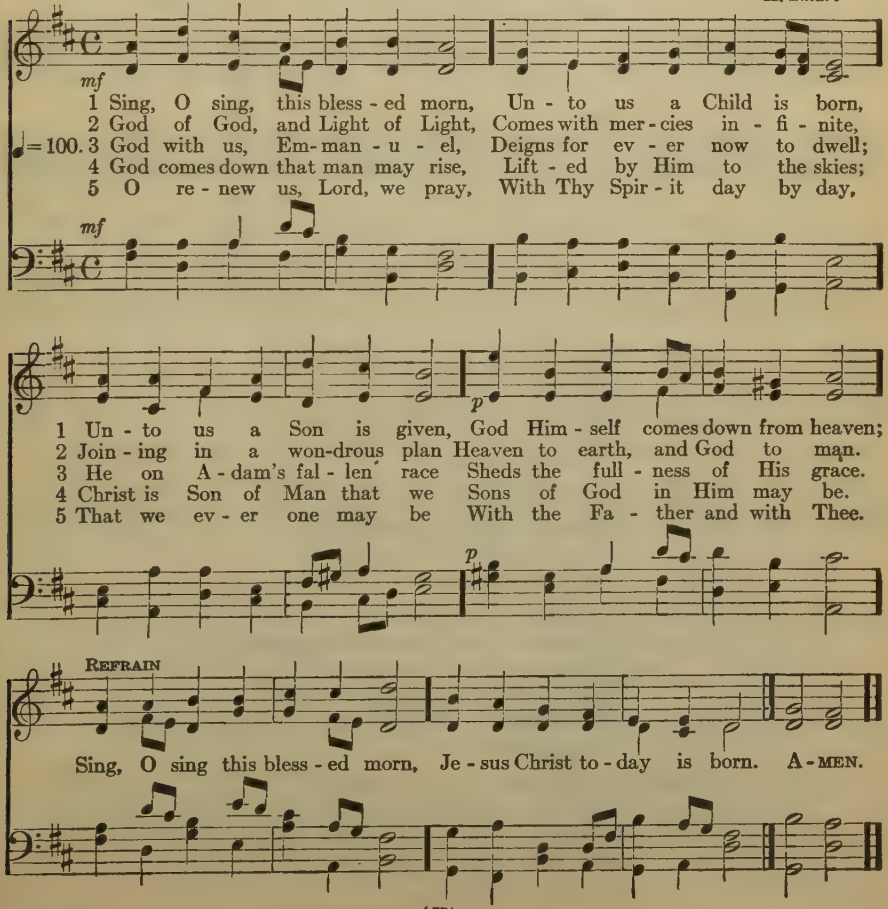
*mf* 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

*cr* 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
*f* To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

*J. Byrom*

**77** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. With refrain

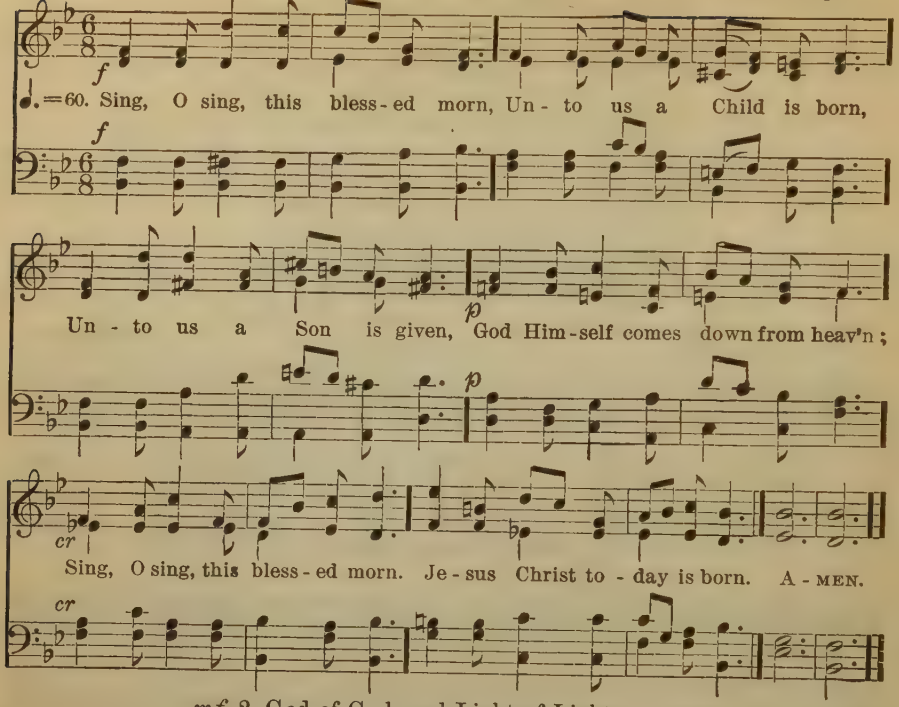
HEATHLANDS
*H. Smart*


mf
1 Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born,
2 God of God, and Light of Light, Comes with mer - cies in - fi - nite,
♩=100. 3 God with us, Em-man - u - el, Deigns for ev - er now to dwell;
4 God comes down that man may rise, Lift - ed by Him to the skies;
5 O re - new us, Lord, we pray, With Thy Spir - it day by day,
mf
p
1 Un - to us a Son is given, God Him - self comes down from heaven;
2 Join - ing in a won-drous plan Heaven to earth, and God to man.
3 He on A - dam's fal - len race Sheds the full - ness of His grace.
4 Christ is Son of Man that we Sons of God in Him may be.
5 That we ev - er one may be With the Fa - ther and with Thee.
p
REFRAIN
Sing, O sing this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - MEN.

## 77 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. With Refrain.

BLESSED MORN
*C. F. Roper*


f
♩.=60. Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Un-to us a Child is born,
f
Un-to us a Son is given, God Him-self comes down from heav'n;
p
p
cr
Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn. Je-sus Christ to-day is born. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

*mp* 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
*cr* Sing, O sing, etc.

*mf* 4 God comes down that man may rise.
*cr* Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

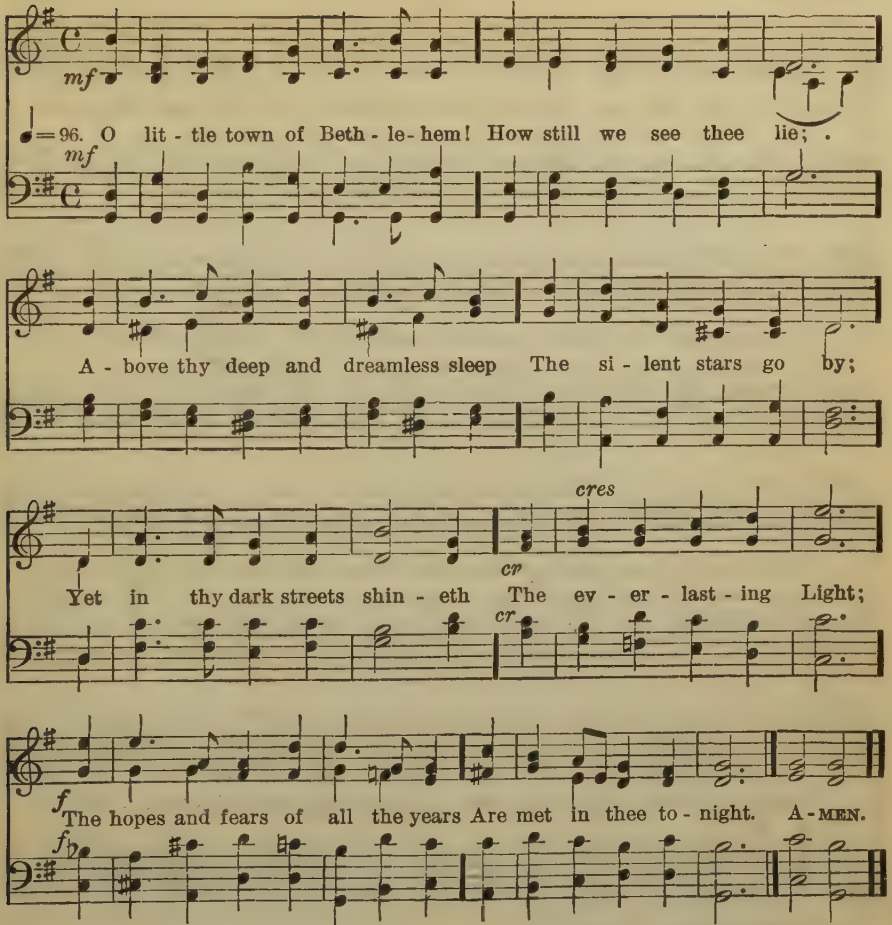
*mf* 5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
*f* Sing, O sing, etc.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 78 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

BETHLEHEM
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩=96. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
mf
A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;
cres
cr
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
cr
f
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - MEN.
f

*mf* 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
*f* O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

*mp* 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
*p* No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

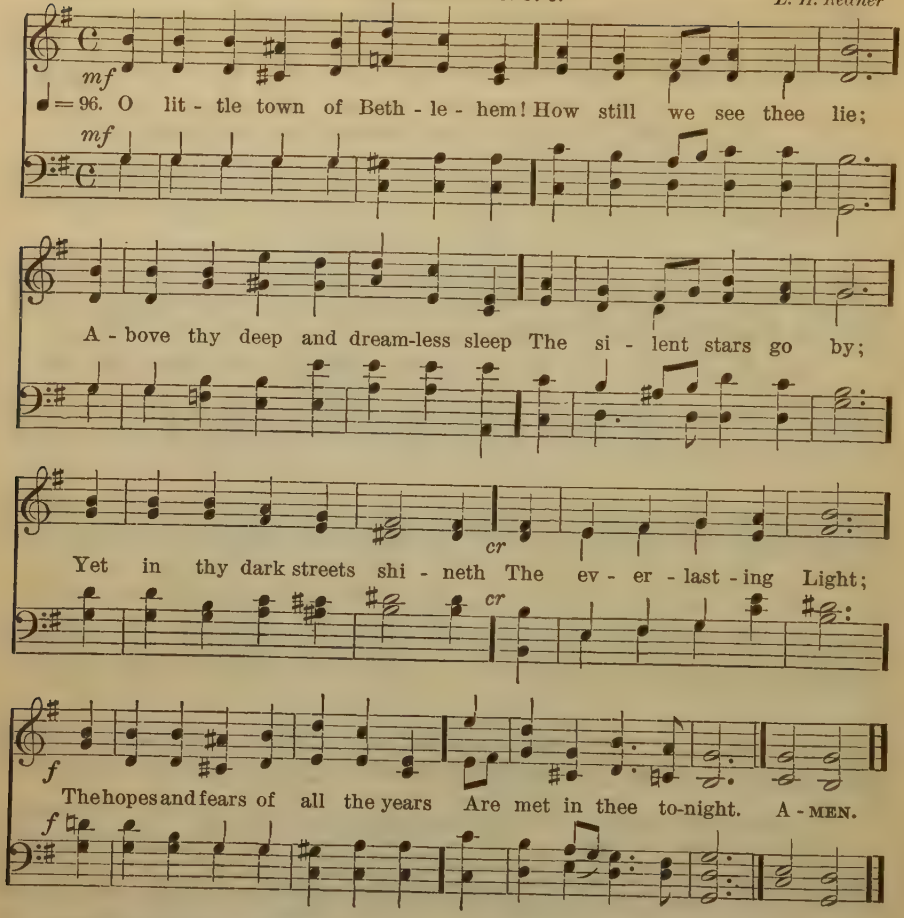
*mf* 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
*cr* Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
*f* We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

*Phillips Brooks*

## 78 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

ST. LOUIS
*L. H. Redner*


mf
♩ = 96. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
mf
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
cr
Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
cr
f
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A - MEN.
f

*mf* 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
*f* O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

*mp* 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
*p* No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

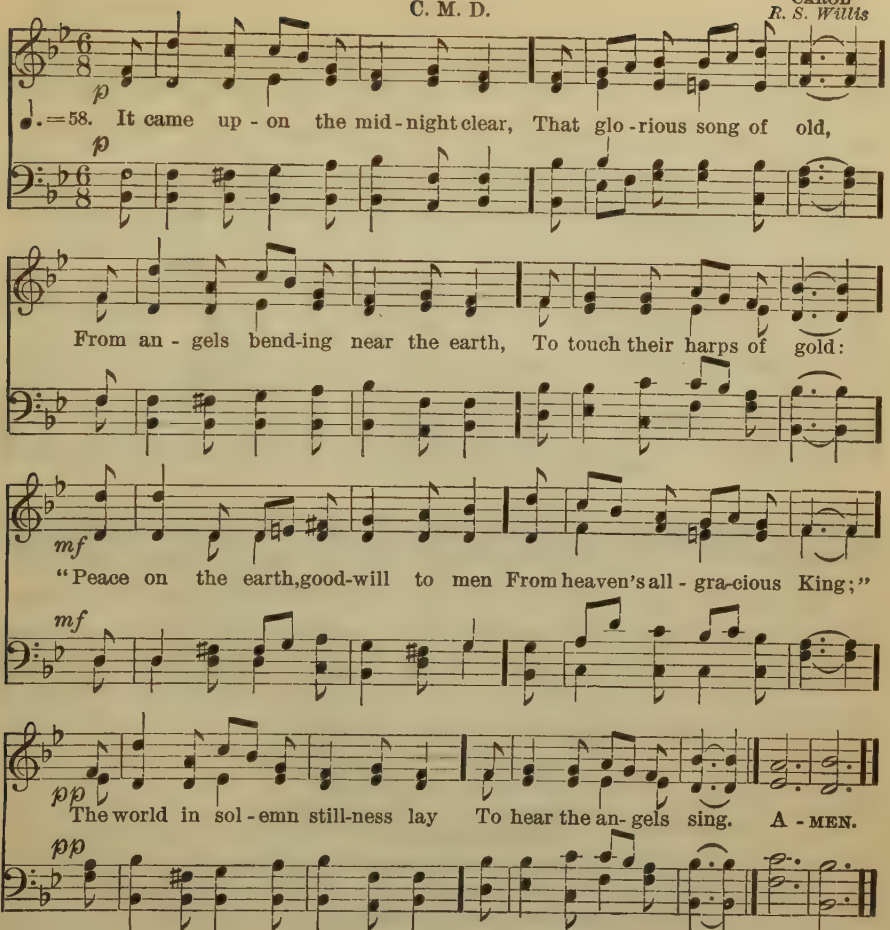
*mf* 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
*cr* Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
*f* We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

*Phillips Brooks*

79

C. M. D.

CAROL
*R. S. Willis*


p
♩.=58. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
p
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
mf
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all - gra-cious King;"
mf
pp
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an- gels sing. A - MEN.
pp

*mf* 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
*dim* Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
*p* The blessèd angels sing.

*p* 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
*cr* Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
*dim* O rest beside the weary road,
*pp* And hear the angels sing.

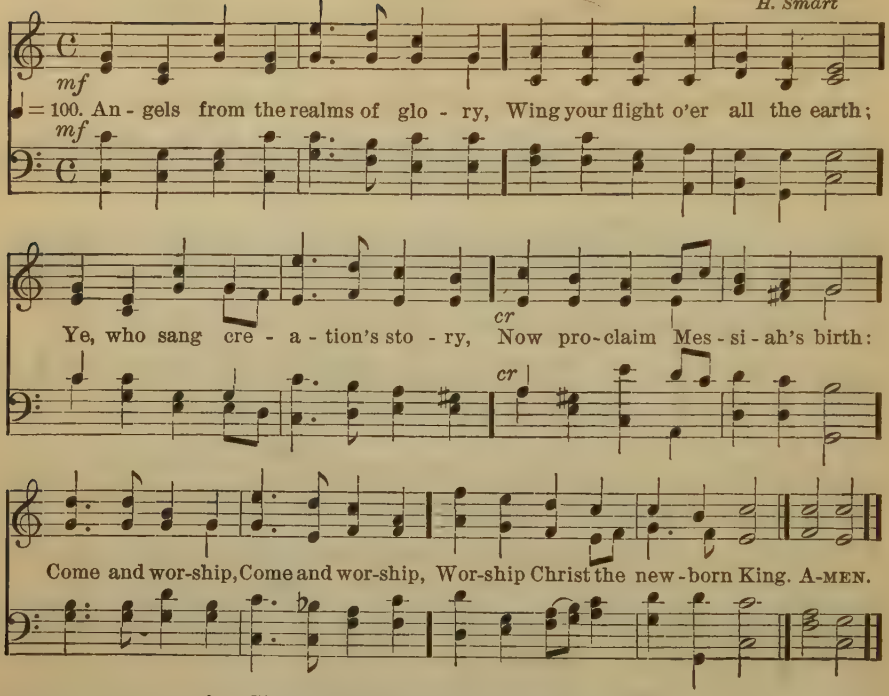
*mf* 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold, [own
*f* When the new heaven and earth shall
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

*E. H. Sears*

80

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

REGENT SQUARE
*H. Smart*


mf
♩ = 100. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
mf
cr
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
cr
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ the new-born King. A-MEN.

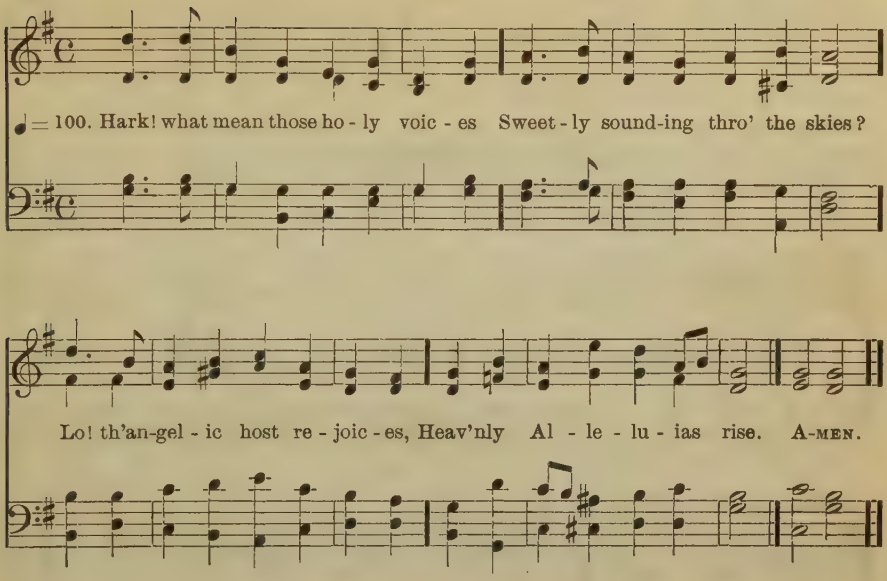
*mf* 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
*f* Come and worship,
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*mf* 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
*cr* Come and worship,
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*mf* 4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
*cr* Come and worship,
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*J. Montgomery*

**81** 8. 7. 8. 7. BEECHMONT *J. F. Burrowes*


♩ = 100. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly Al - le - lu - ias rise. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy —
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

*p* 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
*cr* Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
*f* Loud our golden harps shall sound.

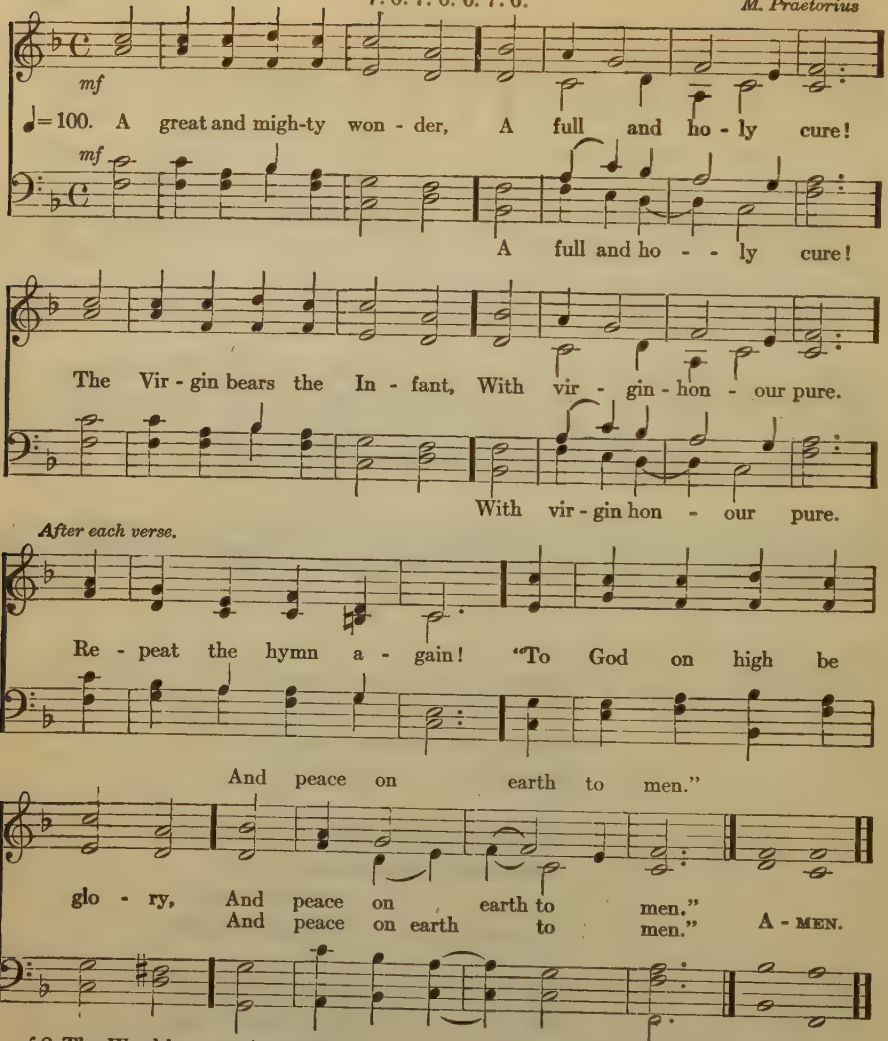
*f* 4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

*mf* 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
*cr* Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

*J. Cawood*

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 6.

ROSA MYSTICA
*M. Praetorius*


mf
♩= 100. A great and migh-ty won - der, A full and ho - ly cure!
mf
A full and ho - - ly cure!
The Vir - gin bears the In - fant, With vir - gin - hon - our pure.
With vir - gin hon - our pure.
After each verse.
Re - peat the hymn a - gain! "To God on high be
And peace on earth to men."
glo - ry, And peace on earth to men."
And peace on earth to men."
A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The Word becomes incarnate
And yet remains on high!
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.
Repeat, etc.

3 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands;
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans, clap your hands.
Repeat, etc.

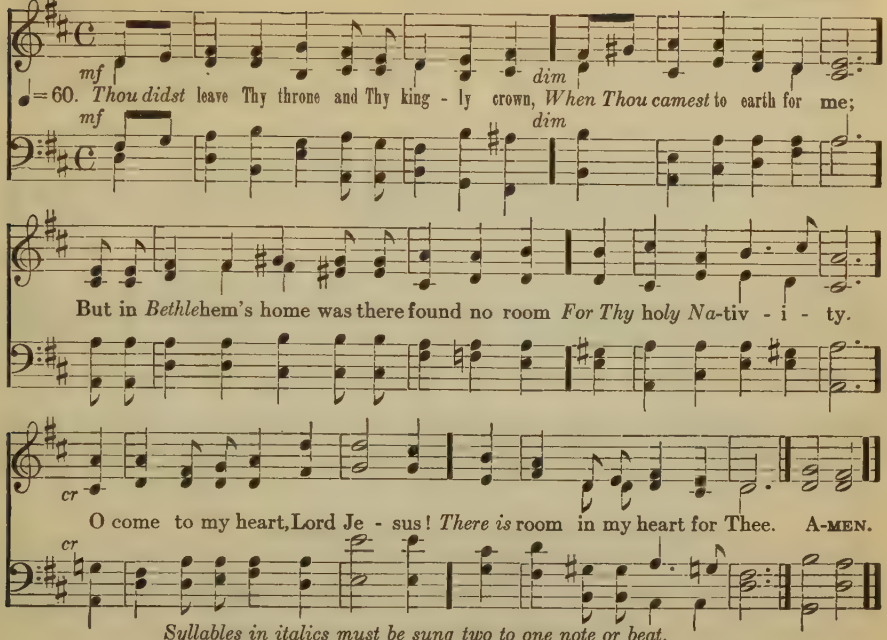
4 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethl'em,
The Saviour and the Lord.
Repeat, etc.

5 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.
Repeat, etc.

*St. Germanus*, TR. *J.M. Neale*

P. M.

MARGARET
*T. R. Matthews*


mf
dim
♩=60. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
mf
dim
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy holy Na-tiv - i - ty.
cr
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.
cr

*Syllables in italics must be sung two to one note or beat.*

*f* 2 *Heaven's* arches rang when the angels sang,
Pro*claiming* Thy royal degree;
*dim* But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth.
*And in* great humility.
*cr* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
*There is* room in my heart for Thee.

*mf* 3 The *foxes* found rest, and the birds *had their* nest
*In the* shade *of the* forest tree;
*dim* But Thy couch *was the* sod, O Thou Son of God,
*In the desert* of Galilee.
*cr* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
*There is* room in my heart for Thee.

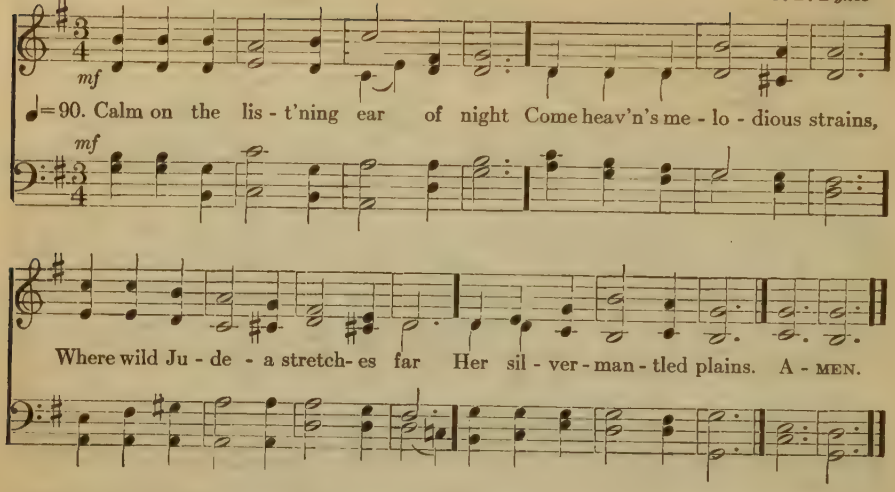
*mf* 4 Thou *camest*, O Lord, with the living word,
*That should* set Thy people free;
*dim* But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore *Thee to* Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy Cross is my only plea.

*mf* 5 *When the* heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At *Thy coming* to victory,
Let Thy voice *call me* home, saying, "Yet *there is* room,
*There is room at* My side for thee."
*f And my* heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
*When Thou* comest and *callest* for me.



*E. E. S. Elliott*

**84** (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. AGNES *J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=90. Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
mf
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch- es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains. A - MEN.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

*mf* 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
*cr* And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

*mp* 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
*cr* And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

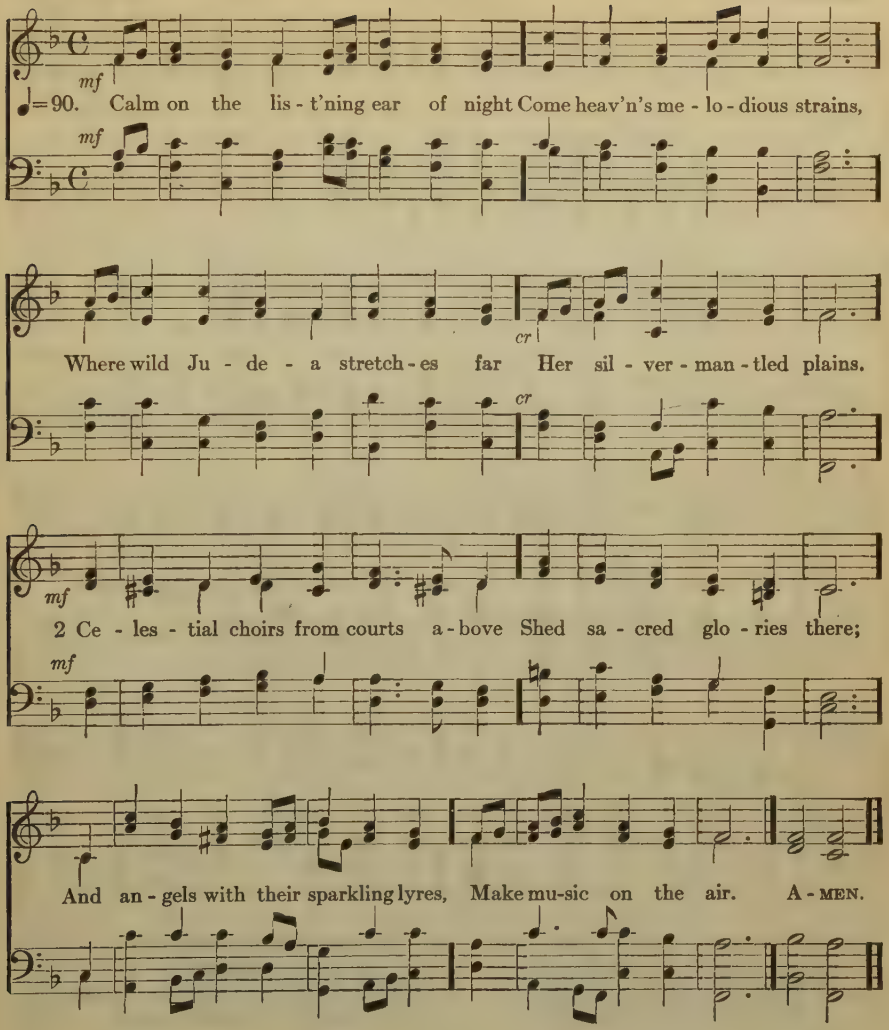
*f* 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
*p* "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

*mf* 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

*E. H. Sears*

**84** (SECOND TUNE) C. M .D.

NOEL
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩=90. Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
mf
cr
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.
cr
mf
2 Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
mf
And an - gels with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A - MEN.

*mf* 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
*cr* And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

*mp* 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
*cr* And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

*f* 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
*p* "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

*mf* 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

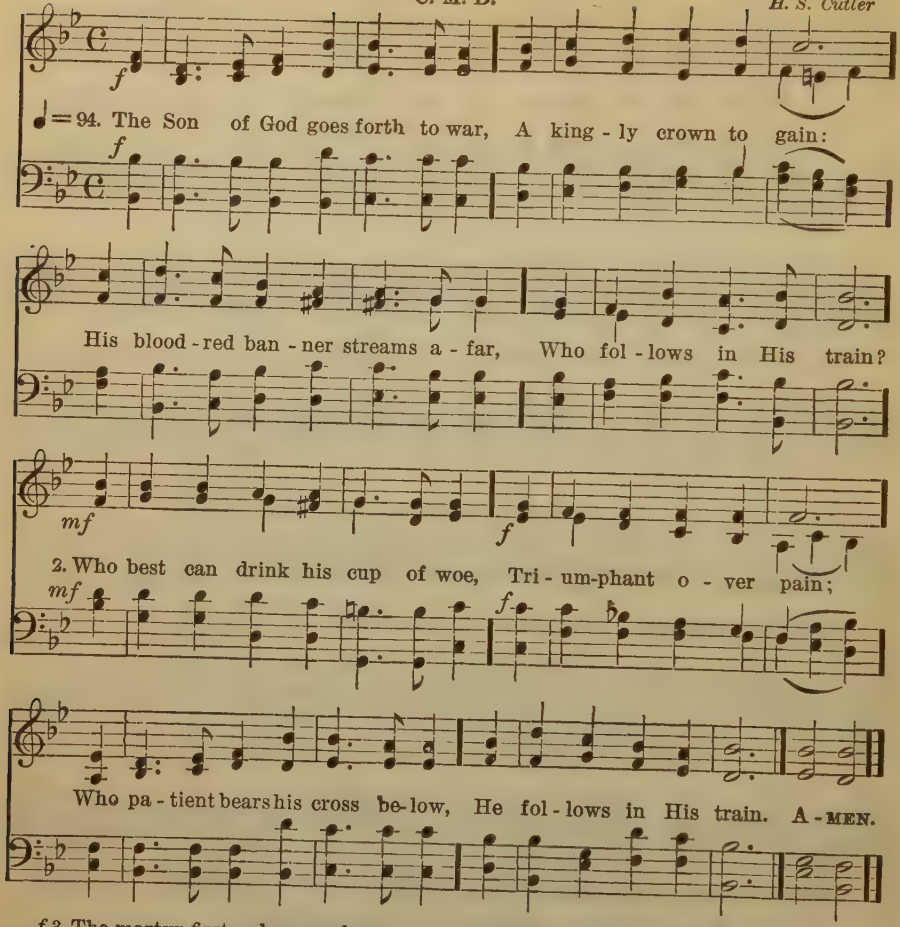
*E. H. Sears*

# St. Stephen

**85** (FIRST TUNE)

C. M. D.

ALL SAINTS
*H. S. Cutler*


♩=94. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain;
Who pa - tient bears his cross be-low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.

*f* 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

*mp* 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
*mf* He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
*f* Who follows in His train?

*mf* 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.

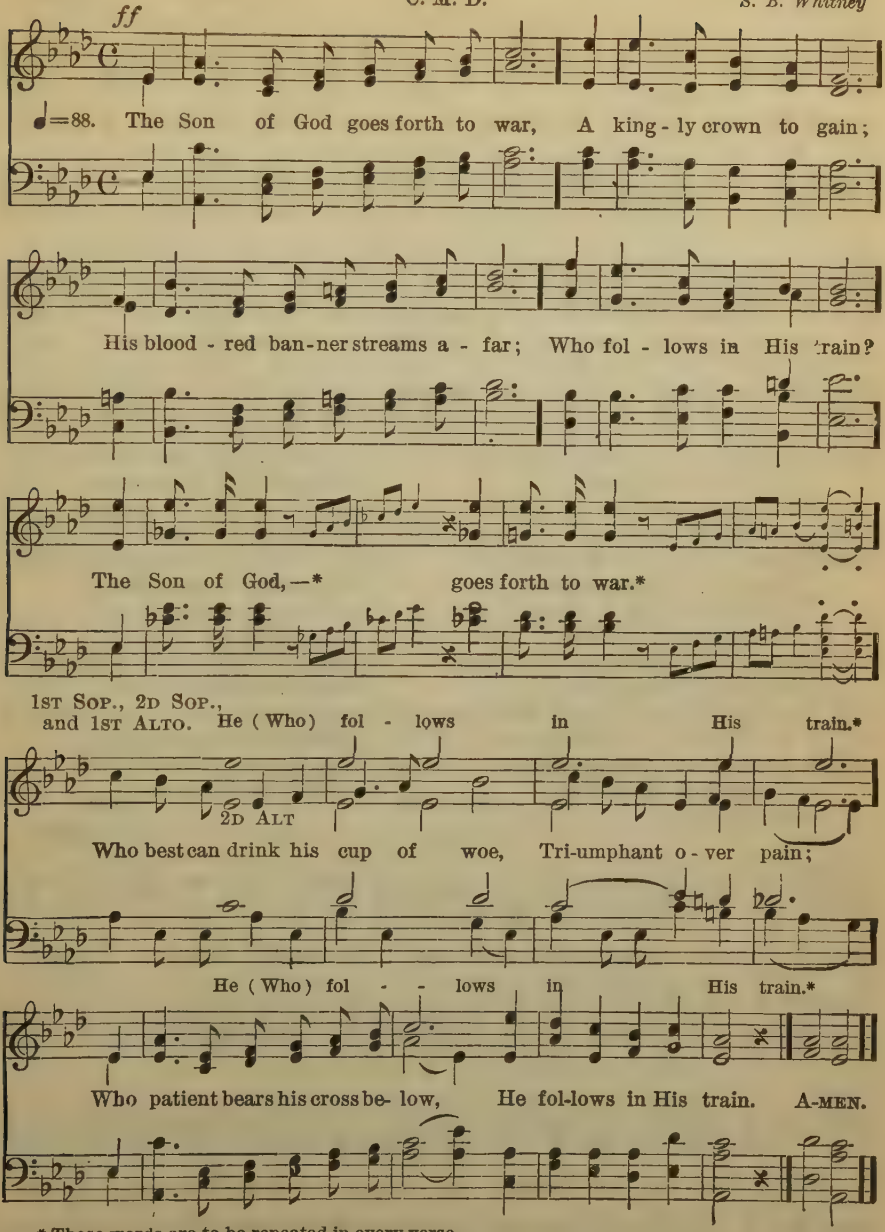
*mf* 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
*p* They bowed their necks the death to
*cr* Who follows in their train?

*f* 7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

*mf* 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain:
*p* O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

*R. Heber*

85 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. CRUSADER
S. B. Whitney

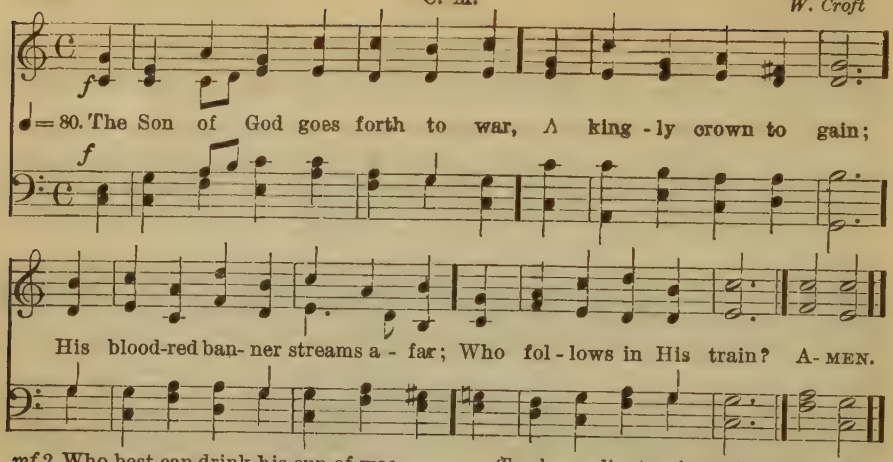

ff
♩=88. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
The Son of God,—* goes forth to war.*
1ST SOP., 2D SOP., and 1ST ALTO. He (Who) fol - lows in His train.*
2D ALT
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o - ver pain;
He (Who) fol - - lows in His train.*
Who patient bears his cross be- low, He fol-lows in His train. A-MEN.

* These words are to be repeated in every verse.

## 85 (THIRD TUNE)

C. M.

ST. ANNE
*W. Croft*




*mf* 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
*f* Triumphant over pain;
Who patient, bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

*f* 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

*mp* 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
*mf* He prayed for them that did the wrong:
*f* Who follows in His train?

*mf* 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

*mf* 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
*p* They bowed their necks the death to feel:
*cr* Who follows in their train?

*f* 7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

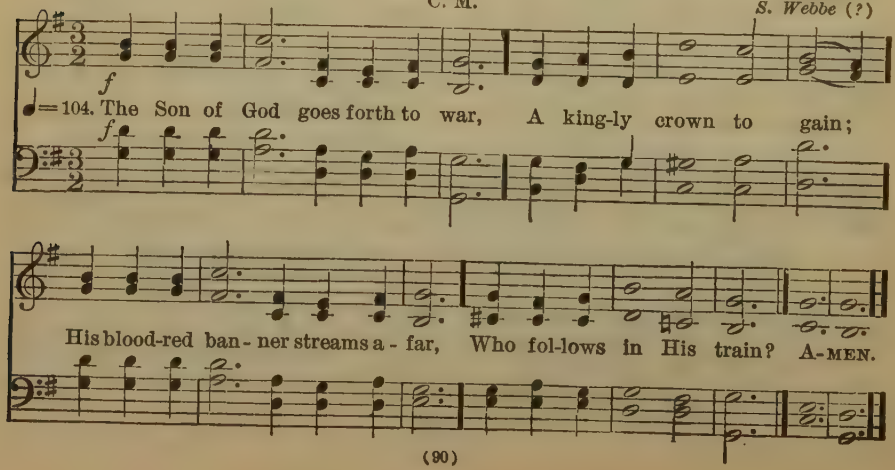
*mf* 8 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil and pain:
*p* O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

*R. Heber*

(FOURTH TUNE)

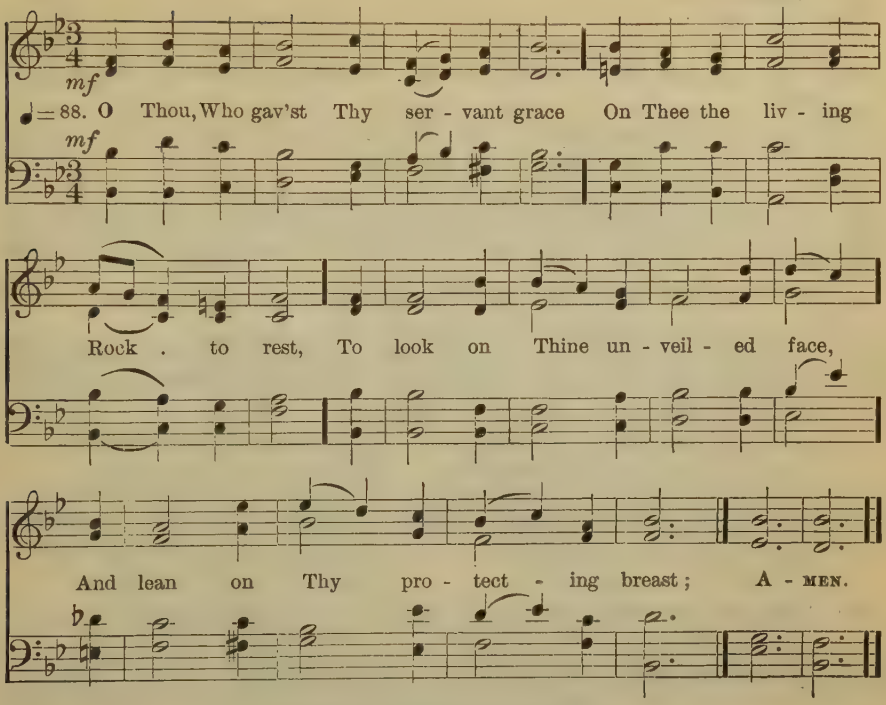
C. M.

LAMBETH
*S. Webbe (?)*



# St. John the Evangelist

86 L. M. GARDINER *Sacred Melodies, 1815*


mf
♩ = 88. O Thou, Who gav'st Thy ser - vant grace On Thee the liv - ing
mf
Rock . to rest, To look on Thine un - veil - ed face,
And lean on Thy pro - tect - ing breast; A - MEN.

*mf* **2** Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

**3** And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

**4** To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
*or* Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore.

*R. Heber*

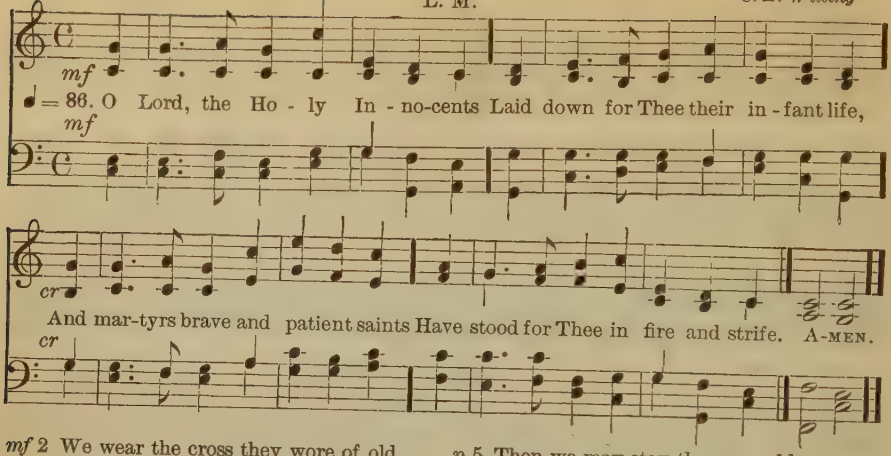
*Also the following:–*

**277** Blest are the pure in heart
**288** Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

## 87 Holy Innocents

L. M.

ALSTONE
*C. E. Willing*


mf
♩= 86. O Lord, the Ho - ly In - no-cents Laid down for Thee their in - fant life,
mf
cr
And mar-tyrs brave and patient saints Have stood for Thee in fire and strife. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

*p* 3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
*cr* A weary war to wage with sin.

*p* 4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

*p* 5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
*cr* And fight a battle for our Lord.

*mf* 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

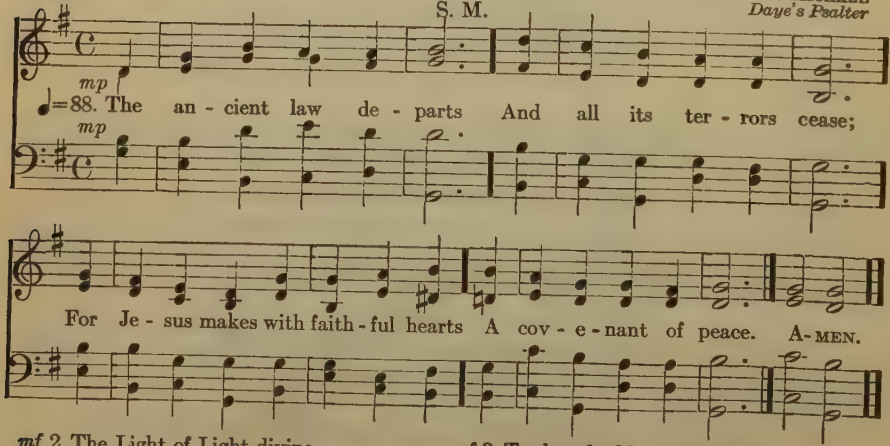
*mp* 7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
*cr* His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

*C. F. Alexander*

## 88 The Circumcision

S. M.

ST. MICHAEL
*Daye's Psalter*

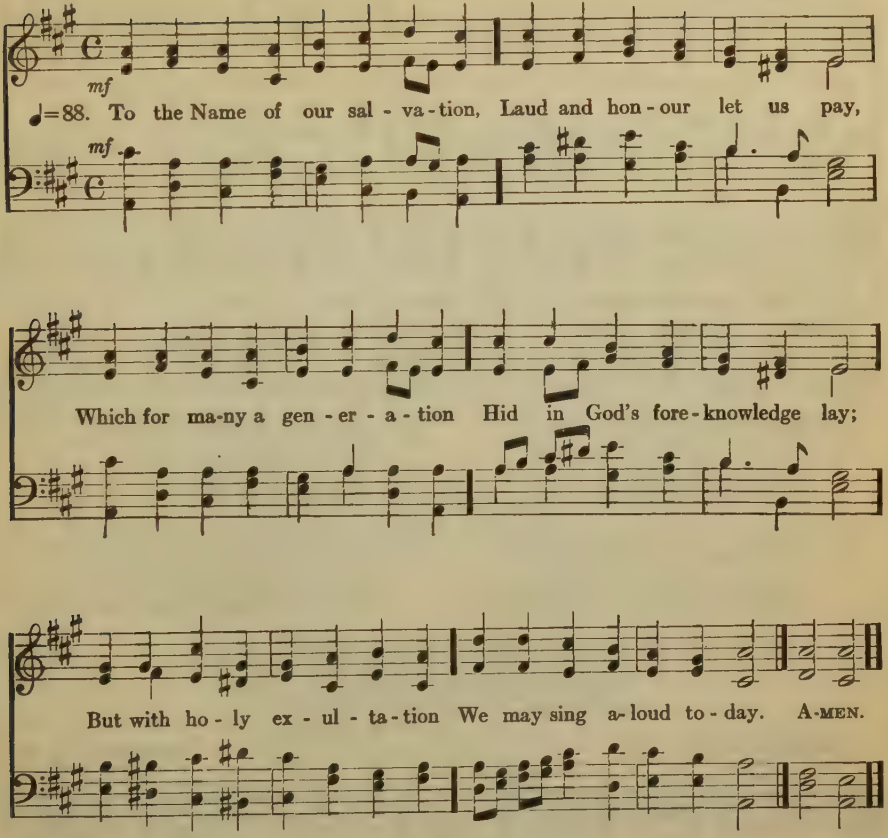



*mf* 2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

*mf* 3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They called Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

*Bernault; Tr. Compilers Hys. A&M*

89 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ORIEL
*Cantica Sacra, 1840*


mf
♩=88. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - our let us pay,
Which for ma-ny a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay;
But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a-loud to - day. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

*f* 3 'T is the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

*mf* 4 'T is the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

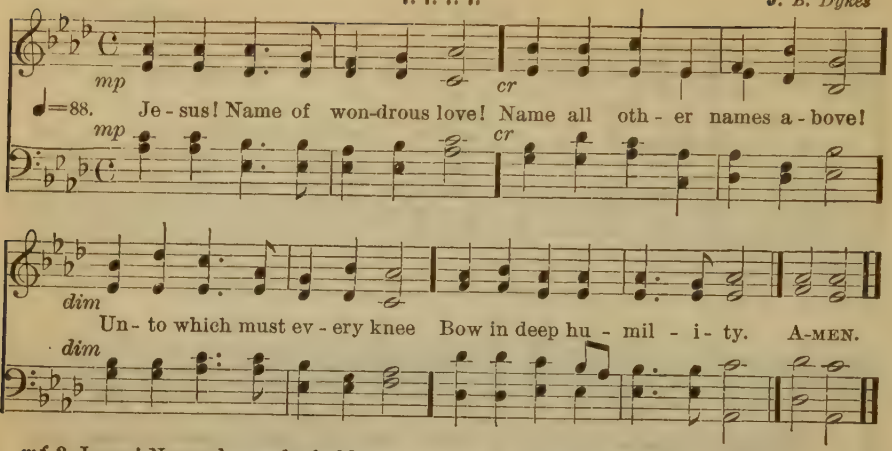
*mf* 5 Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
*cr* That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 90 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. BEES
*J. B. Dykes*


mp
cr
♩=88. Je - sus! Name of won-drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!
mp
cr
dim
Un - to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

*p* 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
*dim* When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

*mf* 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

*mf* 5 Jesus! only Name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

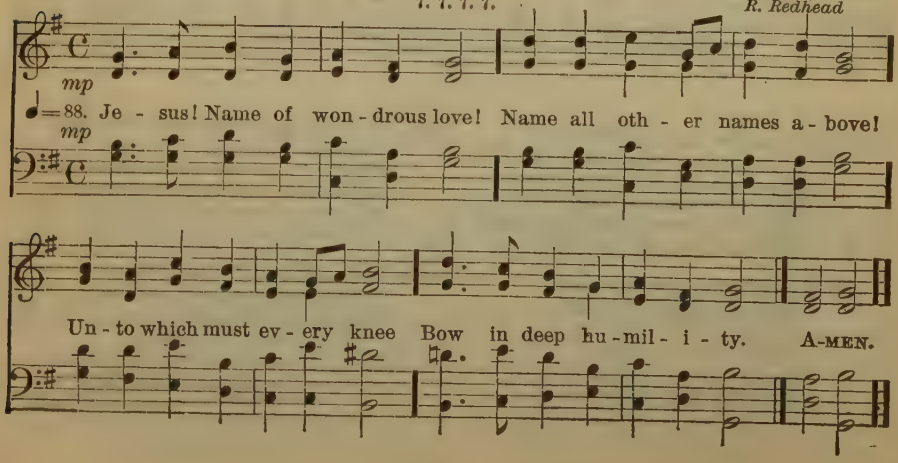
*p* 6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
*cr* Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
*dim* Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

*W. W. How*

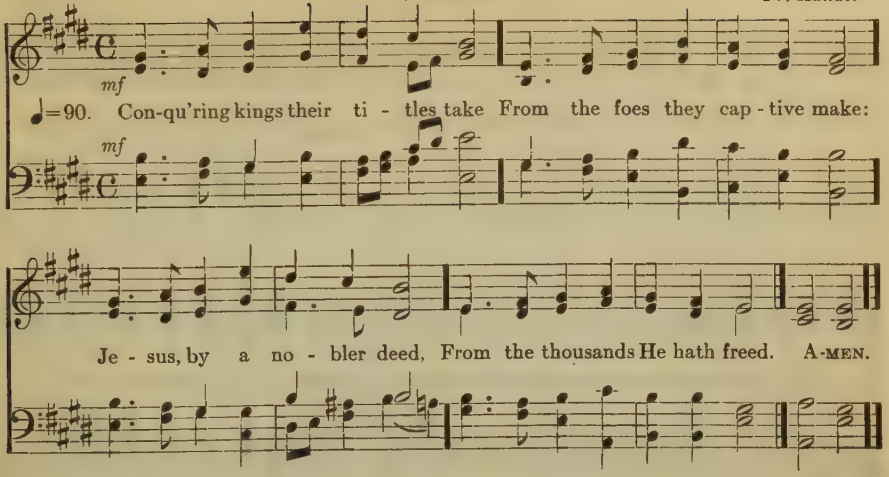
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 45
*R. Redhead*



**91** 7. 7. 7. 7. INNOCENTS *Fr. Handel*


mf
♩=90. Con-qu'ring kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap - tive make:
mf
Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

*mf* 3 We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
*cr* Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

*mp* 4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
*cr* Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

TR. *J. Chandler*

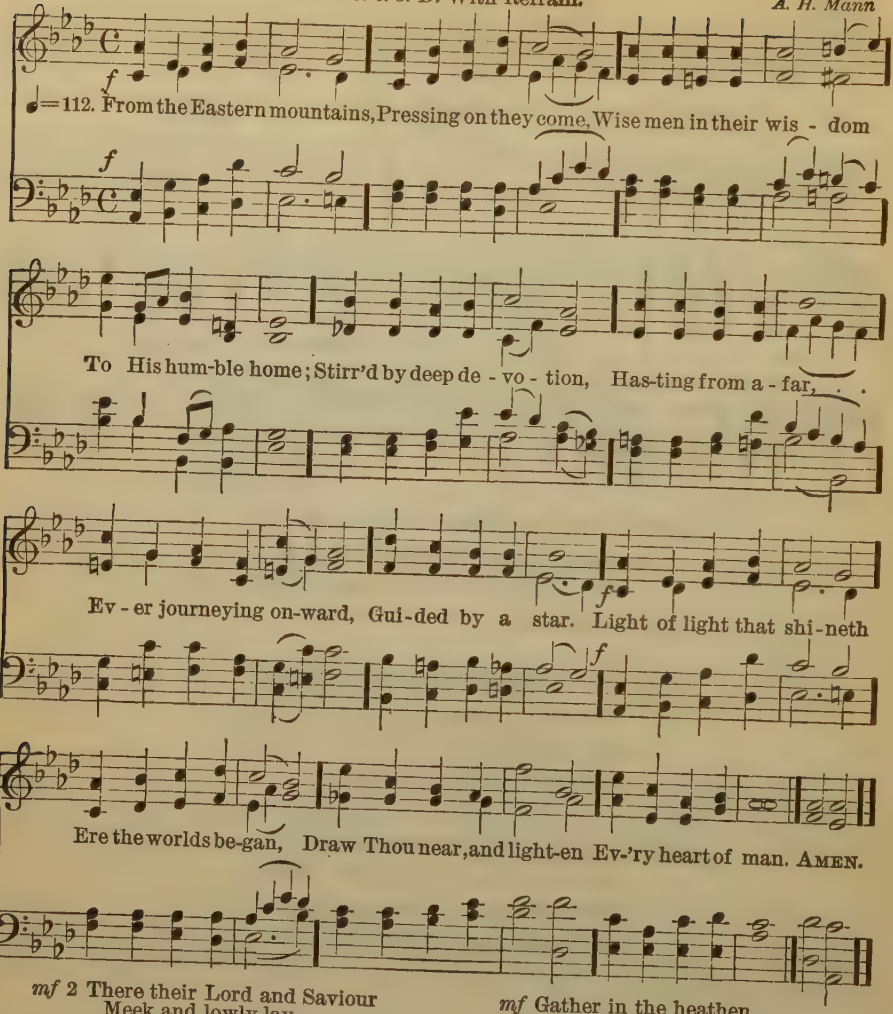
*Also the following:*

108 How beauteous were the marks divine
232 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
316 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
394 Thy way, not mine, O Lord
404 Immortal Love, for ever full

# Epiphany

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

VALOUR
*A. H. Mann*


f
♩=112. From the Eastern mountains, Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wis - dom
To His hum-ble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Has-ting from a - far,
Ev - er journeying on-ward, Gui-ded by a star. Light of light that shi-neth
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-'ry heart of man. AMEN.

*mf* 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
*cr* Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
*f* As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
*f* Light of Light, etc.

*p* 3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
*f* Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
*mf* Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
*f* Light of Light, etc.

*mf* 4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
*cr* Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
*f* Light of Light, etc.

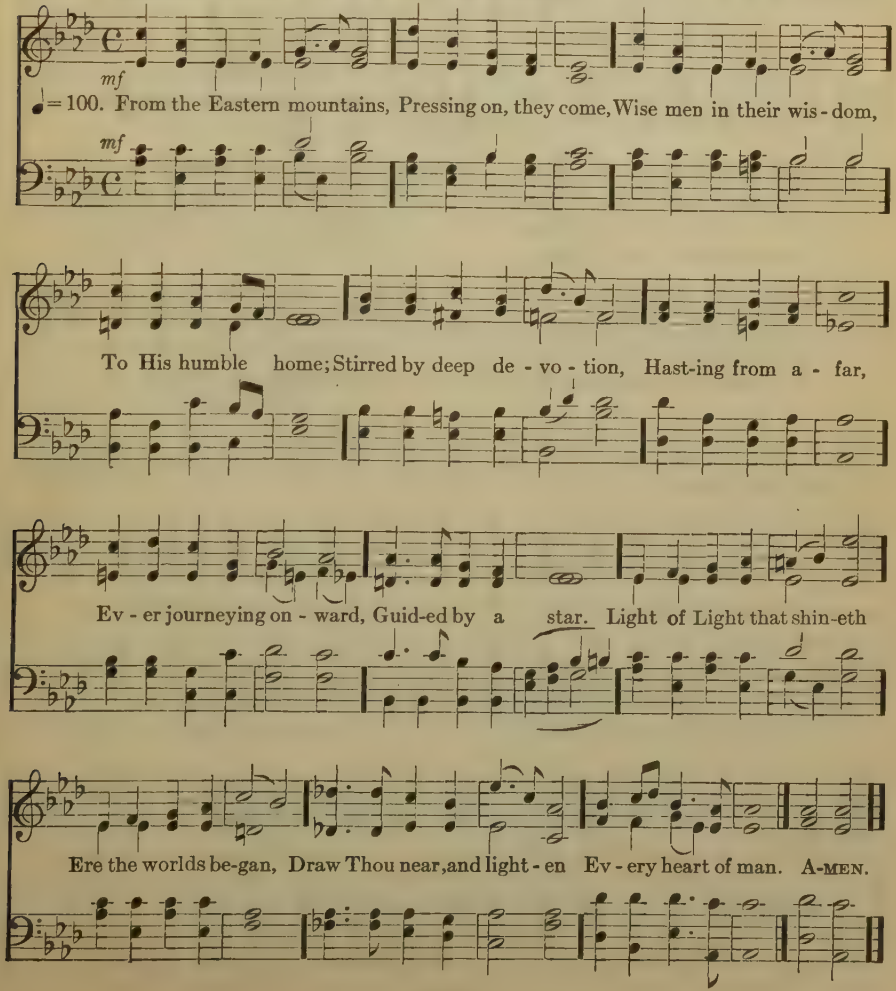
*p* 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
*cr* Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
*mf* Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
*f* Light of Light, etc.

*cr* 6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
*ff* To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light, etc.

*C. Thring*

**92** (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

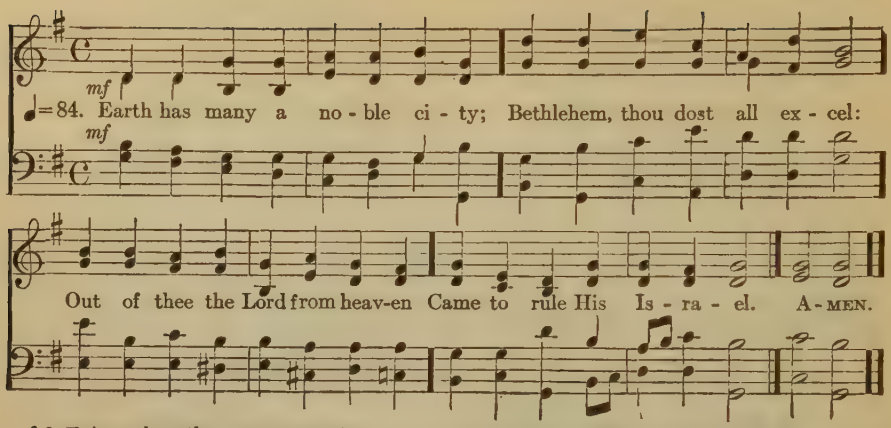
ROSMORE
*H. G. Trembath*


mf
♩=100. From the Eastern mountains, Pressing on, they come, Wise men in their wis - dom,
mf
To His humble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,
Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid-ed by a star. Light of Light that shin-eth
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light - en Ev - ery heart of man. A-MEN.

93

8. 7. 8. 7.

STUTTGART
*Gotha, 1715*


mf
♩=84. Earth has many a no - ble ci - ty; Bethlehem, thou dost all ex - cel:
mf
Out of thee the Lord from heav-en Came to rule His Is - ra - el. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the Star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

*mf* 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

*mf* 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
*cr* Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
*dim* Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

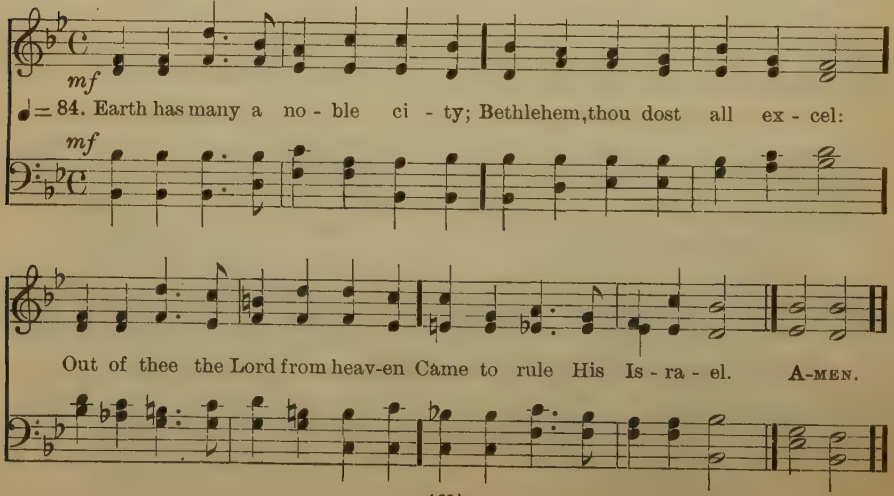
*f* 5 Jesus, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

*A. C. Prudentius*: TR. *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

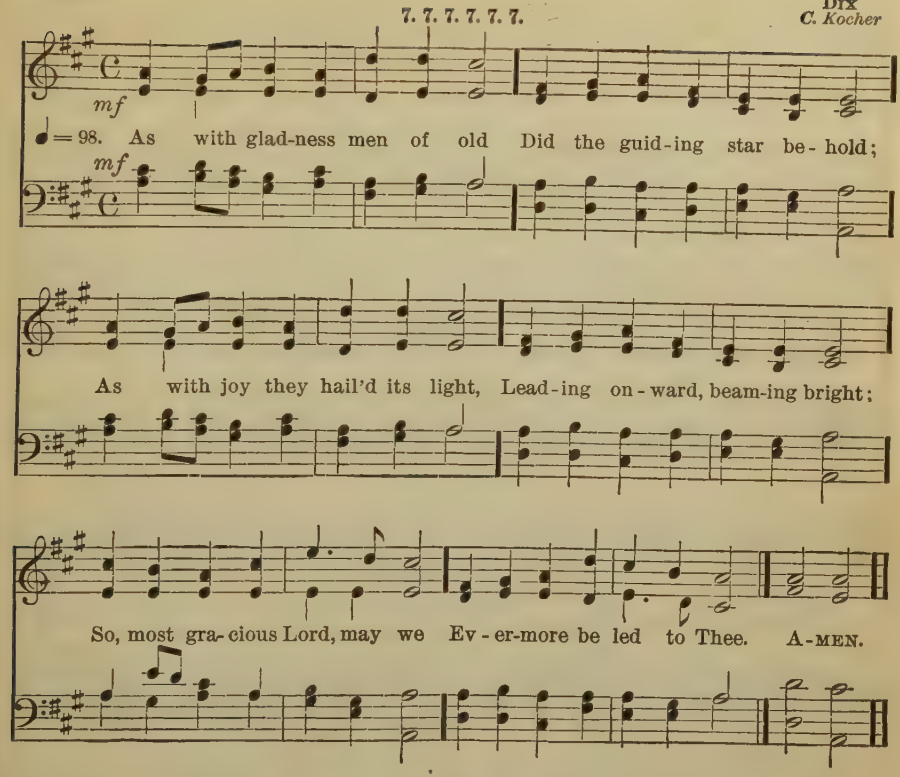
LUCERNE
*J. A. Willis*


mf
♩=84. Earth has many a no - ble ci - ty; Bethlehem, thou dost all ex - cel:
mf
Out of thee the Lord from heav-en Came to rule His Is - ra - el. A-MEN.

94

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

DIX
C. Kocher


mf
♩ = 98. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
mf
As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth
*cr* So may we with willing feet [adore;
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

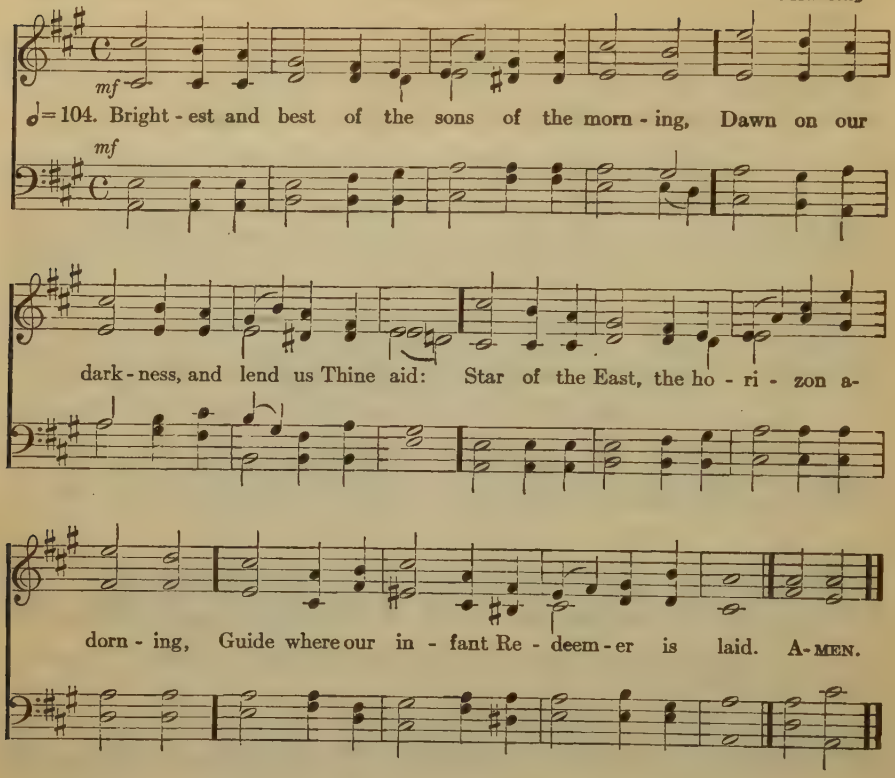
*mf* 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

*p* 4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
*cr* And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
*mf* Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

*f* 5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
*ff* There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

*W. C. Dix*

**95** (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. MORNING STAR. *Harding*


mf
♩= 104. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
mf
dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid: Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
*cr* Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

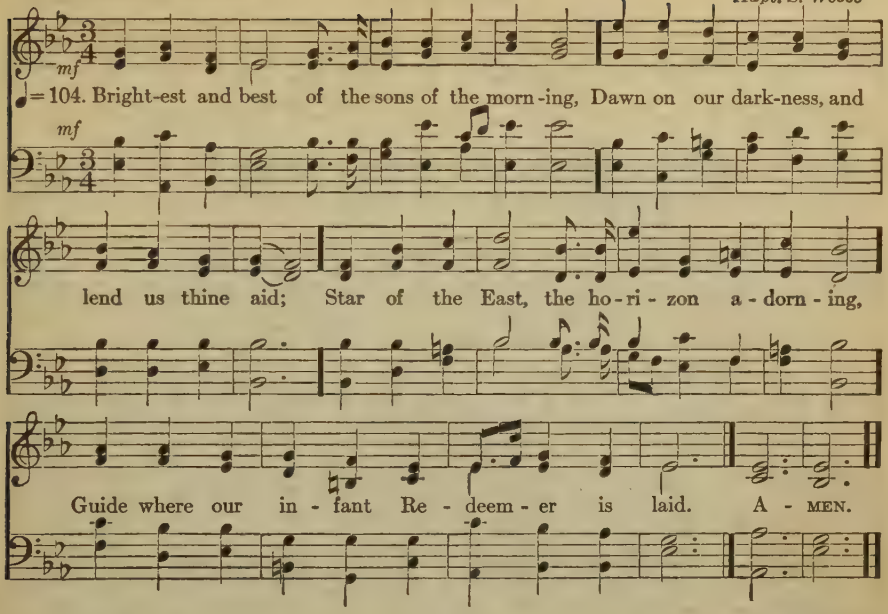
*mf* 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

*p* 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
*cr* Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

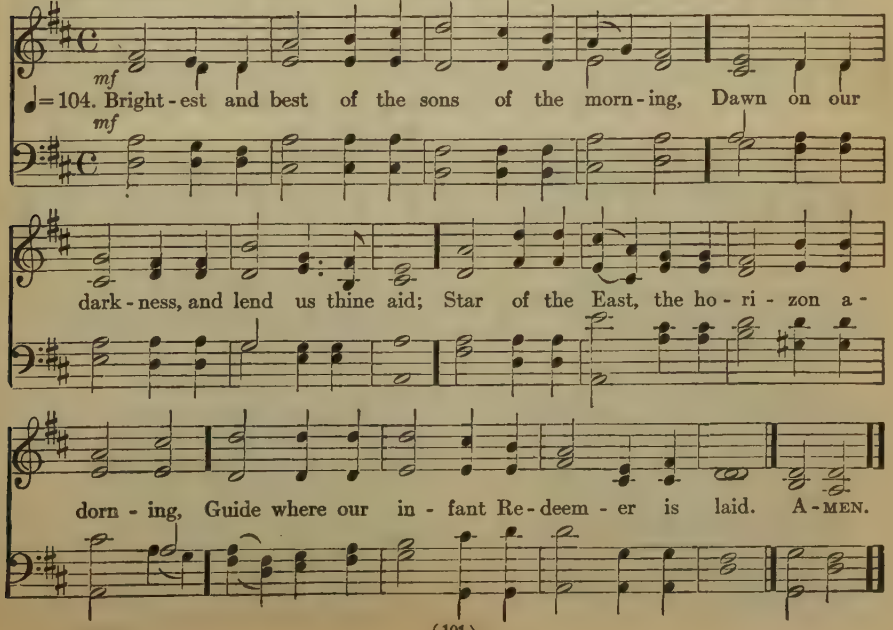
*mf* 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
*cr* Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

*R. Heber*

**95** (SECOND TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. WEBBE *Adpt. S. Webbe*

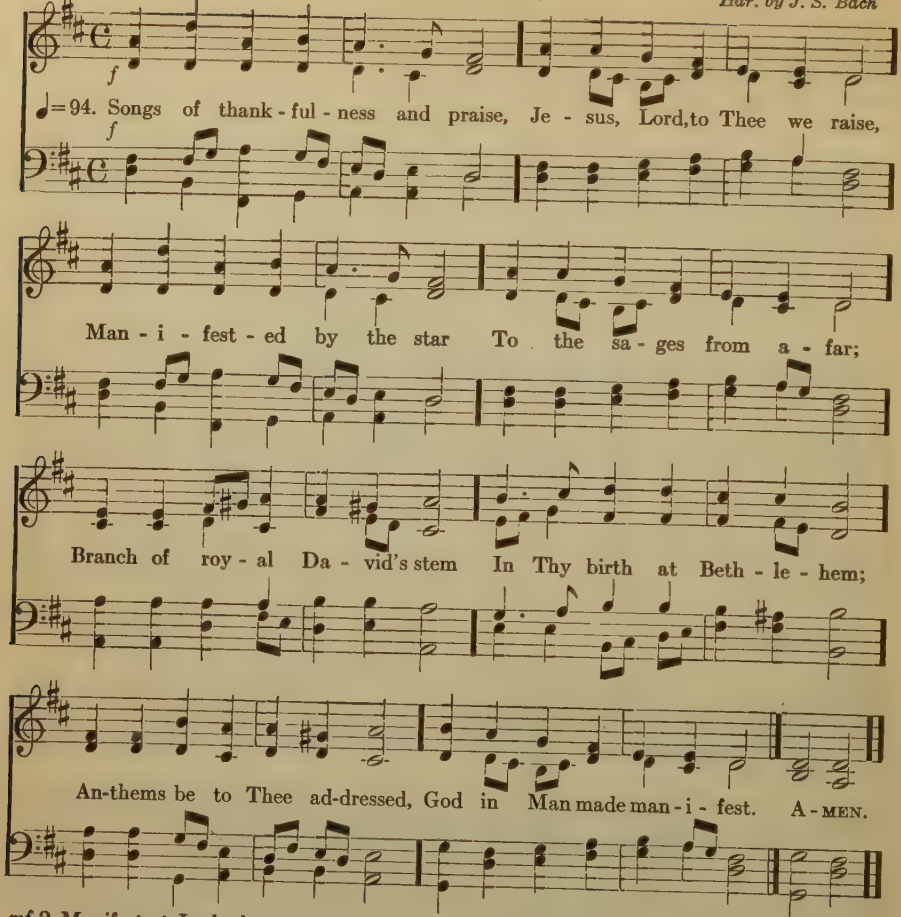

mf
♩=104. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and
mf
lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,
Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

(THIRD TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. EPIPHANY HYMN *F. J. Thrupp*


mf
♩=104. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
mf
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

SALZBURG
*Har. by J. S. Bach*


f
♩=94. Songs of thank - ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far;
Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;
An-thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in Man made man - i - fest. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

*mf* 3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
*f* Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

*p* 4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
*cr* Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
*f* All will then the trumpet hear;
*dim* All will see the Judge appear;
*cr* Thou by all wilt be confessed,
*f* God in Man made manifest.

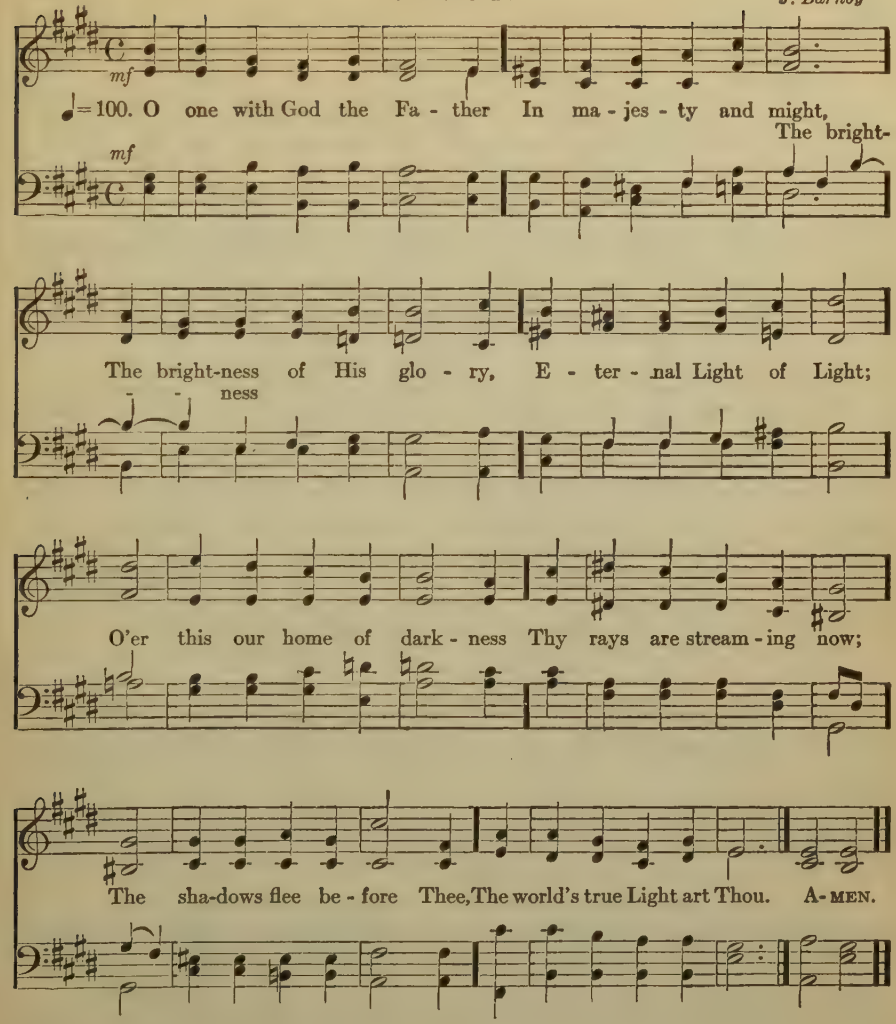
*mf* 5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
*cr* That we like to Thee may be
*f* At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

*C. Wordsworth*

97

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. ANSELM
*J. Barnby*

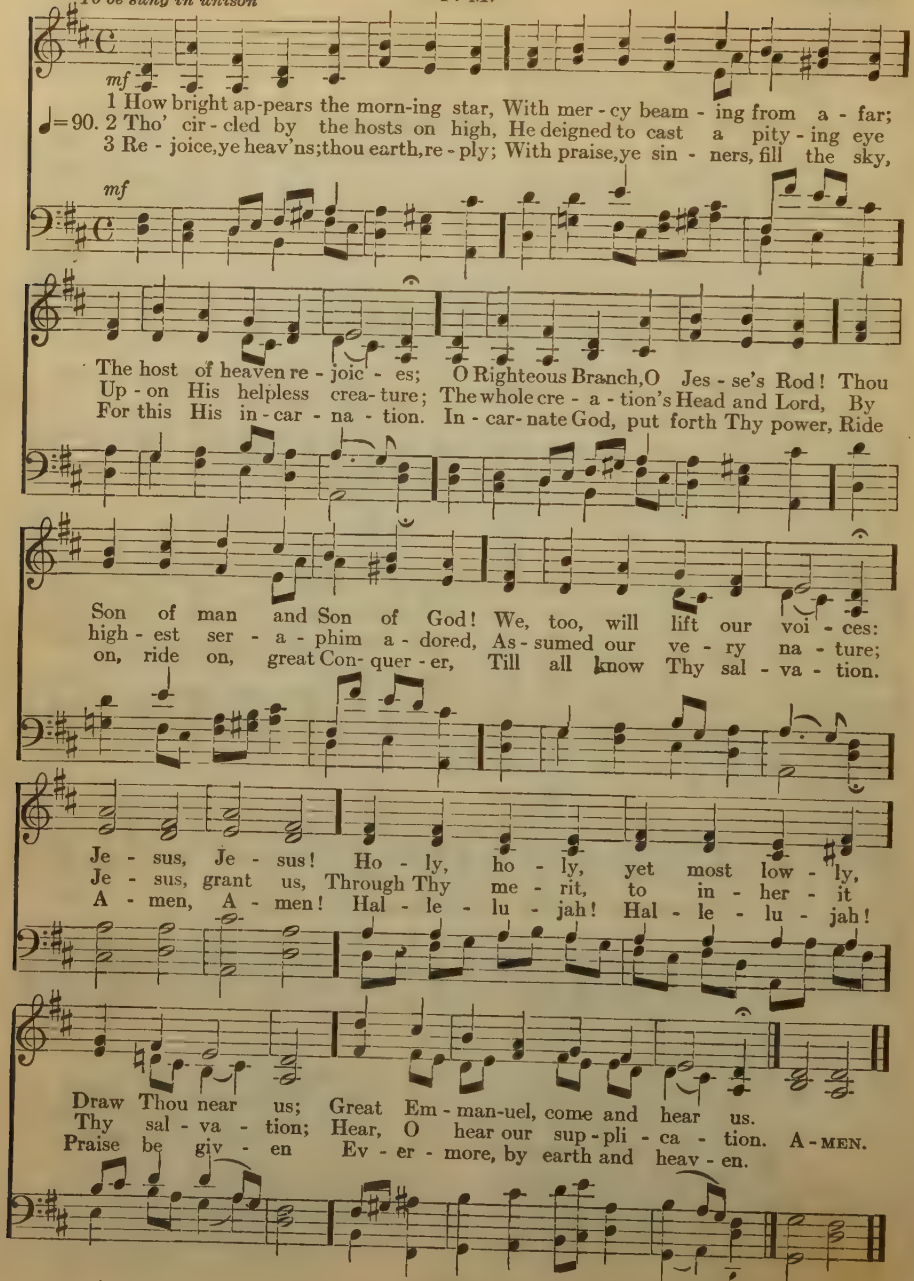

mf
♩=100. O one with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might,
The bright-
mf
The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light;
ness
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream - ing now;
The sha-dows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

*cr* 3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Son of Righteousness.

*W. W. How*

*To be sung in unison* P. M. FRANKFORT *P. Nicolai*


mf
1 How bright ap-pears the morn-ing star, With mer-cy beam-ing from a-far;
♩=90. 2 Tho' cir-cled by the hosts on high, He deigned to cast a pity-ing eye
3 Re-joice, ye heav'ns; thou earth, re-ply; With praise, ye sin-ners, fill the sky,
mf
The host of heaven re-joic-es; O Righteous Branch, O Jes-se's Rod! Thou
Up-on His helpless crea-ture; The whole cre-a-tion's Head and Lord, By
For this His in-car-na-tion. In-car-nate God, put forth Thy power, Ride
Son of man and Son of God! We, too, will lift our voi-ces:
high-est ser-a-phim a-dored, As-sumed our ve-ry na-ture;
on, ride on, great Con-quer-er, Till all know Thy sal-va-tion.
Je-sus, Je-sus! Ho-ly, ho-ly, yet most low-ly,
Je-sus, grant us, Through Thy me-rit, to in-her-it
A-men, A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
Draw Thou near us; Great Em-man-uel, come and hear us.
Thy sal-va-tion; Hear, O hear our sup-pli-ca-tion. A-MEN.
Praise be giv-en Ev-er-more, by earth and heav-en.

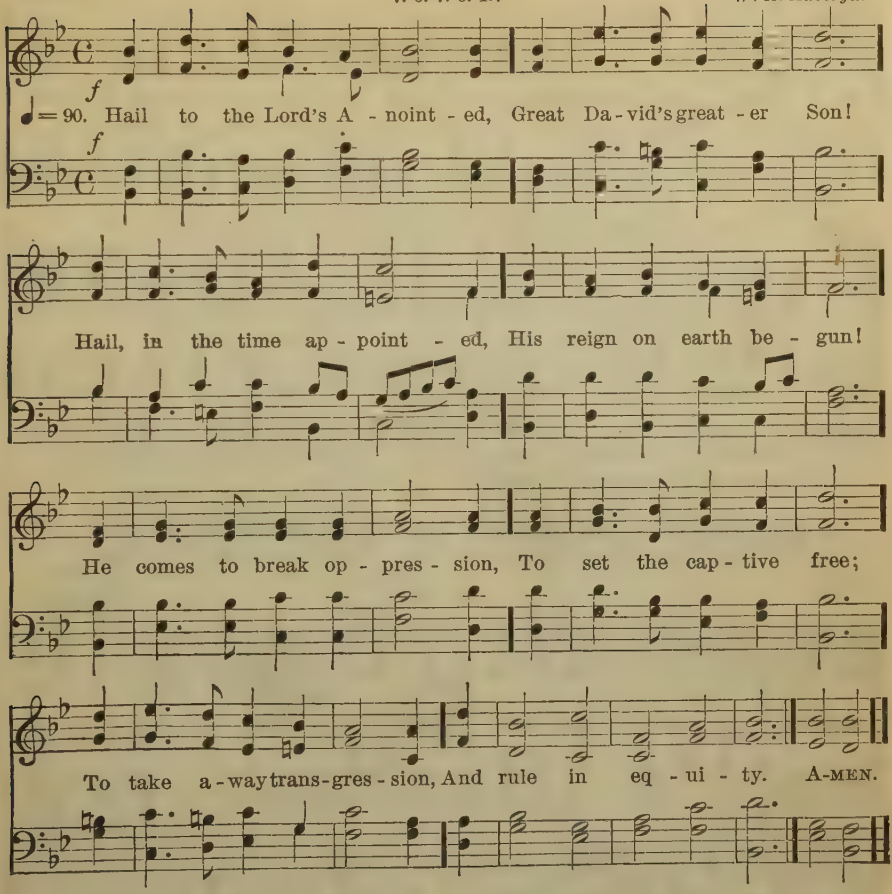


*P. Nicolai:* TR. *W. Mercer*

99

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ZOAN
*W. H. Havergal*


f
♩ = 90. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
f
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
*cr* To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
*p* Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

*f* 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
*mf* Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
*cr* And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

*f* 4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
*mp* To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
*cr* His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

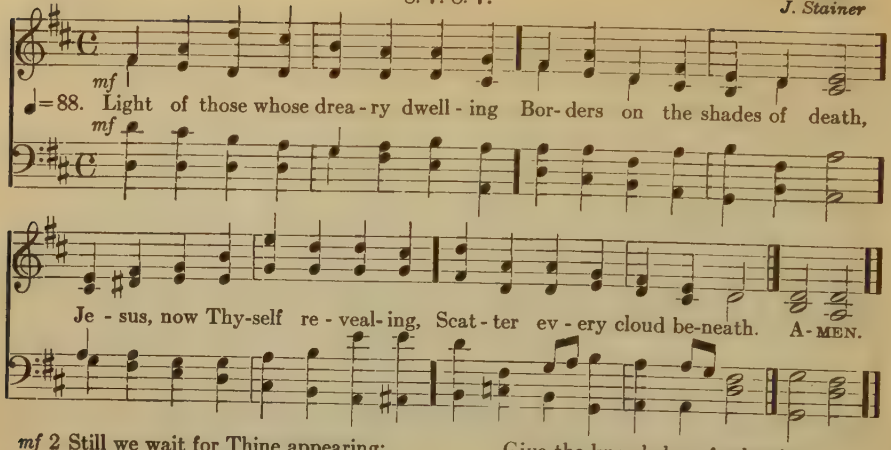
*ff* 5 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

*J. Montgomery*

## 100

8. 7. 8. 7.

OXFORD
*J. Stainer*


mf
♩=88. Light of those whose drea - ry dwell - ing Bor- ders on the shades of death,
mf
Je - sus, now Thy-self re - veal- ing, Scat - ter ev - ery cloud be-neath. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

*f* 3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

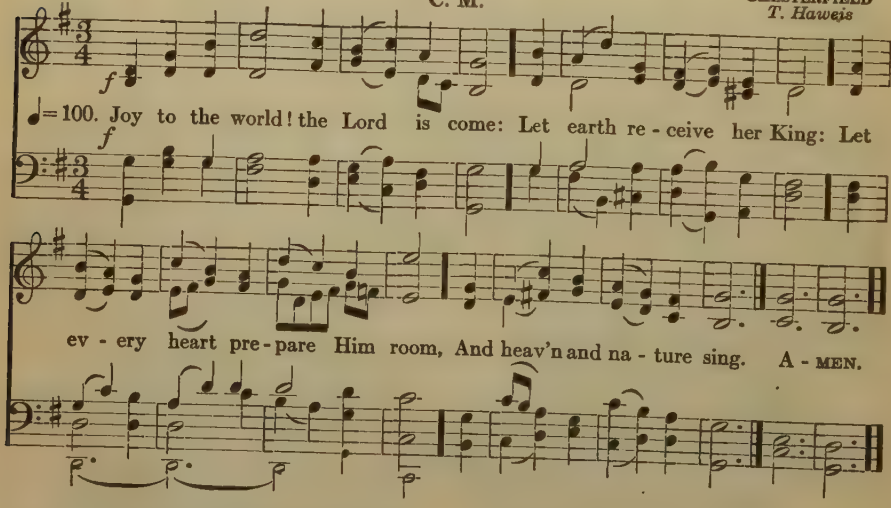
*mf* 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

*C. Wesley*

## 101

C. M.

CHESTERFIELD
*T. Haweis*


f
♩=100. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King: Let
f
ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

*mp* 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

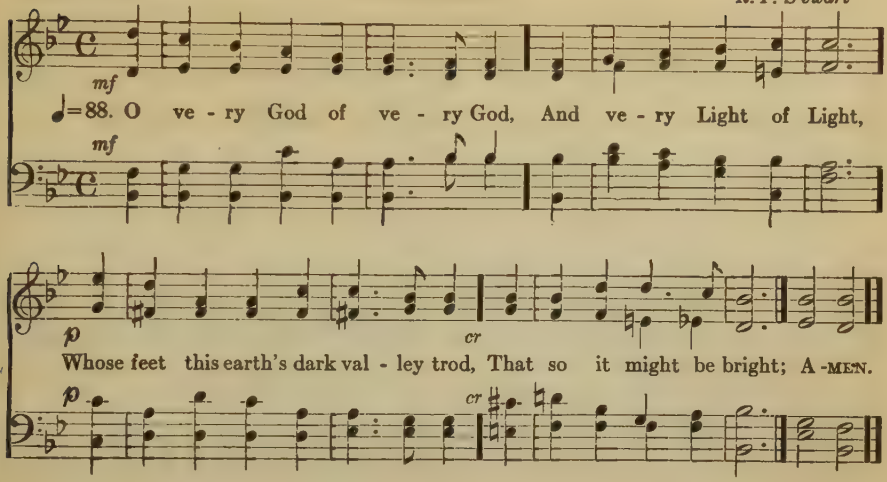
*cr* 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

*I. Watts*

## 102 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

MOUNT CALVARY
*R. P. Stewart*


mf
♩=88. O ve - ry God of ve - ry God, And ve - ry Light of Light,
mf
p
cr
Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright; A-MEN.
p
cr

*mp* 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
*cr* That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

*cr* 3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

*mf* 4 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

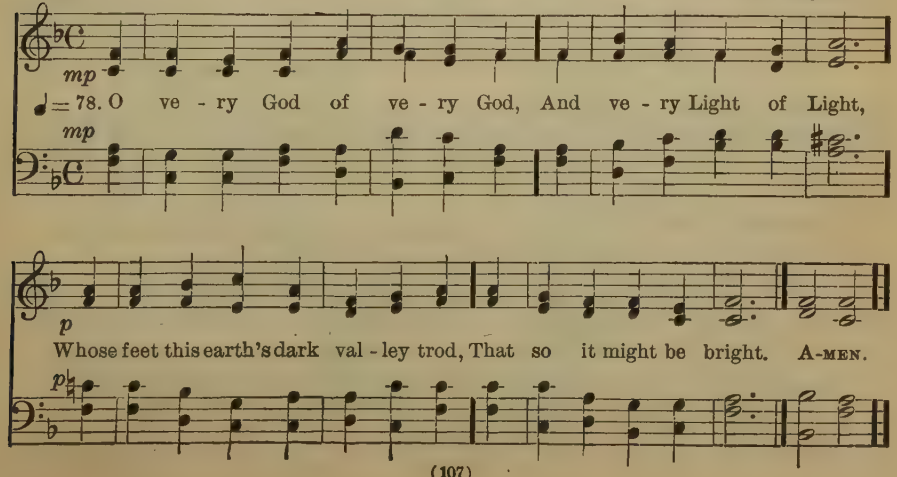
5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

*J. M. Neale.*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

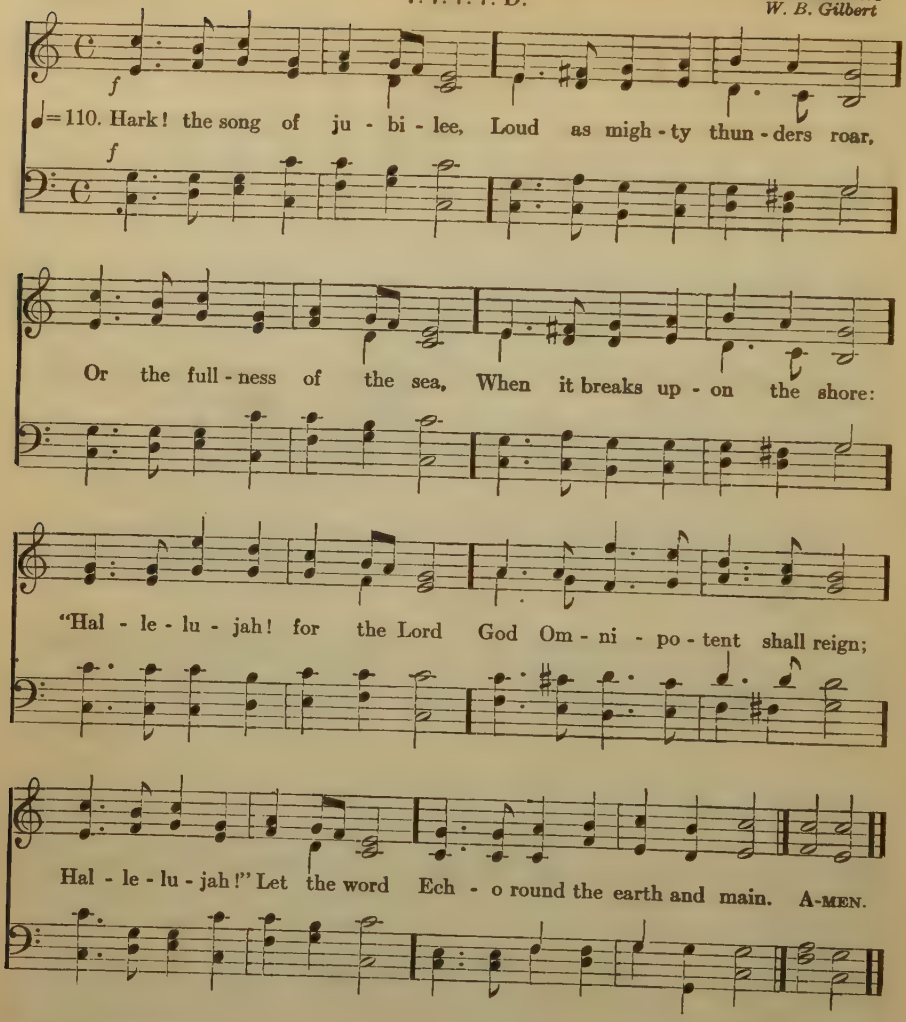
ST. FLAVIAN
*Old English*


mp
♩=78. O ve - ry God of ve - ry God, And ve - ry Light of Light,
mp
p
Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright. A-MEN.
p

103

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

THANKSGIVING
*W. B. Gilbert*


f
♩=110. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh - ty thun - ders roar,
Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:
"Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God Om - ni - po - tent shall reign;
Hal - le - lu - jah!" Let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks;
'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

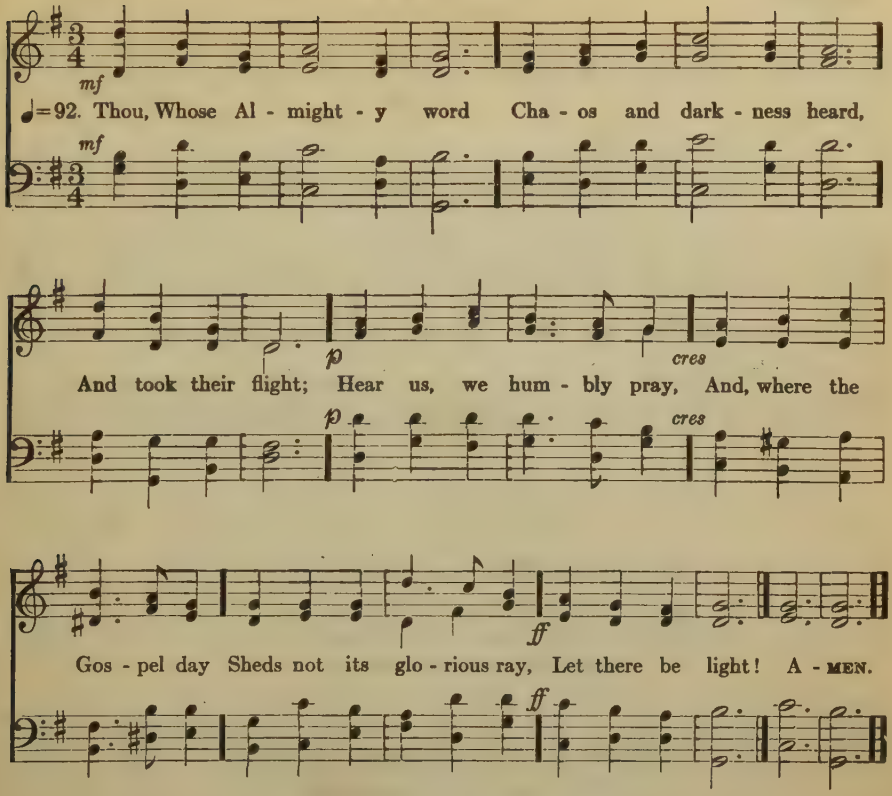
*cr* 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
*ff* Hallelujah! Christ in God.
God in Christ is all in all.

*J. Montgomery*

## 104

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Moscow
*F. Giardini*


mf
♩=92. Thou, Whose Al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
mf
p
cres
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
p
cres
ff
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - MEN.
ff

*mf* 2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
*cr* O now, to all mankind,
*ff* Let there be light!

*mf* 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
*cr* Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
*ff* Let there be light!

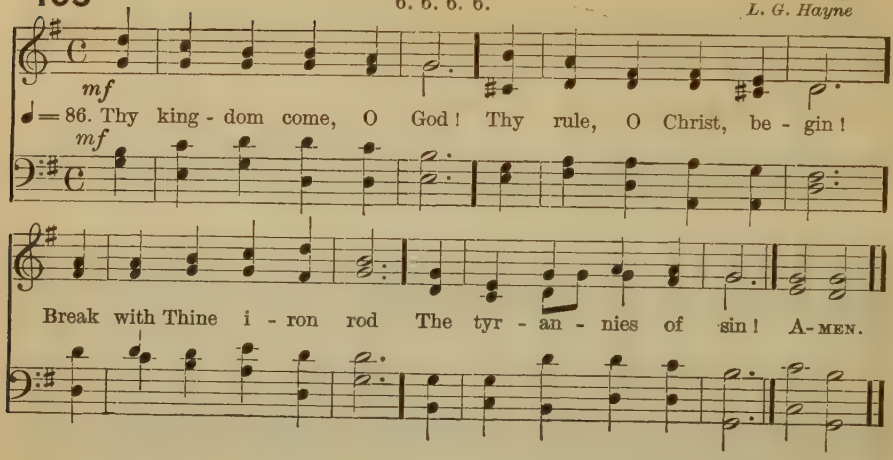
*f* 4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
*cr* Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
*ff* Let there be light!

*J. Marriott*

105

6. 6. 6. 6.

ST. CECILIA
*L. G. Hayne*




2

*mf* Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3

*p* When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4

*cr* We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
*f* And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
*p* Which languish for Thy sight.

5

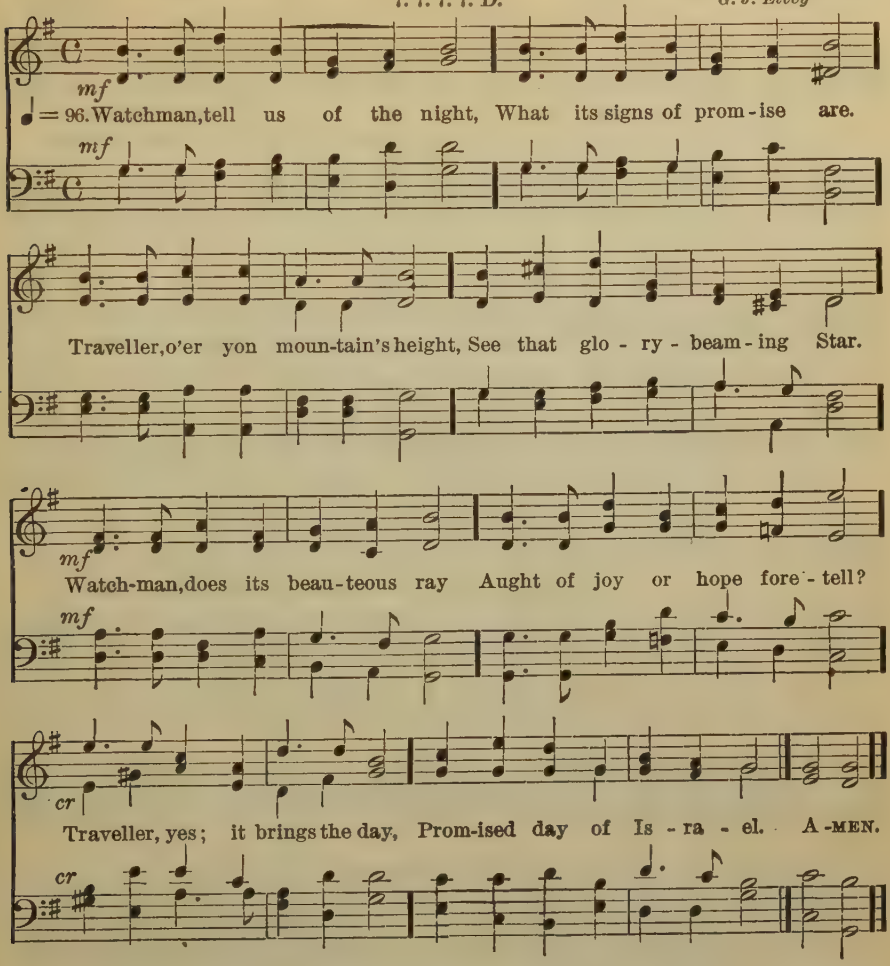
*mf* O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

*L. Hensley*

## 106 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
*G. J. Elvey*


mf
♩ = 96. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
Traveller, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing Star.
mf
Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
cr
Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
*p* Peace and truth its course portends.
*mf* Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

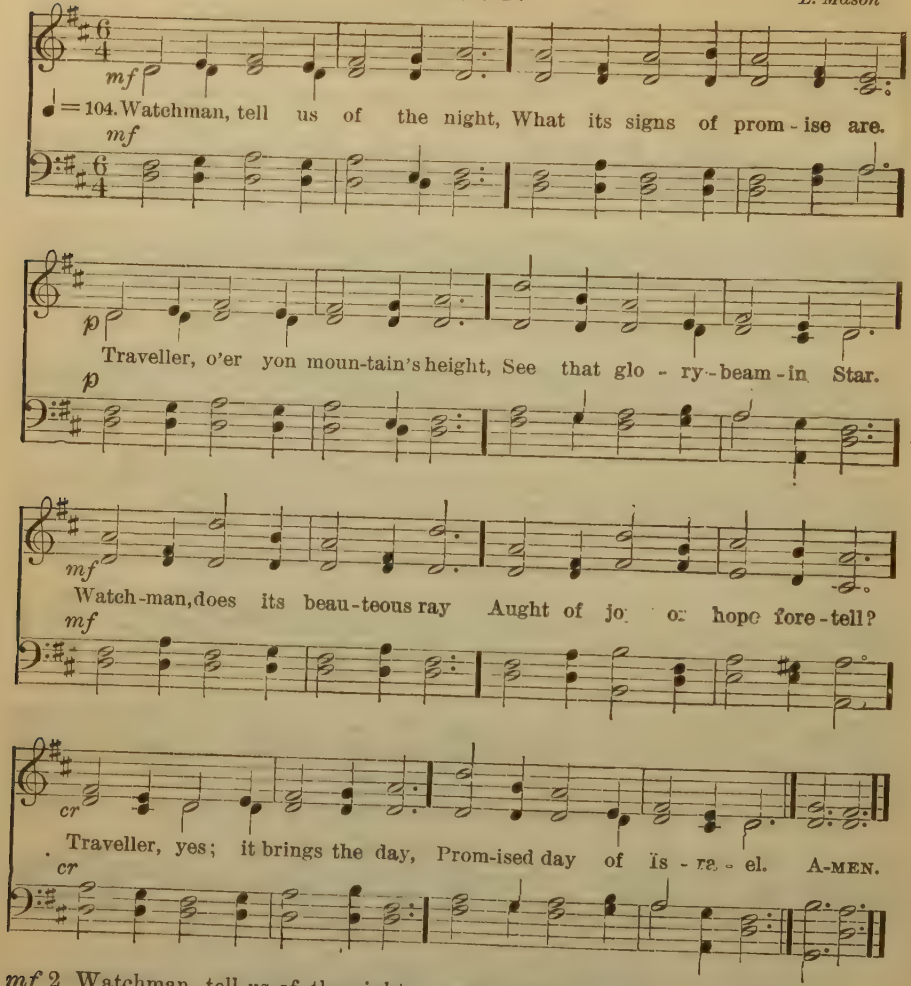
*mf* 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
*cr* Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

*J. Bowring*

106 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

WATCHMAN
*L. Mason*


mf
♩ = 104. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.
mf
p
Traveller, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo - ry-beam-in Star.
p
mf
Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
mf
cr
Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
*p* Peace and truth its course portends.
*mf* Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave their birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

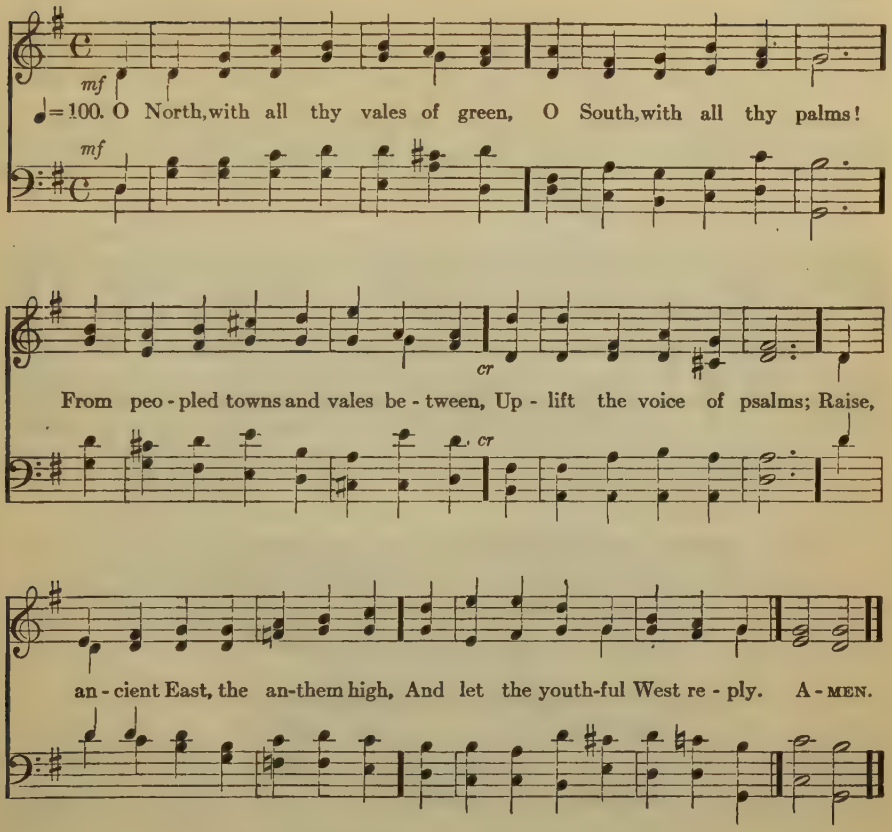
*mf* 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
*p* Watchman, let Thy wanderings cease;
*cr* Hie Thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

*J. Bowring*

## 107

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

BRYANT
*W. G. Alcock*


mf
♩=100. O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms!
mf
cr
From peo - pled towns and vales be - tween, Up - lift the voice of psalms; Raise,
cr
an - cient East, the an-them high, And let the youth-ful West re - ply. A - MEN.

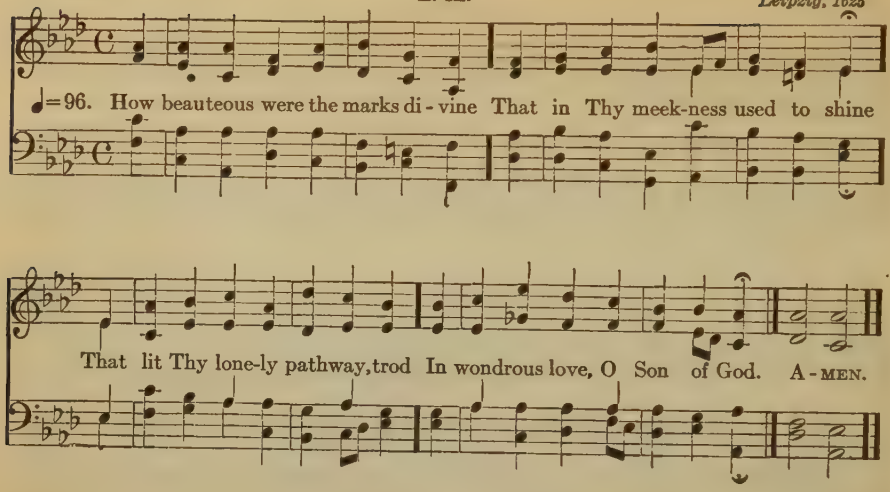
*mf* 2 Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

*mf* 3 O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He Who conquered death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

*W. C. Bryant*

108 L. M. BRESLAU *Leipzig, 1625*


♩=96. How beauteous were the marks di - vine That in Thy meek-ness used to shine
That lit Thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of man, Thou Light of Light;
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

*mp* 3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

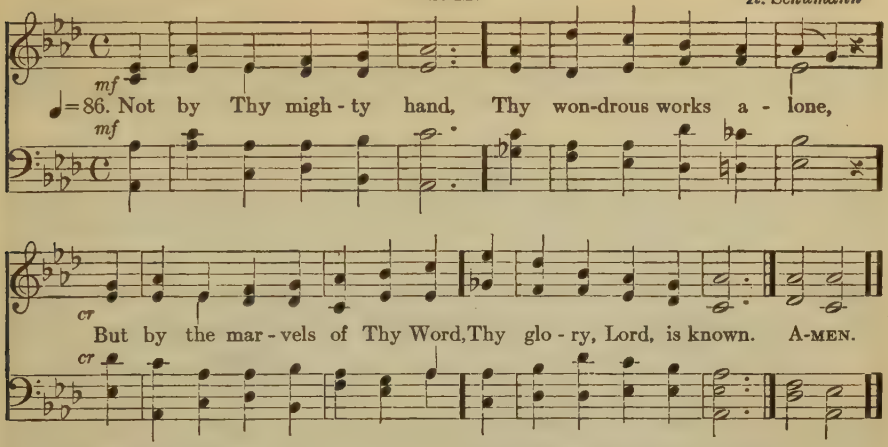
4 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed.

*p* 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

*mf* 6 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all this way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

*A. C. Coxe*

**109** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. HEATH *R. Schumann*




*mf* 2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

*mf* 3 And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The Bearer forth of goodly seed,
The Sower still unseen.

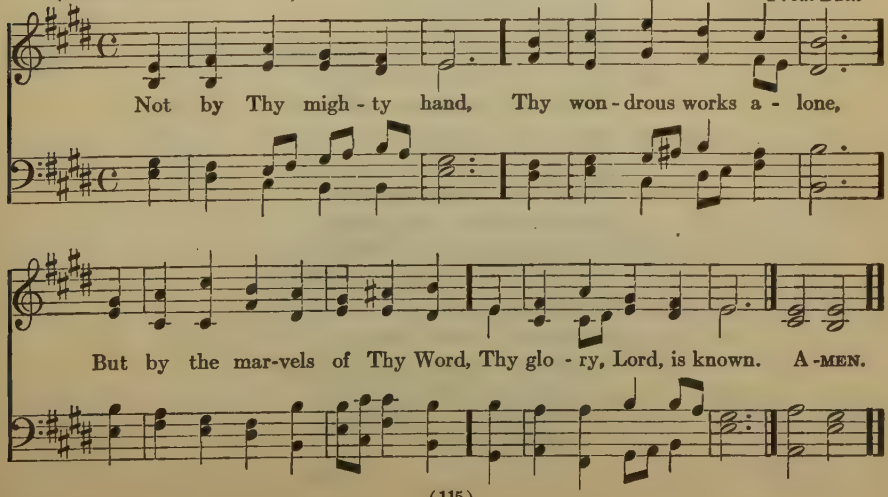
*p* 4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper Thou.

*mf* 5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the Kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;

*p* 6 That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee.

*J. R. Woodford*

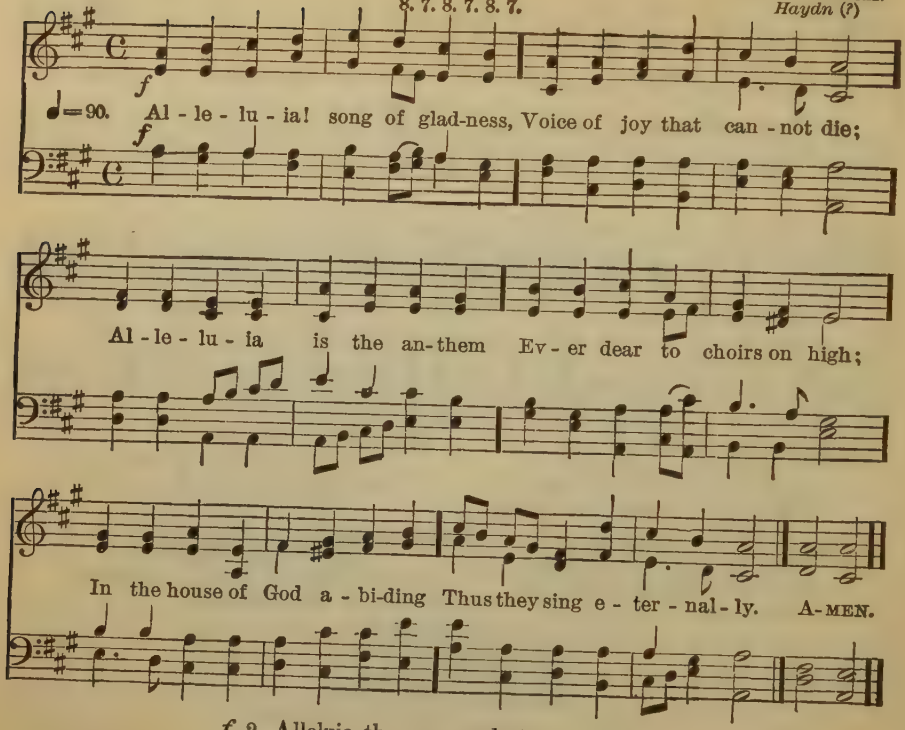
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. POTSDAM *From Bach*



## 110

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

DULCE CARMEN
*Haydn (?)*


♩=90.
Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;
Al - le - lu - ia is the an-them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God a - bi-ding Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.

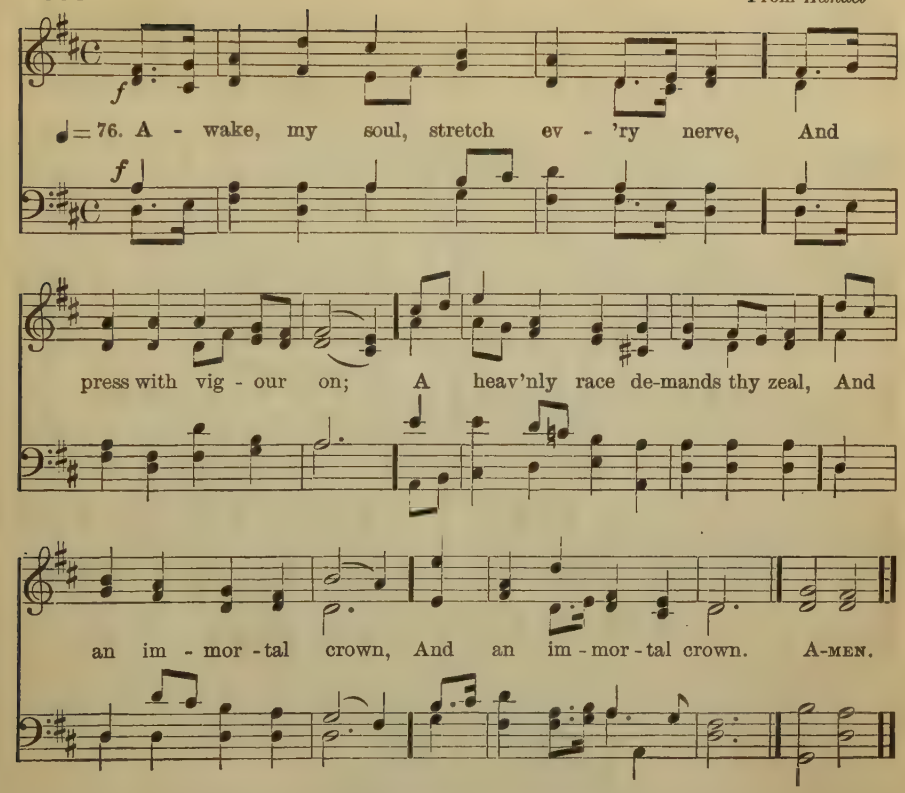
*f* 2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
*p* But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

*mf* 3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
*dim* Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
*p* For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

*mf* 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessèd Trinity,
*cr* At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
*f* There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

111 C. M. CHRISTMAS From *Handel*


f
♩= 76. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And
f
press with vig - our on; A heav'nly race de-mands thy zeal, And
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

*mf* 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
*cr* 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

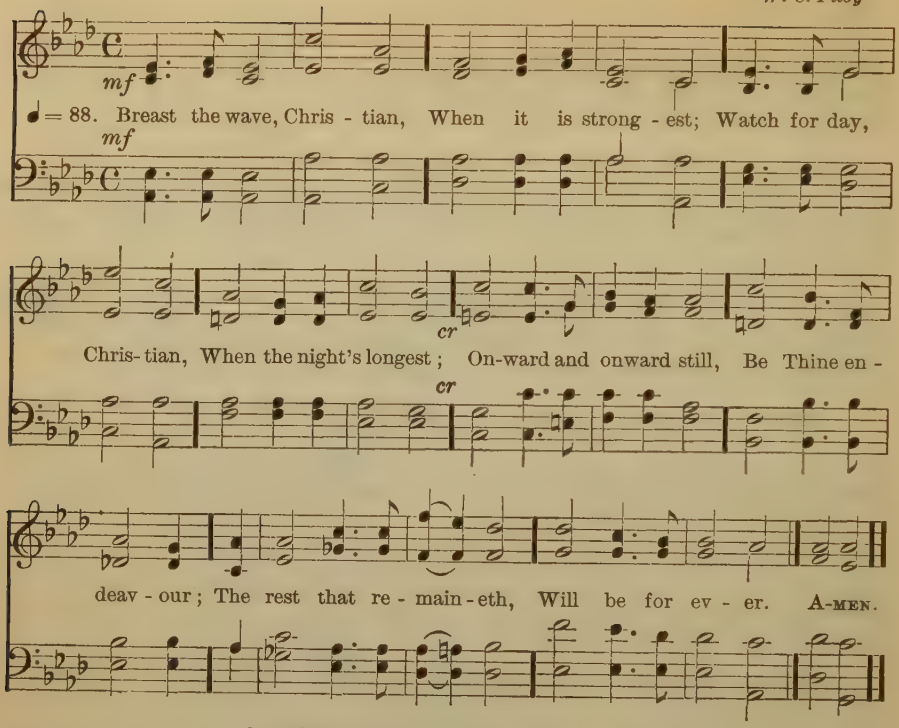
*f* 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

*P. Doddridge*

112

5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

FORTITUDE
*W. C. Filby*


mf
♩ = 88. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est; Watch for day,
mf
cr
Chris- tian, When the night's longest; On-ward and onward still, Be Thine en -
cr
deav - our; The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for ev - er. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He Who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

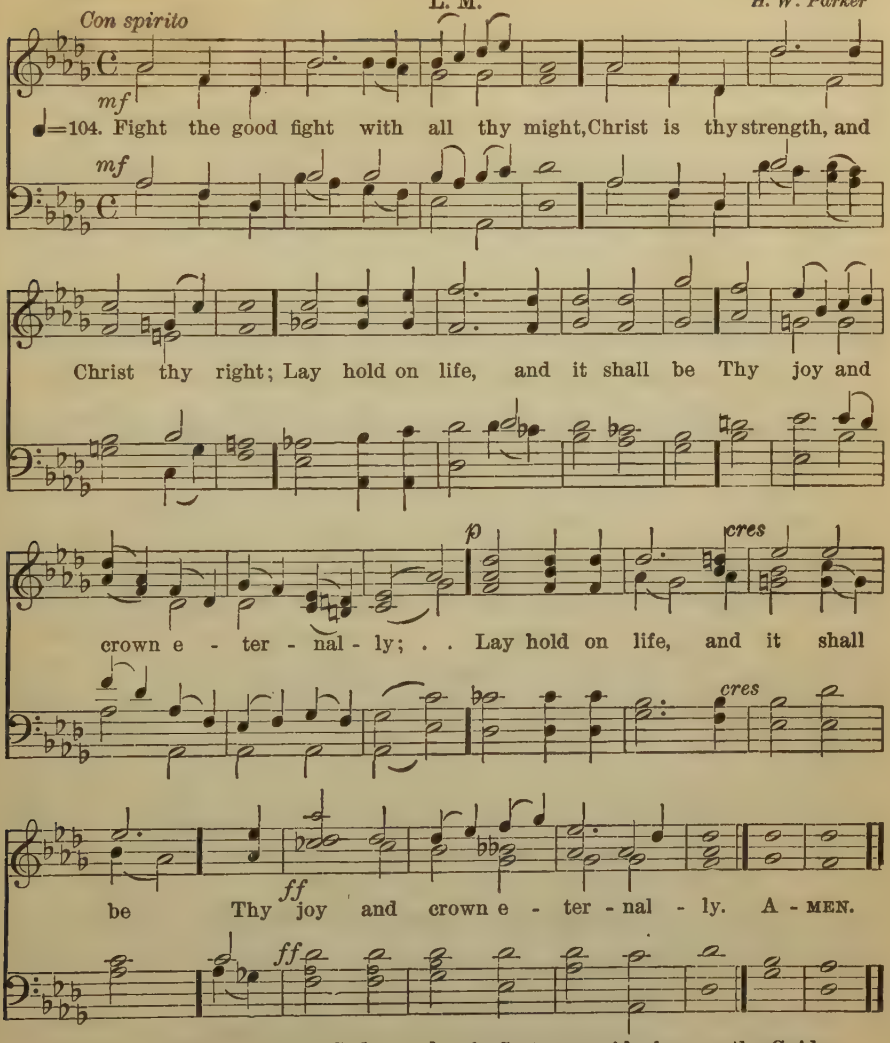
*p* 3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
*cr* Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

*J. Stammers*

## 113 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

COURAGE
*H. W. Parker*


Con spirito
mf
♩=104. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and
Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and
p
cres
crown e - ter - nal - ly; . . Lay hold on life, and it shall
be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.
ff

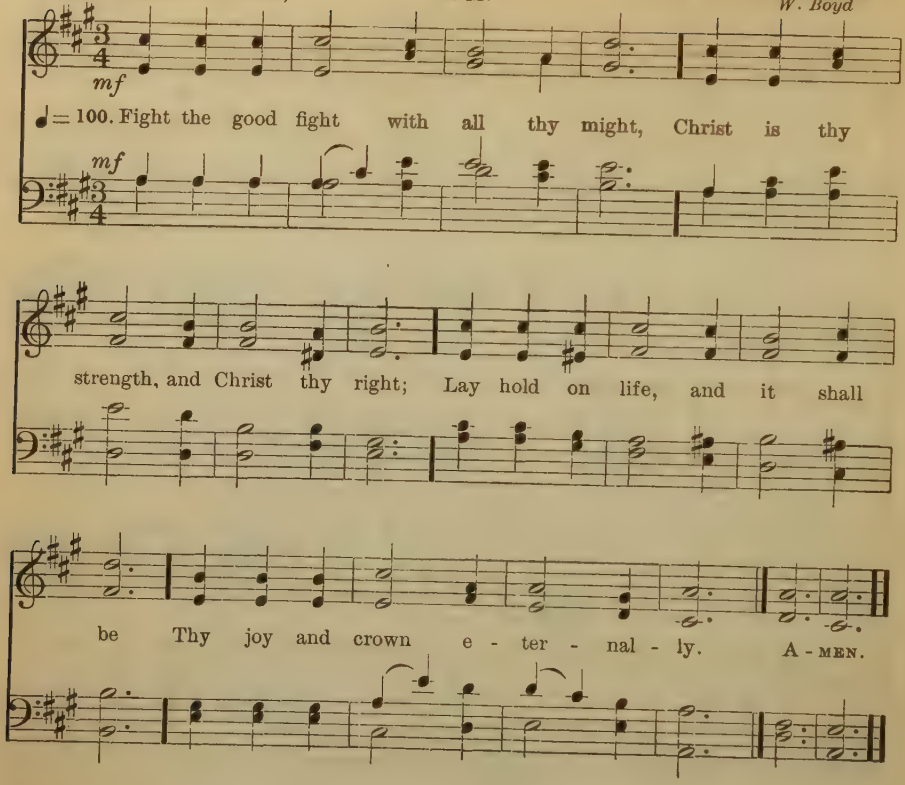
*mf* 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
*cr* Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

*mf* 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
*cr* Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

*mf* 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
*cr* Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

*J. S. B. Monsell*

**113** (SECOND TUNE) L. M. PENTECOST *W. Boyd*


mf
♩ = 100. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy
mf
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall
be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
*cr* Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

*mf* 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
*cr* Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

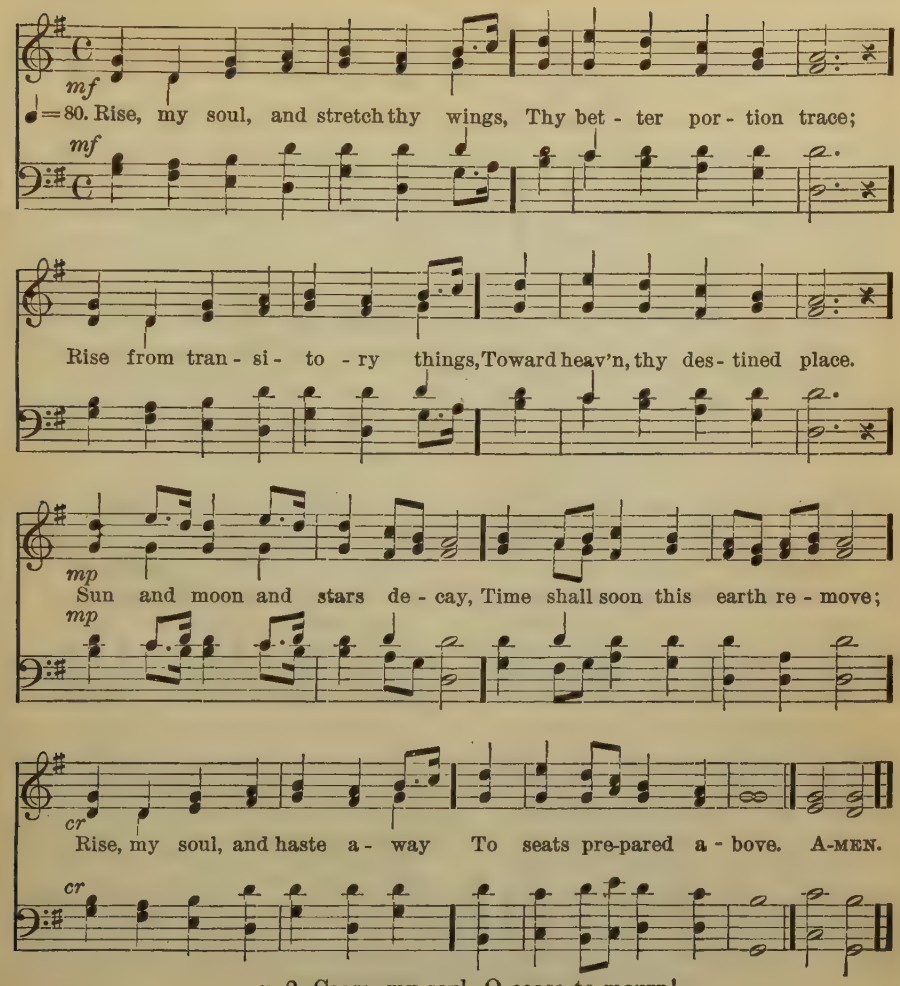
*mf* 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
*cr* Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

*J. S. B. Monsell*

## 114 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

AMSTERDAM
*J. Nares*


mf
♩=80. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place.
mp
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
cr
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A-MEN.

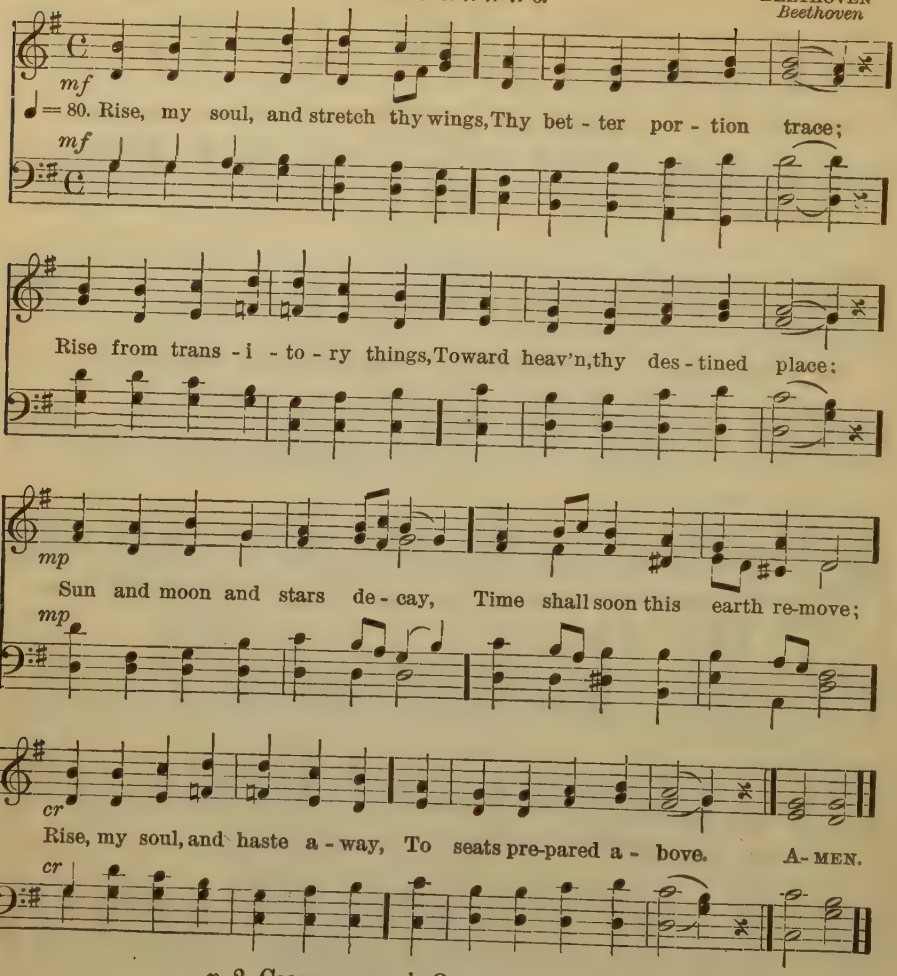
*p* 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
*cr* Press onward to the prize;
*f* Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
*mf* There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
*cr* There will sorrow ever cease,
*f* And crowns of joy be given.

*R. Seagrave*

## 114 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

BEETHOVEN
*Beethoven*


mf
♩ = 80. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
mf
Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place;
mp
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;
mp
cr
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove.
A-MEN.
cr

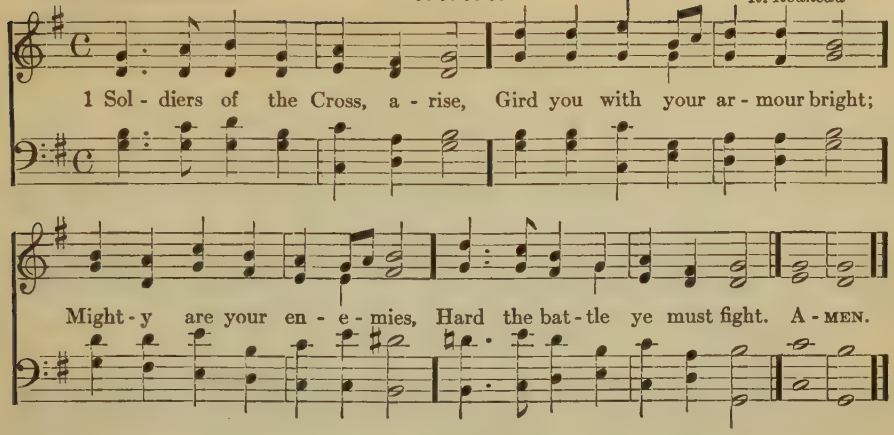
*p* 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
*cr* Press onward to the prize;
*f* Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
*mf* There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
*cr* There will sorrow ever cease,
*f* And crowns of joy be given.

*R. Seagrave*

## 115 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD No. 45
*R. Redhead*




2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

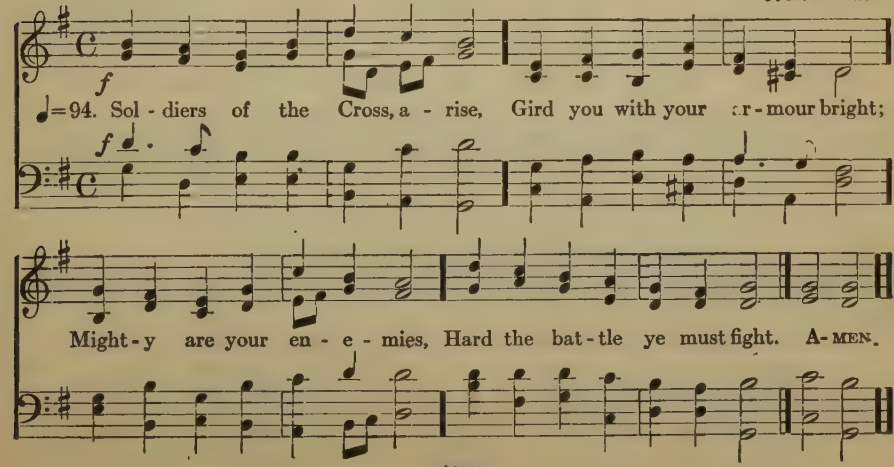
7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

*W. W. How*, 1864

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

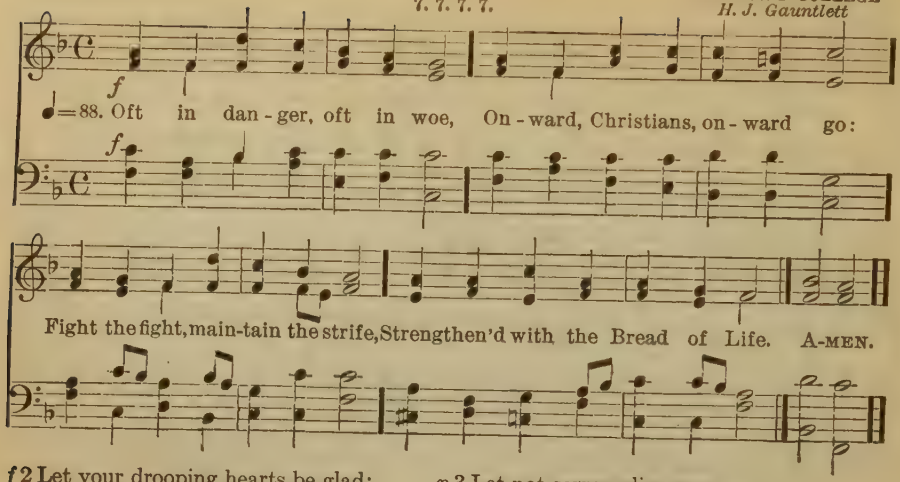
VIENNA
*J. H. Knecht*


f
♩=94. Sol - diers of the Cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mour bright;
f
Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. A - MEN.

## 116

7. 7. 7. 7.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*


f
♩=88. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go:
f
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

*p* 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
*cr* Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

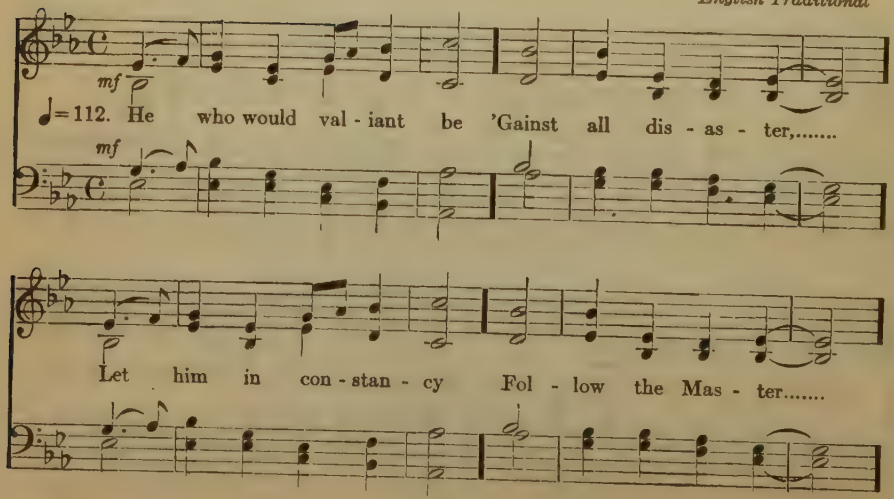
*f* 4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

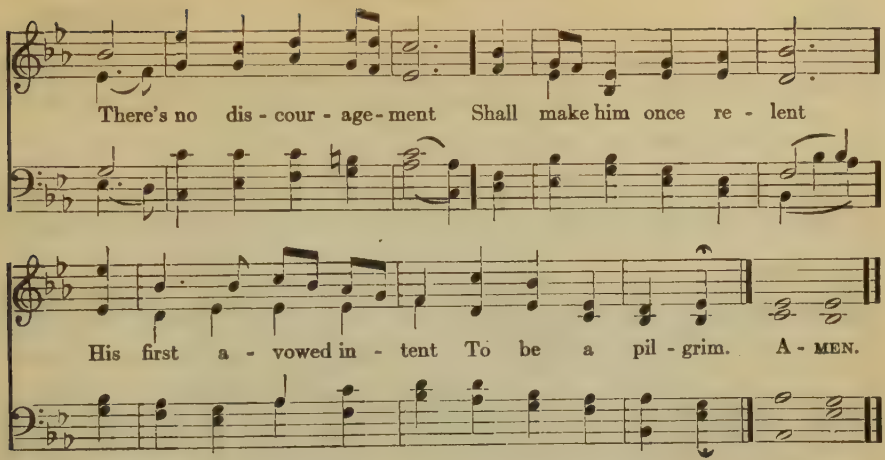
*H. K. White*

## 117

11. 11. 12. 11.

MONKS GATE
*English Traditional*






*mf* 2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is,
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

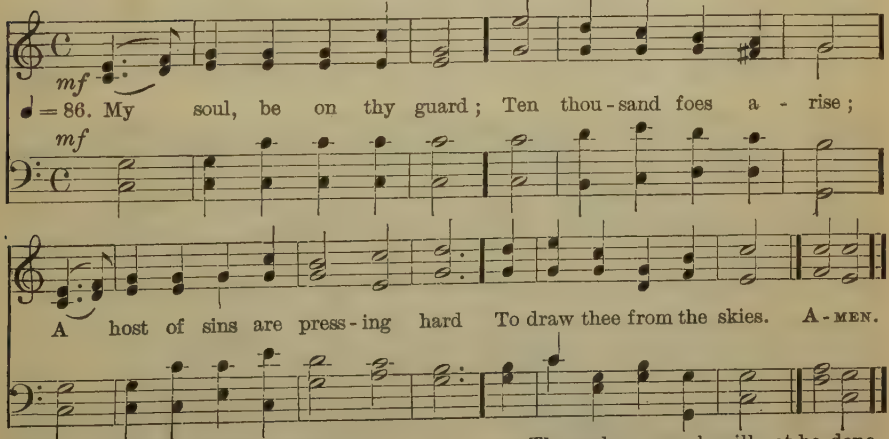
*mf* 3 Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

*J. Bunyan*

## 118

S. M.

LABAN
*L. Mason*




*mf* 2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

*p* 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
*cr* Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

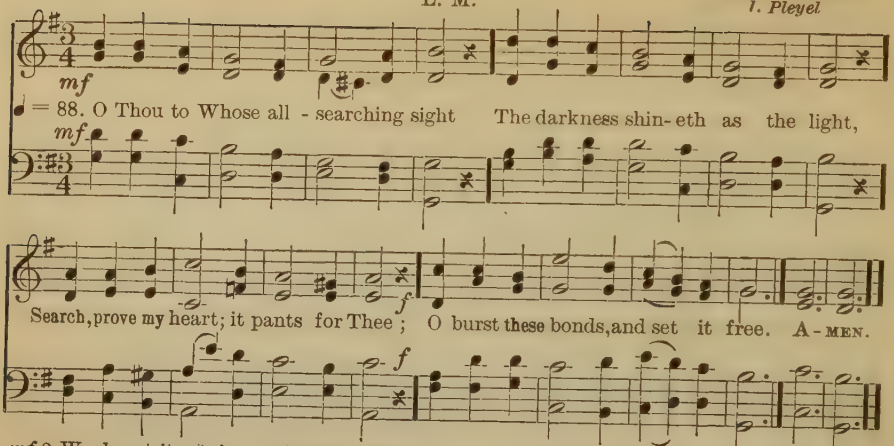
*mf* 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
*p* He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
*cr* Up to His blest abode.

*G. Heath*

## 119

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH
*I. Pleyel*


mf
♩ = 88. O Thou to Whose all - searching sight The darkness shin- eth as the light,
mf
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free. A - MEN.
f
f

*mf* 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
*cr* Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
*f* No foes, no evils need I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

*p* 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
*cr* Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

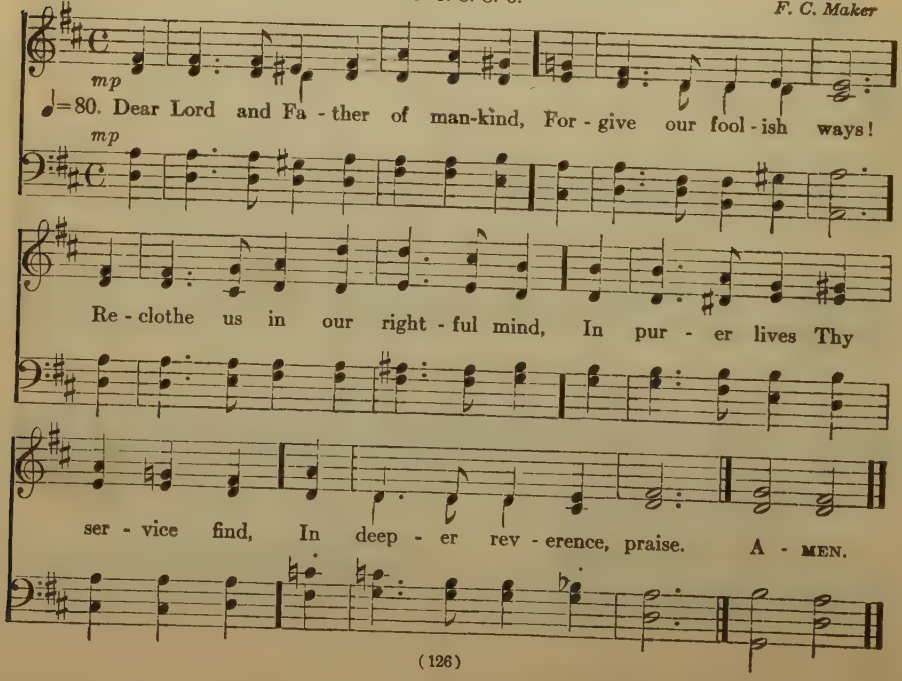
*mf* 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

*N. L. Zinzendorf*; TR. *J. Wesley*

## 120

8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

REST
*F. C. Maker*


mp
♩ = 80. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fool - ish ways!
mp
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy
ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

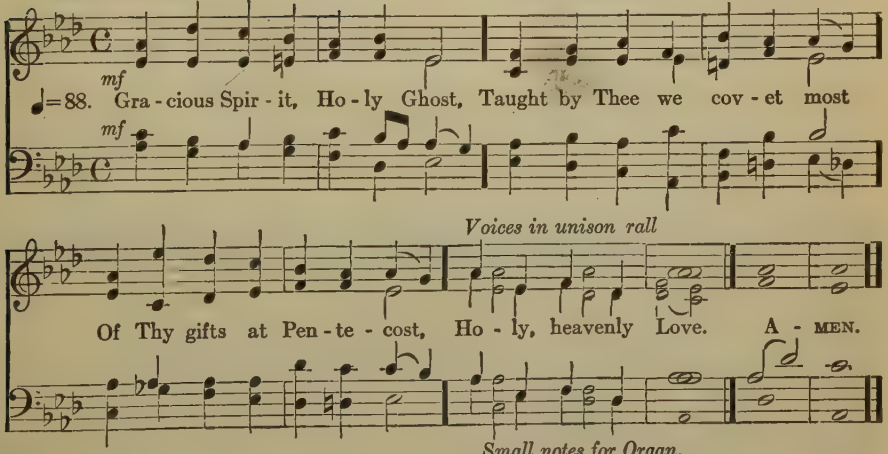
3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

*cr* 4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

*J. G. Whittier*

**121** 7. 7. 7. 5. CHARITY *J. Stainer*


mf
♩=88. Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most
mf
Voices in unison rall
Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heavenly Love. A - MEN.

*Small notes for Organ.*

*mf* 2 Love is kind and suffers long
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
*cr* Love than death itself more strong;
*f* Therefore, give us Love.

*mf* 3 Prophecy will fade away,
*dim* Melting in the light of day;
*cr* Love will ever with us stay;
*mf* Therefore, give us Love.

*mf* 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
*cr* Love in heaven will shine more bright;
*f* Therefore, give us Love.

*mf* 5 Faith, and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
*cr* But the greatest of the three,
*f* And the best, is Love.

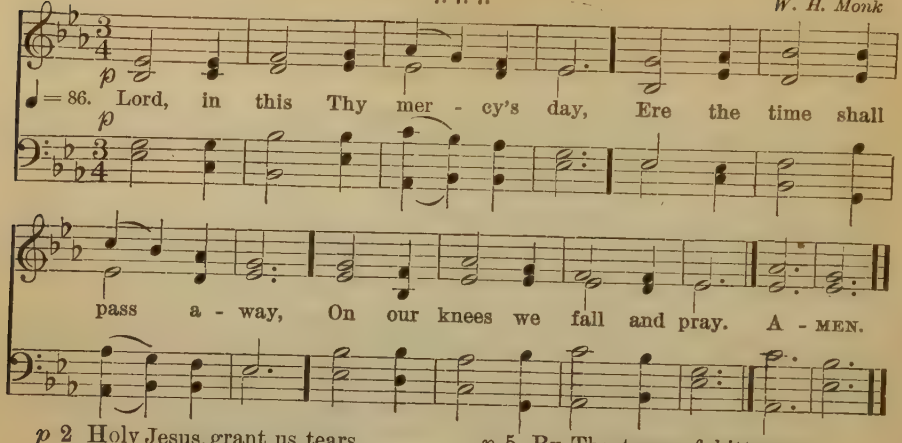
*mf* 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 122 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7.

ST. PHILIP
*W. H. Monk*




*p* 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

*cr* 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
*dim* Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

*pp* 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

*p* 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

*cr* 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

*mf* 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
*f* By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

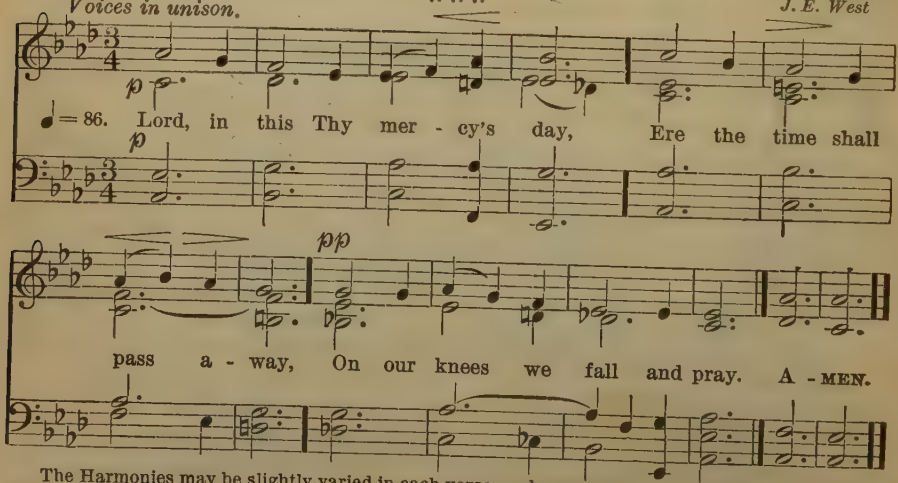
*I. Williams*

(SECOND TUNE)

*Voices in unison.*

7. 7. 7.

HOLY CROSS
*J. E. West*

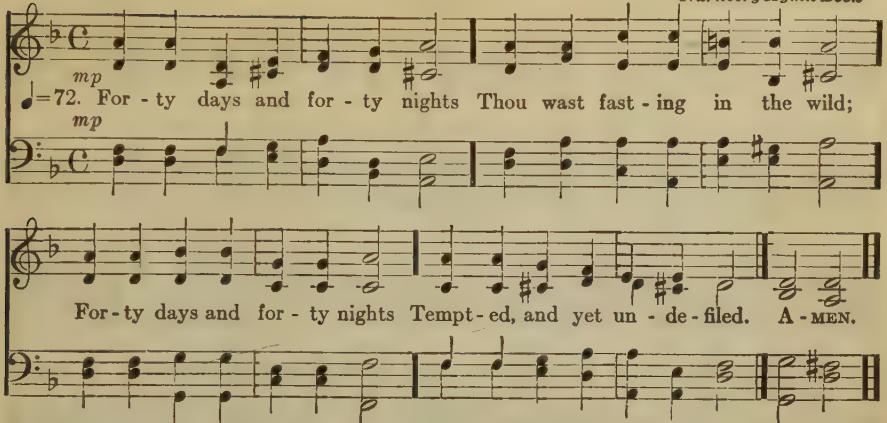



The Harmonies may be slightly varied in each verse, and verses 3 and 4 may be sung by Trebles, and Tenors and Basses respectively.

## 123

7. 7. 7. 7.

HEINLEIN
*Nuremberg Hymn Book*


mp
♩=72. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;
mp
For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed. A - MEN.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

*mf* 4 So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
*cr* Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

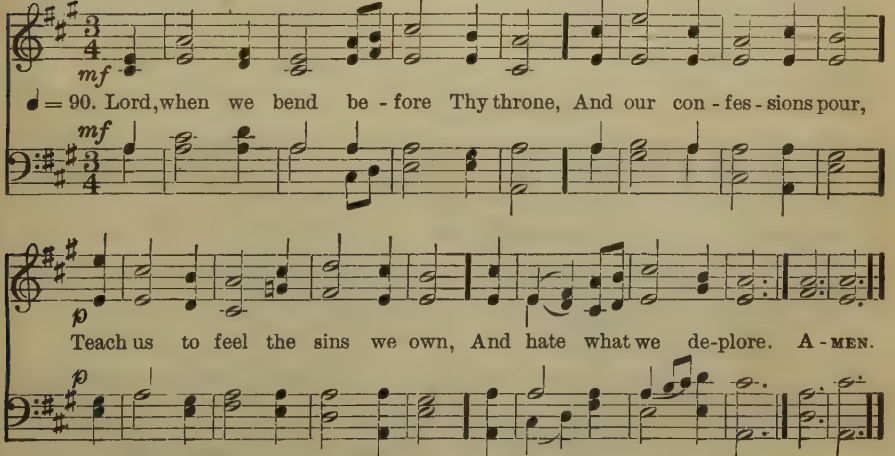
*mf* 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
*f* That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.

*G. H. Smyttan*

## 124

C. M.

MARTYRDOM
*H. Wilson*


mf
♩ = 90. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
mf
p
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore. A - MEN.
p

*p* 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
*cr* And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

*mf* 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

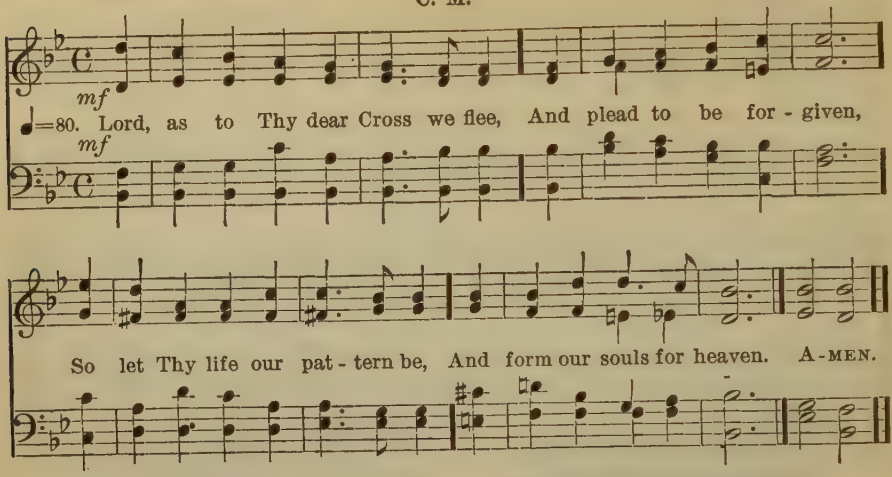
*mf* 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
*cr* And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

*J. D. Carlyle*

## 125 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

MOUNT CALVARY
*R. P. Stewart*


mf
♩=80. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for - given,
mf
So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
*p* Our brethren's grief to share.

*mf* 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
*cr* And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

*p* 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
*pp* "Father, Thy will be done."

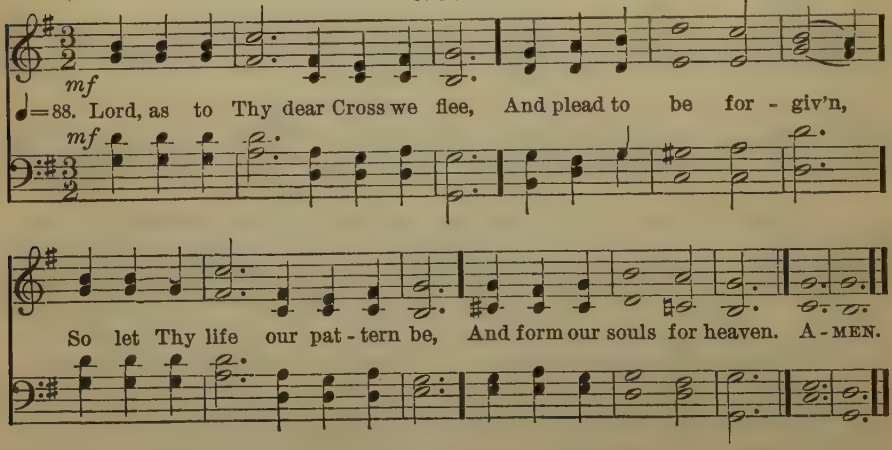
*mf* 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
*cr* O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

*J. H. Gurney*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

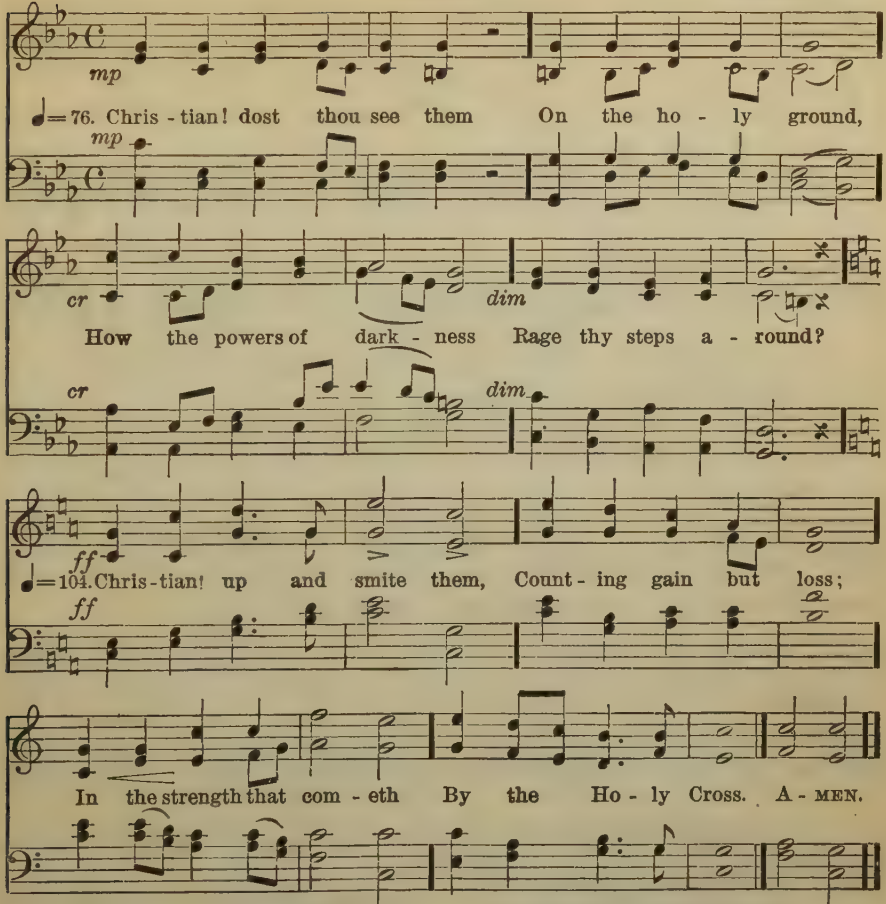
LAMBETH
*S. Webbe (?)*


mf
♩=88. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
mf
So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - MEN.

## 126 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE
*J. B. Dykes*


mp
♩=76. Chris - tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
mp
cr
dim
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
cr
dim
ff
♩=104. Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
ff
In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly Cross. A - MEN.

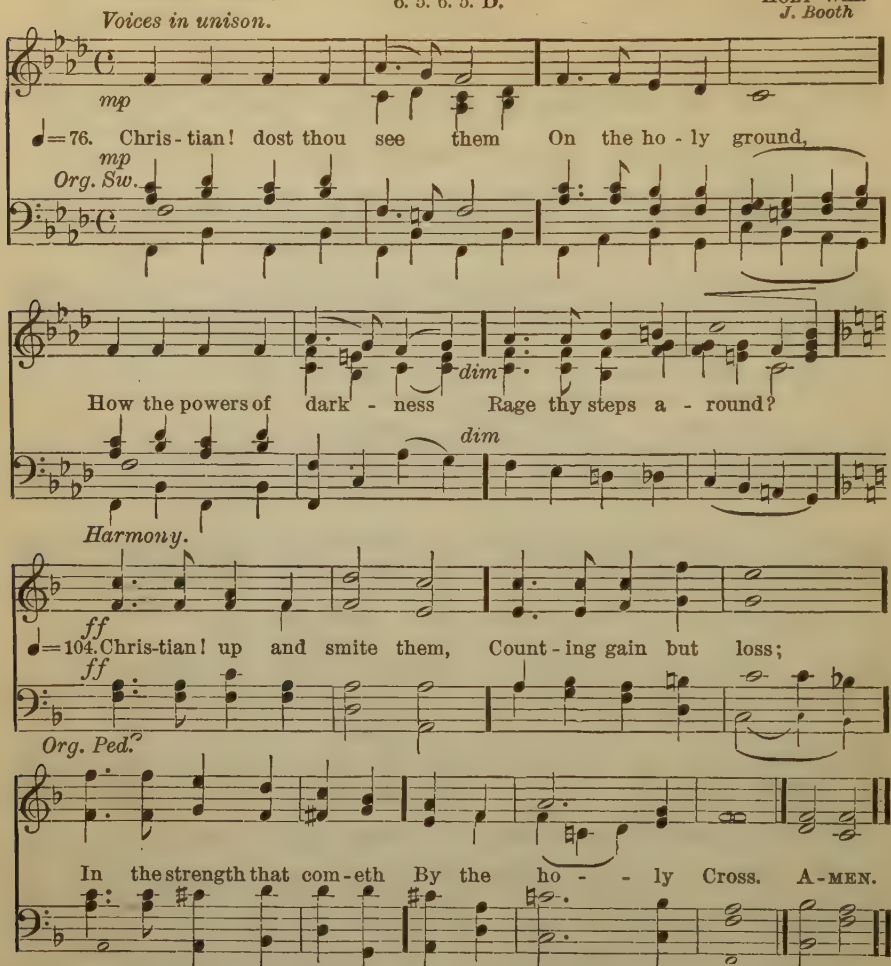
*p* 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
*cr* Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
*f* Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

*p* 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
*cr* "Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
*ff* Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
*dim* Peace shall follow battle,
*cr* Night shall end in day.

*mf* 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
*p* Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
*f* But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
*ff* Shall be near My throne."

*St. Andrew of Crete*: TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. HOLY WAR *J. Booth*




*p* 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
*cr* Striving, tempting, luring
Goading into sin?
*f* Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

*p* 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
*cr* "Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
*ff* Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
*dim* Peace shall follow battle,
*cr* Night shall end in day.

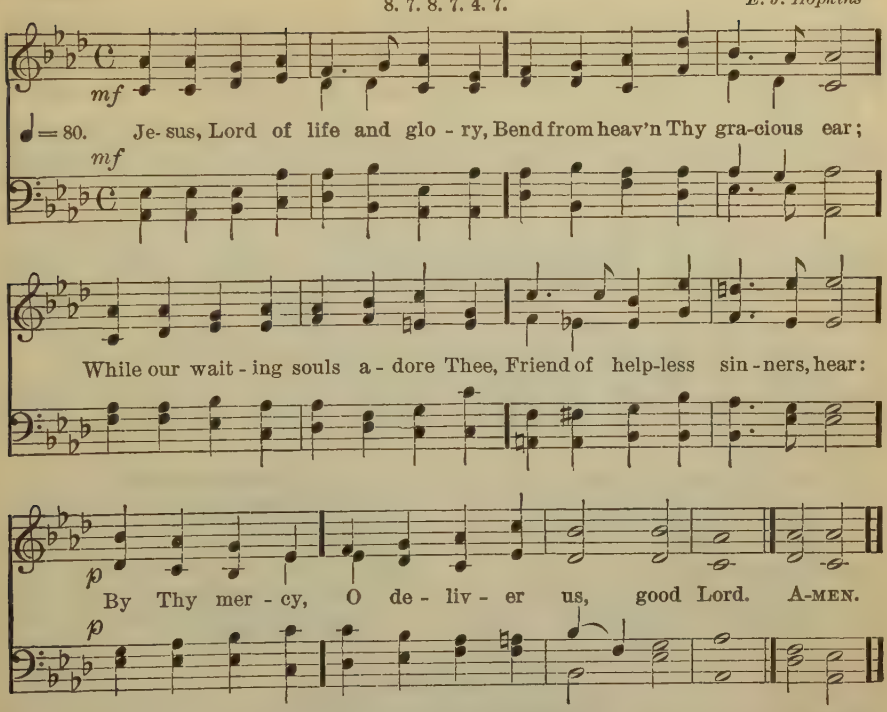
*mf* 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
*p* I was weary too;
*f* But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
*ff* Shall be near My throne."

*St. Andrew of Crete*: TR. *J. M. Neale*

127

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

ST. RAPHAEL
*E. J. Hopkins*


mf
♩ = 80. Je- sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra-cious ear;
mf
While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin - ners, hear:
p
By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A-MEN.
p

*p* 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

*p* 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

*mf* 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
*p* By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

*p* 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

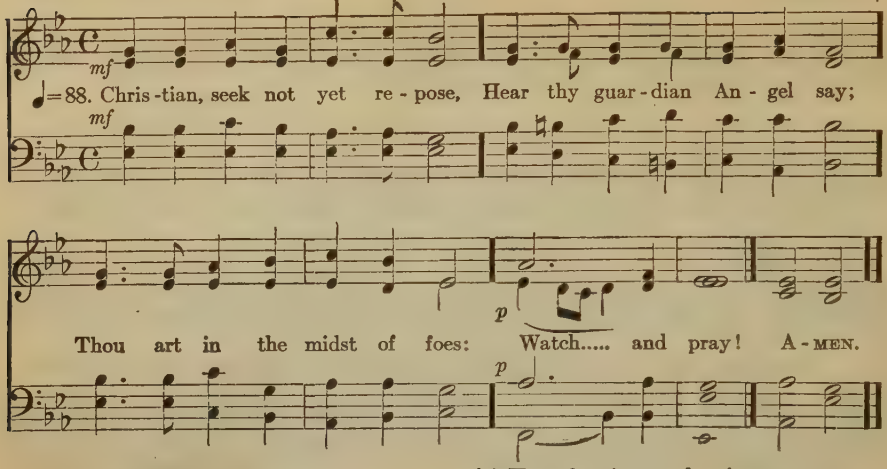
*pp* 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
*cr* May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
*p* By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

*J. J. Cummins*

## 128 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 3.

VIGILATE
*W. H. Monk*




*mf* 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
*p* Watch and pray!

*mf* 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
*p* Watch and pray!

*mf* 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
*cr* All with one sweet voice exclaim:
Watch and pray!

5 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him Thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
Watch and pray!

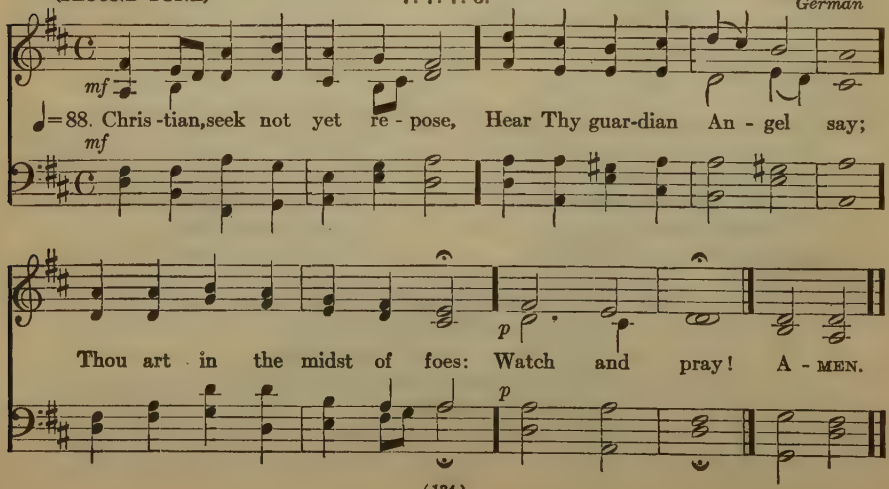
6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray!

*C. Elliott*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 3.

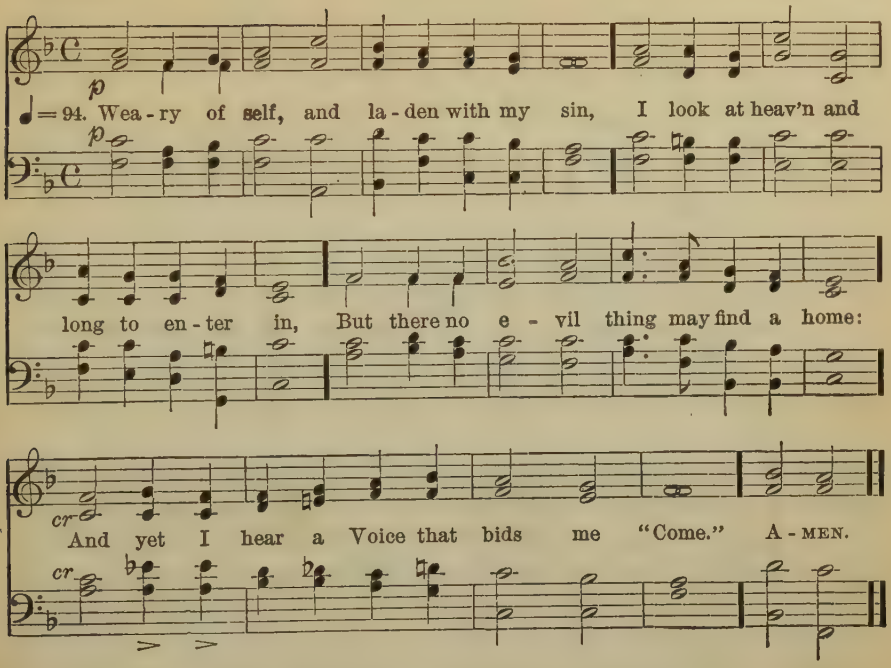
OREMUS
*German*



129

10. 10. 10. 10.

LANGRAN
*J. Langran*


p
♩= 94. Wea - ry of self, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
p
long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
cr
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come." A - MEN.
cr

*p* 2 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way
Evil is ever with me day by day;
*cr* Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
*f* "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

*f* 3 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

*mp* 4 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
*cr* And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

*mf* 5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
*cr* That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
*f* May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

*mf* 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
*p* Thine the sharp thorns, (*cr*) and mine the golden crown;
*f* Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down.

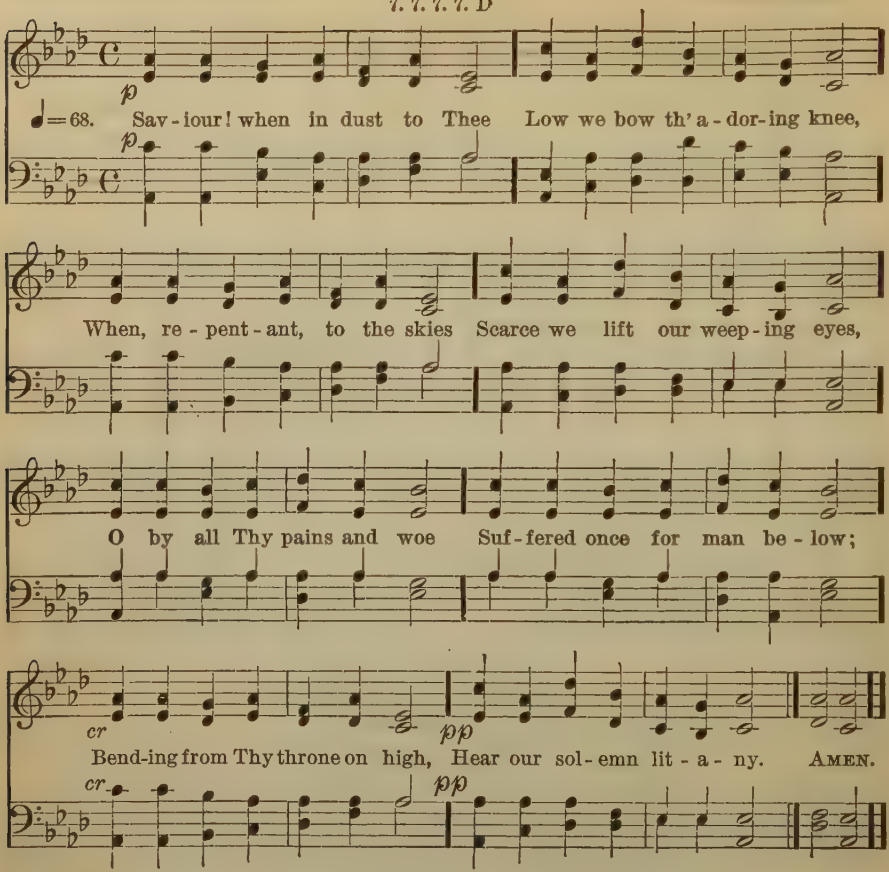


*S. J. Stone*

## 130 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D

SPANISH CHANT


p
♩=68. Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low;
cr
pp
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny. AMEN.

*p* 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power:
*cr* Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
*pp* Hear our solemn litany!

*p* 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
*cr* From Thy seat above the sky,
*pp* Hear our solemn litany!

*p* 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
*pp* By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
*cr* By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
*dim* Listen to our humble cry,
*pp* Hear our solemn litany!

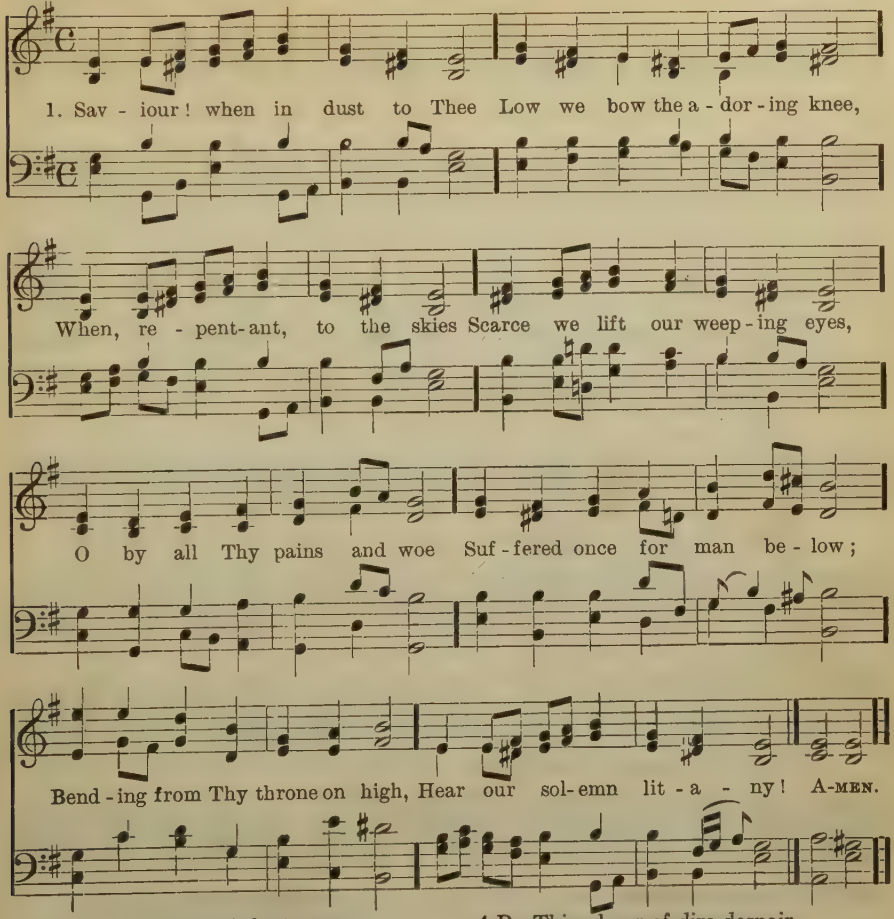
*p* 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone,
*cr* By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
*f* O from earth to heaven restored,
*ff* Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
*dim* Listen, listen to the cry
*pp* Of our solemn litany!

*R. Grant*

## 130 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ABERYSTWYTH
*J. Parry*


1. Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low;
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny! A-MEN.

*p* 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power:
*cr* Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
*p* Hear our solemn litany!

*p* 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
*cr* From Thy seat above the sky,
*p* Hear our solemn litany!

*p* 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
*cr* By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
*dim* Listen to our humble cry,
*p* Hear our solemn litany!

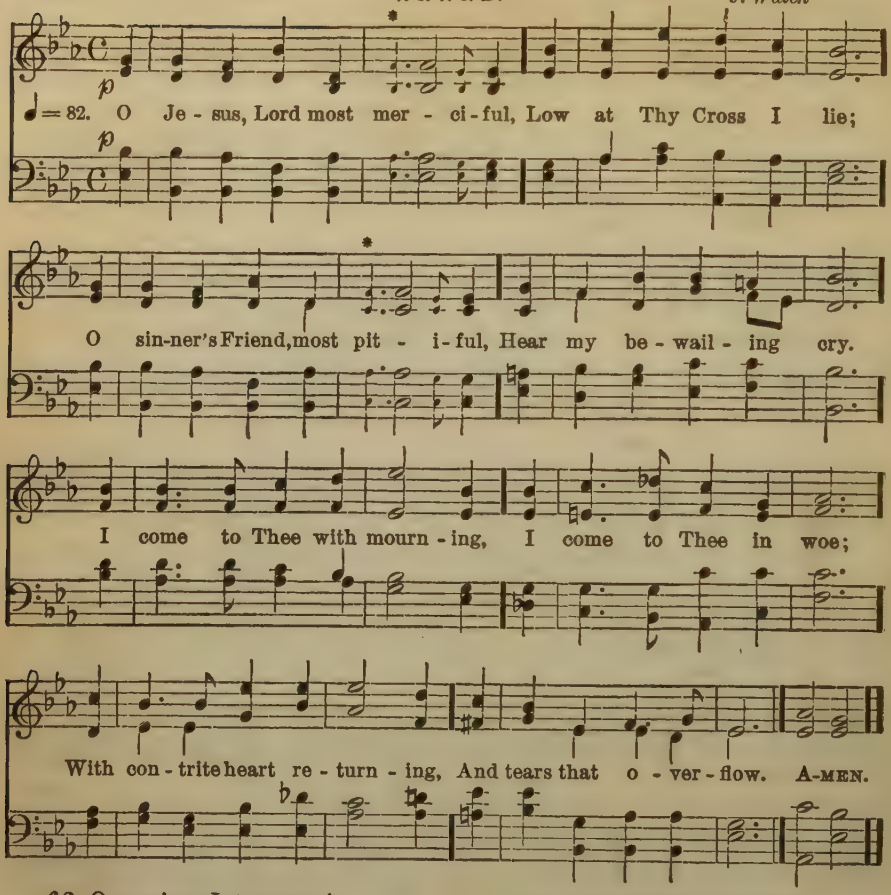
*p* 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
*cr* By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
*f* O from earth to heaven restored,
*ff* Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
*dim* Listen, listen to the cry
*p* Of our solemn litany!

*R. Grant*

131

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON
*J. Walch*


p
♩ = 82. O Je - sus, Lord most mer - ci - ful, Low at Thy Cross I lie;
p
O sin-ner's Friend, most pit - i - ful, Hear my be - wail - ing cry.
I come to Thee with mourn - ing, I come to Thee in woe;
With con - trite heart re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the veil!
*p* Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one;
*cr* O for Thy Name's great glory,
*p* Forgive all I have done!

*pp* 3 O by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone;
*cr* O Priest! O spotless Offering!
Plead for me and atone!

*mp* 4 And in this heart now broken,
*cr* Re-enter Thou and reign;
*mf* And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

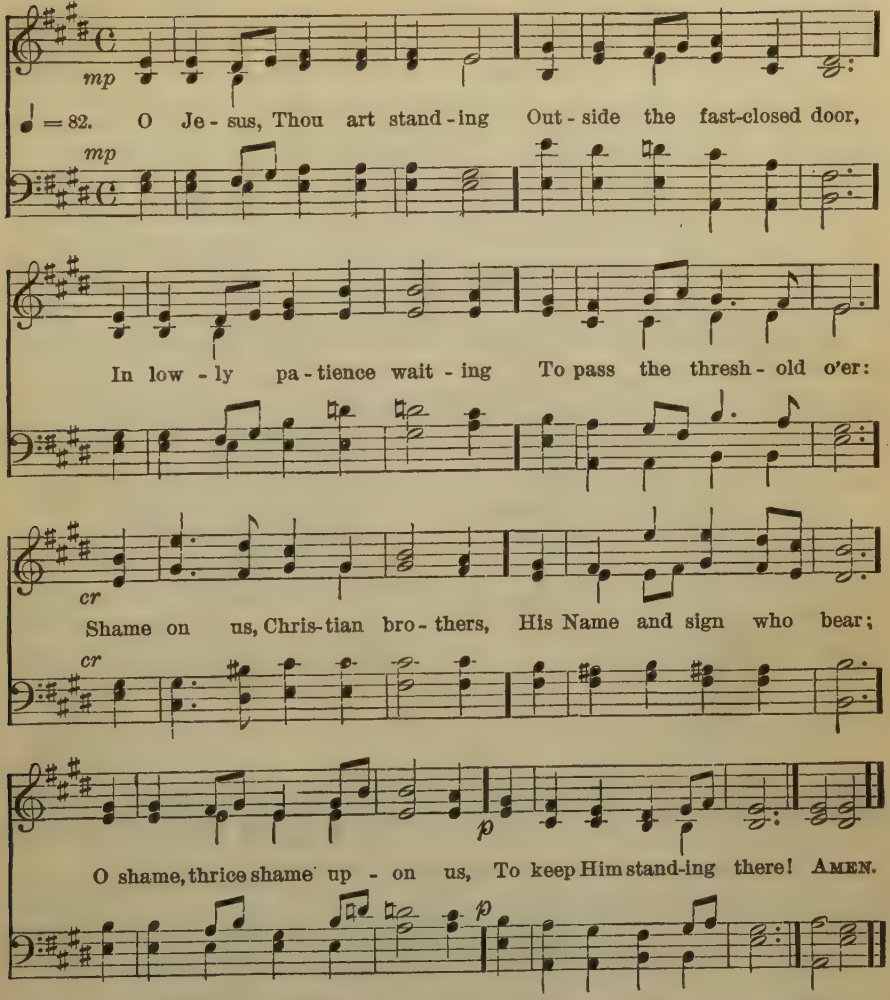
*J. Hamilton*

* Small notes for 1st. verse.

## 132

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. EDITH
*J. H. Knecht*


mp
♩ = 82. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
mp
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
cr
Shame on us, Chris-tian bro - thers, His Name and sign who bear;
cr
p
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! AMEN.
p

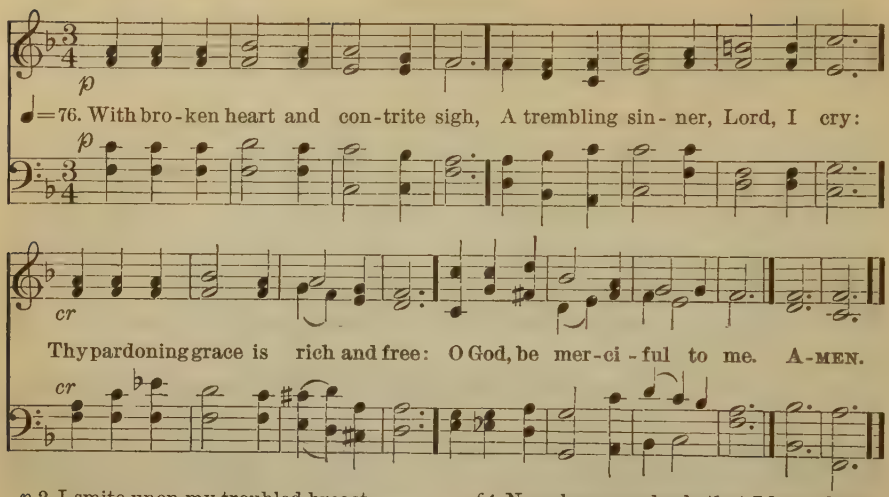
*p* 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
*cr* O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
*p* O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

*p* 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
*cr* And will ye treat Me so?"
*mf* O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

*W. W. How*

## 133 (FIRST TUNE) L. M.

PENITENCE
*C. Elven*


♩=76. With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A-MEN.

*p* 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea:
*cr* O God, be merciful to me.

*p* 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
*cr* O God, be merciful to me.

*mf* 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
*p* To Calvary alone I flee:
*cr* O God, be merciful to me.

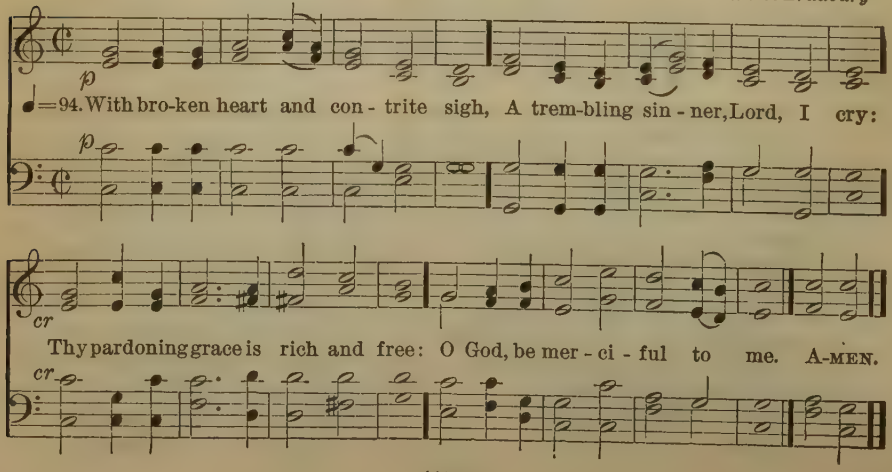
*p* 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
*cr* With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
*f* My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

*C. Elven*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

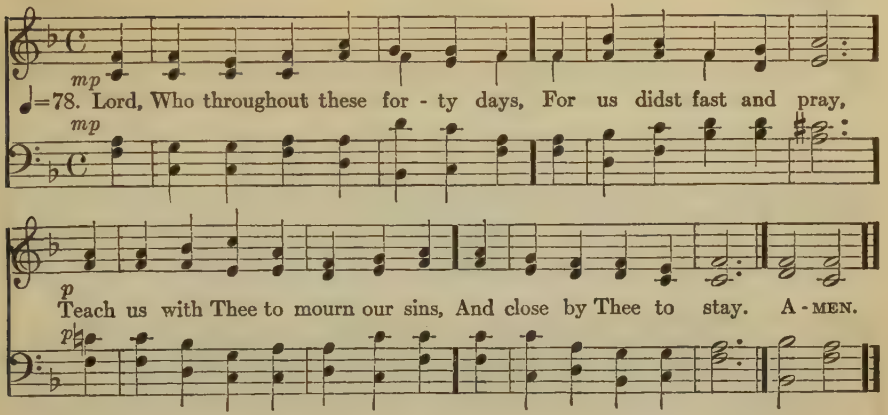
ZEPHYR
*W. B. Bradbury*


♩=94. With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A-MEN.

## 134

C. M.

ST. FLAVIAN
*Old English*


mp
♩=78. Lord, Who throughout these for - ty days, For us didst fast and pray,
mp
p
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay. A - MEN.
p

*mf* 2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
*cr* O give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

*p* 3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

*p* 4 And through these days of penitance,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea evermore, in life and death,
Jesus! with us abide.

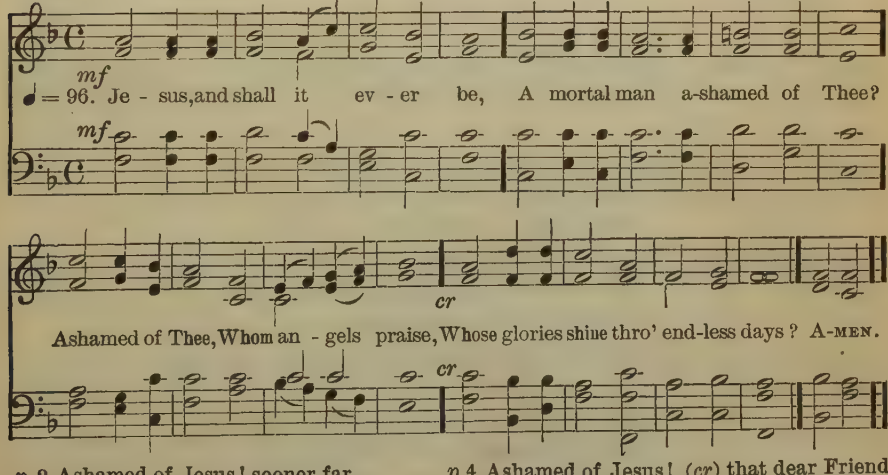
*cr* 5 Abide with us, that so this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last!

*C. F. Hernaman*

## 135

L. M.

FEDERAL STREET
*H. K. Oliver*


mf
♩= 96. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man a-shamed of Thee?
mf
cr
Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days? A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
*mf* Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

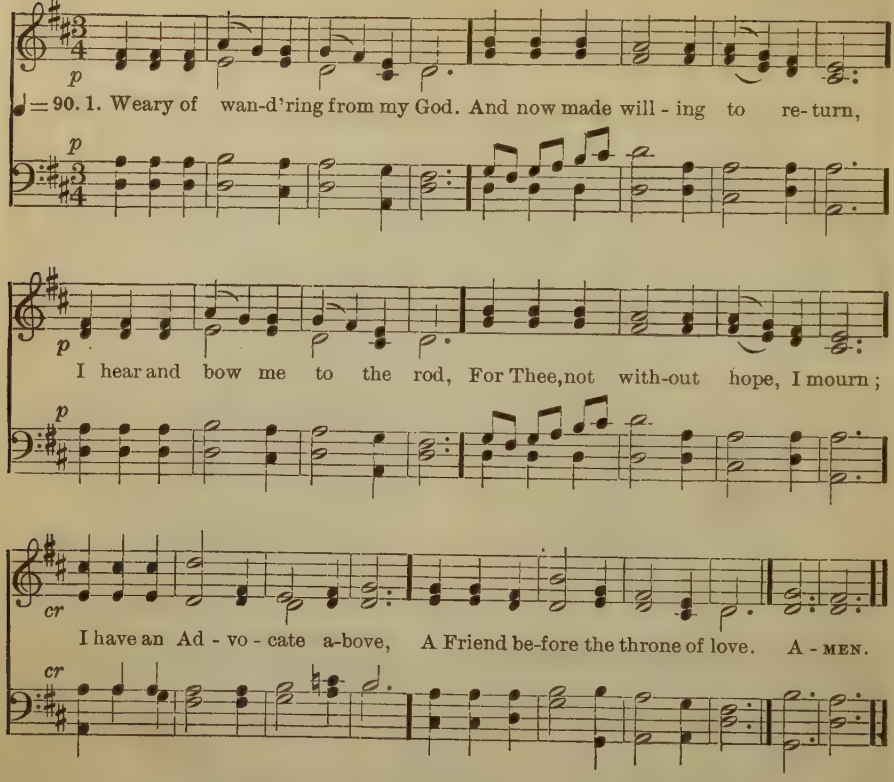
*mp* 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

*p* 4 Ashamed of Jesus! (*cr*) that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

*p* 5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
*cr* I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
*f* My Saviour not ashamed of me.

*Joseph Grigg*

**136** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. **WAVERTREE** *W. Shore*


p
♩ = 90. 1. Weary of wan-d'ring from my God. And now made will - ing to re- turn,
p
I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with-out hope, I mourn;
cr
I have an Ad - vo - cate a-bove, A Friend be-fore the throne of love. A - MEN.

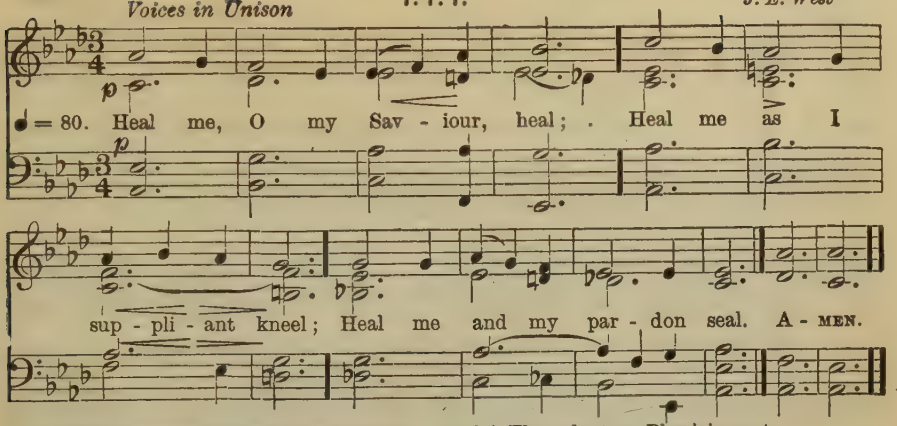
*mp* 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

*cr* 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
*dim* O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
*cr* The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

*C. Wesley*

## 137

*Voices in Unison* 7.7.7. HOLY CROSS *J. E. West*




*p* 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
*cr* And in mercy send me aid.

*p* 3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

*mf* 4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

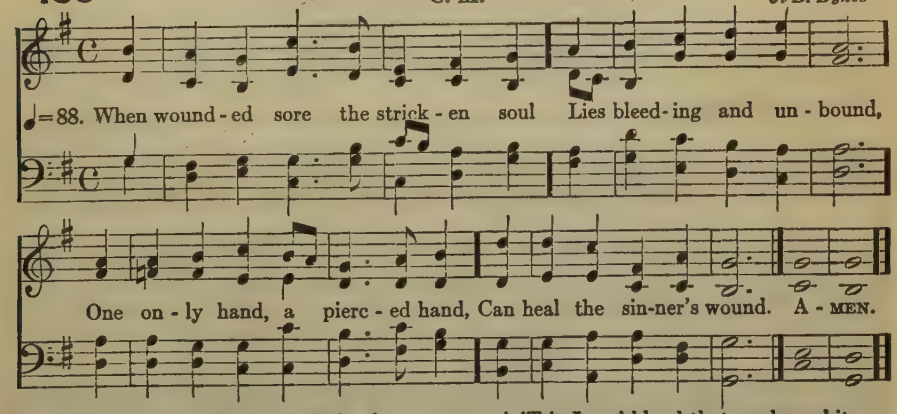
*p* 5 Other comforters are gone;
*cr* Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

*mf* 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
*p* To Thy mercy I appeal.

*G. Thring*

## 138

C. M. FAITH *J. B. Dykes*


♩=88. When wound - ed sore the strick - en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain,
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

*cr* 4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

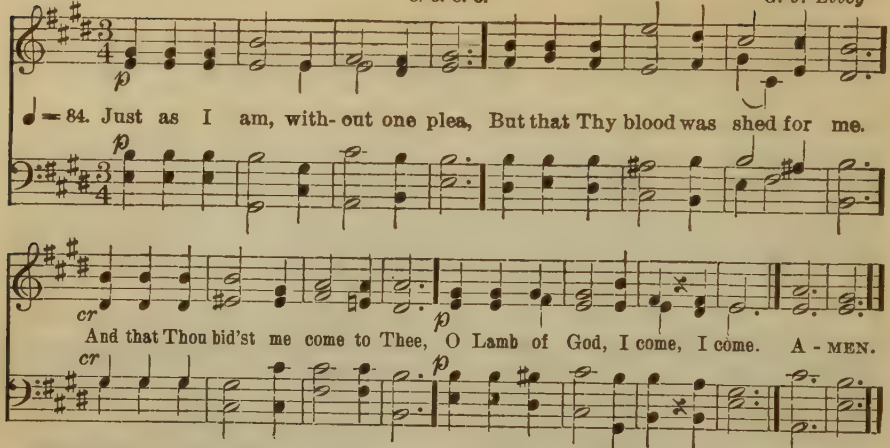
*mf* 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

*C. F. Alexander*

## 139 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

ST. CRISPIN
*G. J. Elvey*


♩ = 84. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
*cr* To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
*cr* Fightings and fears within, without,
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
*cr* Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 5 Just as I am: (*cr*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
*mf* Because Thy promise I believe,
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

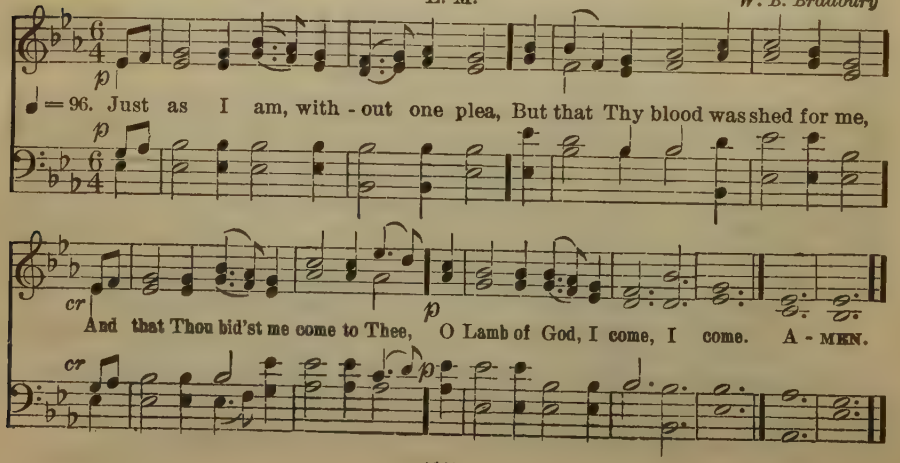
*p* 6 Just as I am, (*cr*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
*mf* Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

*C. Elliott*

SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

WOODWORTH
*W. B. Bradbury*

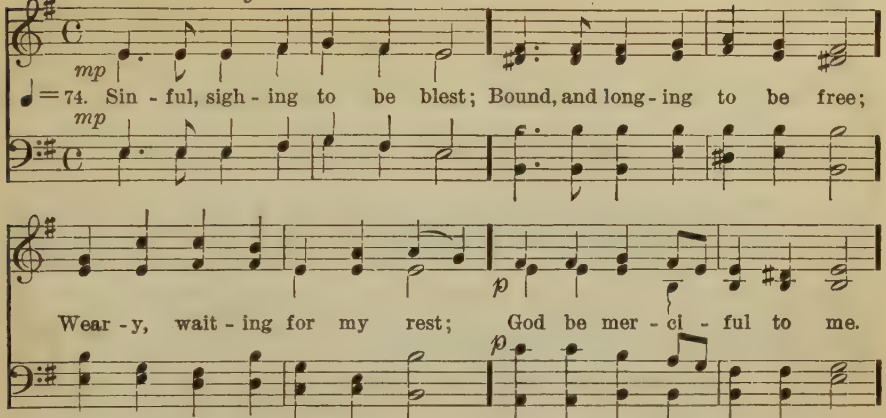

♩ = 96. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

## 140

*Verses 1—4 only*

7. 7. 7. 7.

CLARENCE
*A. S. Sullivan*

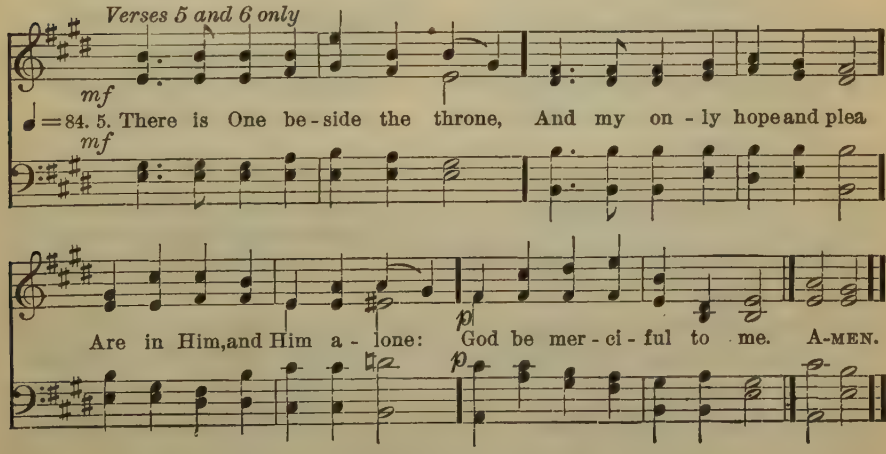



*mp* 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
*p* God be merciful to me.

*mp* 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
*p* God be merciful to me.

*mp* 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but Thine:
*p* God be merciful to me.

*Verses 5 and 6 only*



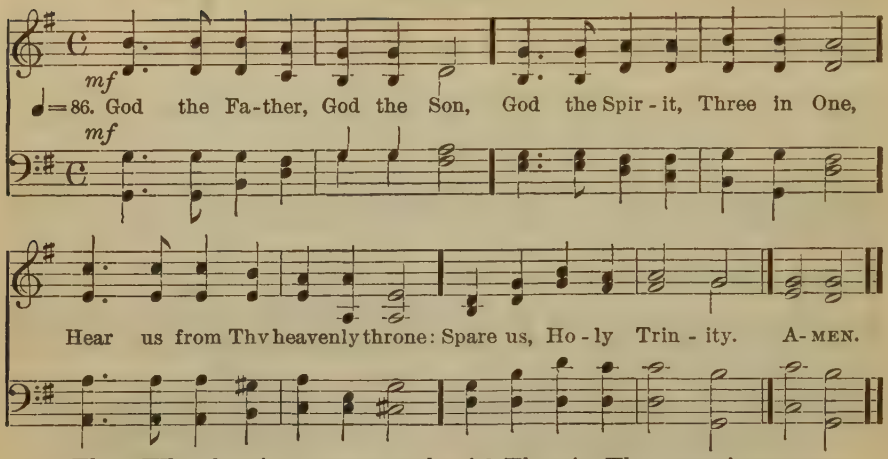

*mf* 6 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
*cr* He's my all; and for His sake
*p* God be merciful to me.

*J. S. B. Monsell*

## 141

LITANY No. 5
*W. S. Hoyte*

7. 7. 7. 6.




*p* 2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 3 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*pp* 4 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

*mf* 5 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 6 That in Thy pure innocence
*p* We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

*mf* 7 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

*p* 8 That denying evil lust,
*cr* Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

*mf* 9 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

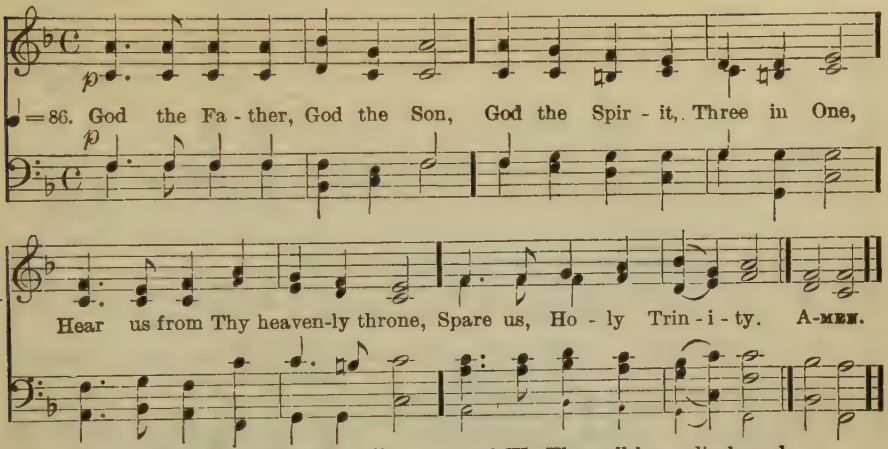
*p* 10 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

*R. F. Littledale*

**142** PART I.

7. 7. 7. 6.

LITANY No. 6.
*J. Stainer*




*p* 2 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 3 Christ, beneath Thy Cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 5 Love, that caused us first to be,
*p* Love, that bled upon the Tree,
*cr* Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 6 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

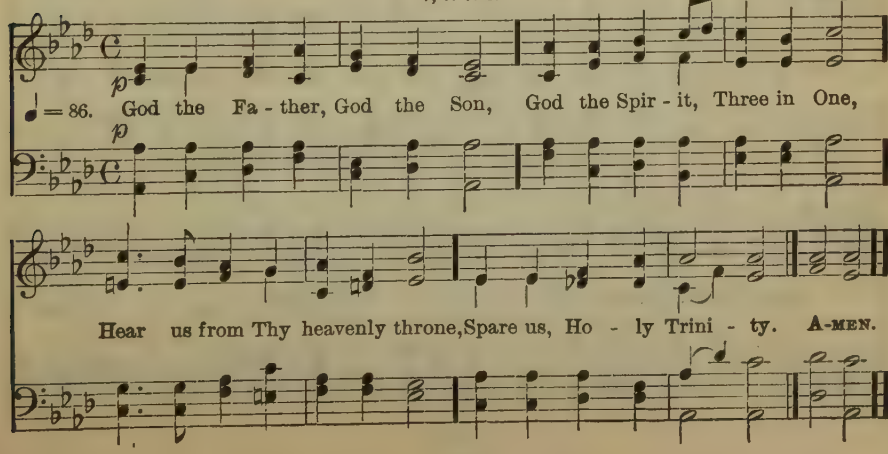
*mf* 9 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*T. B. Pollock*

(SECOND TUNE)

7, 7. 7. 6.

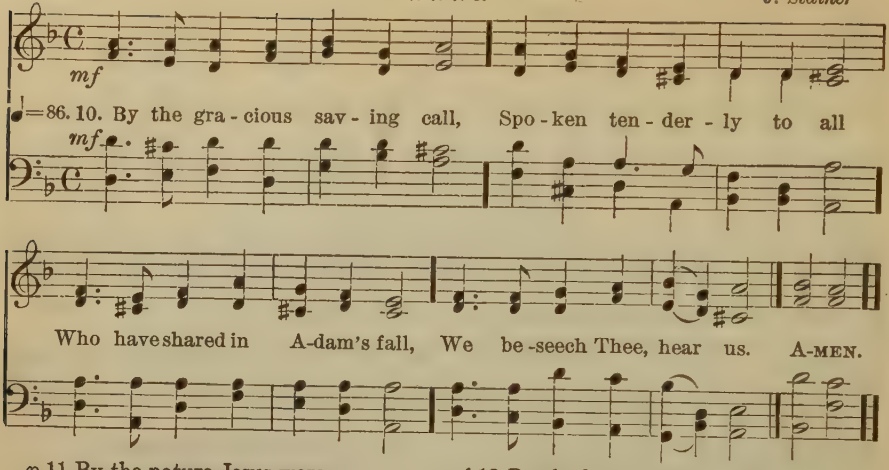
LITANY No. 7
*E. H. Turpin*



**142** PART II

7. 7. 7. 6.

LITANY No. 6
*J. Stainer*




*p* 11 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
*cr* By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 12 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 13 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 14 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

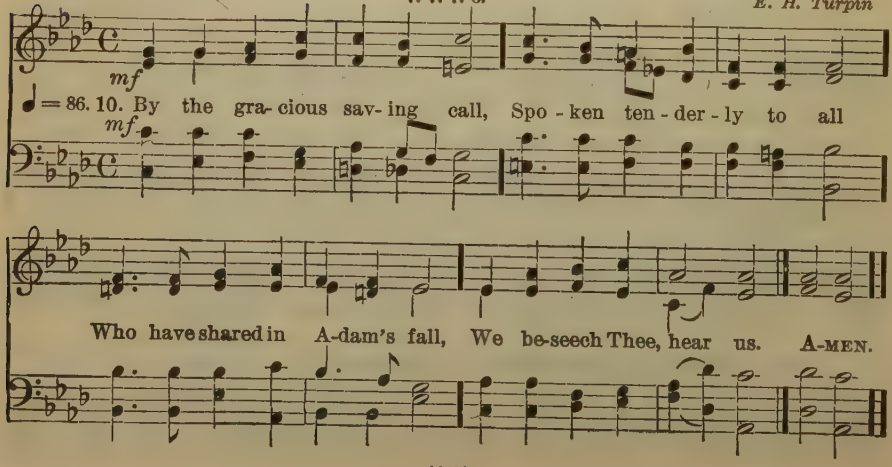
*mf* 15 By the love that bids Thee spare,
*cr* By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*T. B. Pollock*

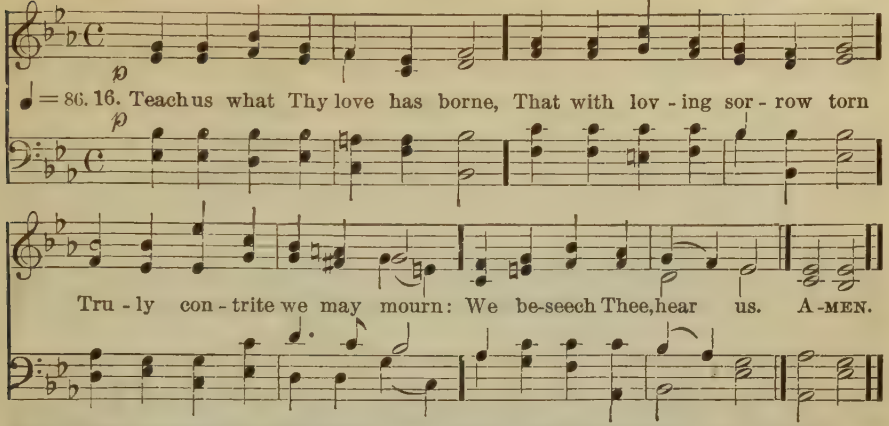
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 6.

LITANY No. 8
*E. H. Turpin*



**142** PART III (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 9 *C. C. Scholefield*


p
♩ = 86. 16. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov - ing sor - row torn
p
Tru - ly con - trite we may mourn: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

*mf* 17 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 18 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 19 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 20 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 21 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

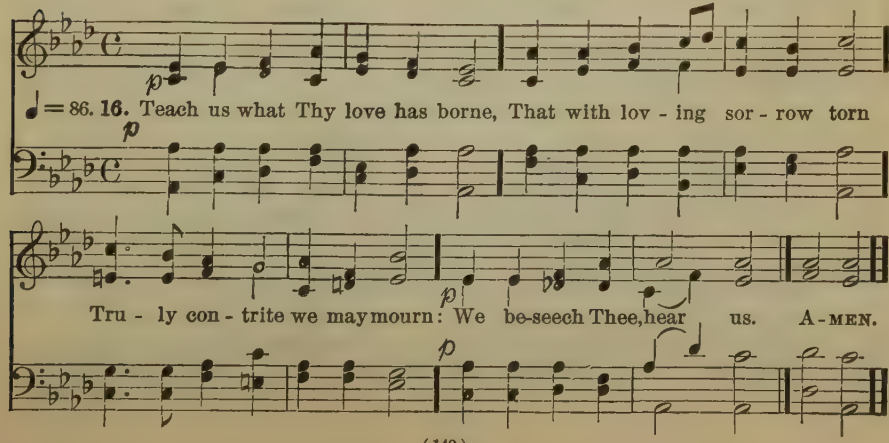
*mf* 22 Grant us love, Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* 23 All our weak endeavours bless,
*cr* As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 24 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*T. B. Pollock*

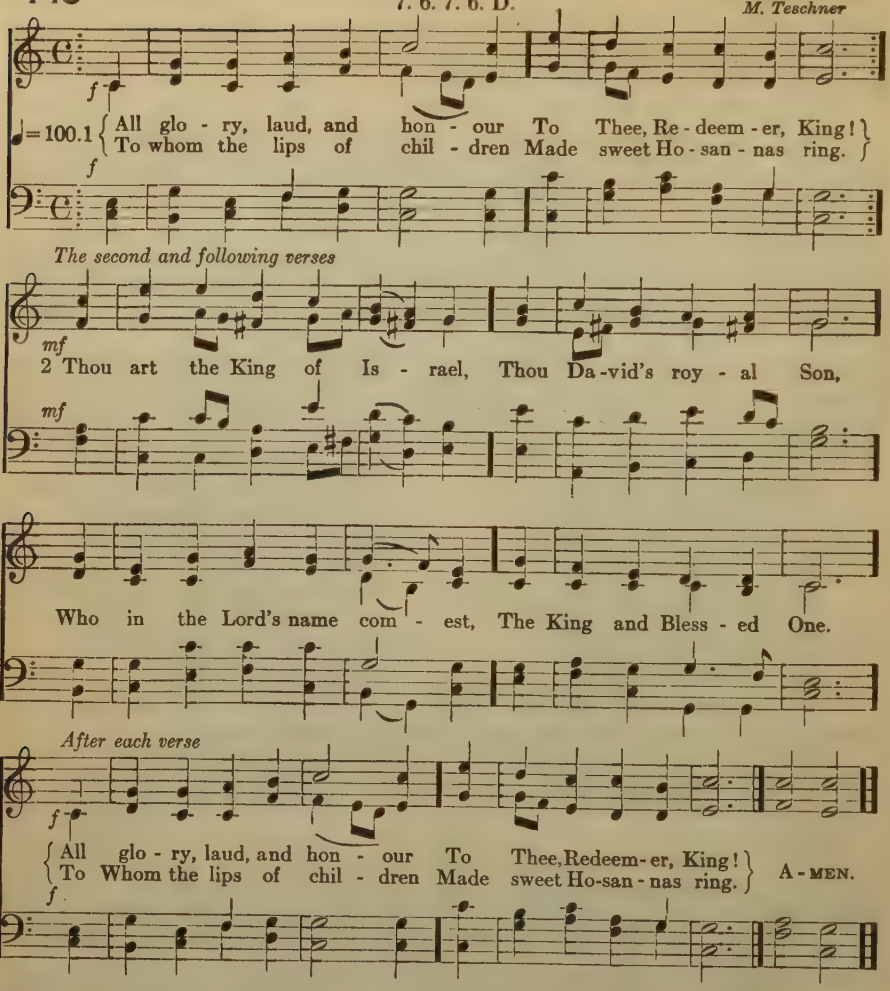
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 7 *E. H. Turpin*


p
♩ = 86. 16. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov - ing sor - row torn
p
Tru - ly con - trite we may mourn: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.
p

143

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

St. Theodulph
*M. Teschner*


f
♩=100.1
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
f
The second and following verses
mf
2 Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy - al Son,
mf
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
After each verse
f
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Redeem-er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring.
A - MEN.
f

*mf* 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
*f* All glory, etc.

*mf* 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
*f* All glory, etc.

*mf* 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
*cr* To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
*f* All glory, etc.

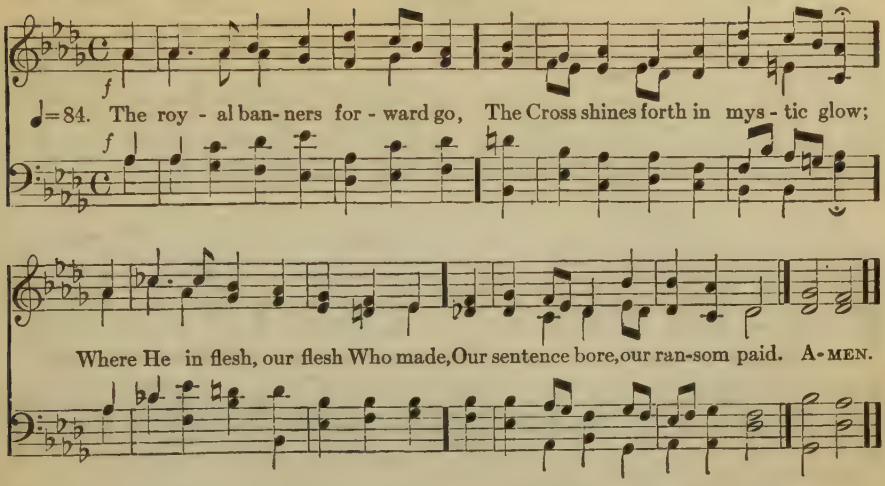
*mf* 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
*f* All glory, etc.

*St. Theodulph*, Tr. *J.M. Neale*

## 144 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

VEXILLA REGIS
*H. W. Parker*


f
♩=84. The roy - al ban- ners for - ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys - tic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sentence bore, our ran-som paid. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

*mf* 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
*f* For God is reigning from the tree.

*mf* 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
*dim* The purple of a Saviour's blood!

*mf* 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
*f* And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

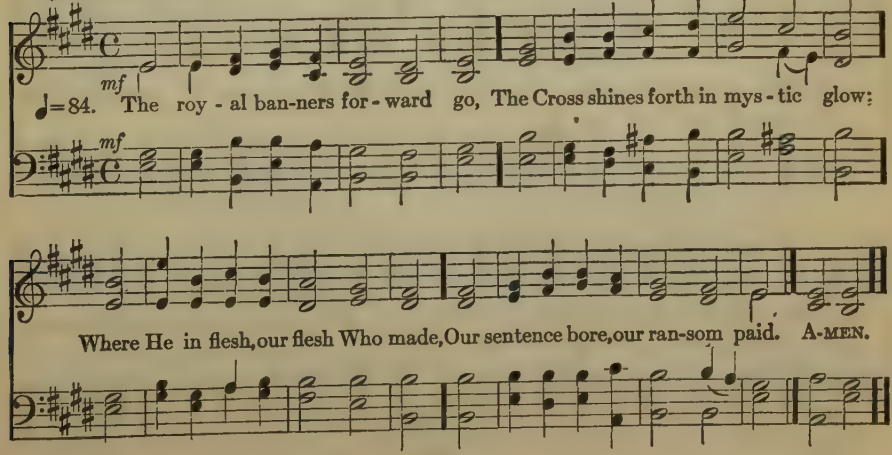
*f* 6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

*V. Fortunatus:* TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

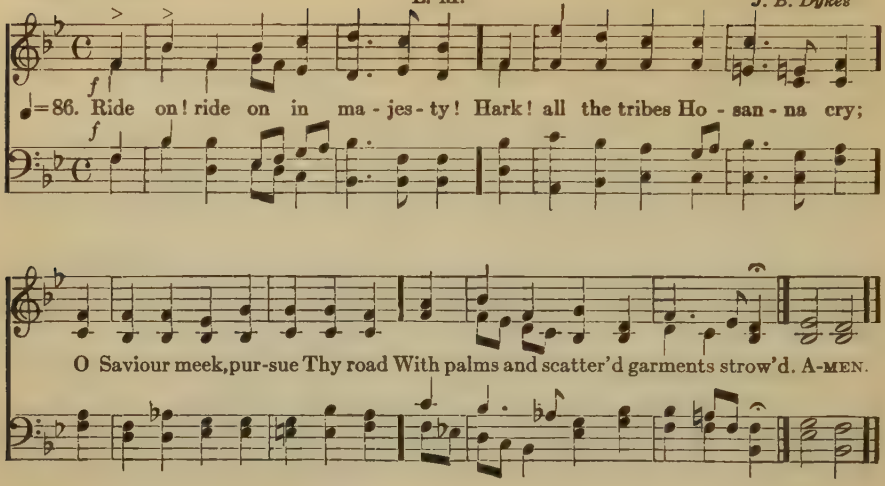
UXBRIDGE
*L. Mason*


mf
♩=84. The roy - al ban-ners for - ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys - tic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sentence bore, our ran-som paid. A-MEN.

## 145 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

ST. DROSTANE
*J. B. Dykes*


♩=86. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
*dim* In lowly pomp ride on to die:
*cr* O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

*f* 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
*dim* Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

*mf* 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

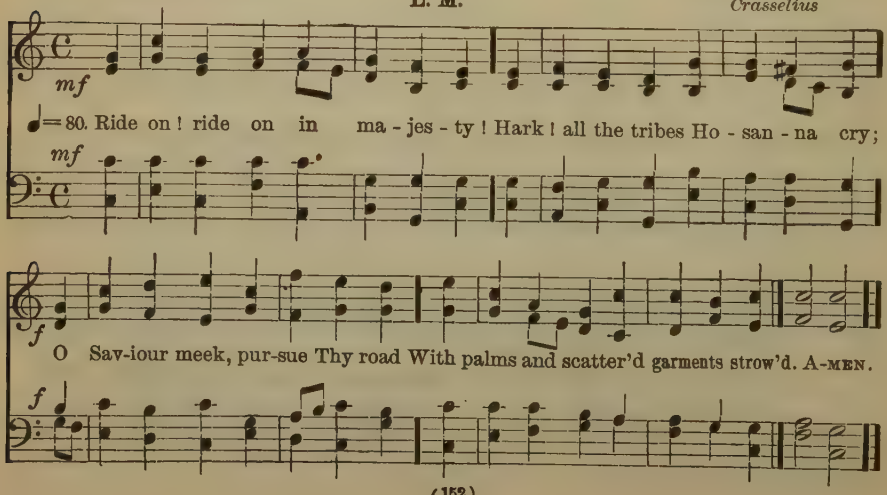
*p* 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
*cr* Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

*H. H. Milman*

(SECOND TUNE)

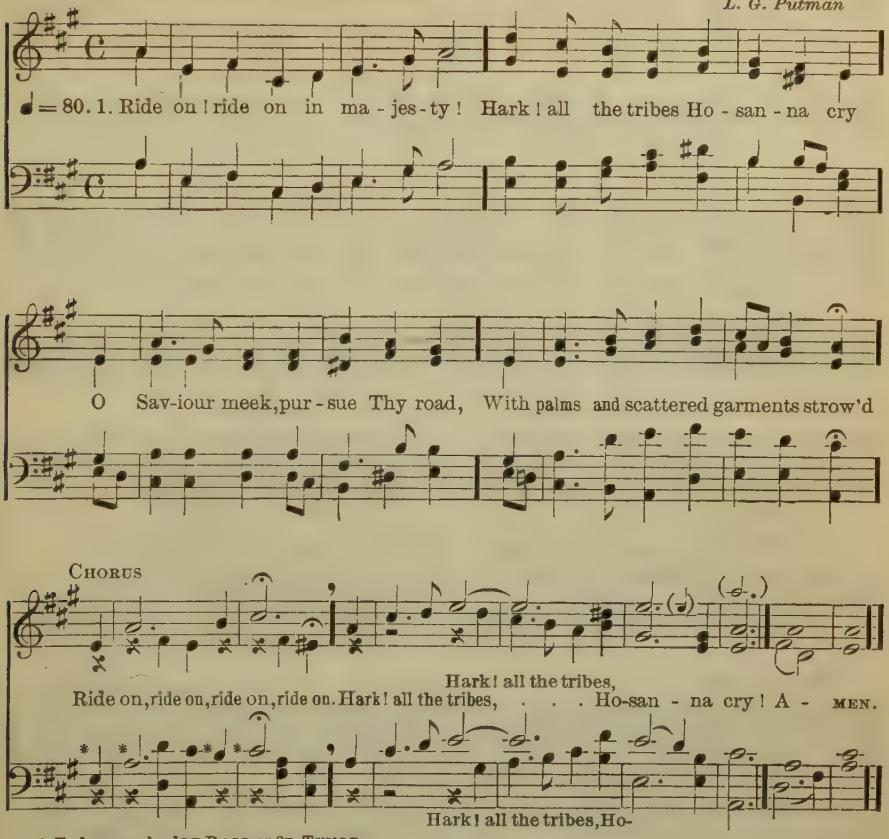
L. M.

WINCHESTER, NEW
*Crasselius*


♩=80. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
O Sav-iour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-MEN.

## 145 (THIRD TUNE) L. M. with Refrain

CHRISTUS REX
*L. G. Putman*


♩ = 80. 1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry
O Sav-iour meek, pur - sue Thy road, With palms and scattered garments strow'd
CHORUS
Hark! all the tribes,
Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on. Hark! all the tribes, . . . Ho-san - na cry! A - MEN.
Hark! all the tribes, Ho-

* To be sung by 1ST BASS or 2D TENOR.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wandering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

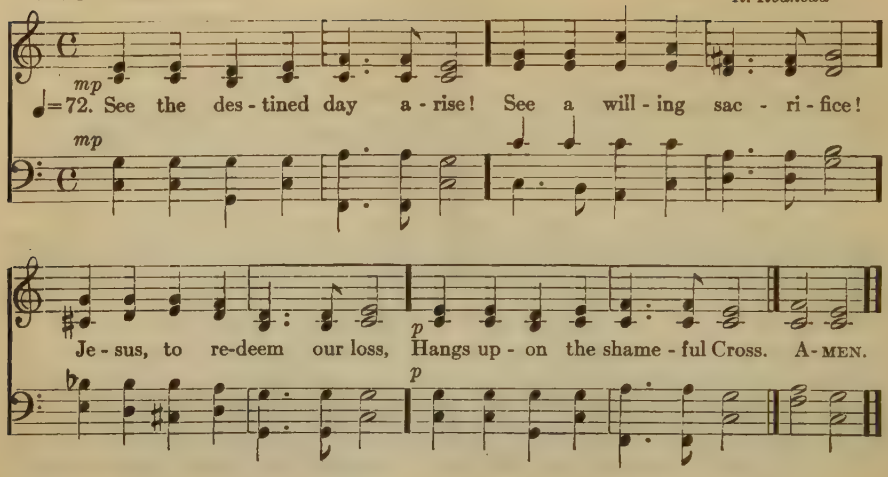
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

*H. H. Milman*

## 146 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 47
*R. Redhead*




*p* 2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
*pp* Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

*p* 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
*pp* And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

*mf* 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
*pp* Mingled from Thy side with blood;
*cr* Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

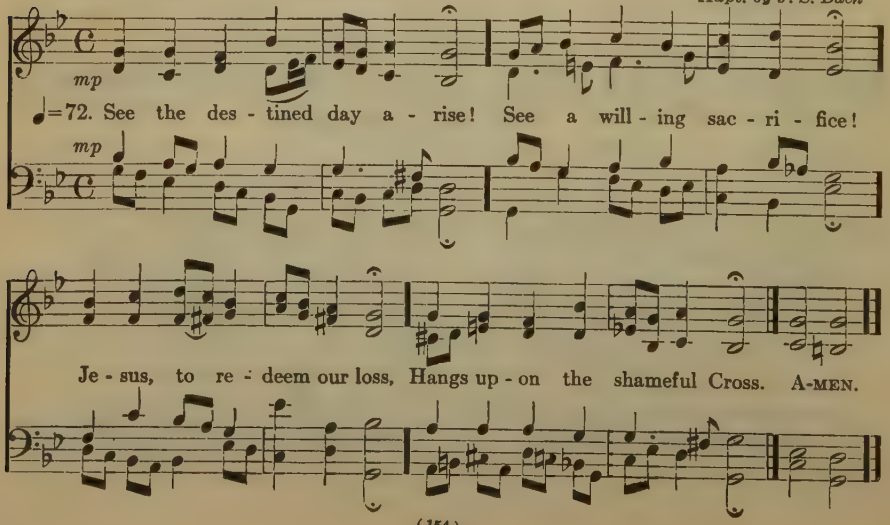
*mf* 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
*cr* All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

*V. Fortunatus:* PAR. *R. Mant*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

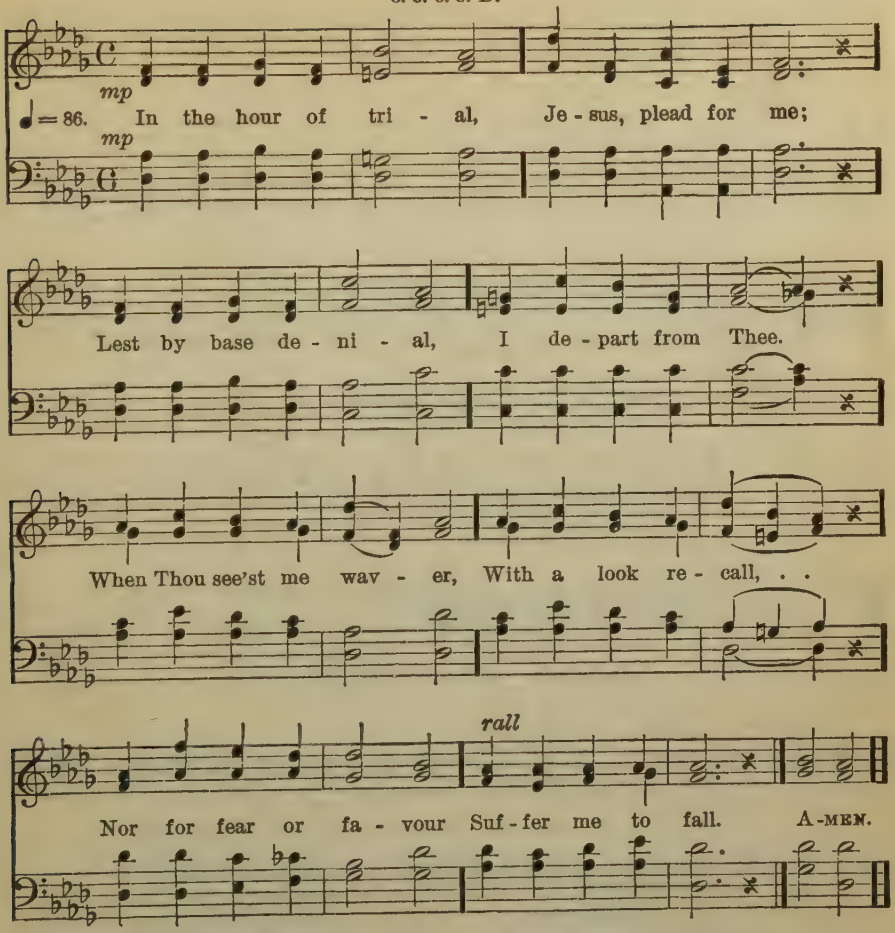
VENIT HORA
*Adpt. by J. S. Bach*



147

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

PENITENCE
*S. Lane*


mp
♩ = 86.
In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
mp
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .
rall
Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
*p* Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
*pp* Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

*p* 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
*cr* Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
*p* Cast my care on Thee.

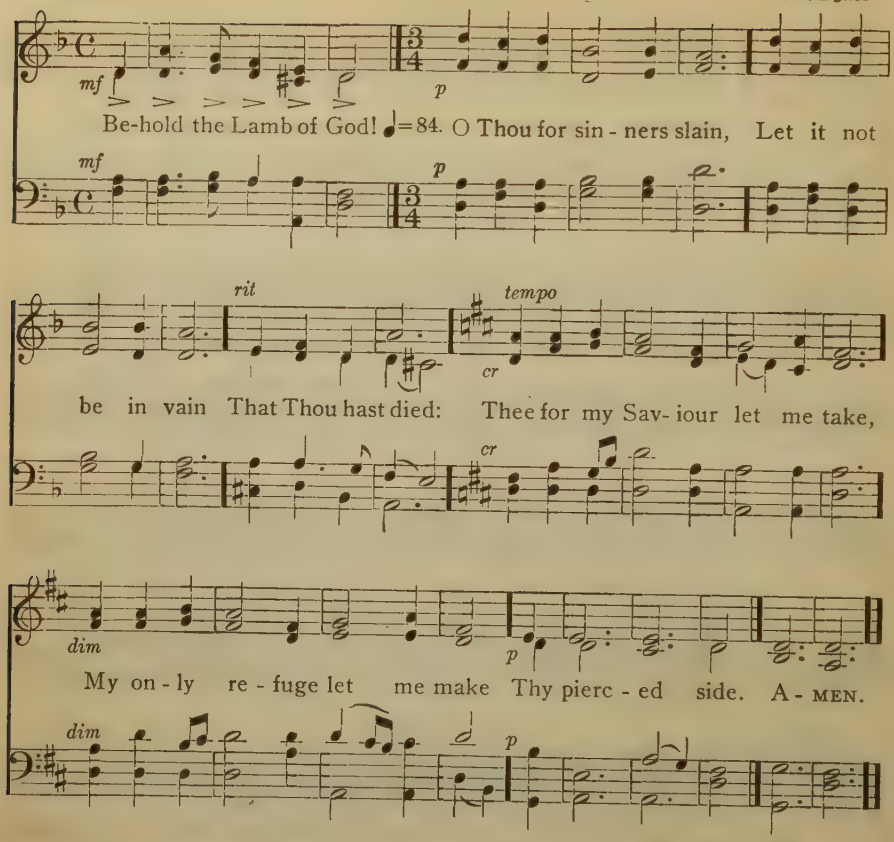
*pp* 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
*cr* On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
*p* Jesus, take me, dying,
*cr* To eternal life.

*J. Montgomery: W. P. Hutton, and G. Thring*

148

6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.

ST. JOHN
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
p
Be-hold the Lamb of God! ♩=84. O Thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not
rit
tempo
cr
be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav- iour let me take,
dim
My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pierc - ed side. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Behold the Lamb of God!
*p* Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
*mf* Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

*mf* 3 Behold the Lamb of God!
*cr* All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

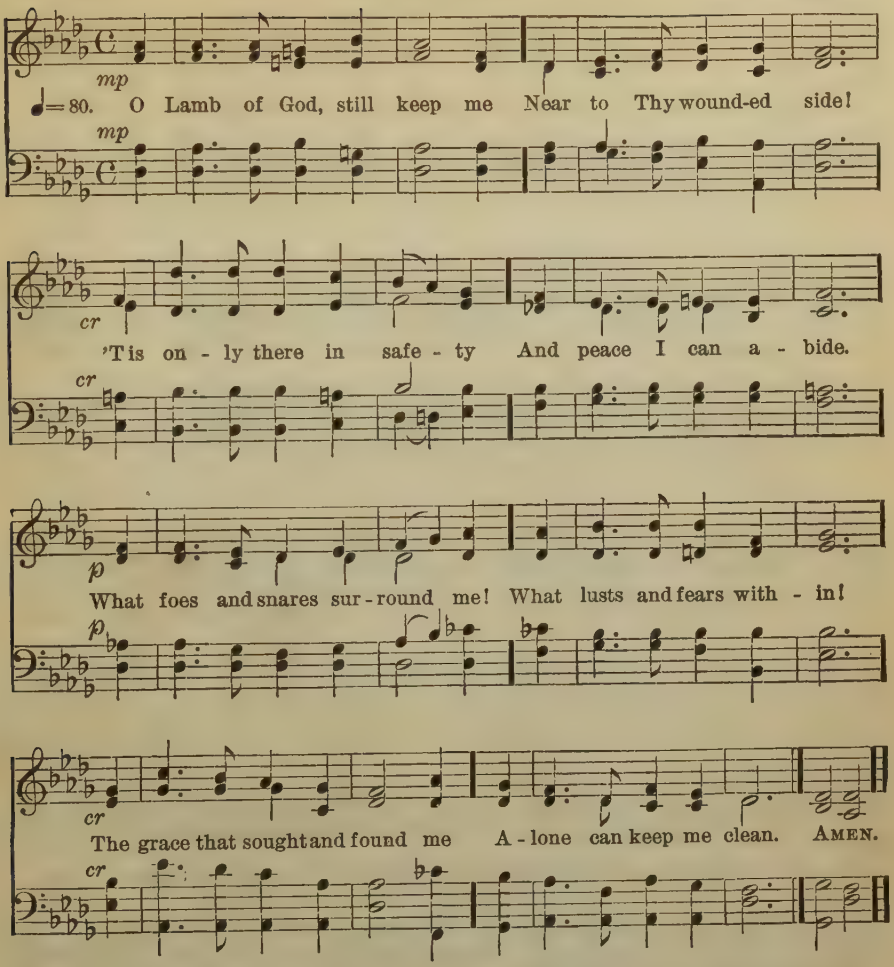
*mf* 4 Behold the Lamb of God!
*f* Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

*M. Bridges*

149

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. CHRISTOPHER
*F. C. Maker*


mp
♩= 80. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side!
mp
cr
'T is on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
cr
p
What foes and snares sur - round me! What lusts and fears with - in!
p
cr
The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. AMEN.
cr

*p* 2 'T is only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
*cr* Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
*p* In all its care and woe.

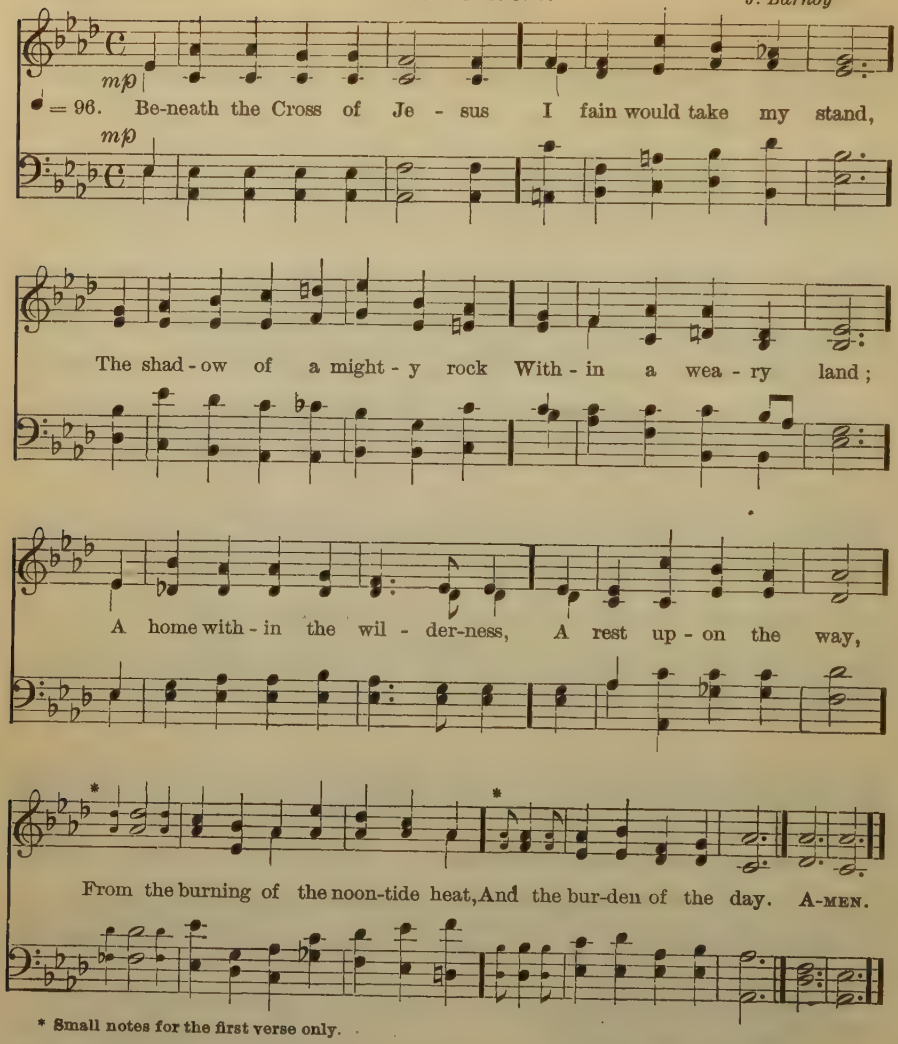
*mf* 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
*cr* One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
*f* Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

*J. G. Deck*

## 150

7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

CRUCIS UMBRA
*J. Barnby*


mp
♩ = 96. Be-neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
mp
The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land;
A home with - in the wil - der-ness, A rest up - on the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day. A-MEN.

* Small notes for the first verse only.

*mp* 2 Upon the Cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
These wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.

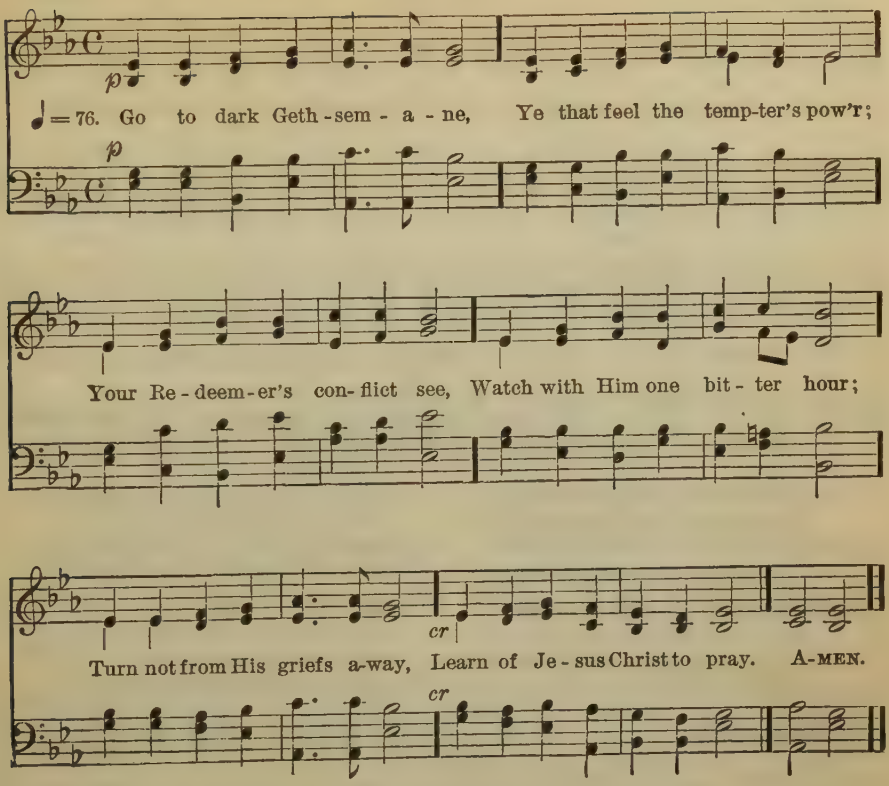
3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

*E. C. Clephane*

151

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 76
*R. Redhead*


p
♩ = 76. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the temp-ter's pow'r;
p
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
cr
Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
*cr* Learn of Him to bear the cross.

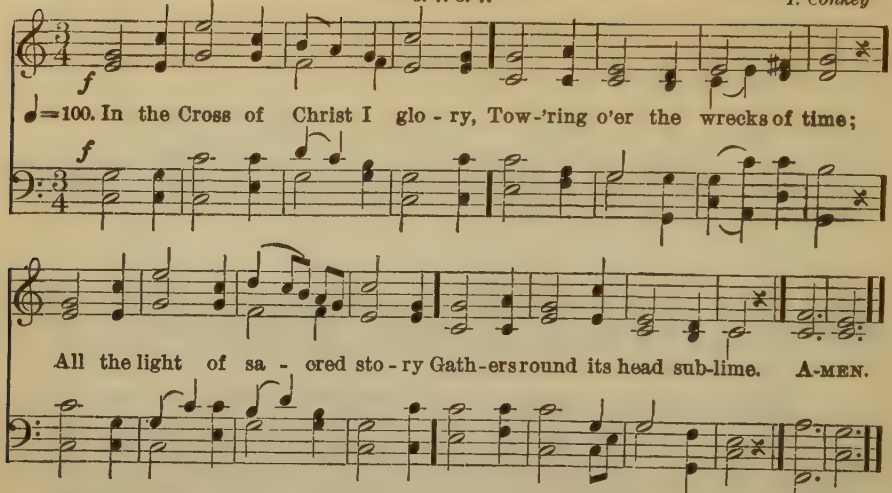
*p* 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
*cr* There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
*p* "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
*mf* Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

*J. Montgomery*

## 152 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

RATHBUN
*I. Conkey*


f
♩=100. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-MEN.

*p* 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
*cr* Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

*mf* 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

*p* 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
*cr* Joys that through all time abide.

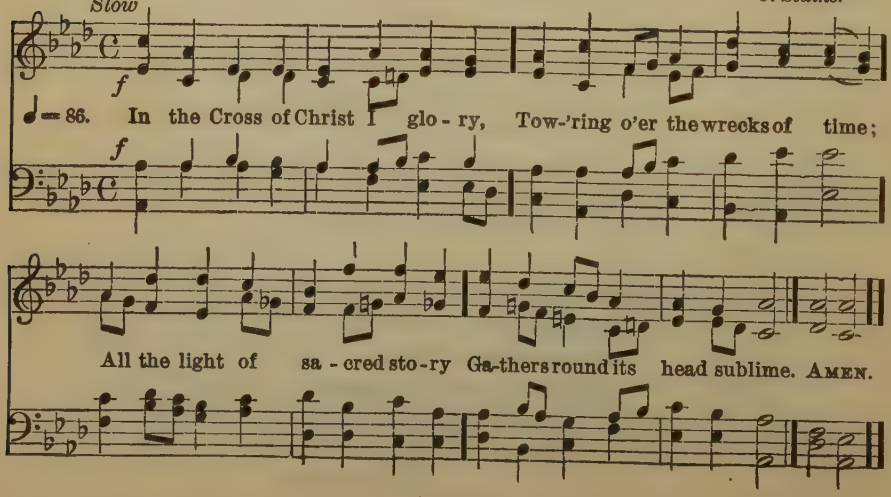
*f* 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

*J. Bowring*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

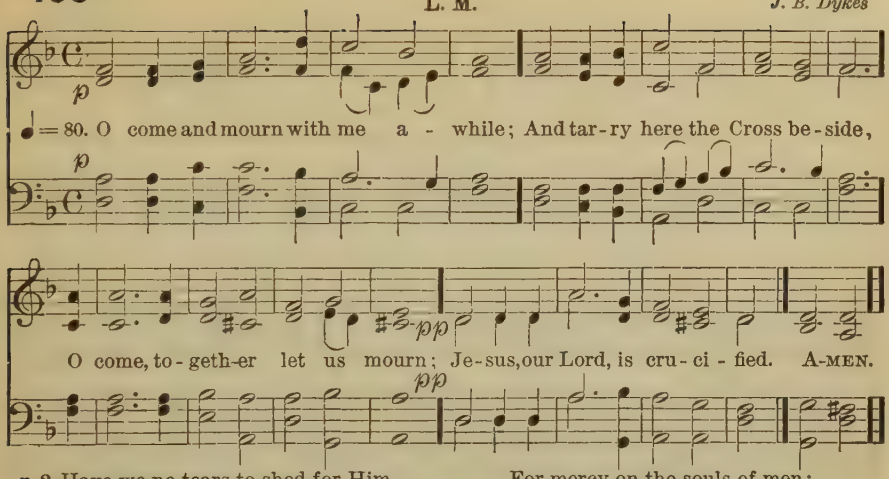
CROSS OF JESUS
*J. Stainer*


Slow
f
♩= 86. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Ga-thers round its head sublime. AMEN.

## 153

L. M.

ST. CROSS
*J. B. Dykes*


p
♩ = 80. O come and mourn with me a - while; And tar-ry here the Cross be-side,
p
pp
O come, to-geth-er let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied. A-MEN.
pp

*p* 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

*mf* 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
*dim* And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

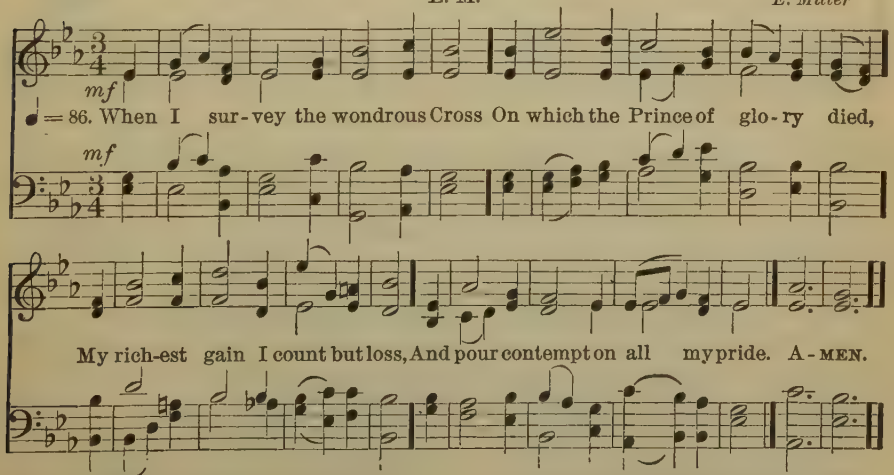
*mf* 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
*cr* And victory remains with love;
*dim* For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

*F. W. Faber*

## 154

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM
*E. Miller*


mf
♩ = 86. When I sur-vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
mf
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

*p* 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
*cr* Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

*mf* 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small;
*f* Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

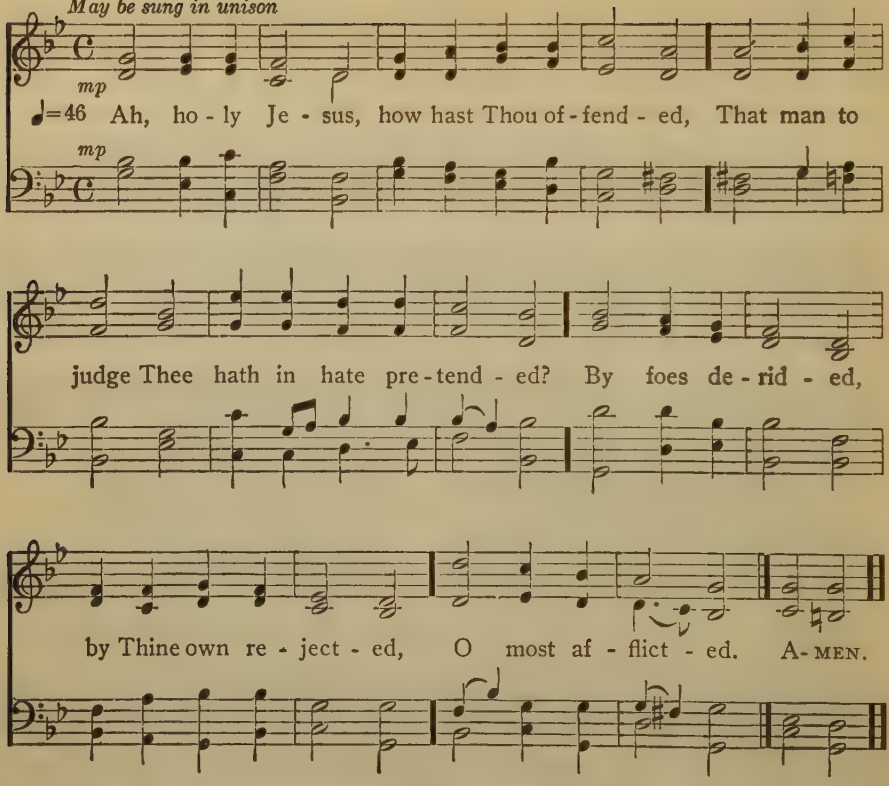
*I. Watts*

## 155

11. 11. 11. 5.

HERZLIEBSTER
*J. Cruger*

*May be sung in unison*


mp
♩=46 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed, That man to
mp
judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon Thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone Thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied Thee:
I crucified Thee.

3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

4 For me, kind Jesus, was Thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

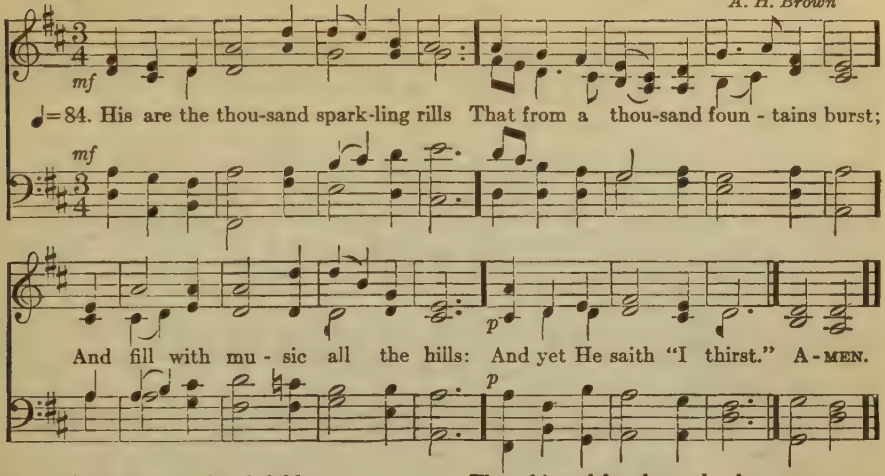
5 Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving.
Not my deserving.

*J. Heermann:* TR. *R. Bridges*

## 156

8. 8. 8. 6.

SAFFRON WALDEN
*A. H. Brown*


mf
♩=84. His are the thou-sand spark-ling rills That from a thou-sand foun - tains burst;
mf
p
And fill with mu - sic all the hills: And yet He saith "I thirst." A - MEN.
p

2 All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

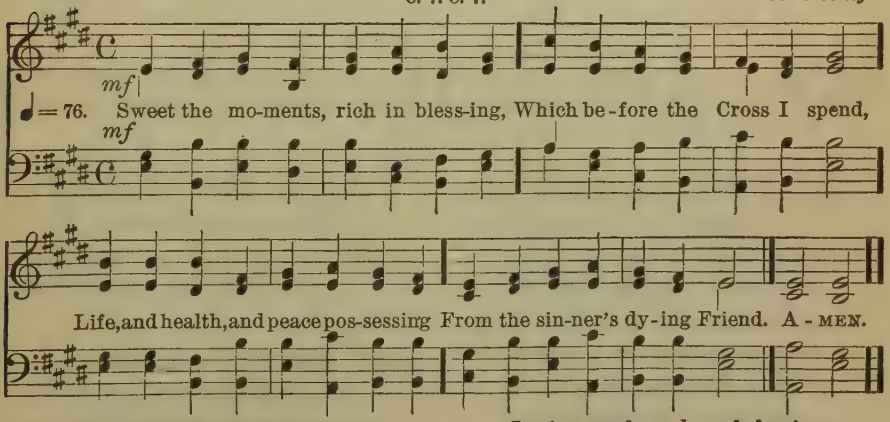
4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

*C. F. Alexander*

## 157

8. 7. 8. 7.

BATTY
*J. B. Konig*


mf
♩= 76. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend,
mf
Life, and health, and peace pos-sessing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

*mf* 3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

*cr* 4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
*cr* Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

*mf* 5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
*cr* Till I taste Thy full salvation,
*f* And Thine unveiled glories see.

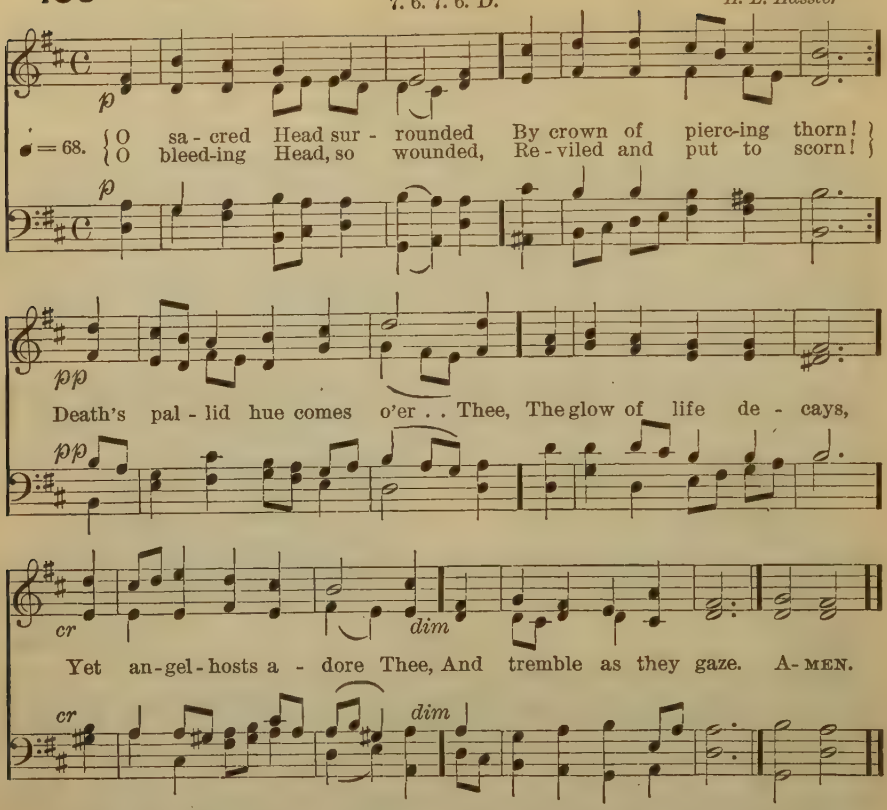
*uf* 6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
*dim* Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

*W. Shirley*

## 158 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PASSION CHORALE
*H. L. Hassler*


p
♩ = 68. O sa - cred Head sur - rounded By crown of pierc-ing thorn!
O bleed-ing Head, so wounded, Re - viled and put to scorn!
p
pp
Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er . . Thee, The glow of life de - cays,
pp
cr
dim
Yet an-gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. A-MEN.
cr
dim

*p* 2 I see Thy strength and vigour,
All fading in the strife,
*dim* And death with cruel rigour,
Bereaving Thee of life;
*pp* O agony and dying!
*cr* O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

*mf* 3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
*p* Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
*cr* In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

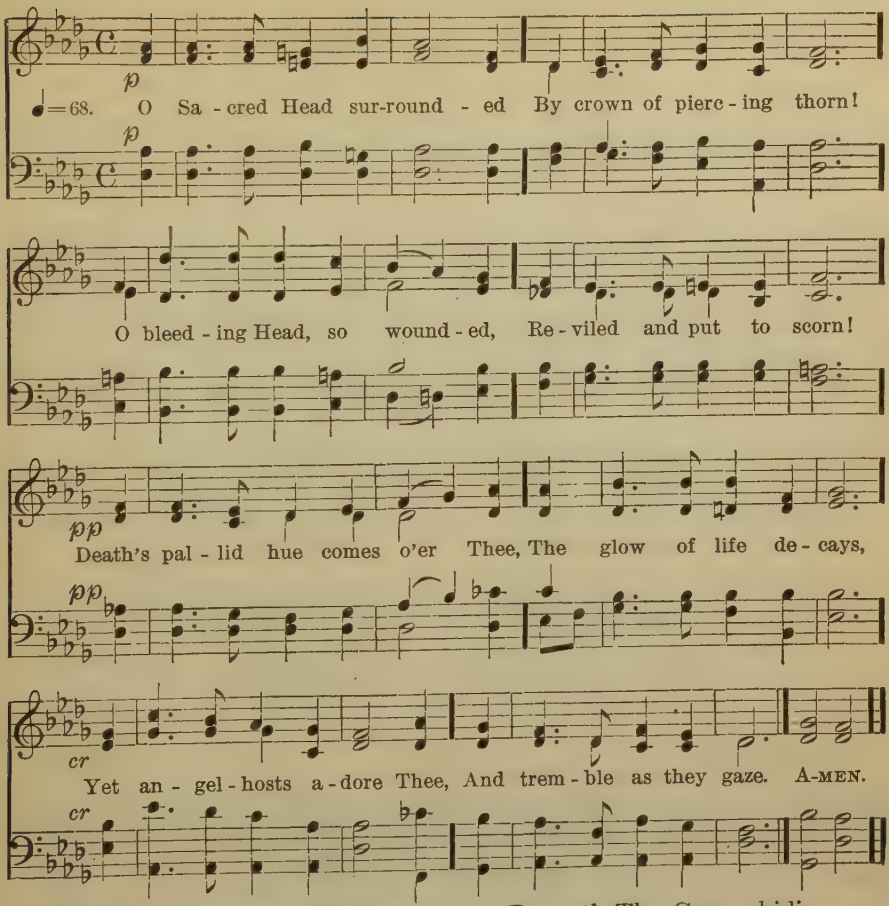
*p* 4 Be near when I am dying;
O show Thy Cross to me:
*cr* And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
*mf* These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely in Thy love.

*St. Bernard:* TR. *H. W. Baker*

## 158 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. CHRISTOPHER
*F. C. Maker*


p
♩=68. O Sa - cred Head sur-round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
p
O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
pp
Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,
pp
cr
Yet an - gel - hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 I see Thy strength and vigour,
All fading in the strife,
*dim* And death with cruel rigour,
Bereaving Thee of life;
*pp* O agony and dying!
*cr* O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

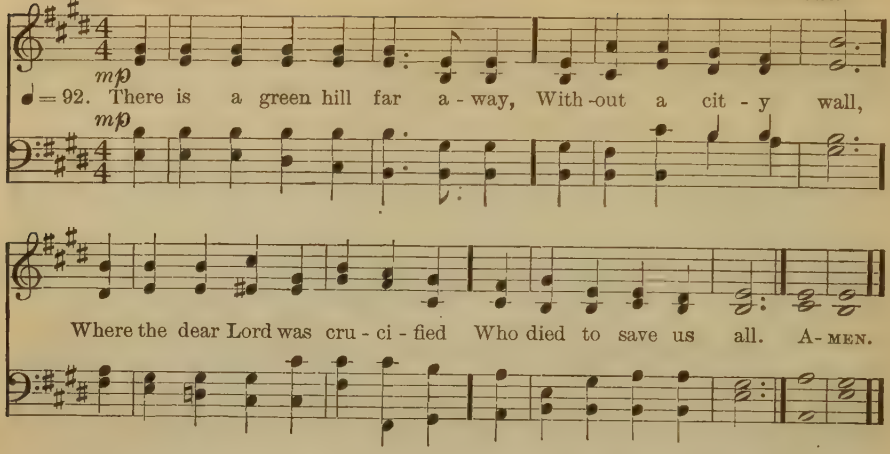
*mf* 3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
*cr* In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

*p* 4 Be near when I am dying:
O show Thy Cross to me:
*cr* And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
*mf* These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely in Thy love.

*St. Bernard:* TR. *H. W. Baker*

## 159 (FIRST TUNE) C. M.

MEDITATION
*J. H. Gower*




*mp* 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

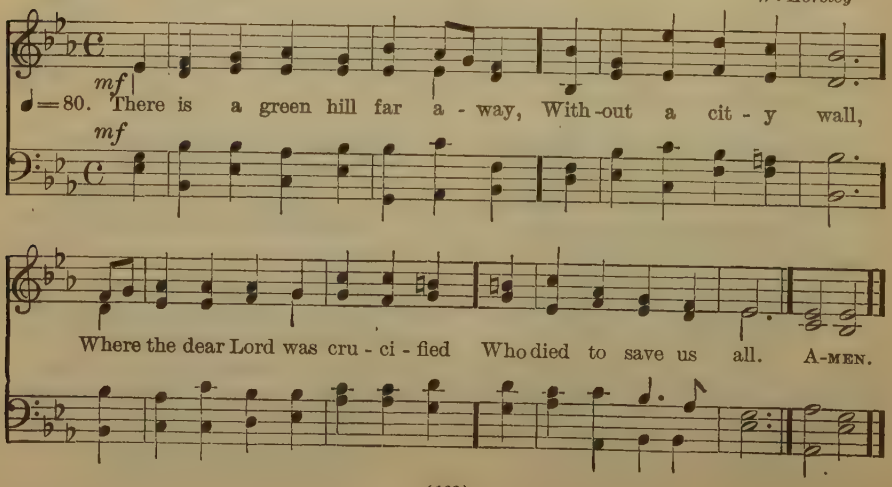
*mf* 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

*mf* 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

*C. F. Alexander*

(SECOND TUNE) C. M.

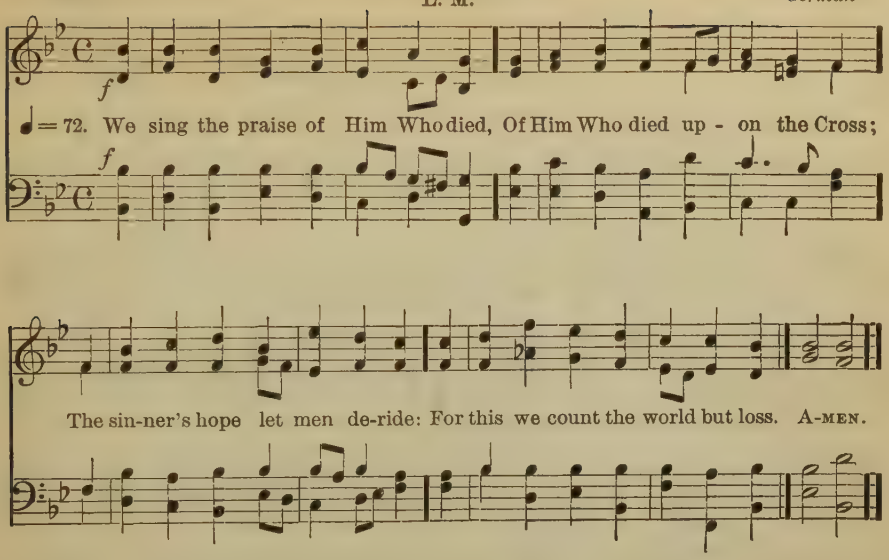
HORSLEY
*W. Horsley*



160.

L. M.

BRESLAU
*German*


♩ = 72. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the Cross;
The sin-ner's hope let men de-ride: For this we count the world but loss. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the Tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

*mp* 3 The Cross — it takes our guilt away;
*cr* It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

*f* 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

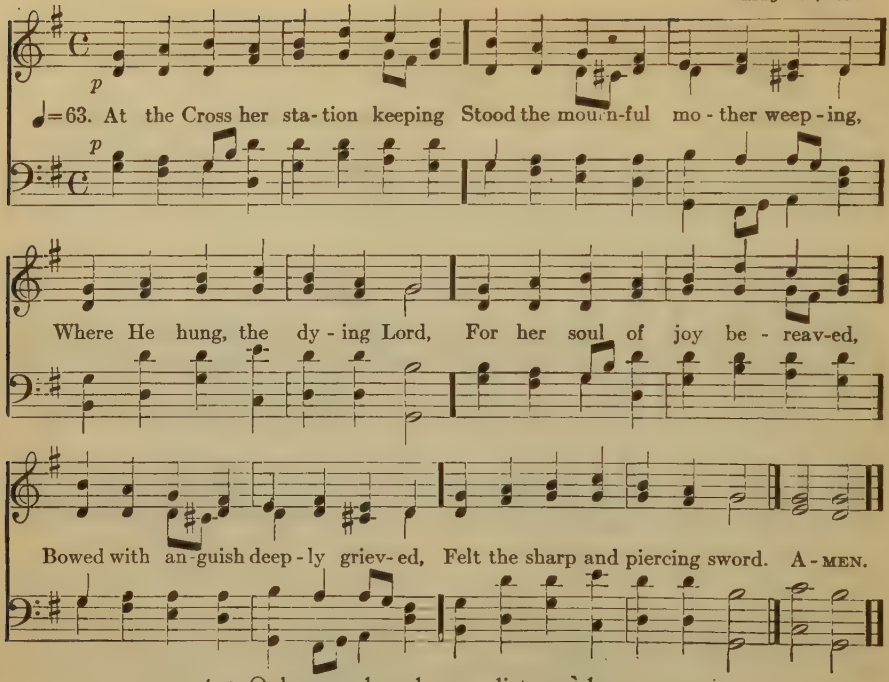
*mf* 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
*cr* The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

*T. Kelly*

# 161

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

STABAT MATER
*Mayence*, 1661


p
♩=63. At the Cross her sta-tion keeping Stood the mourn-ful mo-ther weep-ing,
p
Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord, For her soul of joy be-reav-ed,
Bowed with an-guish deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and piercing sword. A-MEN.

*p* 2 O how sad and sore distressèd
*cr* Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One,
*p* Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

*mf* 3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
*dim* Pierced by anguish so amazing,
*p* Born of woman, would not weep?
*mf* Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
*dim* Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
*p* Would not share her sorrows deep?

*p* 4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
*dim* And in death by all forsaken,
*pp* Till His spirit He resigned.

*mf* 5 Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
*cr* That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
*f* And a purer love attaining,
*dim* May with Thee acceptance find.

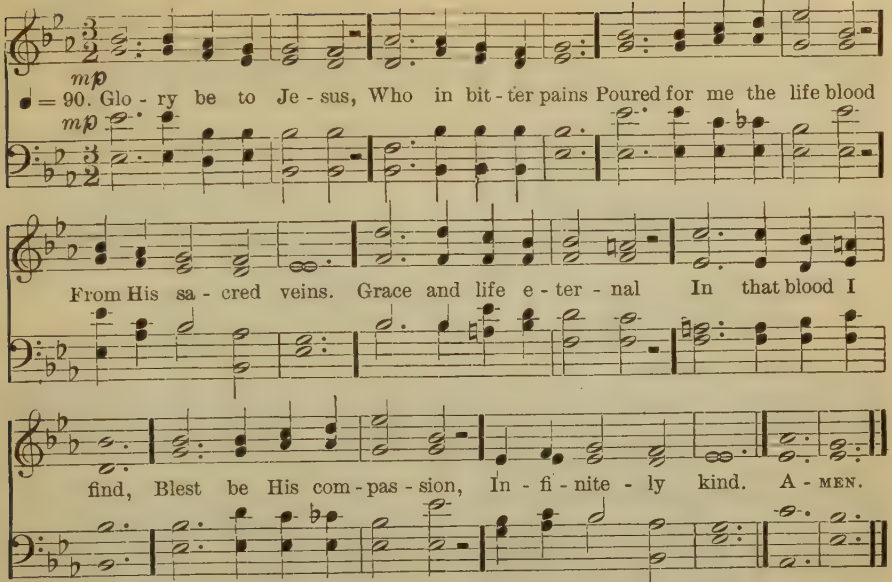


LATIN; TR. *R. Mant and E. Caswall*

## 162 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

FANCE
*W. B. Gilbert*


mp
♩ = 90. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the life blood
From His sa - cred veins. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I
find, Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
*p* Which from sin and sorrow
*cr* Doth the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

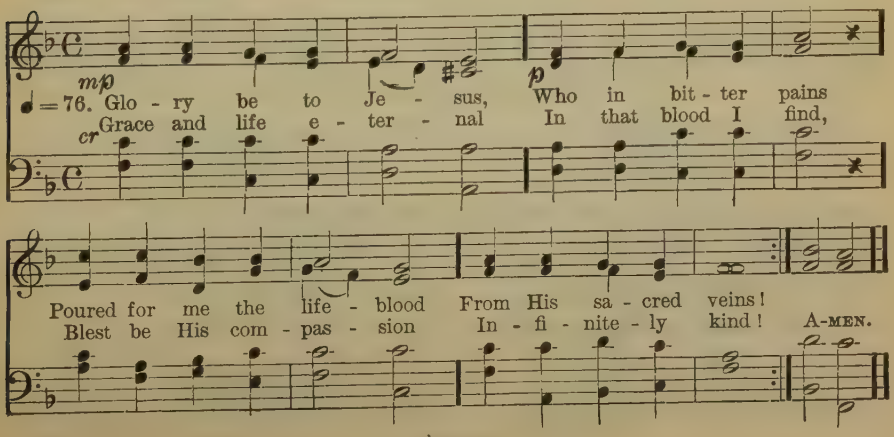
*f* 3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

TR. *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

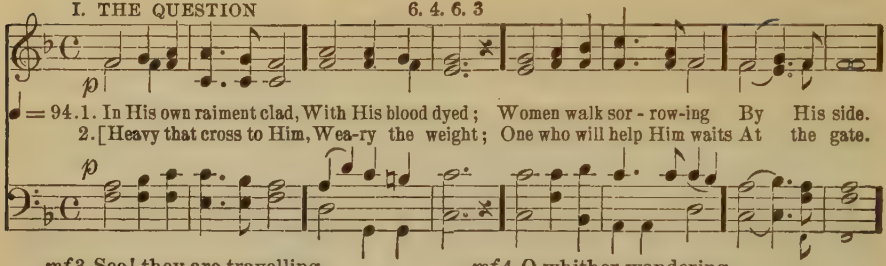
CASWALL
*F. Filitz*


mp
♩ = 76. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
cr Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind! A-MEN.

## 163 (FIRST TUNE)

CRUX
*T. C. Lewis*

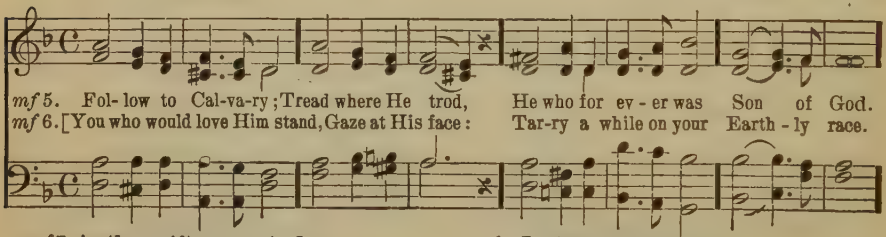
I. THE QUESTION 6. 4. 6. 3


p
♩ = 94.1. In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sor - row-ing By His side.
2. [Heavy that cross to Him, Wea-ry the weight; One who will help Him waits At the gate.
p

*mf* 3 See! they are travelling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]

*mf* 4 O whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

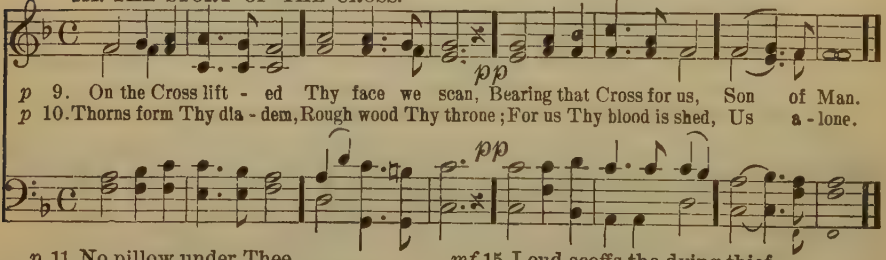
II. THE ANSWER


mf 5. Fol- low to Cal-va-ry; Tread where He trod, He who for ev - er was Son of God.
mf 6. [You who would love Him stand, Gaze at His face: Tar-ry a while on your Earth - ly race.

*mf* 7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]

*mf* 8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. THE STORY OF THE CROSS.


pp
p 9. On the Cross lift - ed Thy face we scan, Bearing that Cross for us, Son of Man.
p 10. Thorns form Thy dia - dem, Rough wood Thy throne; For us Thy blood is shed, Us a - lone.
pp

*p* 11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
*dim* Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

*pp* 12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

*p* 13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

*p* 14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
*pp* Hangeth Thy bleeding head
Without rest

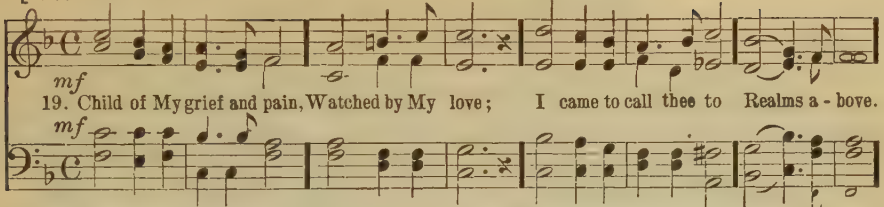
*mf* 15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

*mf* 16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.

*mf* 17 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above;
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.]

*mf* 18 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
*dim* Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

[ IV. THE APPEAL.

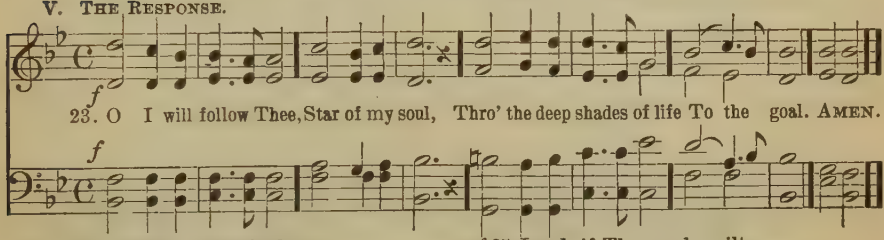



*mf* 20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.

*p* 21 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
For Mine own.

*mf* 22 Weep thou not for My grief,
Child of My love:
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.]

V. THE RESPONSE.




*f* 24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

*mf* 25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

*mf* 26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
*cr* With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be.

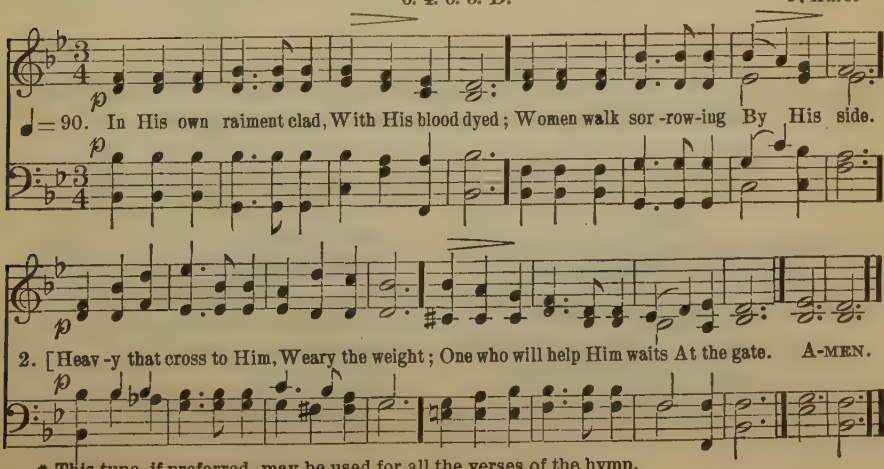
*E. Monroe*

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

## 163 (SECOND TUNE)*

6. 4. 6. 3. D.

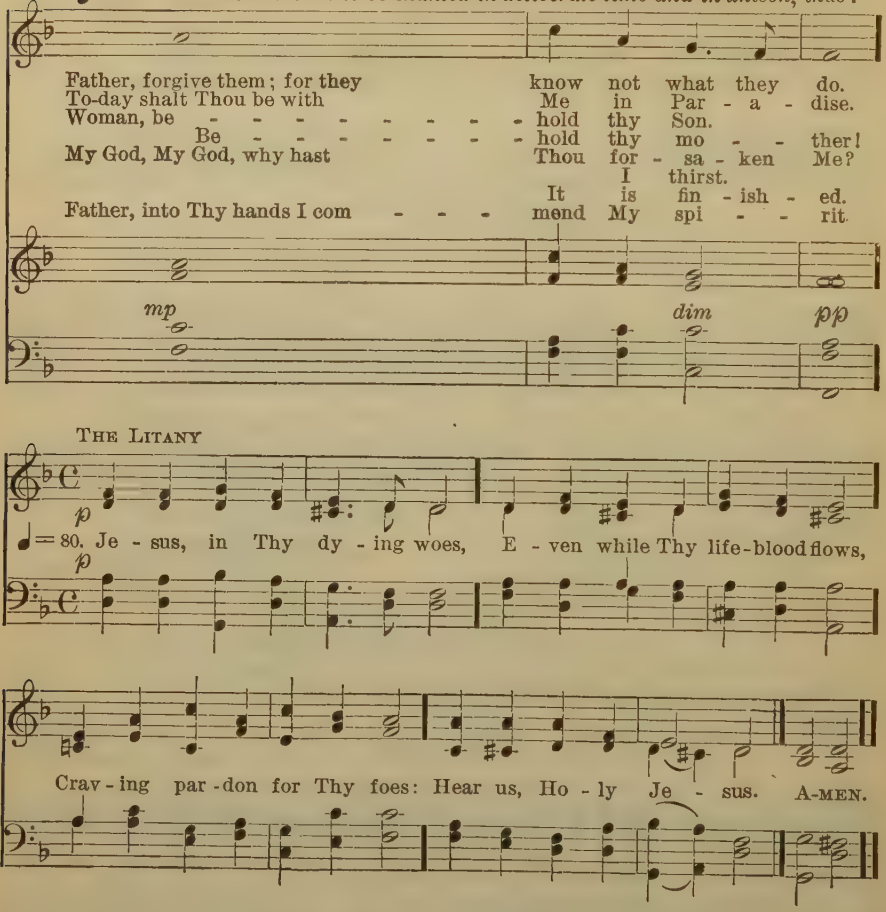
CALVARY
*J. Hurst*


p
♩ = 90. In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sor -row-ing By His side.
p
p
2. [Heav -y that cross to Him, Weary the weight; One who will help Him waits At the gate. A-MEN.
p

* This tune, if preferred, may be used for all the verses of the hymn.

LITANY No. 10
*W. H. Monk*

♩ = 63. *The seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in unison, thus:*


Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.
To-day shalt Thou be with Me in Par - a - dise.
Woman, be - - - - - - - - - hold thy Son.
Be - - - - - - - - - hold thy mo - - - ther!
My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me?
I thirst.
It is fin - ish - ed.
Father, into Thy hands I com - - - mend My spi - - - rit.
mp
dim
pp
THE LITANY
p
♩ = 80. Je - sus, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,
p
Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A-MEN.

PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 34.

*p* 1 Jesus, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part II

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
St. Luke, xxiii. 43

*p* 1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
*cr* Still Thy love and mercy claim,
*p* Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
*cr* Cheer our souls with hope divine:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part III

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!"
St. John, xix. 26, 27

*p* 1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
*cr* And for Thee all peril dare,
*mf* And enjoy Thy tender care:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part IV

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
St. Matt. xxvii. 46

*p* 1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heav'n is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
*cr* In the darkness be our stay:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
*cr* Tell our faith that God is near:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part V

"I thirst."—St. John, xix. 28

*p* 1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil:
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
*cr* Where the healing waters flow:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part VI

"It is finished."—St. John, xix. 30

*p* 1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy suff'rings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 Save us in our soul's distress,
*cr* Be our help to cheer and bless,
*mf* While we grow in holiness:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,
With an ever holier ray,
*cr* Till we pass to perfect day:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

### Part VII

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."
St. Luke, xxiii. 46

*p* 1 Jesus, all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*cr* 3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
*mf* Grace to reach the home on high:
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

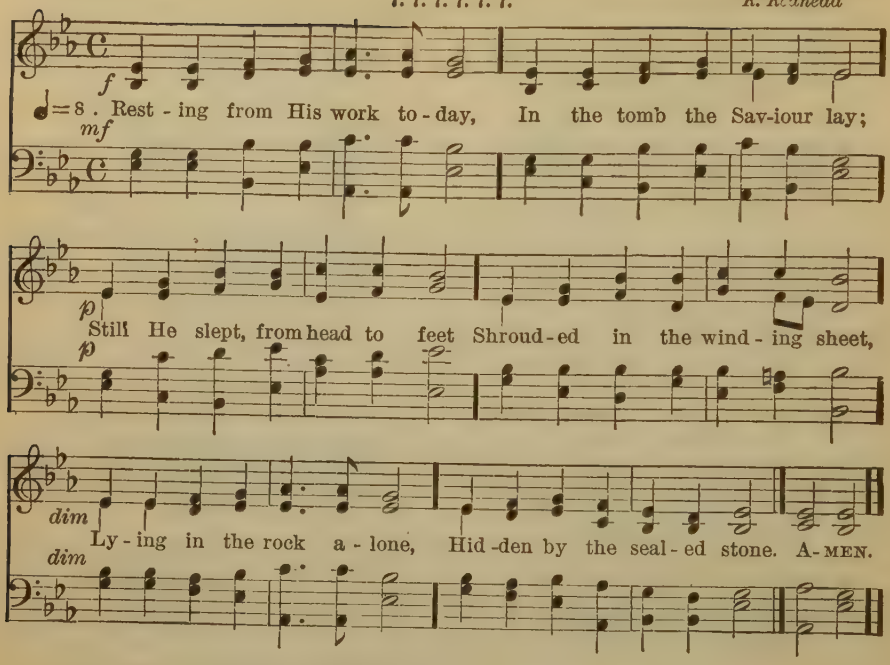
*T. B. Pollock*

# Easter Even

165

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 76
*R. Redhead*


f
♩=8. Rest - ing from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav-iour lay;
mf
p
Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,
p
dim
Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone. A - MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
*p* Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

*mf* 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

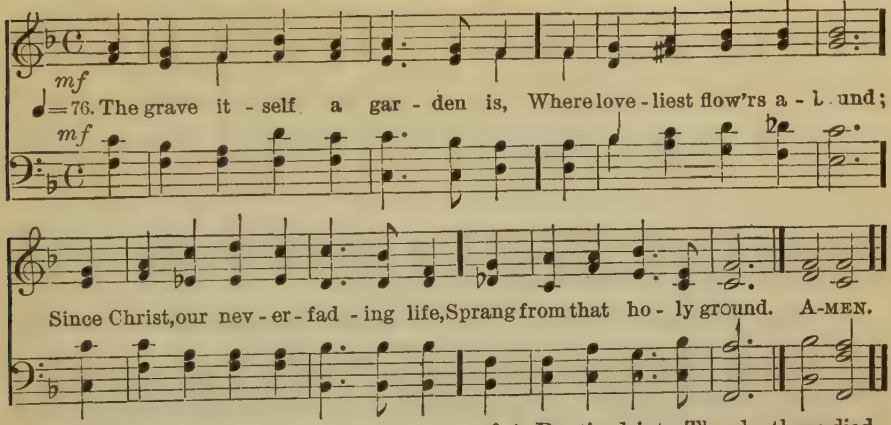
*mf* 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
*p* Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
*cr* Till my Lord appear again.

*F. Whytehead*

## 166 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

DALEHURST
*A. Cottman*


mf
♩=76. The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flow'rs a - round;
Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

*mp* 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
*p* And buried in the grave,
*cr* Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

*mf* 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
*cr* That we might live with Thee to
And ever blest might be. [God,

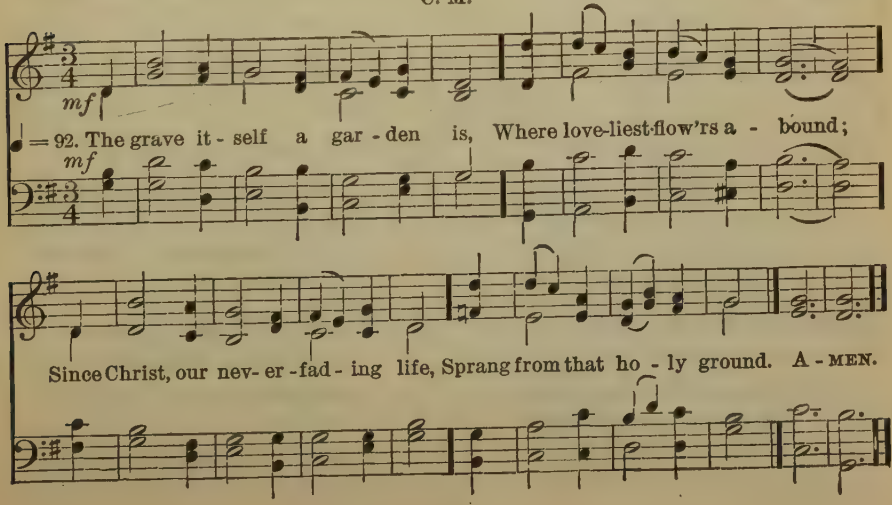
*mf* 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
*f* To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

*C. Wordsworth*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

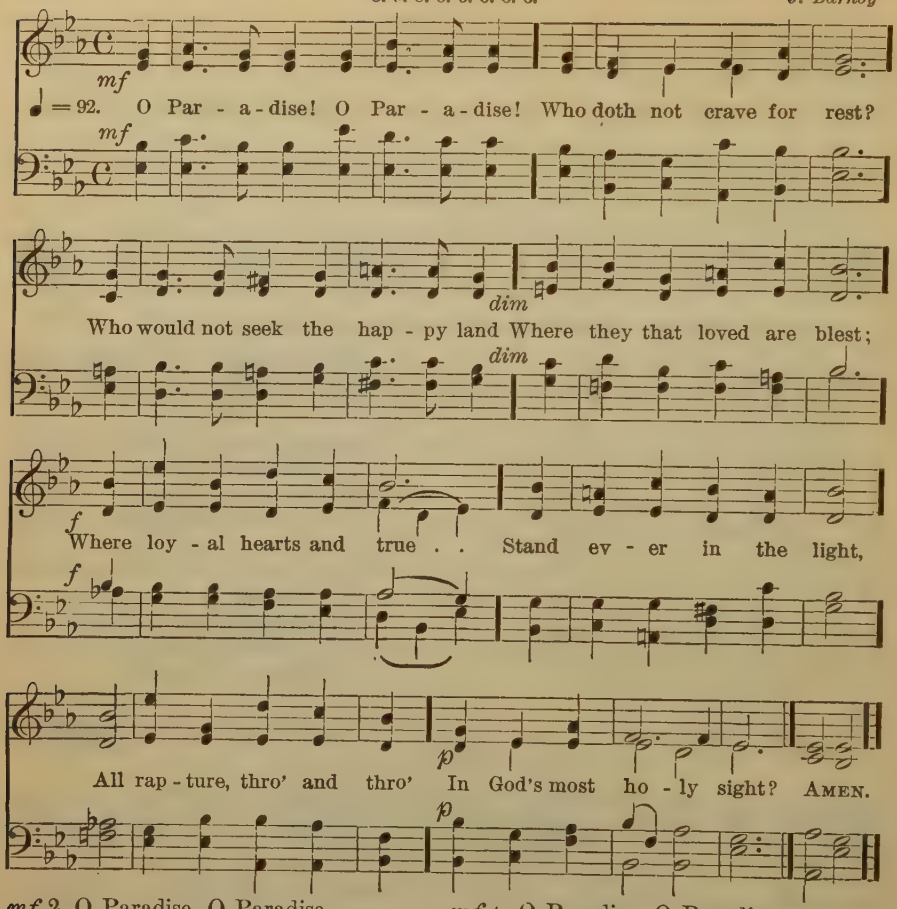
BELMONT
*S. Webbe (?)*


mf
♩=92. The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love-liest flow'rs a - bound;
Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A - MEN.

## 167 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

PARADISE
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩ = 92. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
mf
dim
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
dim
f
Where loy - al hearts and true . . Stand ev - er in the light,
f
p
All rap - ture, thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight? AMEN.
p

*mf* 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
*p* The world is growing old;
*cr* Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

*mf* 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

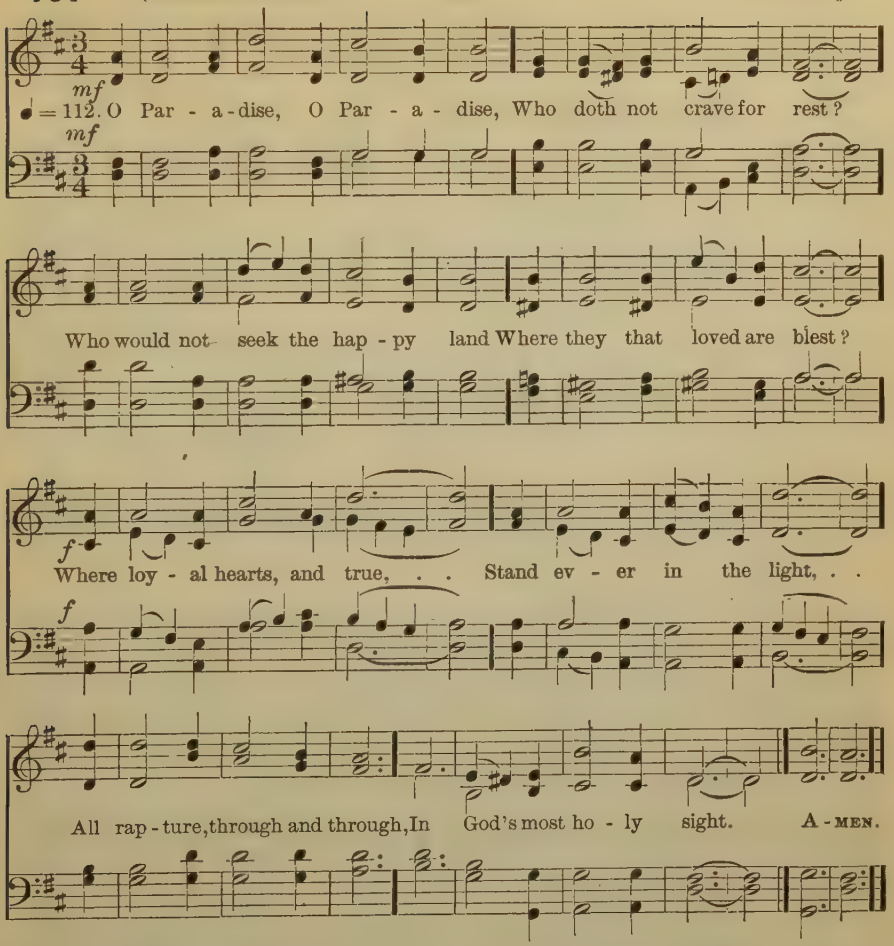
*mf* 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
*p* E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of Thy song;
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

*p* 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
*cr* And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

*F. W. Faber*

## 167 (SECOND TUNE) P. M.

PARADISE
*H. F. Hemy*


mf
♩ = 112. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
f
Where loy - al hearts, and true, . . Stand ev - er in the light, . .
All rap - ture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

*mf* 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

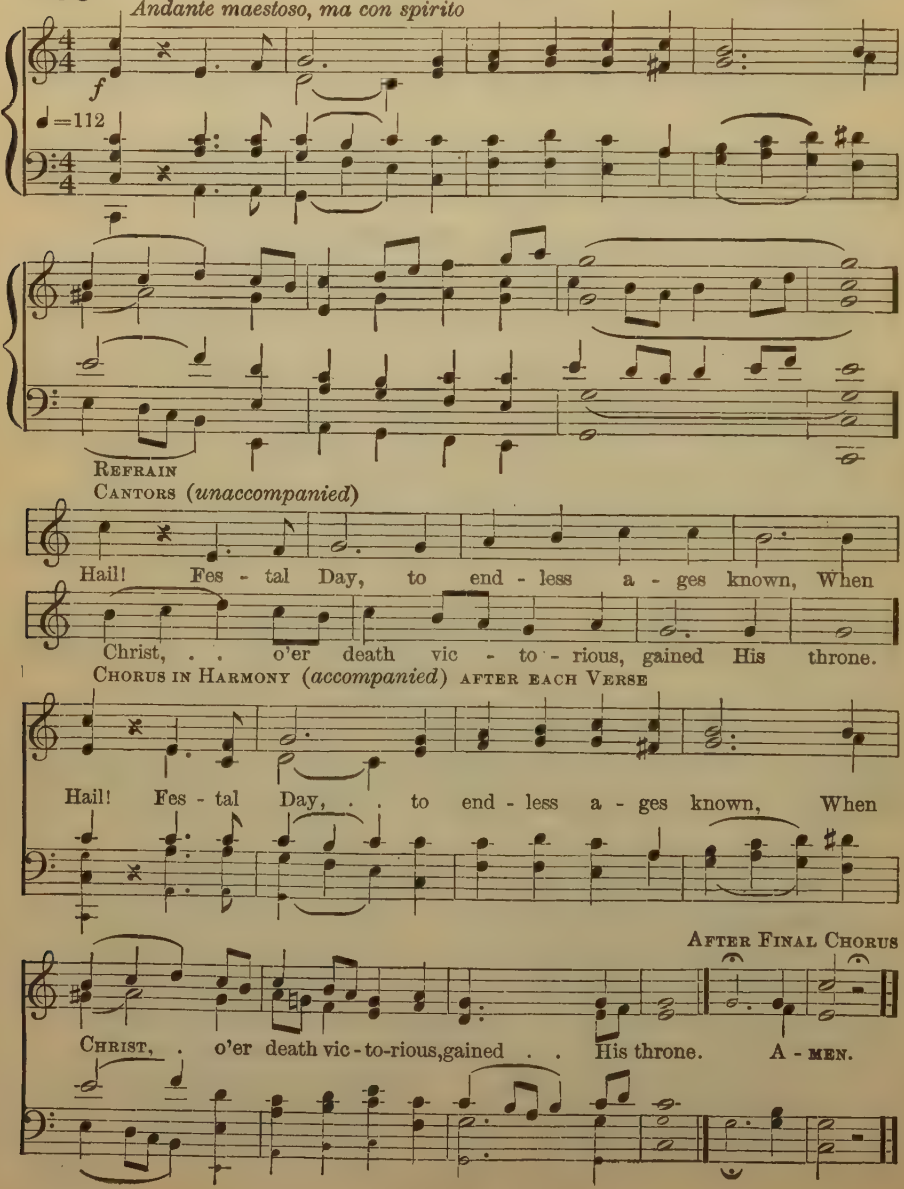
*mf* 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

*mf* 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
*cr* And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
*f* Where loyal hearts, etc.

*F. W. Faber*

NOTE. After the organ prelude, the Cantors (three or more Tenors or Trebles) should sing the Refrain in unison: the Refrain is then repeated by the Choir and Congregation. Each verse is to be rendered by the Cantors, followed by the Refrain in Chorus.

**168** 10. 10. with Refrain. SALVE, FESTA DIES *J. Baden-Powell*

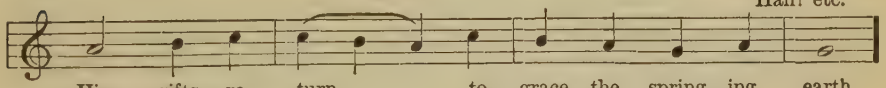

Andante maestoso, ma con spirito
f
♩=112
REFRAIN
CANTORS (unaccompanied)
Hail! Fes - tal Day, to end - less a - ges known, When
Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained His throne.
CHORUS IN HARMONY (accompanied) AFTER EACH VERSE
Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . to end - less a - ges known, When
AFTER FINAL CHORUS
CHRIST, . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained . . His throne. A - MEN.

CANTORS

2. Now . with the Lord . . . of new and heaven-ly birth.
7. Cast . off Thy grave - clothes; let them there re - main:

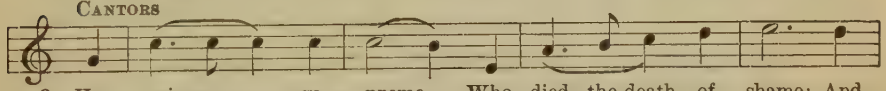
*Repeat Chorus*

Hail! etc.



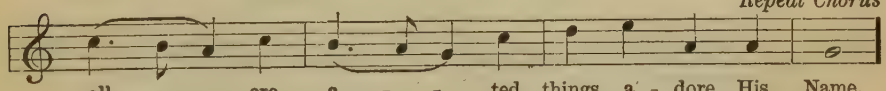
His gifts re - turn . . to grace the spring - ing earth.
Come forth to us, . . . . our All, our on - ly gain.

CANTORS



3. He reigns . . su - preme, Who died the death of shame; And
8. Cre - a - tor, Fount of Life, . Thou knowest . the grave; And
11. The shades of death are pierced, his laws . . un - done, And

*Repeat Chorus*

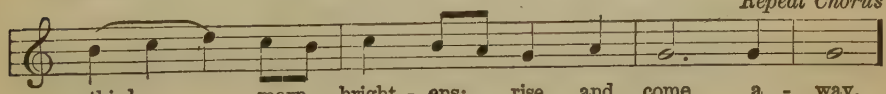


all . . . . cre - a - - ted things a - dore His Name.
thence . . . re - turn - - ing, Thou art strong to save.
trem - bling cha - - os flees the ris - ing sun.

CANTORS

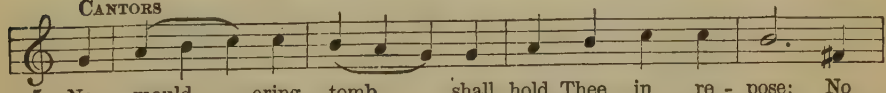
4. Ful - fil Thy prom - ise, King of love, we pray! The
9. Light of the world, show us Thy face once more, The

*Repeat Chorus*



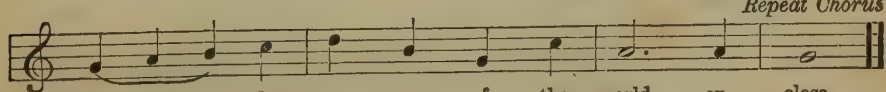
third . . . morn bright - ens; rise, and come a - way.
day . . . that died with Thee, to - day re - store.

CANTORS



5. No mould - ering tomb . . shall hold Thee in re - pose; No
6. Who hold - est all . . . things in Thy hol - lowed hand, No
10. A count - less peo - ple, from death's fet - ters free, Own

*Repeat Chorus*



stone . . . the ran - som of the world en - close.
rock - - y bar - rier can be - fore Thee stand.

*Verse 7 above.*

Thee . . . Re - deem - er, join and fol - low Thee.

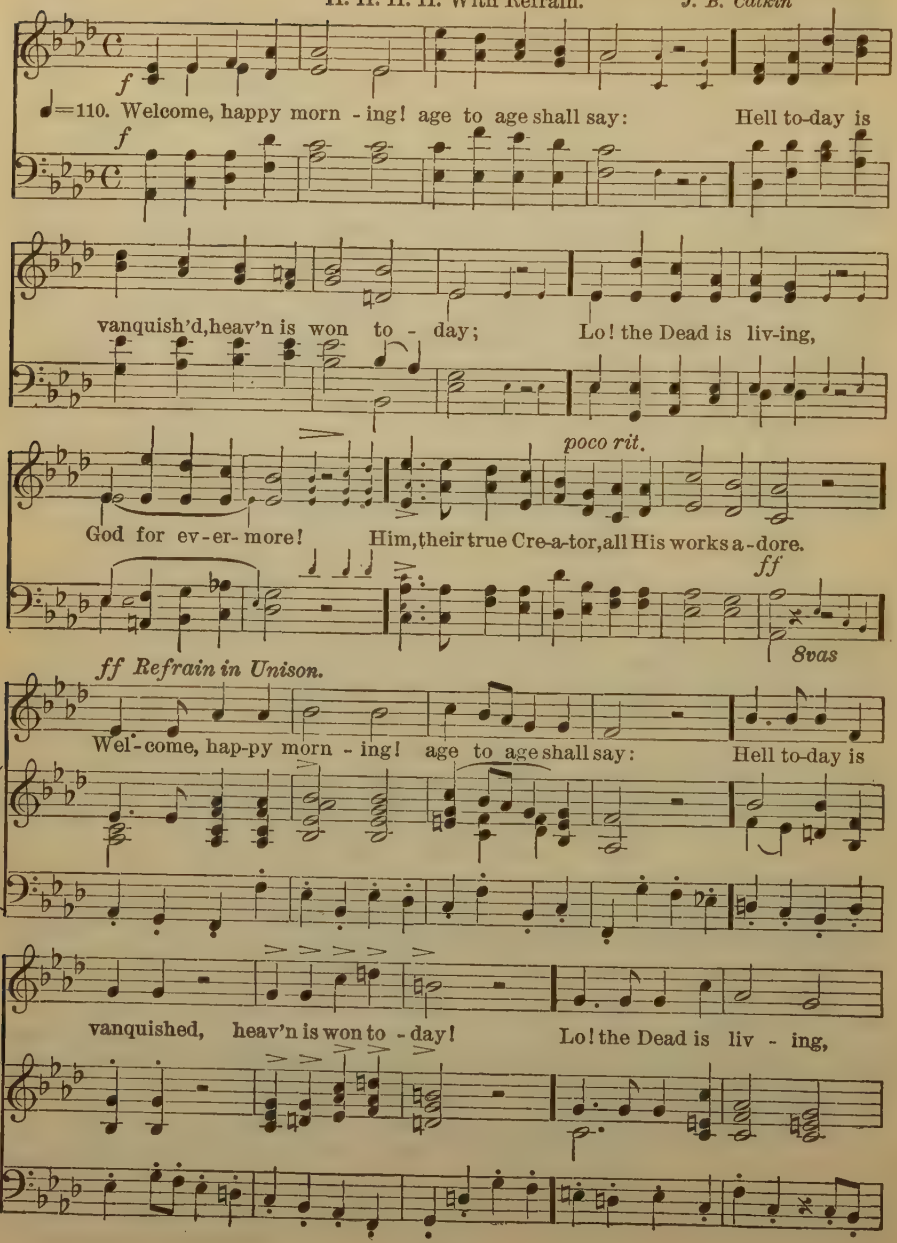
*Verse 11 above.*

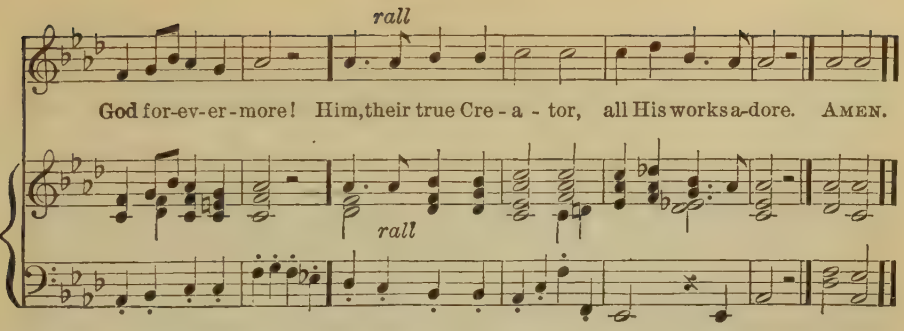
*V. Fortunatus;* Tr. *T. A. Lacey*

169

11. 11. 11. 11. With Refrain.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING
*J. B. Calkin*


f
♩=110. Welcome, happy morn - ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day; Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,
poco rit.
God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.
ff
8vas
ff Refrain in Unison.
Wel-come, hap-py morn - ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
vanquished, heav'n is won to - day! Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,




*f* 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
*Ref. ff* "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

*f* 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
*Ref. ff* "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

*mf* 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
*Ref. ff* "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

*p* 5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
*cr* Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
*f* 'Tis Thine own third morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
*Ref. ff* "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

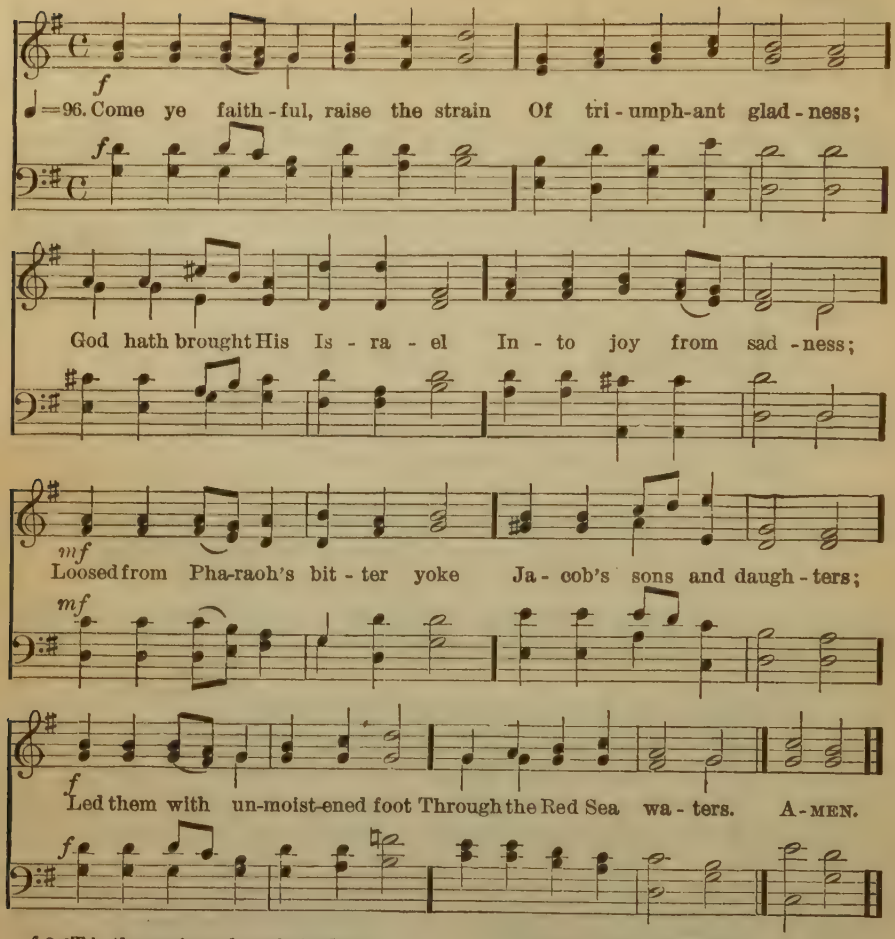
*mf* 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
*cr* Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
*Ref. ff* "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

*V. Fortunatus:* TR. *J. Ellerton*

170

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. KEVIN
*A. S. Sullivan*


f
♩=96. Come ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph-ant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
mf
Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
f
Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

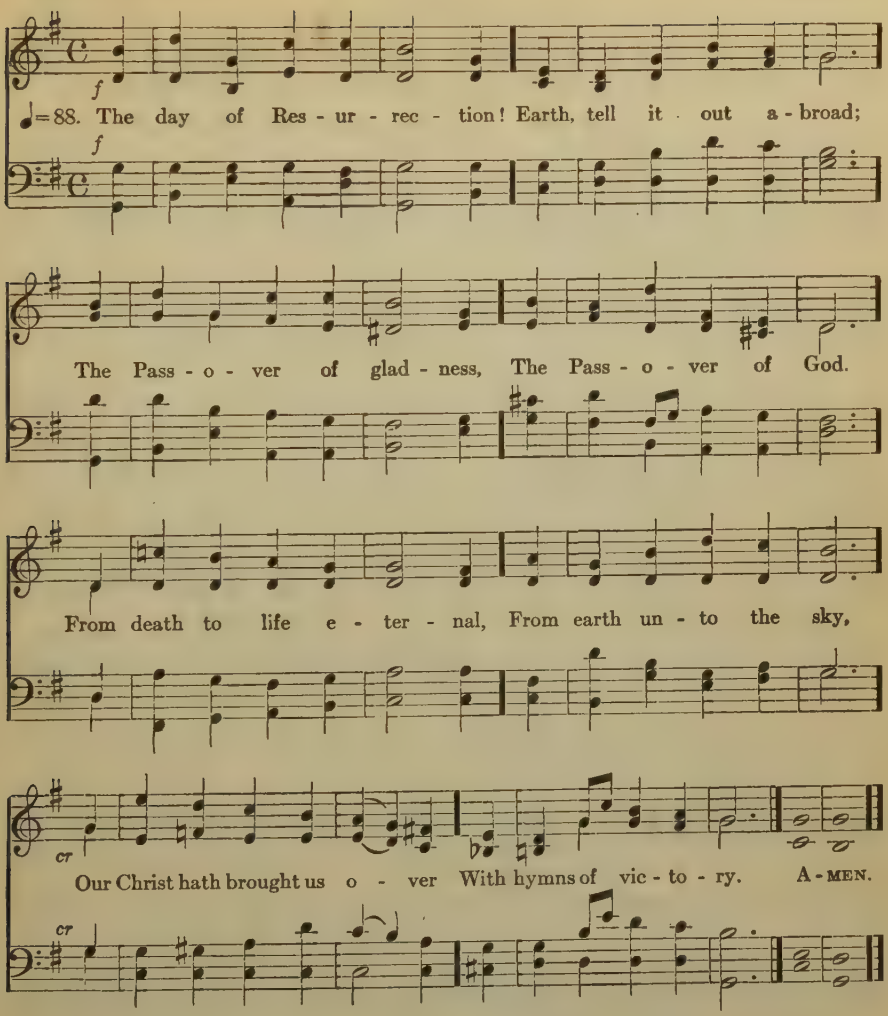
*f* 2 'T is the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
*p* All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, (*cr*) is flying
*f* From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

*f* 3 Now the queen of seasons bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

*f* 4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

GREEK: TR. *J. M. Neale*

**171** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ROTTERDAM *B. Tours*


f
♩=88. The day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
cr
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
*cr* His own "All hail," and hearing,
*f* May raise the victor strain.

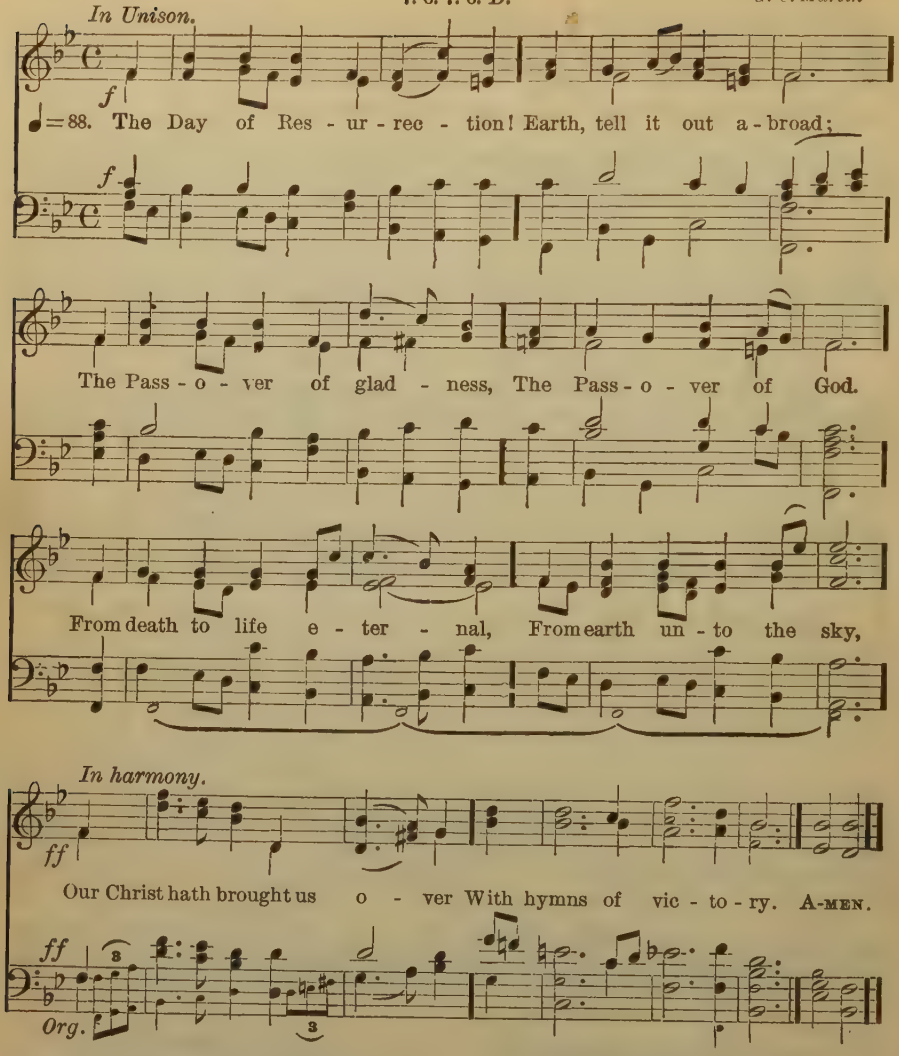
*f* 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
*ff* For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

GREEK: TR. *J. M. Neale*

**171** (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ALL HALLOW'S
*G. C. Martin*


In Unison.
f
♩=88. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
f
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
In harmony.
ff
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.
ff
Org.

*mf* 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
*cr* His own "All hail," and hearing,
*f* May raise the victor strain.

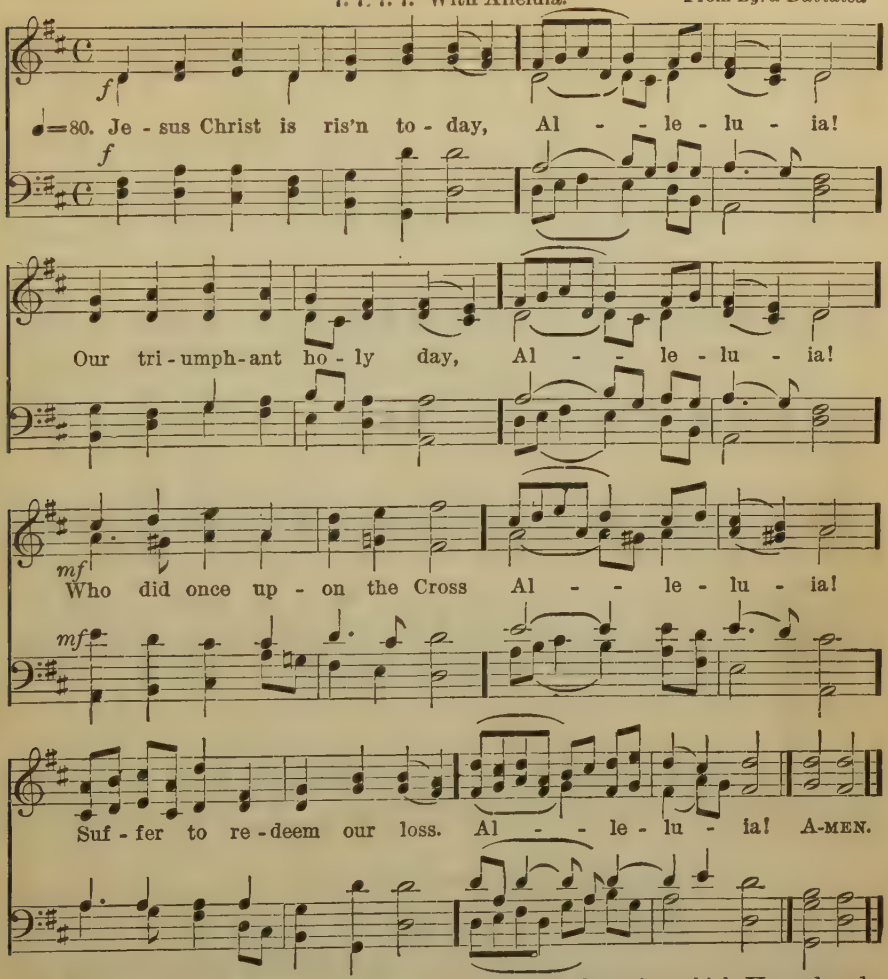
*f* 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
*ff* For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

GREEK: TR. *J. M. Neale*

172

7. 7. 7. 7. With Alleluia.

WORGAN
From *Lyra Davidica*


f
♩=80. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
f
Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
mf
Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia!
mf
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

*f* 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
*mf* Who endured the Cross and grave,
*cr* Sinners to redeem and save.
*f* Alleluia!

*mp* 3 But the pains which He endured,
*cr* Our salvation have procured;
*f* Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
*f* Alleluia!

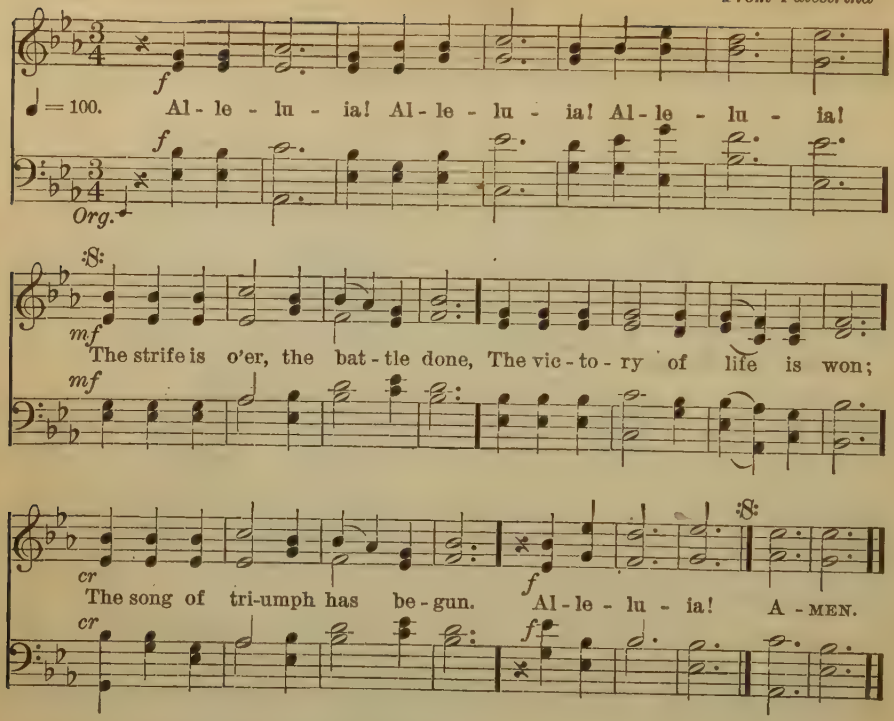
*ff* 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

*Latin:* *Tate* and *Brady*

173

8. 8. 8. 4.

VICTORY
*From Palestrina*


♩ = 100.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;
The song of tri-umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

*f* 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
*ff* Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

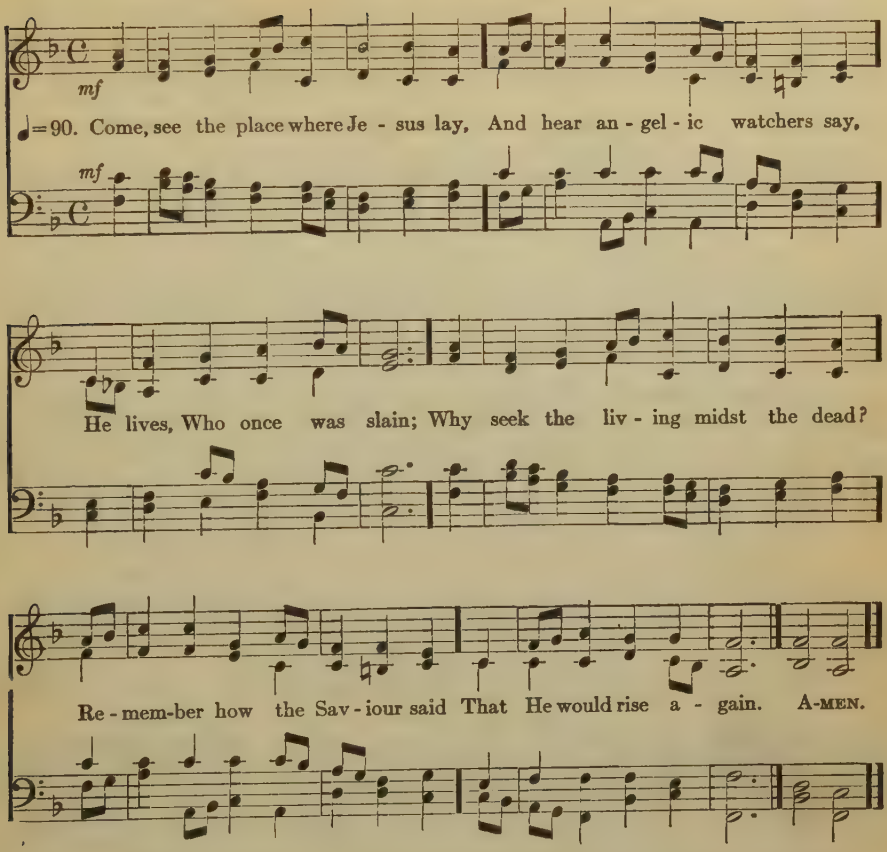
*f* 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

*f* 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

*p* 5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
*f* That we may live and sing to Thee.
*ff* Alleluia! AMEN.

*Latin:* TR. *F. Pott*

**174** (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. INNSBRUCK *H. Isaak*


mf
♩=90. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic watchers say,
mf
He lives, Who once was slain; Why seek the liv - ing midst the dead?
Re - mem-ber how the Sav - iour said That He would rise a - gain. A-MEN.

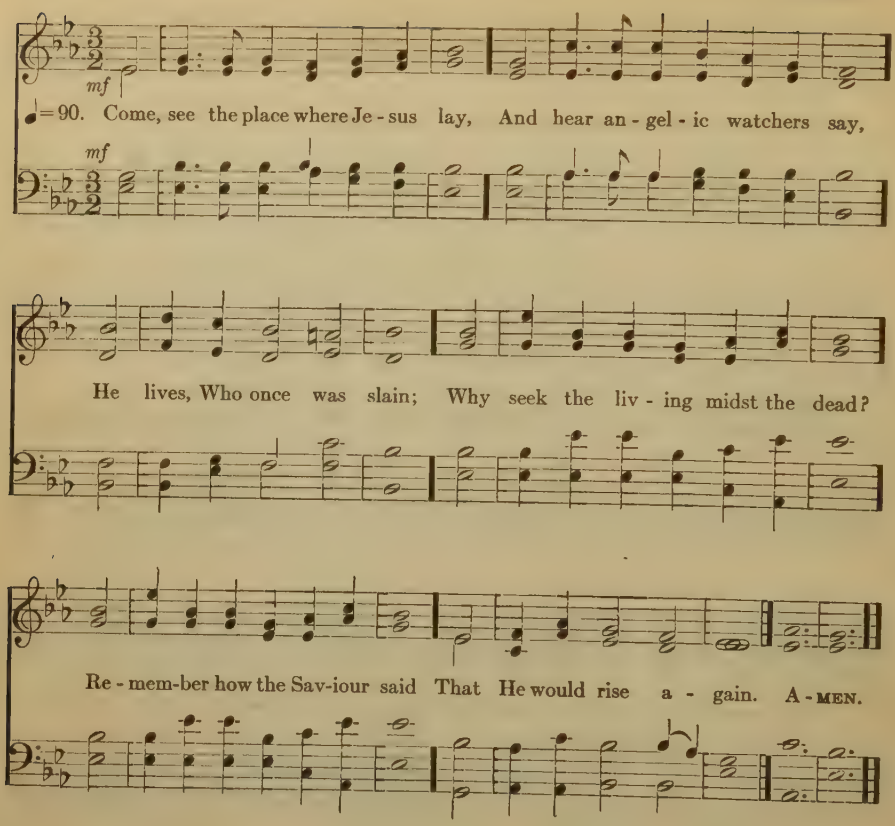
*f* 2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
*cr* Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

*mf* 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

*T. Kelly*

**174** (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. MERIBAH *L. Mason*


mf
♩=90. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic watchers say,
mf
He lives, Who once was slain; Why seek the liv - ing midst the dead?
Re - mem-ber how the Sav-iour said That He would rise a - gain. A - MEN.

*f* 2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
*cr* Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

*mf* 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

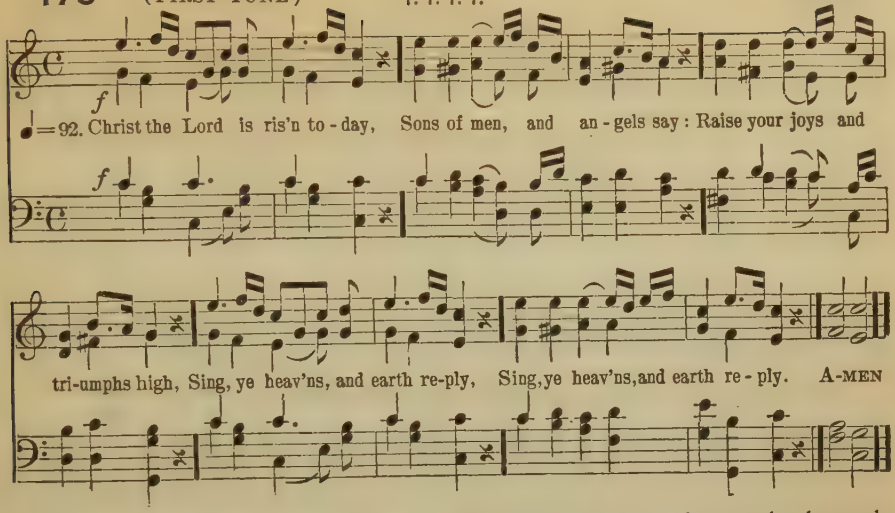
4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

*T. Kelly*

## 175 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

MOZART.
*Mozart*


f
♩=92. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels say: Raise your joys and
tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. A-MEN

*f* 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

*f* 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

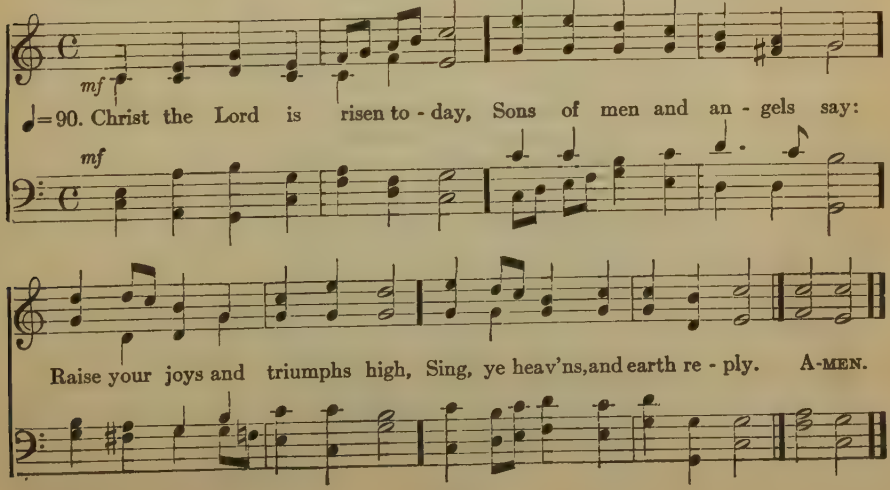
*mf* 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
*cr* Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

*C. Wesley*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

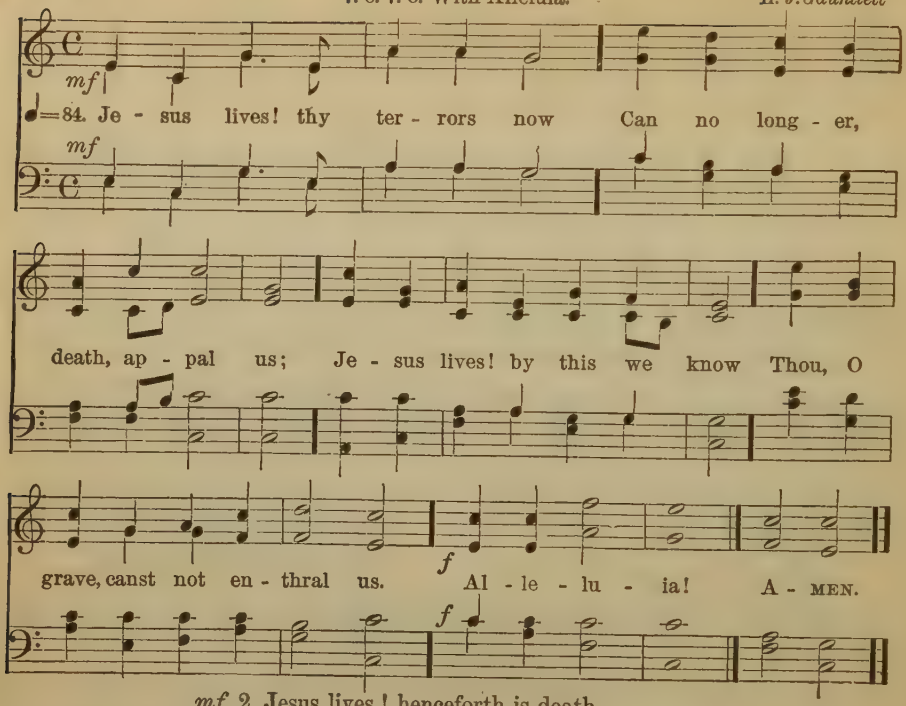
MONKLAND
*Arr. by J. B. Wilkes*


mf
♩=90. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. A-MEN.

176

7. 8. 7. 8. With Alleluia.

ST. ALBINUS
*H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
♩=84. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no long - er,
mf
death, ap - pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O
grave, canst not en - thral us.
f
Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.
f

*mf* 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
*dim* This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
*f* Alleluia!

*mf* 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
*f* Alleluia!

*mf* 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
*cr* Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
*f* Alleluia!

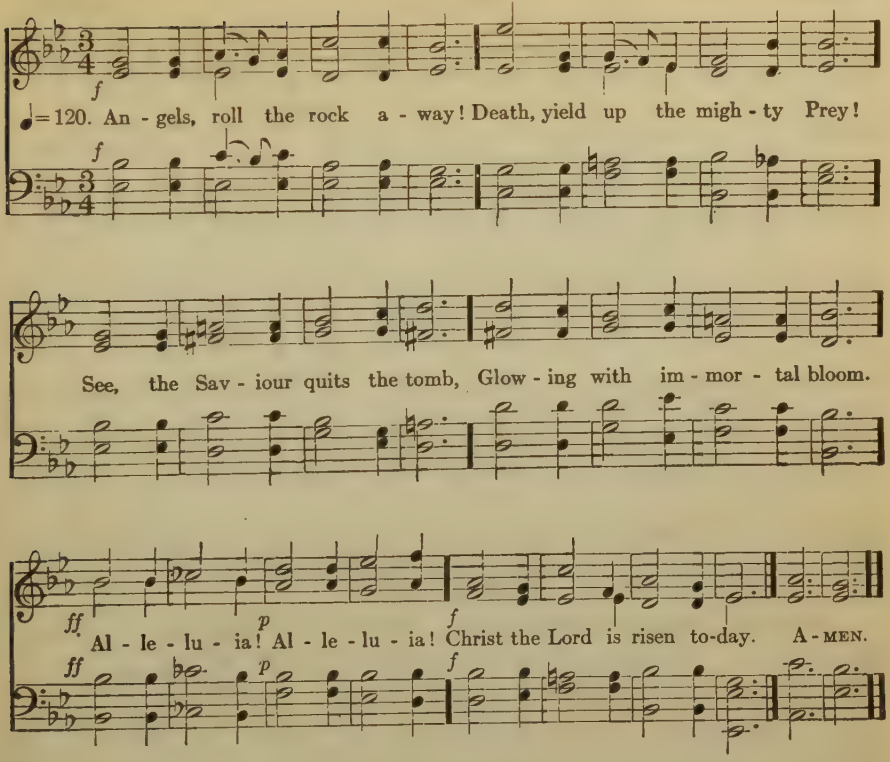
*f* 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
*cr* Over all the world is given:
*mf* May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
*f* Alleluia!

*C. F. Gellert:* TR. *F. E. Cox*

177

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.

ARIMATHEA
*C. F. Roper*


f
♩= 120. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh - ty Prey!
See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
ff p f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day. A - MEN.

*f* 2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
*ff* Alleluia, (*p*) Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

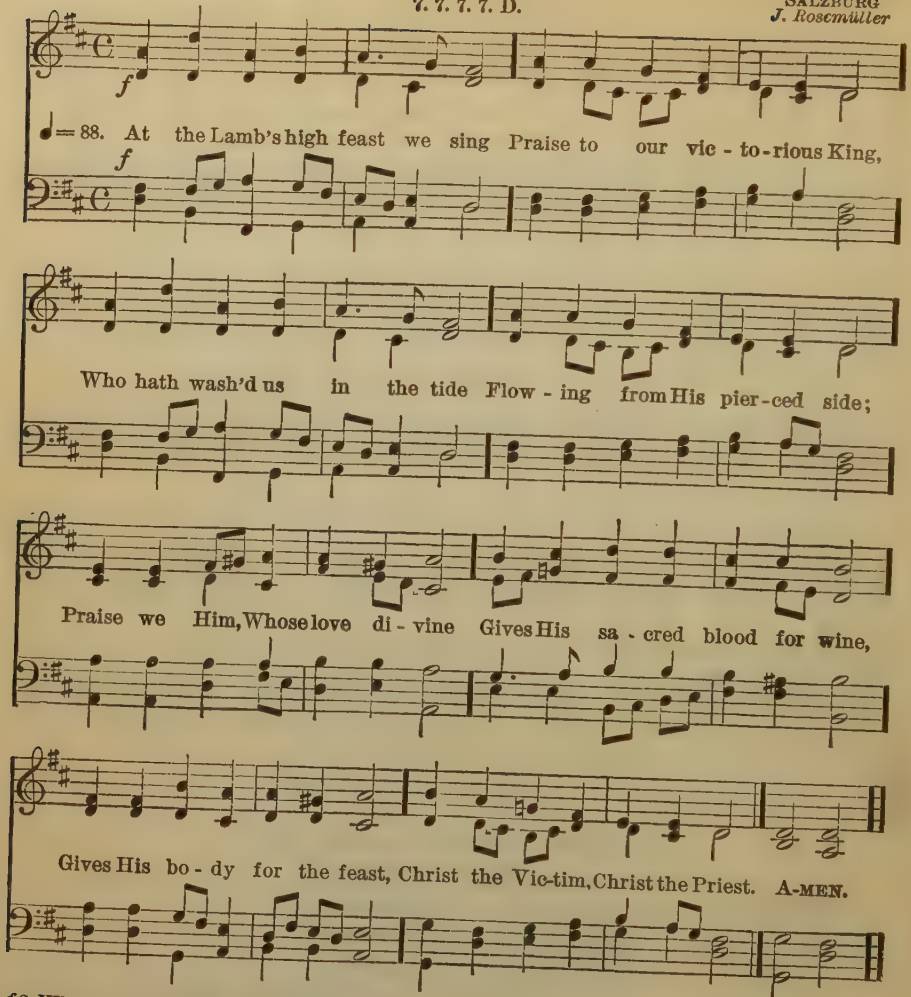
*mf* 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
*ff* Alleluia! (*p*) Alleluia!
*f* Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

*T. Scott and T. Gibbons*

## 178 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

SALZBURG
*J. Rosemüller*


f
♩= 88. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pier - ced side;
Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

*f* 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

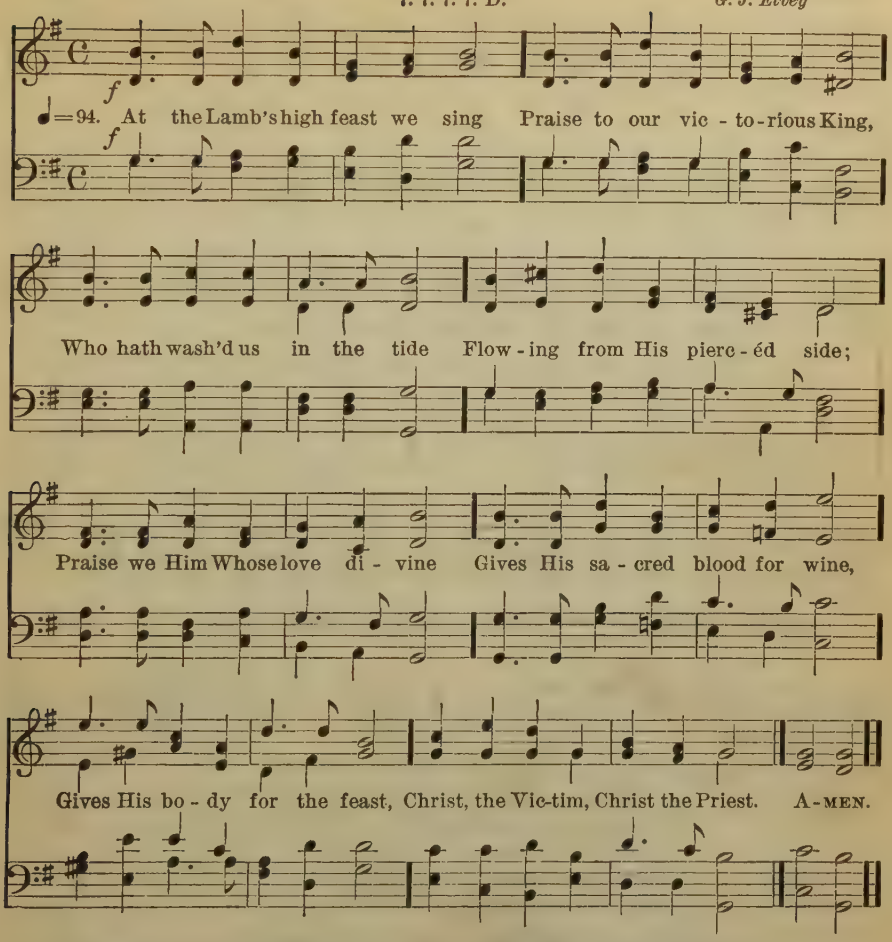
*f* 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
*mf* Sin alone can this destroy;
*cr* From sin's power do Thou set free
*f* Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
*ff* Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

*Latin:* TR. *R. Campbell*

## 178 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR
*G. J. Elvey*


♩=94. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - éd side;
Praise we Him Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ, the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest. A-MEN.

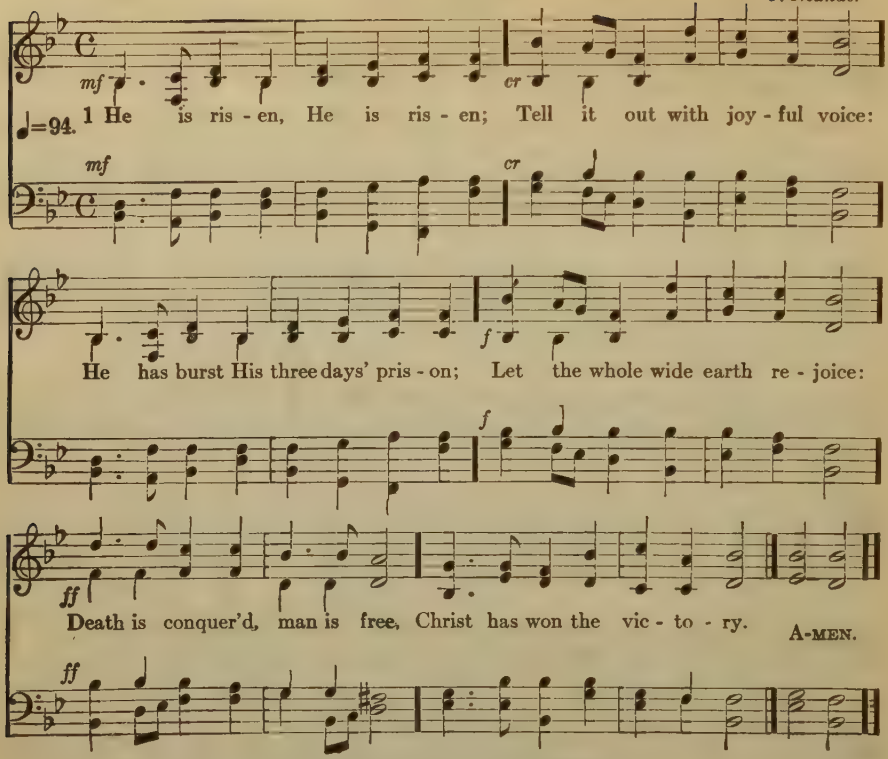
*f* 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

*f* 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

*f* 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
*mf* Sin alone can this destroy;
*cr* From sin's power do Thou set free
*f* Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
*ff* Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

*Latin:* TR. *R. Campbell*

**179** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. NEANDER *J. Neander*


mf
cr
♩=94. 1 He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice:
mf
cr
f
He has burst His three days' pris - on; Let the whole wide earth re - joice:
f
ff
Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A-MEN.
ff

*mf* 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

*f* 3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

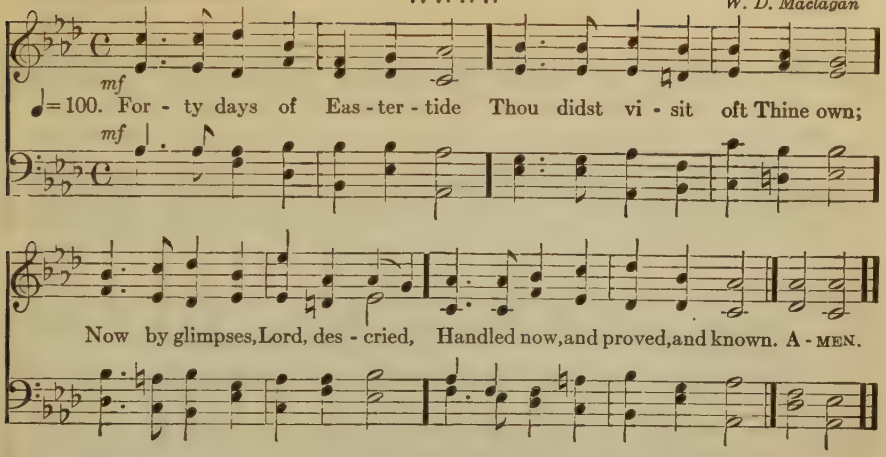
*f* 4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

 *C. F. Alexander*

## 180 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

NEWINGTON
*W. D. Maclagan*


mf
♩= 100. For - ty days of Eas - ter - tide Thou didst vi - sit oft Thine own;
mf
Now by glimpses, Lord, des - cried, Handled now, and proved, and known. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Known, most Merciful, yet veiled;
Else before the awful sight
Surely heart and flesh had failed,
Smitten with exceeding light.

3 Risen Master, fain would we,
Sharing those unearthly days,
Morn and eve, on shore and sea,
Watch Thy movements, mark Thy ways;

4 Catch by faith each glad surprise
Of Thy footsteps drawing nigh;
Hear Thy sudden greeting rise,
"Peace be to you! It is I!"

5 Secrets of Thy kingdom learn,
Read the vision open spread,
Feel Thy word within us burn,
Know Thee in the broken Bread.

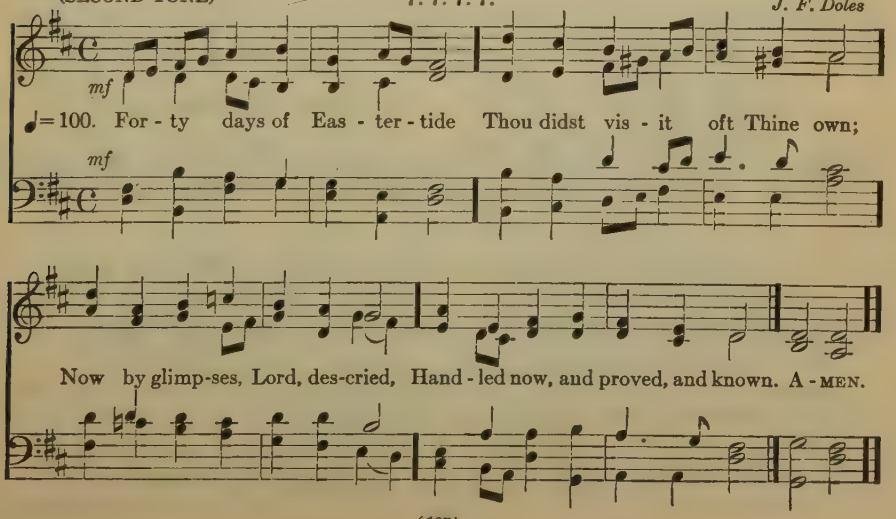
6 So Thy glory's skirts beside,
Gently led from grace to grace,
We Thy coming may abide,
And adore Thee face to face.

*J. Mason*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

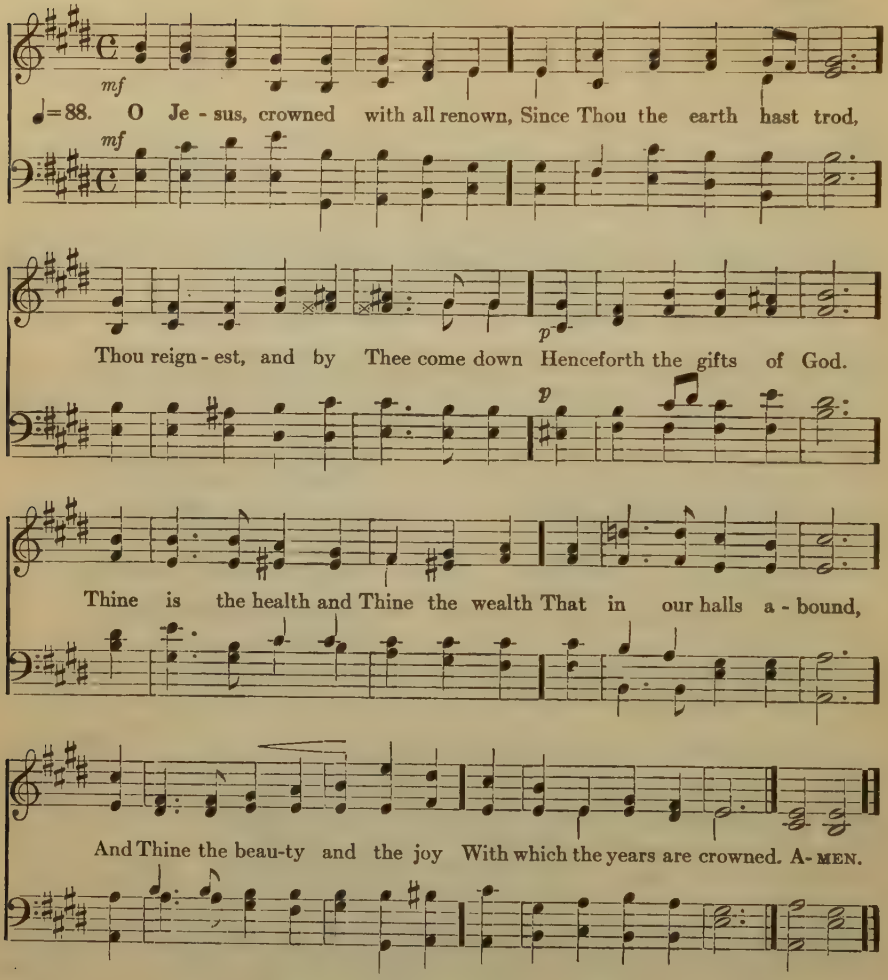
LICHFIELD
*J. F. Doles*


mf
♩= 100. For - ty days of Eas - ter - tide Thou didst vis - it oft Thine own;
mf
Now by glimp-ses, Lord, des-cried, Hand - led now, and proved, and known. A - MEN.

181

C. M. D.

ROSEATE HUES
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩=88. O Je - sus, crowned with all renown, Since Thou the earth hast trod,
mf
Thou reign - est, and by Thee come down Henceforth the gifts of God.
p
p
Thine is the health and Thine the wealth That in our halls a - bound,
And Thine the beau-ty and the joy With which the years are crowned. A- MEN.

2 Lord, in their change, let frost and heat,
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
May yield her fruits again:

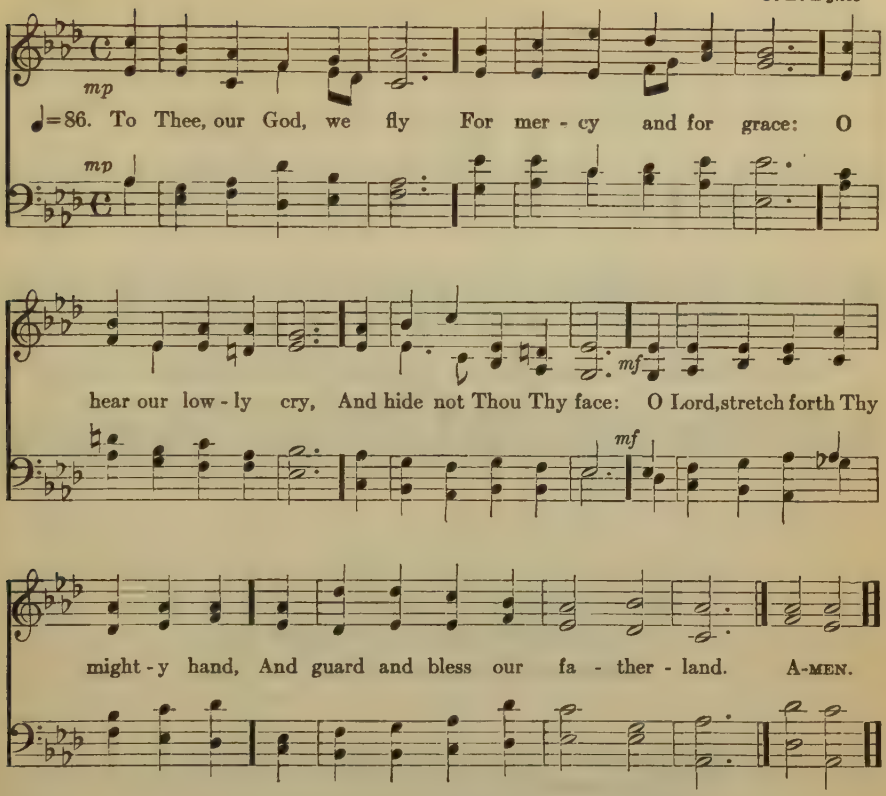
3 That we may feed the poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own:
That we may praise Thee all our days
And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts,
The Saviour's love proclaim.

*E. W. Benson*

182

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

ST. GODRIC
*J. B. Dykes*


mp
♩=86. To Thee, our God, we fly For mer - cy and for grace: O
mp
mf
hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face: O Lord, stretch forth Thy
mf
might - y hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

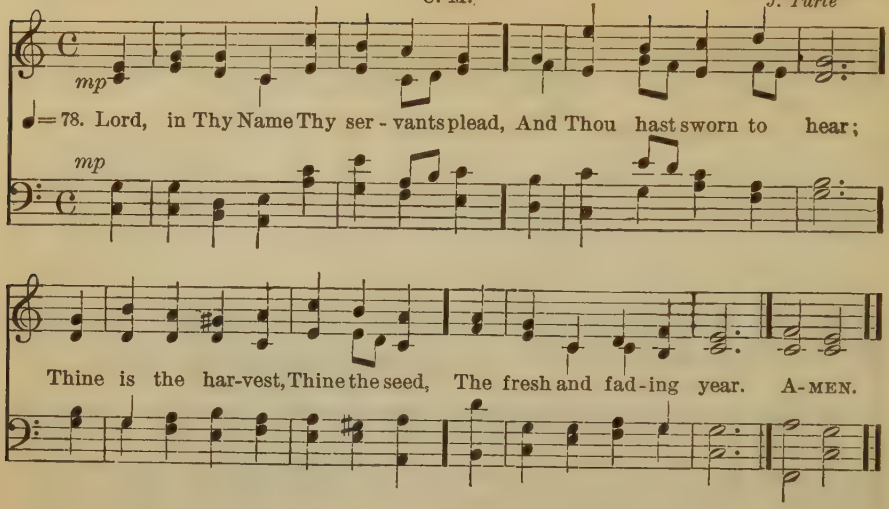
4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

*p* 6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
*mf* O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

*W. W. How*

**183** (FIRST TUNE) C. M. WESTMINSTER *J. Turle*


mp
♩= 78. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser - vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;
mp
Thine is the har-vest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fad-ing year. A-MEN.

2

*mf* Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3

*mf* The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4

*p* Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5

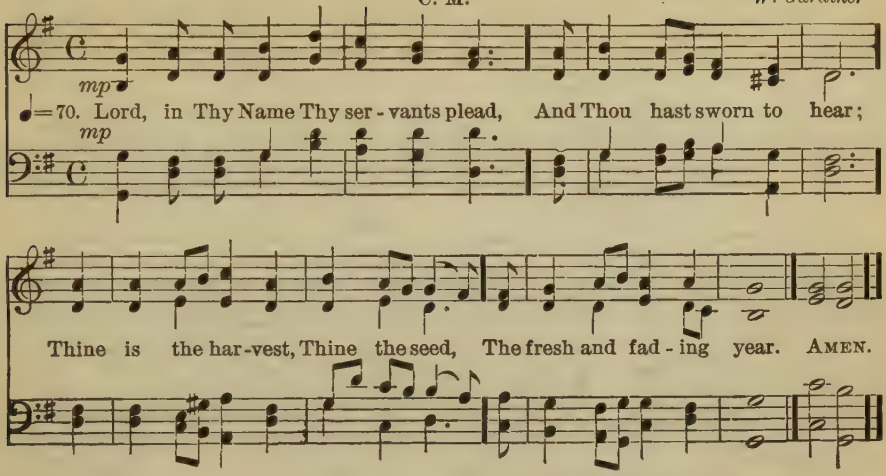
*mf* So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
*cr* That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego.

*J. Keble*

## 183 (SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

DEDHAM
*W. Gardiner*


mp
♩=70. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser - vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;
mp
Thine is the har-vest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year. AMEN.

2

*mf* Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3

*mf* The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4

*p* Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5

*mf* So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
*cr* That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego.

*J. Keble*

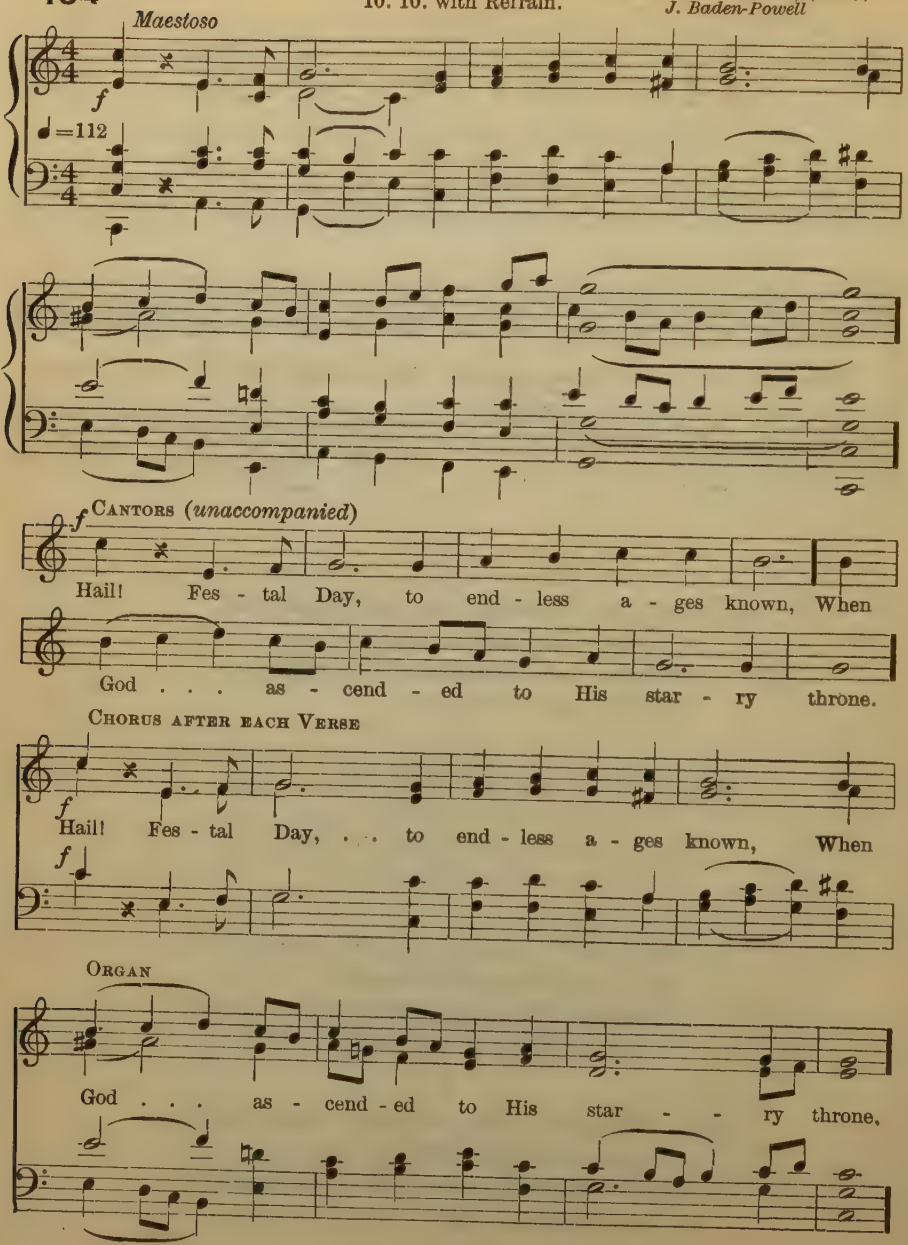
# The Ascension Day

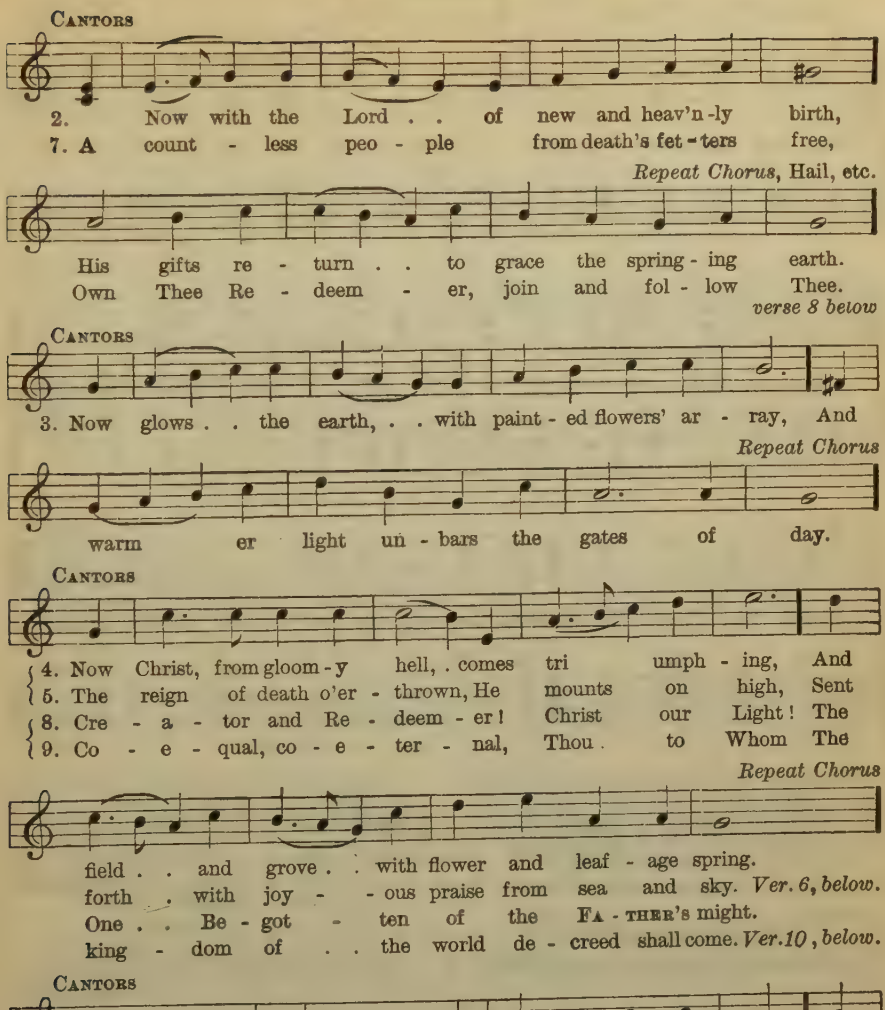
(See note on page 178)

184

10. 10. with Refrain.

SALVE, FESTA DIES; (No. 5)
*J. Baden-Powell*


Maestoso
f
♩=112
CANTORS (*unaccompanied*)
Hail! Fes - tal Day, to end - less a - ges known, When
God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - ry throne.
CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE
Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . . to end - less a - ges known, When
ORGAN
God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - ry throne.

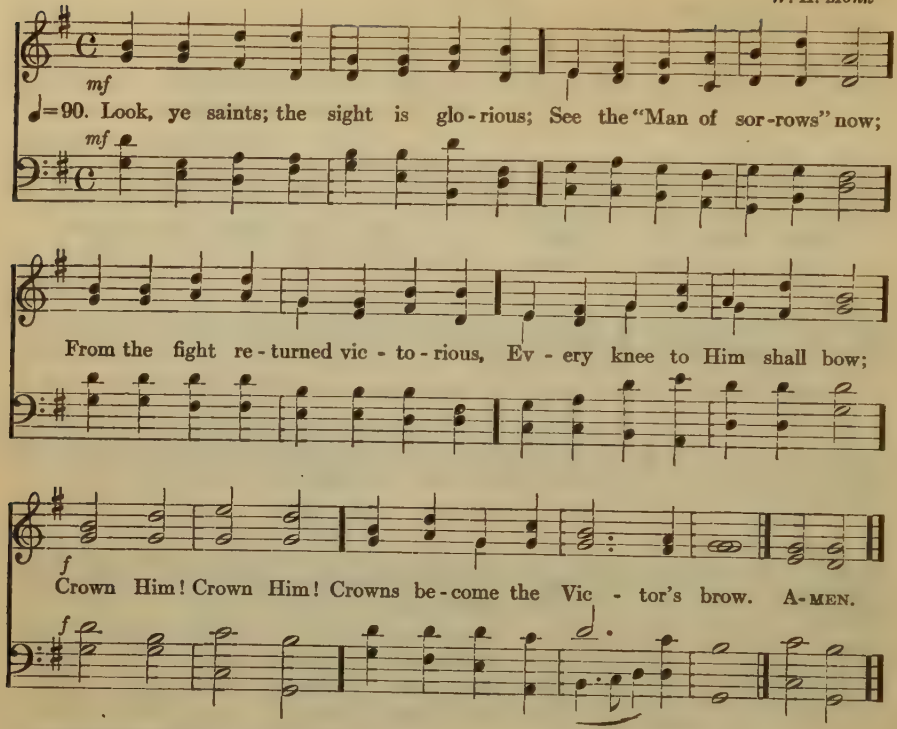

Cantors
2. Now with the Lord . . of new and heav'n-ly birth,
7. A count - less peo - ple from death's fet - ters free,
Repeat Chorus, Hail, etc.
His gifts re - turn . . to grace the spring - ing earth.
Own Thee Re - deem - er, join and fol - low Thee.
verse 8 below
Cantors
3. Now glows . . the earth, . . with paint - ed flowers' ar - ray, And
Repeat Chorus
warm er light un - bars the gates of day.
Cantors
4. Now Christ, from gloom - y hell, . comes tri umph - ing, And
5. The reign of death o'er - thrown, He mounts on high, Sent
8. Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er! Christ our Light! The
9. Co - e - qual, co - e - ter - nal, Thou . to Whom The
Repeat Chorus
field . . and grove . . with flower and leaf - age spring.
forth . with joy - - ous praise from sea and sky. Ver. 6, below.
One . . Be - got - ten of the Fa - ther's might.
king - dom of . . the world de - creed shall come. Ver. 10, below.
Cantors
6. Loose now the cap - - tives, loose the pri - son door, The
10. Thou, look - ing on our race in dark - ness laid, To
Repeat Chorus
fall - en, from the deep, to light re - store. Ver. 7, above.
res - - cue man, true Man Thy - self wast made.

Tr. *fr. Fortunatus, 6th cent., by T. A. Lacey*

## 185 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

CORONÆ
*W. H. Monk*


mf
♩=90. Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-ery knee to Him shall bow;
f
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
*ff* Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

*p* 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim
*cr* Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
*f* Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

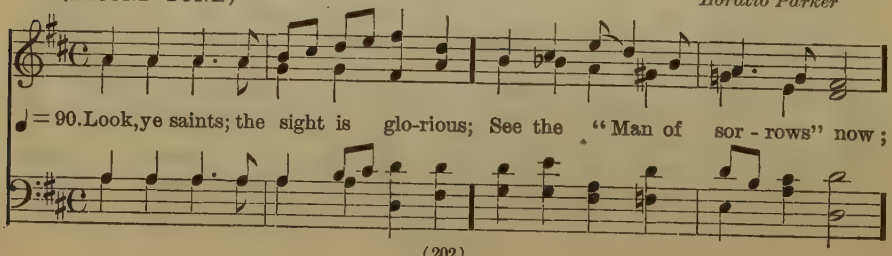
*p* 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
*f* Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
*ff* Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

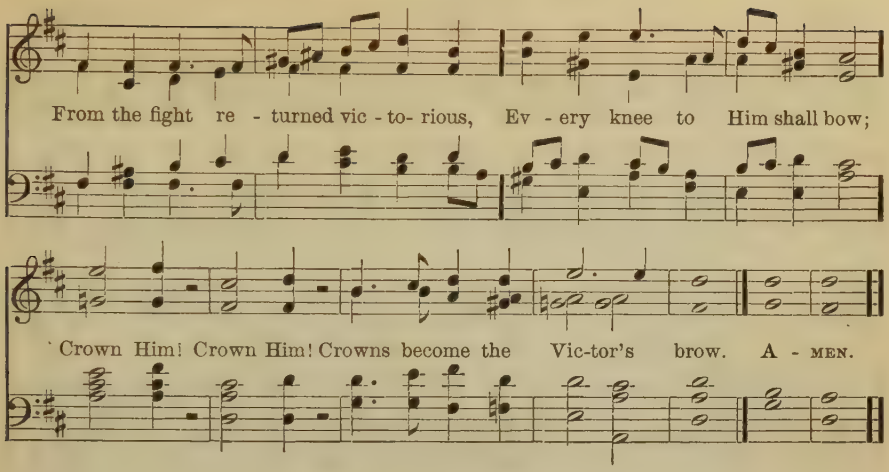
*T. Kelly*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

VICTOR'S CROWN
*Horatio Parker*

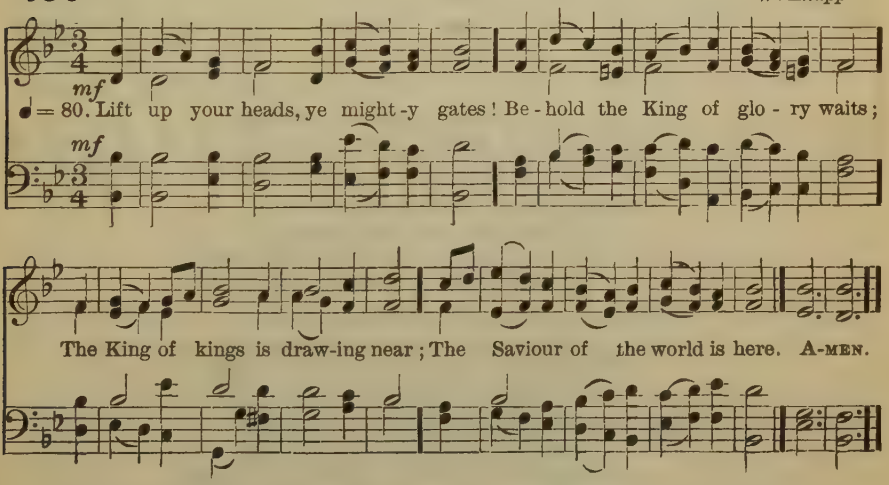





## 186

L. M.

WAREHAM
*W. Knapp*


mf
♩ = 80. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits;
mf
The King of kings is draw-ing near; The Saviour of the world is here. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

*mf* 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

*f* 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heav'n's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

*mf* 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

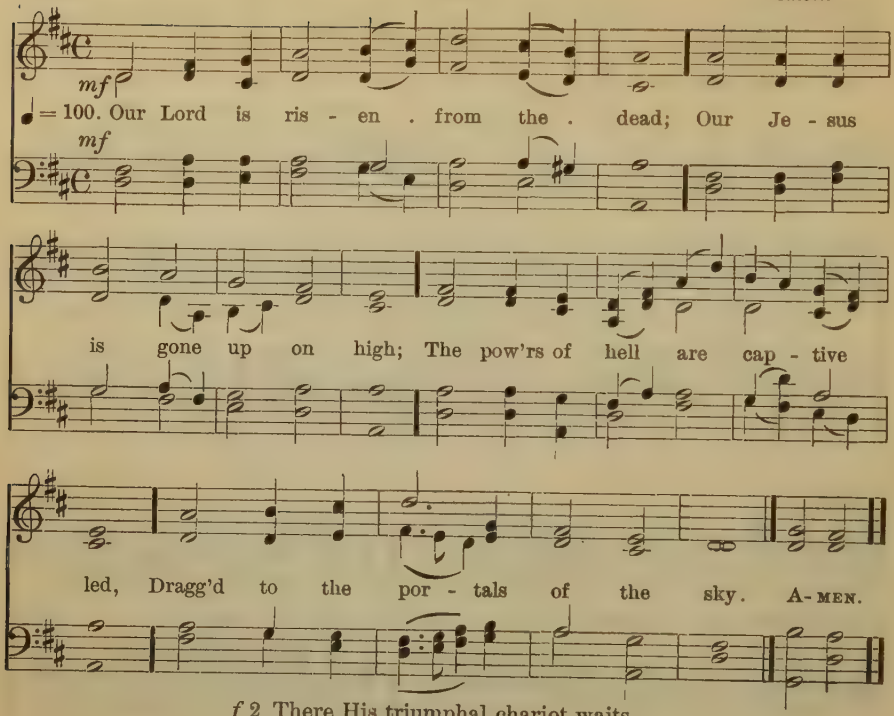
*f* 6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

*G. Weissel*

187

L. M.

DUKE STREET
*J. Hatton*


mf
♩ = 100. Our Lord is ris - en . from the . dead; Our Je - sus
mf
is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive
led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky. A-MEN.

*f* 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
*ff* "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

*f* 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

*mf* 4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame.
*cr* The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

*f* 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
*ff* "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

*mf* 6 Who is this King of glory, Who?
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd
The King of saints and angels too,
*ff* God, over all, for ever blest.

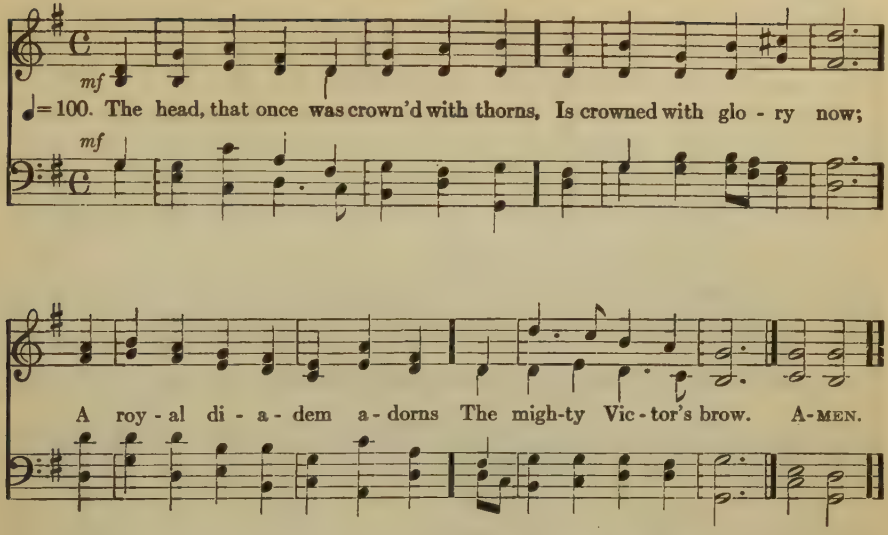


*C. Wesley*

188

C. M.

ST. MAGNUS
*J. Clark*


mf
♩= 100. The head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
mf
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The migh-ty Vic - tor's brow. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
*cr* The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

*mf* 3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

*mp* 4 To them the Cross with all its shame,
*cr* With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

*mp* 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
*cr* They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

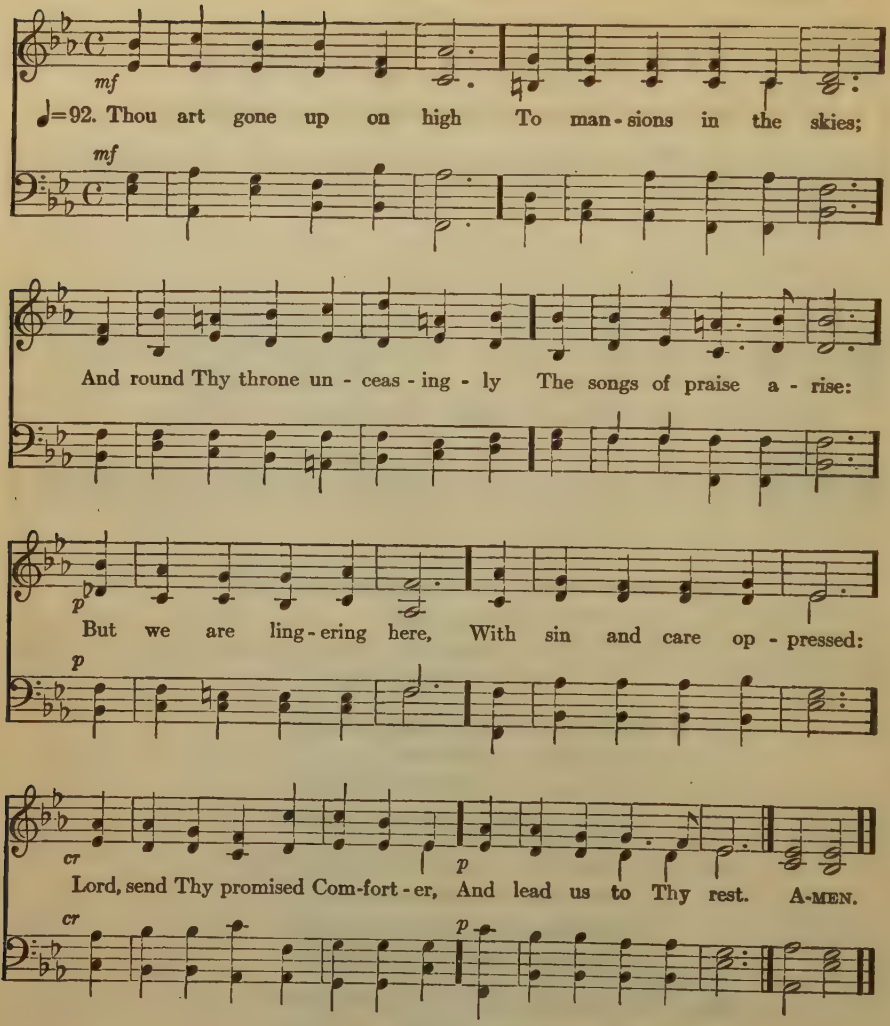
*mf* 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
*p* Though shame and death to Him:
*cr* His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

*T. Kelly*

189

S. M. D.

CHALVEY
*L. G. Hayne*


mf
♩=92. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;
mf
And round Thy throne un-ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a-rise:
p
But we are ling-ering here, With sin and care op-pressed:
p
cr
p
Lord, send Thy promised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-MEN.
cr
p

*mf* 2 Thou art gone up on high;
*p* But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
*cr* Lead us at last to Thee.

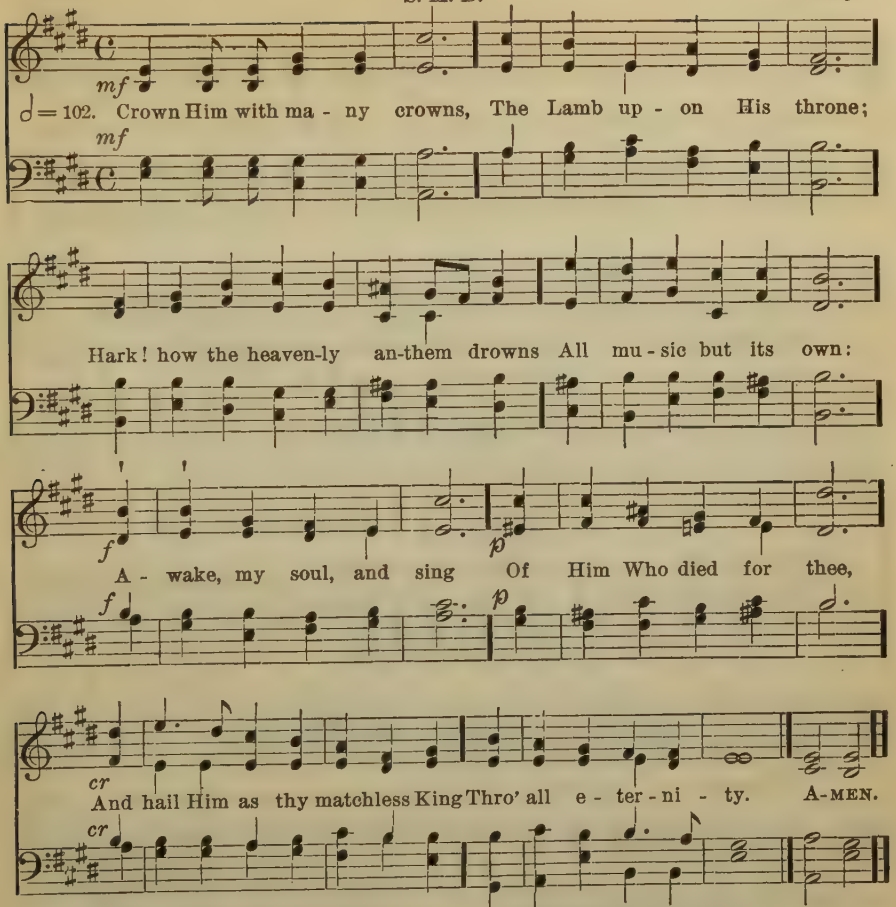
*mf* 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die, [hour,
*p* That we may stand, in that dread
*cr* At Thy right hand on high.

*E. Toke*

190

S. M. D.

DIADEMATA
*G. J. Elvey*


mf
♩ = 102. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
mf
Hark! how the heaven-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
f
p
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
f
p
cr
And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
*p* Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

*f* 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
*p* Who died, (*cr*) and rose on high,
*p* Who died, (*cr*) eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

*f* 4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
*p* Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
*cr* Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
*f* Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

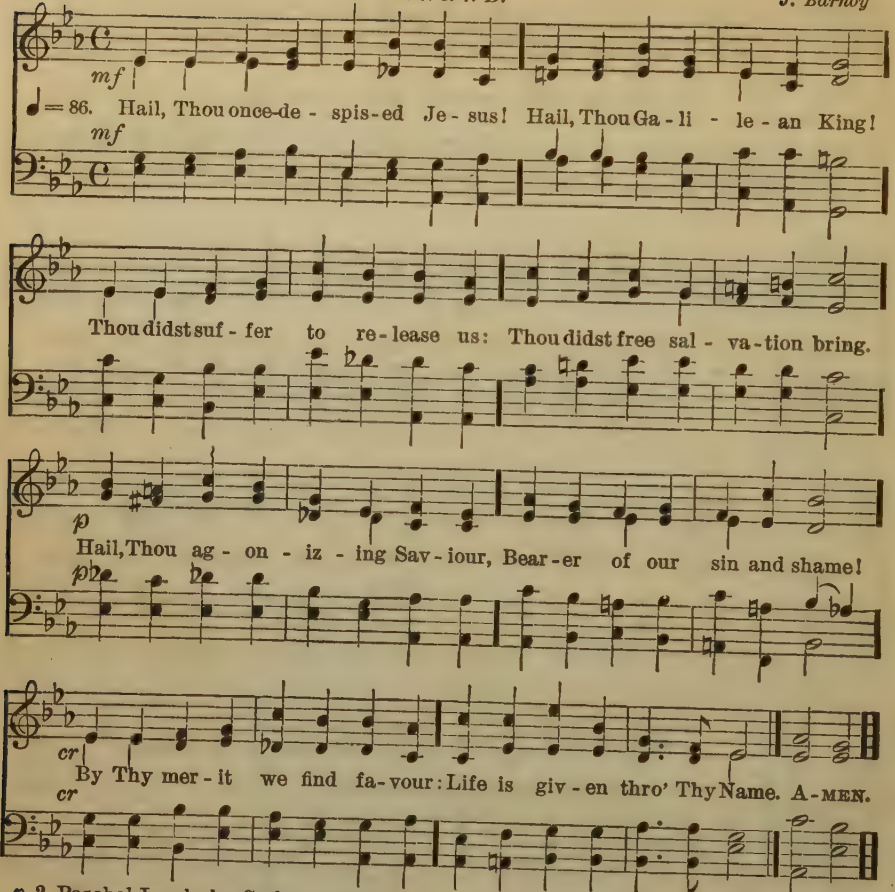
*ff* 5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

*M. Bridges*

# 191

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. HILDA
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩ = 86. Hail, Thou once-de - spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!
mf
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us: Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
p
Hail, Thou ag - on - iz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
pp
cr
By Thy mer - it we find fa - vour: Life is giv - en thro' Thy Name. A - MEN.
cr

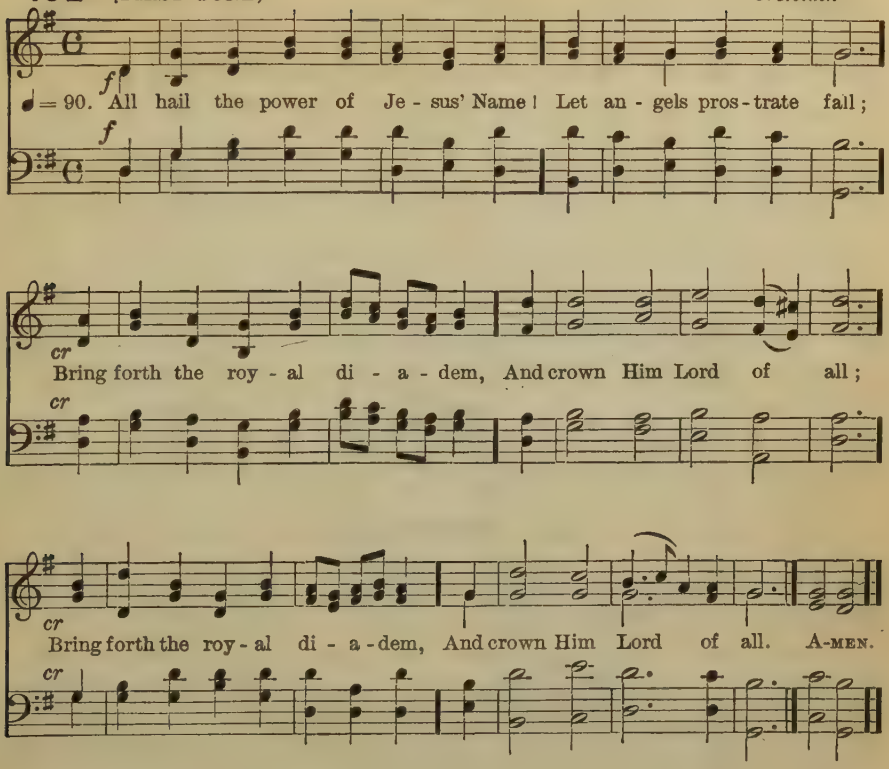
*p* 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
*cr* All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood:
*mf* Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

*f* 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
*mf* There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear

*f* 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
*cr* Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

*J. Bakewell: M. Madan: A. M. Toplady*

**192** (FIRST TUNE) C. M. CORONATION *O. Holden*


♩ = 90. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*mf* 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine!
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

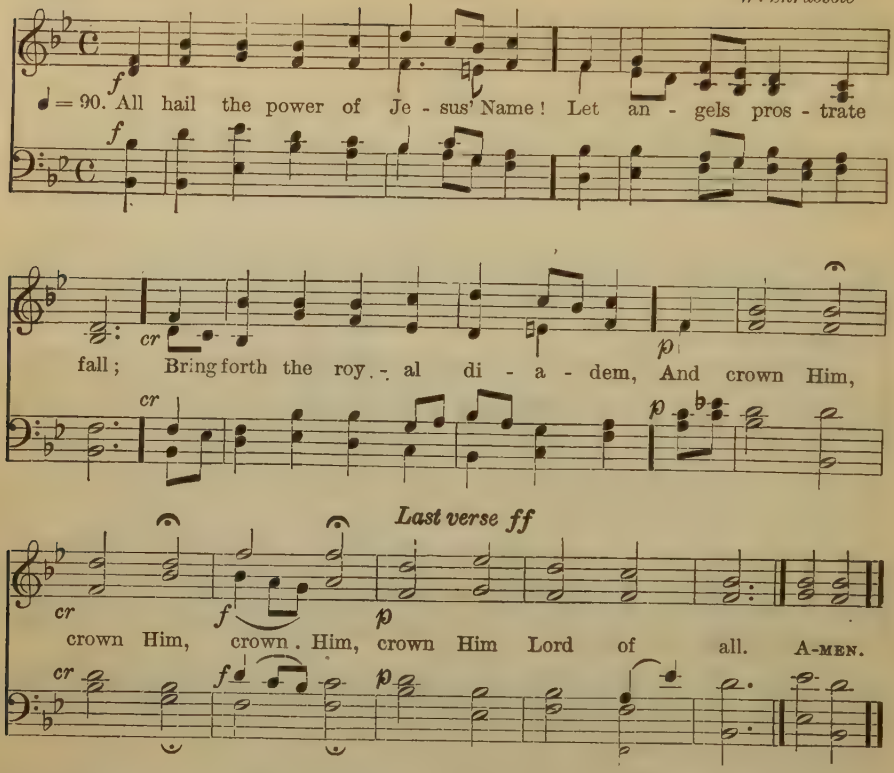
*f* 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

*p* 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
*cr* Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*ff* 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

*E. Perronet*

**192** (SECOND TUNE) C. M. MILES LANE *W. Shrubsole*


♩ = 90. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate
fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
Last verse ff
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*mf* 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine!
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*f* 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

*p* 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
*cr* Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

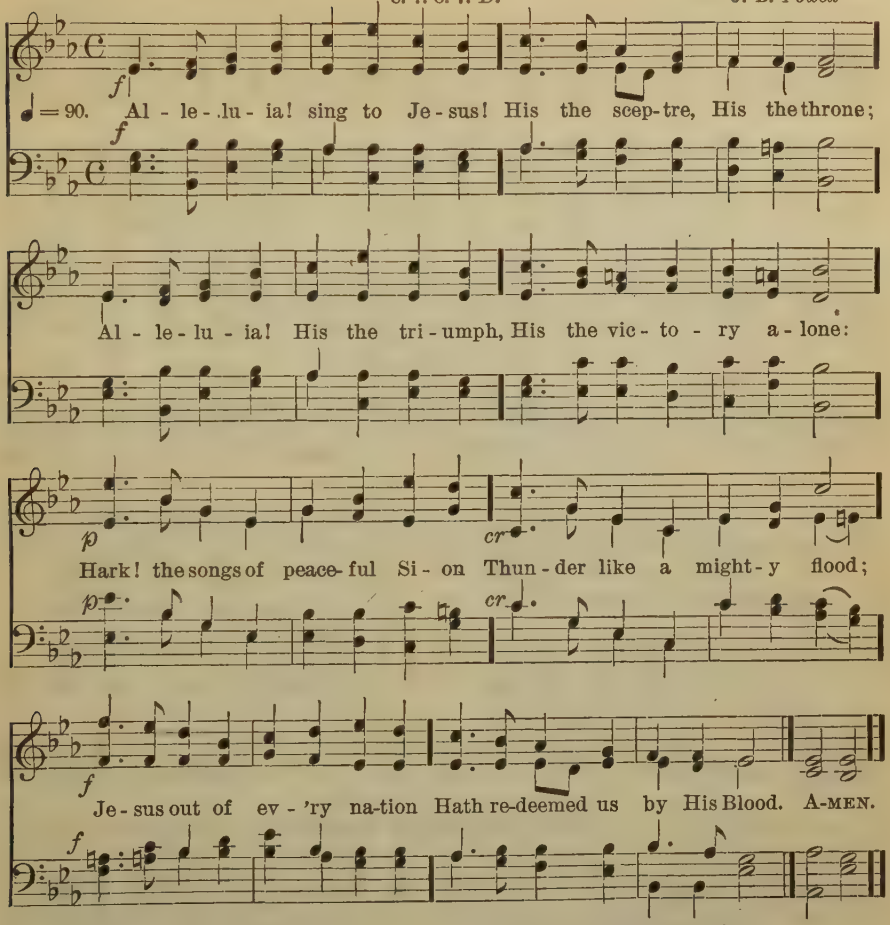
*ff* 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

*E. Perronet*

## 193 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE
*J. B. Powell*


♩ = 90.
Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;
Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
Hark! the songs of peace - ful Si - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;
Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His Blood. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Alleluia! (*p*) not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
*cr* Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
*p* Though the cloud from sight received
When the forty days were o'er: [Him,
*cr* Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

*mf* 3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
*p* Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
*cr* Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

*f* 4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia! born of Mary, [throne:
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy
*p* Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

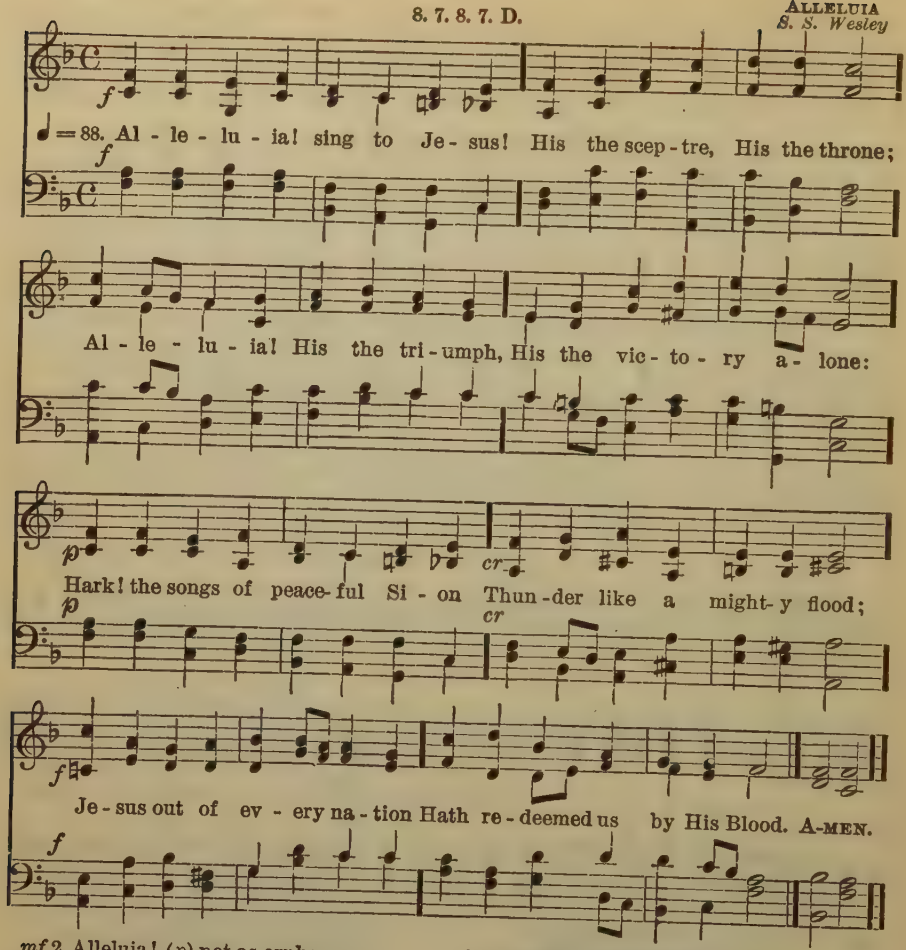
*f* 5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
*p* Hark! (*cr*) the songs of holy Sion
*f* Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

*W. C. Dix*

## 193 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ALLELUIA
*S. S. Wesley*


♩ = 88. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;
Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
Hark! the songs of peace-ful Si - on Thun-der like a might-y flood;
Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His Blood. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Alleluia! (*p*) not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
*cr* Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
*p* Though the cloud from sight received
When the forty days were o'er: [Him,
*cr* Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

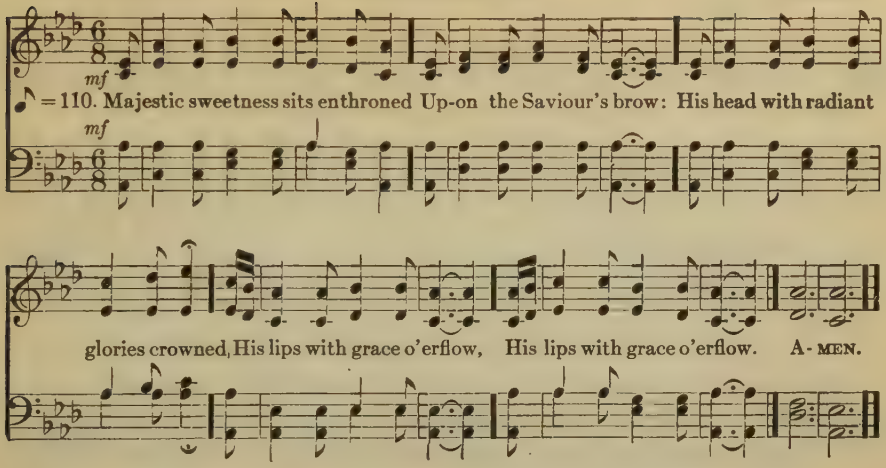
*mf* 3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
*p* Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
*cr* Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

*f* 4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary, [throne:
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy
*p* Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

*f* 5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
*p* Hark! (*cr*) the songs of holy Sion
*f* Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

*W. C. Dix*

**194** (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ORTONVILLE *T. Hastings*


mf
♩ = 110. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow: His head with radiant
mf
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

*p* 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

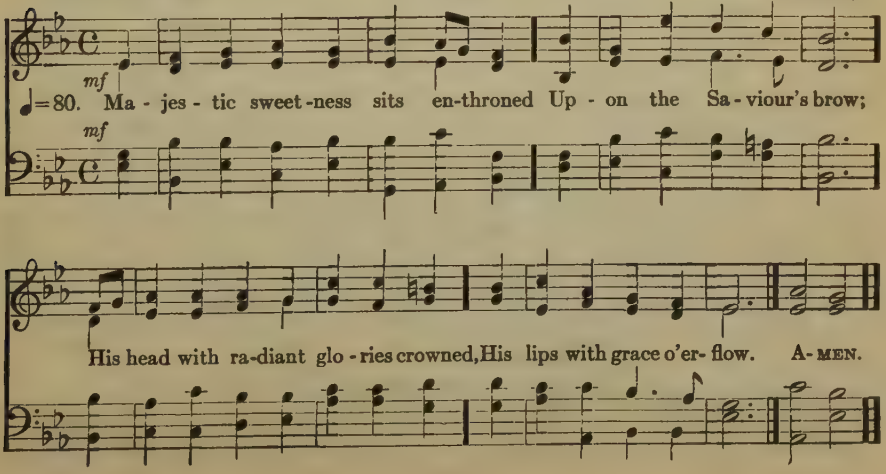
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

*cr* 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

*S. Stennett*

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. HORSLEY *W. Horsley*


mf
♩ = 80. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sa - viour's brow;
mf
His head with ra-diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er- flow. A-MEN.

195

(See note on page 180)

SALVE, FESTA DIES (No. 4)
*J. Baden-Powell*

*Andante*

♩ = 112. *f* *ff*

CANTORS (*Unaccompanied*)

*f*

Hail! Fes - tal Day! through ev-'ry age, di-vine, When God's . fair

grace from heav'n to earth did shine; Hail! Fes - tal Day di-vine.

*Chorus in harmony after each verse.*

*f*

Hail! fes - tal Day! through ev - ery age di - vine, When

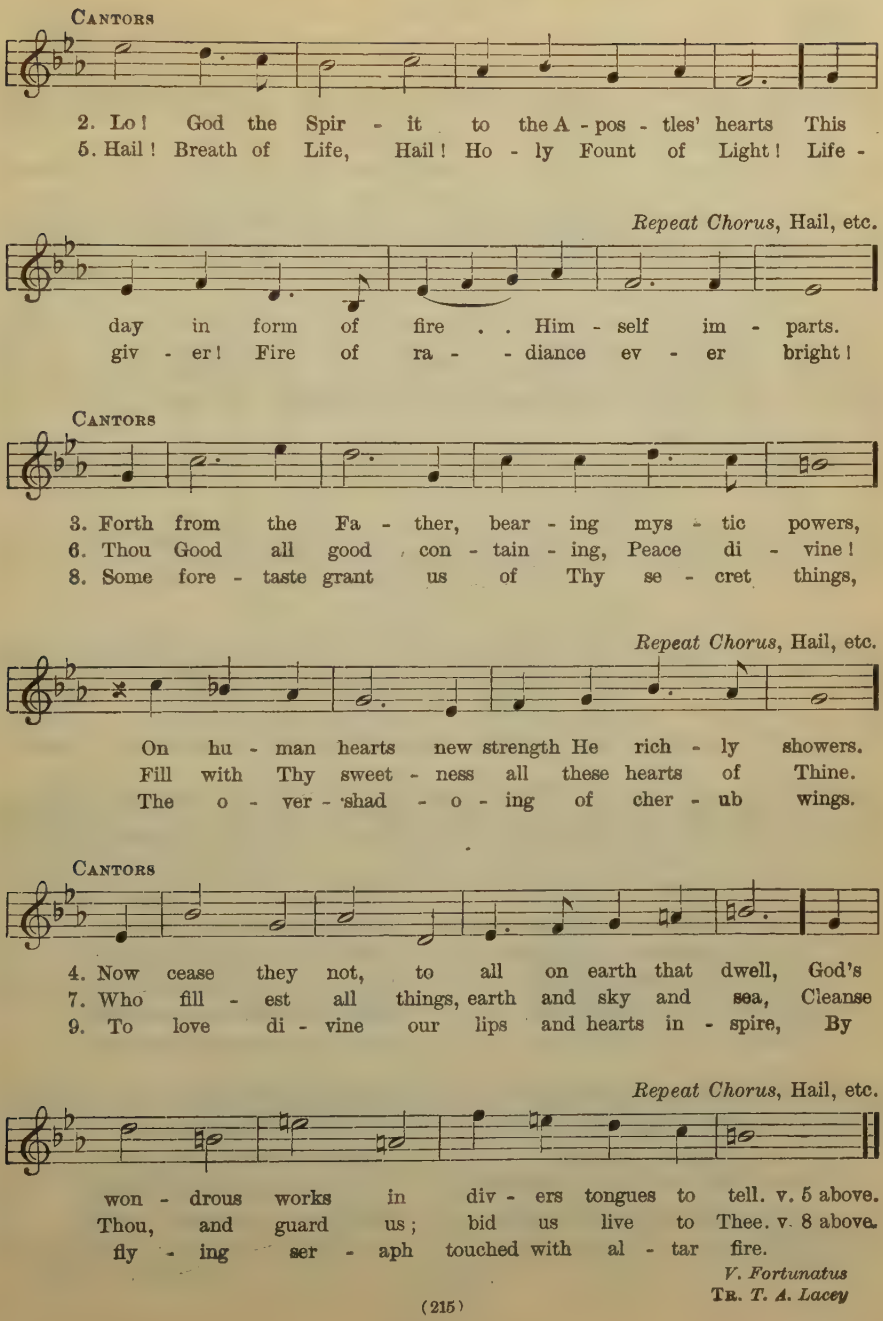
*f*

God's . fair grace from heaven to earth . . . did

*f* *ff*

shine. Hail! fes - - - tal Day . . . di - vine.

(*After v. 9*) A - men, . . . . a - men, . . . a - men.

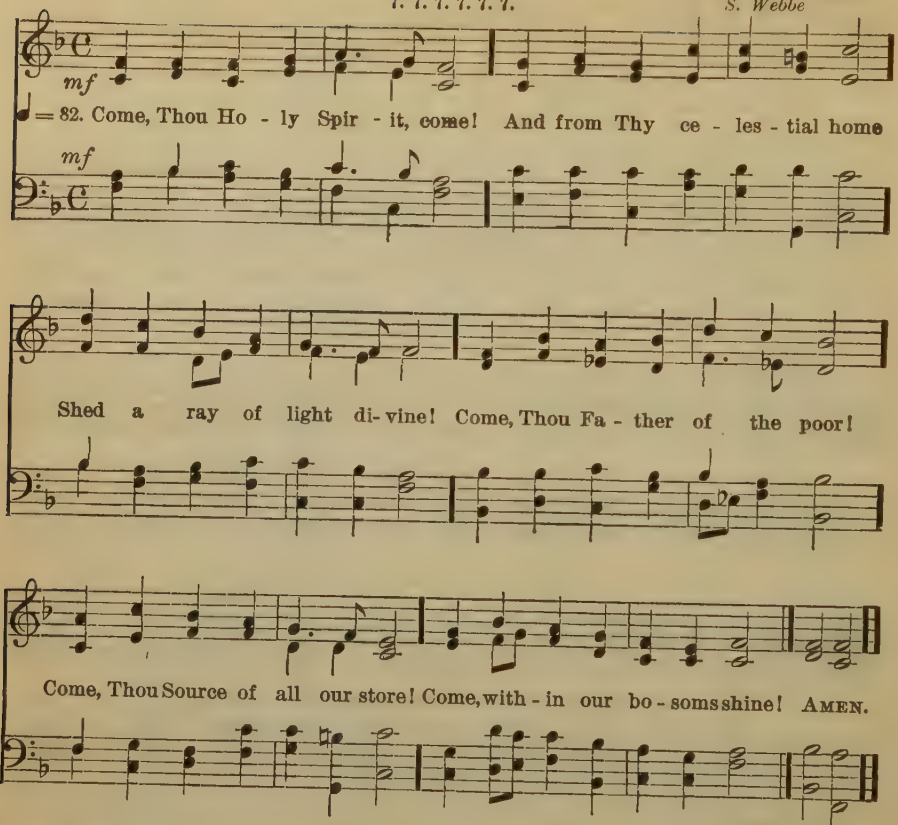

Cantors
2. Lo! God the Spir - it to the A - pos - tles' hearts This
5. Hail! Breath of Life, Hail! Ho - ly Fount of Light! Life -
Repeat Chorus, Hail, etc.
day in form of fire . . Him - self im - parts.
giv - er! Fire of ra - - diance ev - er bright!
Cantors
3. Forth from the Fa - ther, bear - ing mys - tic powers,
6. Thou Good all good con - tain - ing, Peace di - vine!
8. Some fore - taste grant us of Thy se - cret things,
Repeat Chorus, Hail, etc.
On hu - man hearts new strength He rich - ly showers.
Fill with Thy sweet - ness all these hearts of Thine.
The o - ver - shad - o - ing of cher - ub wings.
Cantors
4. Now cease they not, to all on earth that dwell, God's
7. Who fill - est all things, earth and sky and sea, Cleanse
9. To love di - vine our lips and hearts in - spire, By
Repeat Chorus, Hail, etc.
won - drous works in div - ers tongues to tell. v. 5 above.
Thou, and guard us; bid us live to Thee. v. 8 above.
fly - ing ser - aph touched with al - tar fire.

*V. Fortunatus*
Tr. *T. A. Lacey*

# 196

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS
*S. Webbe*


mf
♩ = 82. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home
mf
Shed a ray of light di-vine! Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor!
Come, Thou Source of all our store! Come, with - in our bo - soms shine! AMEN.

*mp* 2 Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

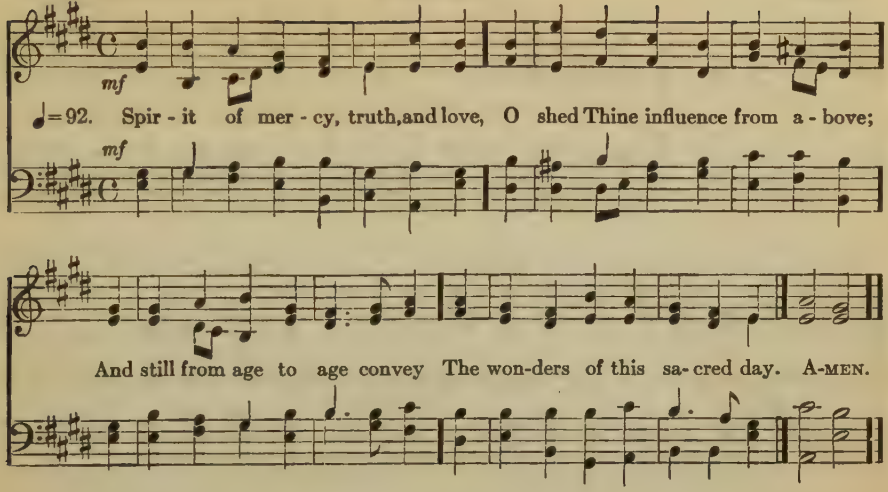
*mf* 3 O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
*p* Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

*p* 4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

*mf* 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.

TR. *E. Caswall*

**197** (FIRST TUNE) L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*

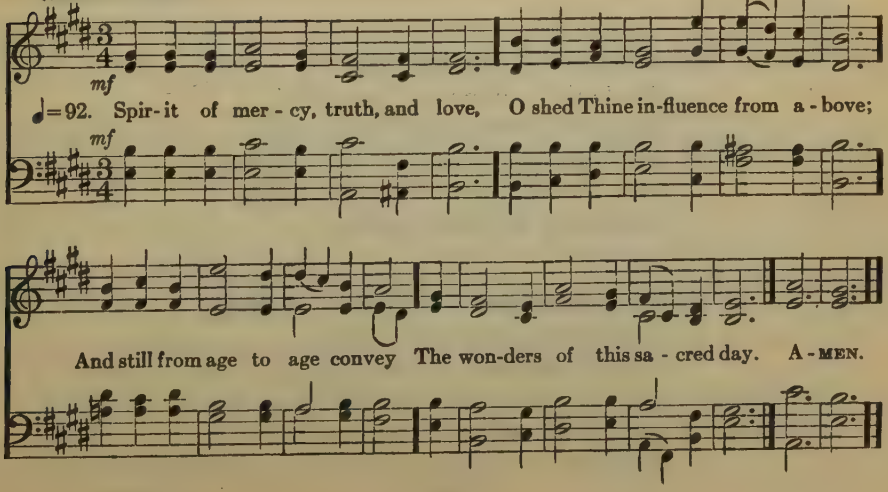

mf
♩=92. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed Thine influence from a - bove;
mf
And still from age to age convey The won-ders of this sa - cred day. A-MEN.

*f* 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

*p* 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
*cr* Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
*f* Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

*Anon.*

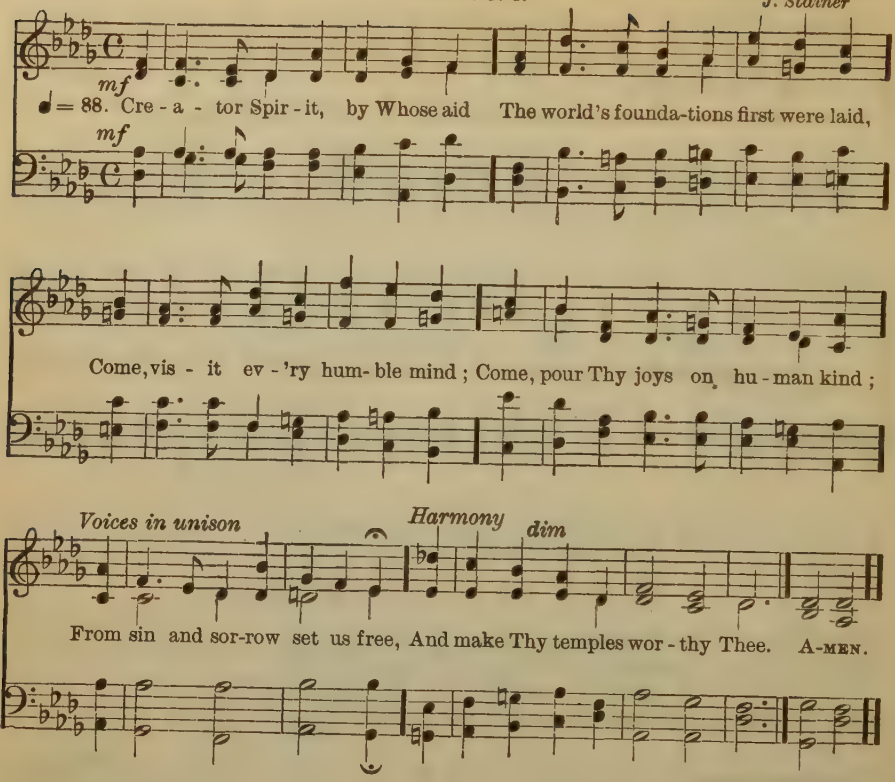
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. MARYTON *H. P. Smith*


mf
♩=92. Spir-it of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed Thine in-fluence from a - bove;
mf
And still from age to age convey The won-ders of this sa - cred day. A - MEN.

198

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ALL SAINTS
*J. Stainer*


mf
♩ = 88. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by Whose aid The world's founda-tions first were laid,
mf
Come, vis - it ev - 'ry hum- ble mind ; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind ;
Voices in unison
Harmony
dim
From sin and sor-row set us free, And make Thy temples wor - thy Thee. A-MEN.

2

*mf* O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
*cr* Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3

*mf* Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

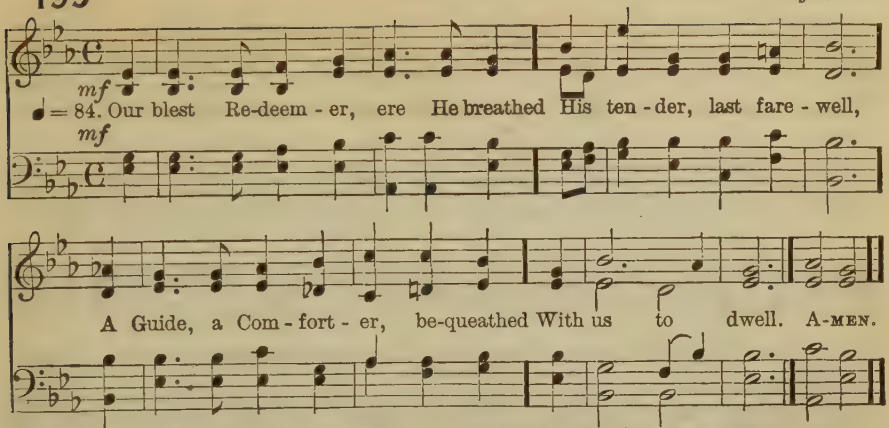


*J. Dryder*

## 199

8. 6. 8. 4.

ST. CUTHBERT
*J. B. Dykes*




*mf* 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
*p* While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

*p* 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [each fear,
That checks each fault, that calms
And speaks of heaven.

*mf* 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

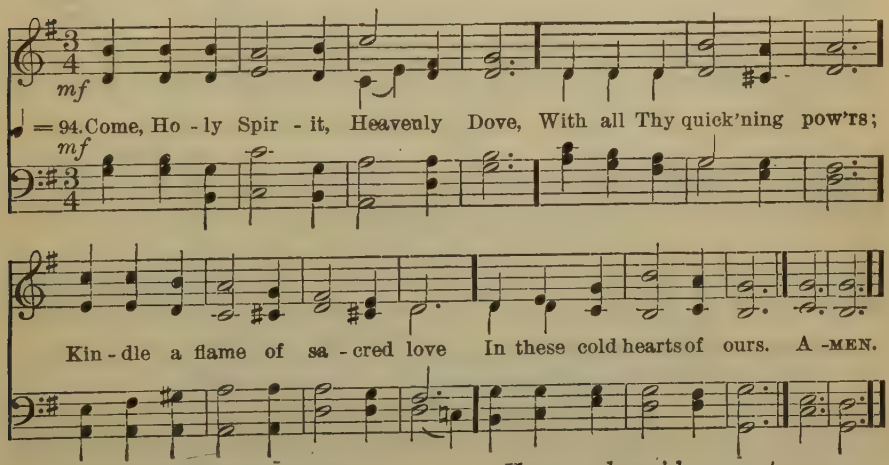
*mp* 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
*cr* O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

*H. Auber*

## 200 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

ST. AGNES
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 94. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
mf
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A-MEN.

*p* 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

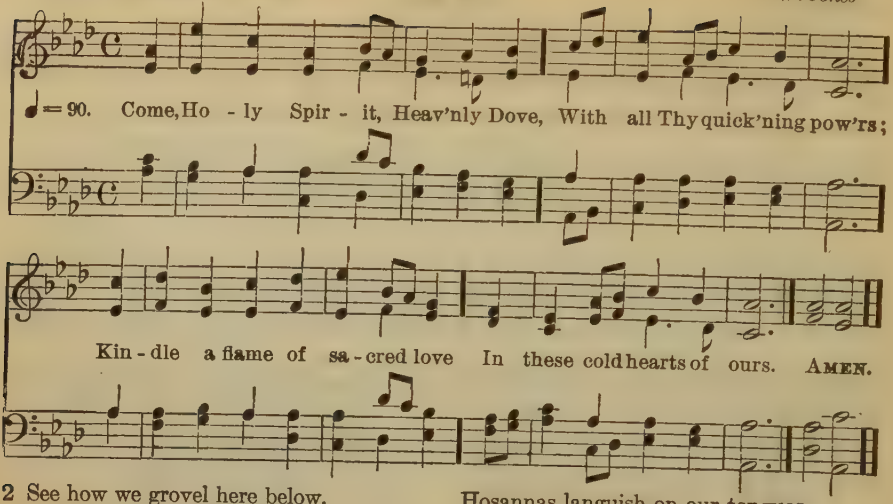
*p* 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

*mf* 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
*cr* Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

*I. Watts*

## 200 (SECOND TUNE) C. M.

ST. STEPHEN
*W. Jones*


♩ = 90. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. AMEN.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

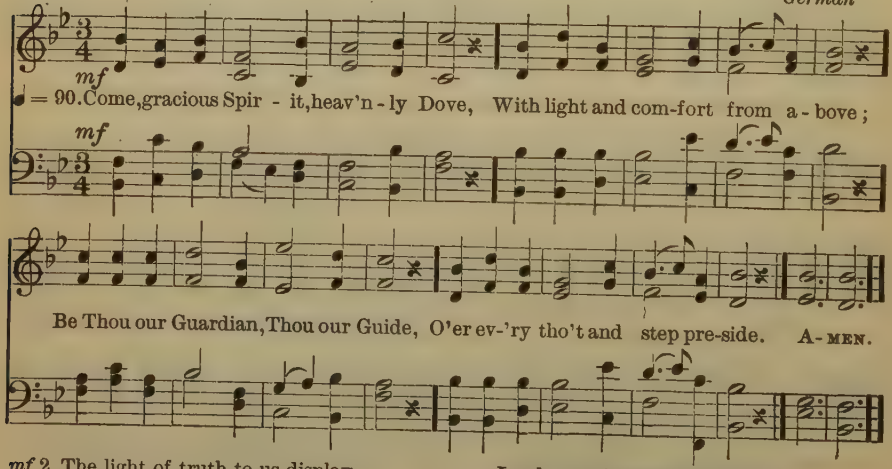
3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
*cr* Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

*Isaac Watts*

## 201 L. M.

MENDON
*German*


mf
♩ = 90. Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
mf
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev-'ry tho't and step pre-side. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

*mf* 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

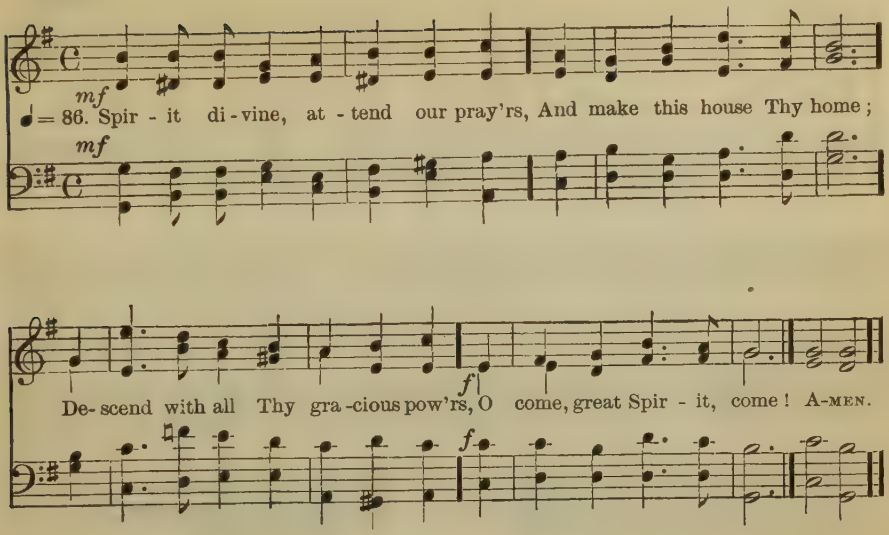
*cr* 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
*p* Lead us to God, our final rest,
*cr* To be with Him for ever blest.

*S. Brown: Ash and Evans*

## 202

C. M.

NOX PRAECESSIT
*J. B. Calkin*


mf
♩= 86. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
mf
De- scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, O come, great Spir - it, come! A-MEN.
f
f

2

*mf* Come as the light, to us reveal
*p* Our emptiness and woe:
*cr* And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go.

3

*mf* Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
*cr* Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4

*p* Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
*cr* And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5

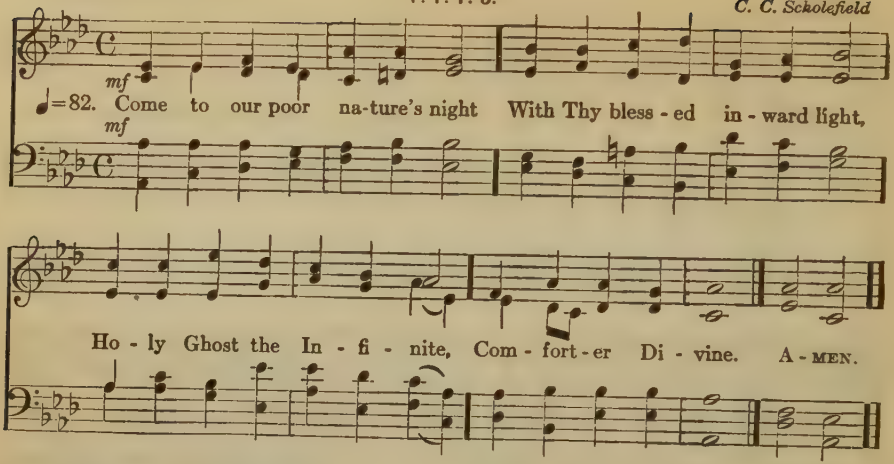
*mf* Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
*ff* O come, great Spirit, come!

*A. Reed*

## 203 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 5.

IRENE
*C. C. Scholefield*




*p* 2 We are sinful, (*mf*) cleanse us, Lord;
*p* Sick and faint, (*mf*) Thy strength afford;
*p* Lost, (*cr*) until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

*p* 3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
*cr* Give us from Thy heavenly store
*f* Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

*mf* 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

*p* 5 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

*mf* 6 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

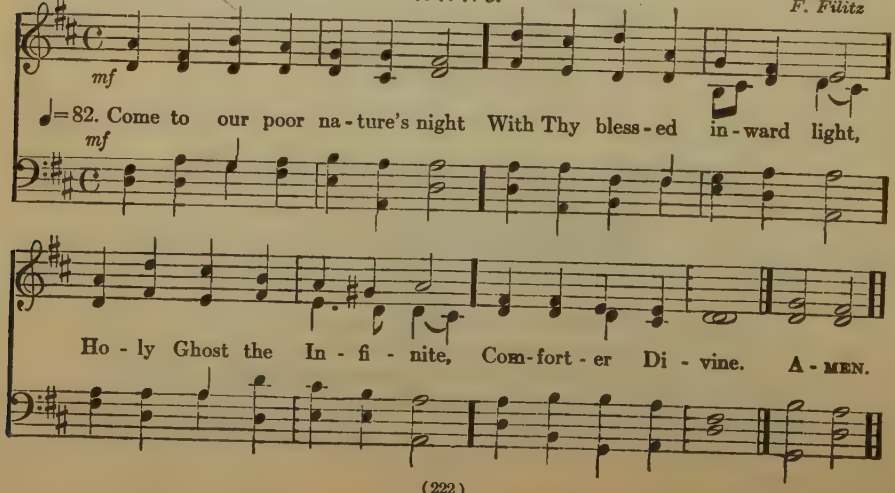
*mf* 7 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

*G. Rawson*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 5.

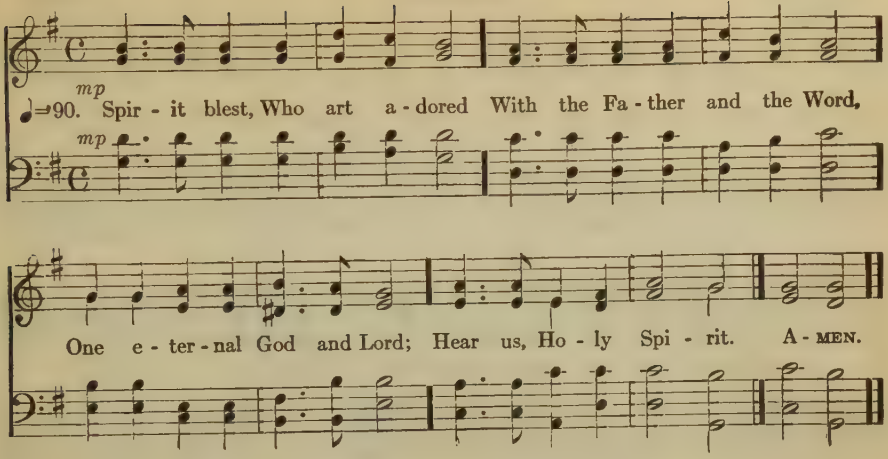
CAPETOWN
*F. Filitz*



## 204

7. 7. 7. 6.

EVELYN
*A. S. Sullivan*




*mp* 2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou Whose sound apostles heard,
Thou Whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them Thy living Word;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

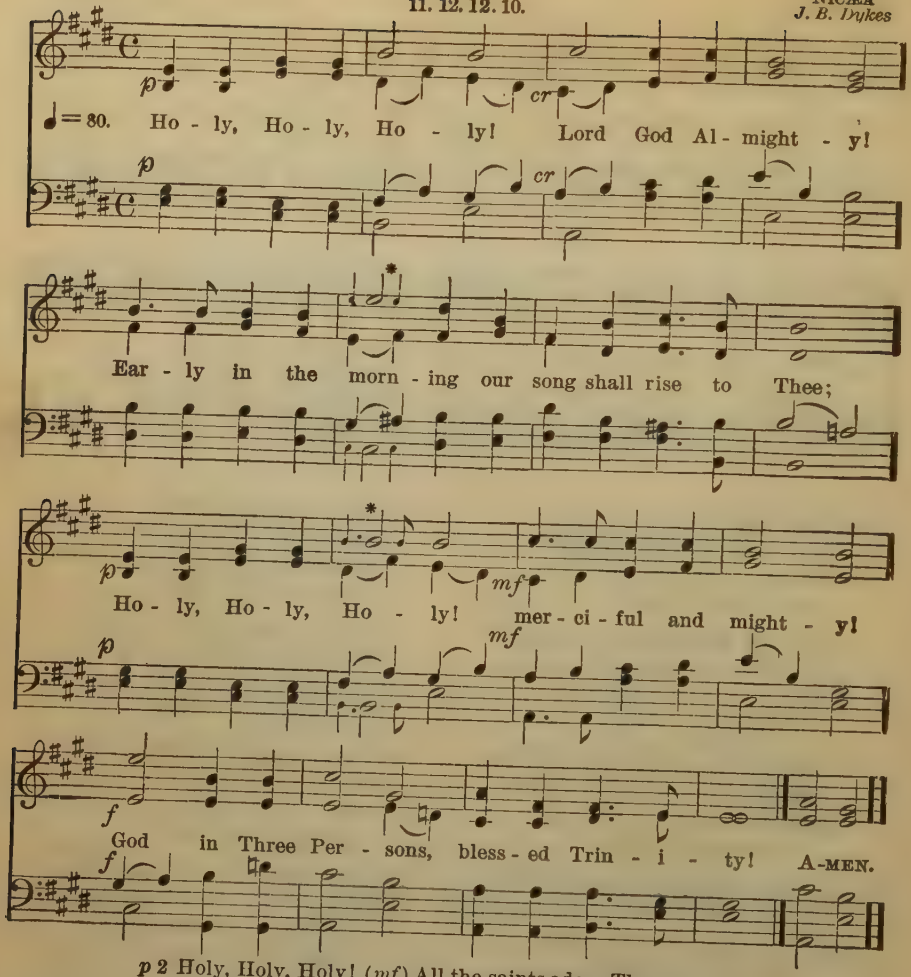
12 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart;
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*R. F. Littledale*

11. 12. 12. 10.

NICÆA
*J. B. Dykes*


♩= 80. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

*p* 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*p* 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
*cr* Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*p* 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
*ff* All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
*mf* Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
*f* God in Three Persons. blessèd Trinity.

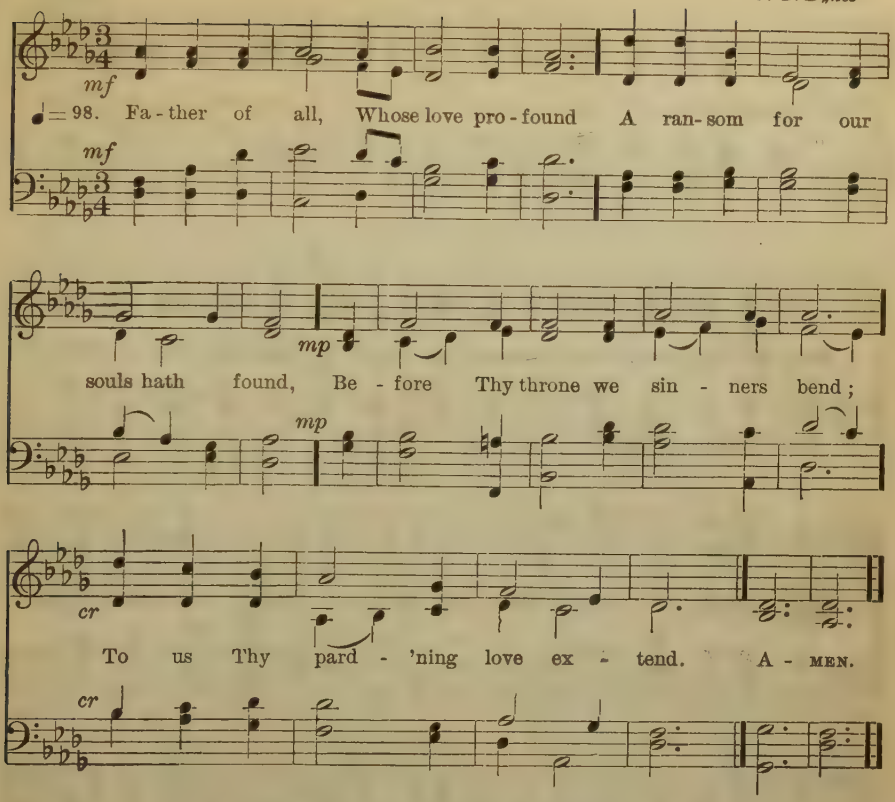
*R. Heber*

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

206

L. M.

RIVAULX
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩= 98. Fa - ther of all, Whose love pro - found A ran - som for our
mf
mp
souls hath found, Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend;
mp
cr
To us Thy pard - 'ning love ex - tend. A - MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
*dim* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
*cr* To us Thy saving grace extend.

*mf* 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
*dim* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
*cr* To us Thy quickening power extend.

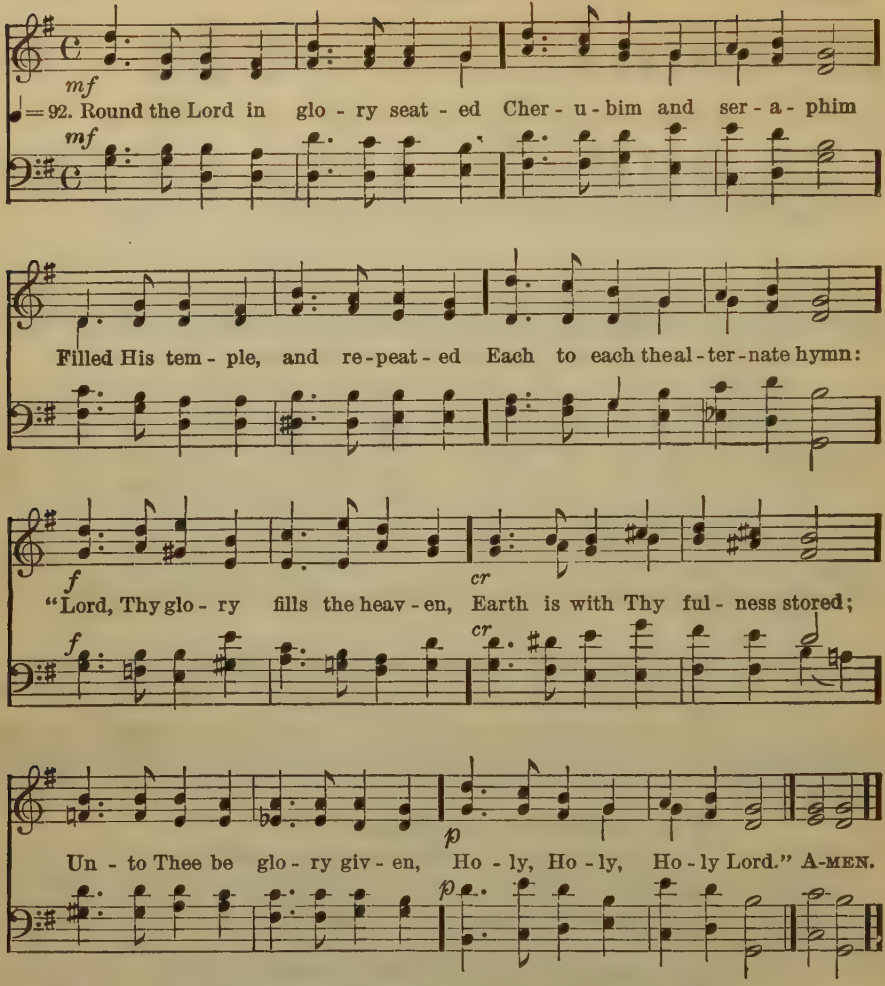
*f* 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
*dim* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
*f* Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

*E. Cooper*

## 207

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

MOULTRIE
*G. F. Cobb*


mf
♩=92. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Filled His tem - ple, and re-peat - ed Each to each the al - ter - nate hymn:
f
cr
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;
p
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord." A-MEN.

*f* 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
*mf* "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing, [High."
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most
*mf* With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

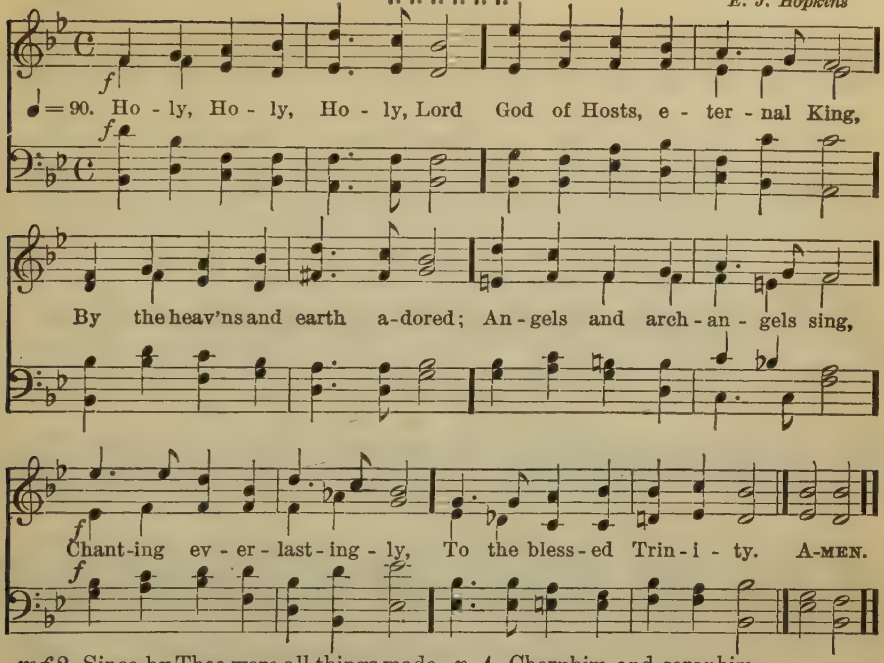
*f* 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
*cr* With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing [high
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most

*R. Mant*

208

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. ATHANASIUS
*E. J. Hopkins*


♩ = 90. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a-dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
*f* Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

*mf* 3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
*cr* Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

*p* 4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
*cr* While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

*f* 5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessèd Trinity.

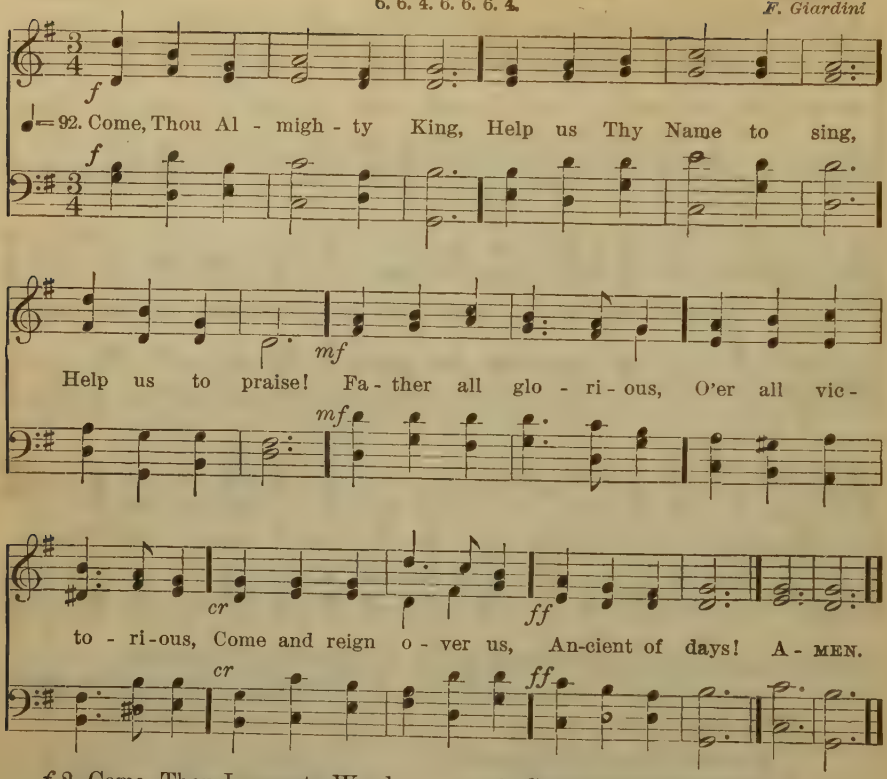
*f* 6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 209

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

MOSCOW
*F. Giardini*


f
♩= 92. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
f
mf
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
mf
cr
ff
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days! A - MEN.
cr
ff

*f* 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
'Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend!

*p* 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
*cr* Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

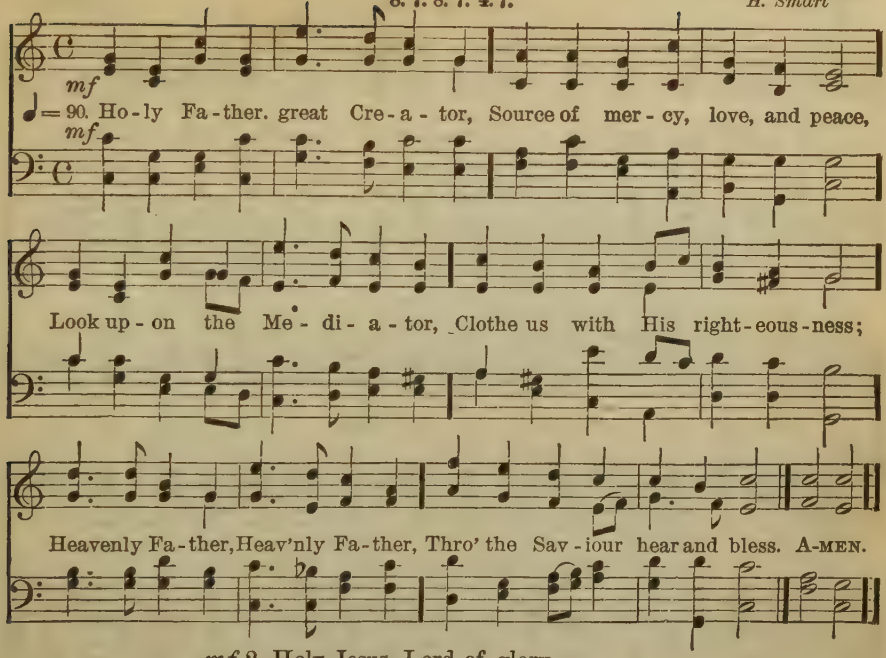
*f* 4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

*Anon*

210

REGENT SQUARE
*H. Smart*

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.


mf
♩ = 90. Ho-ly Fa-ther, great Cre-a-tor, Source of mer-cy, love, and peace,
mf
Look up-on the Me-di-a-tor, Clothe us with His right-eous-ness;
Heavenly Fa-ther, Heav'nly Fa-ther, Thro' the Sav-iour hear and bless. A-MEN.

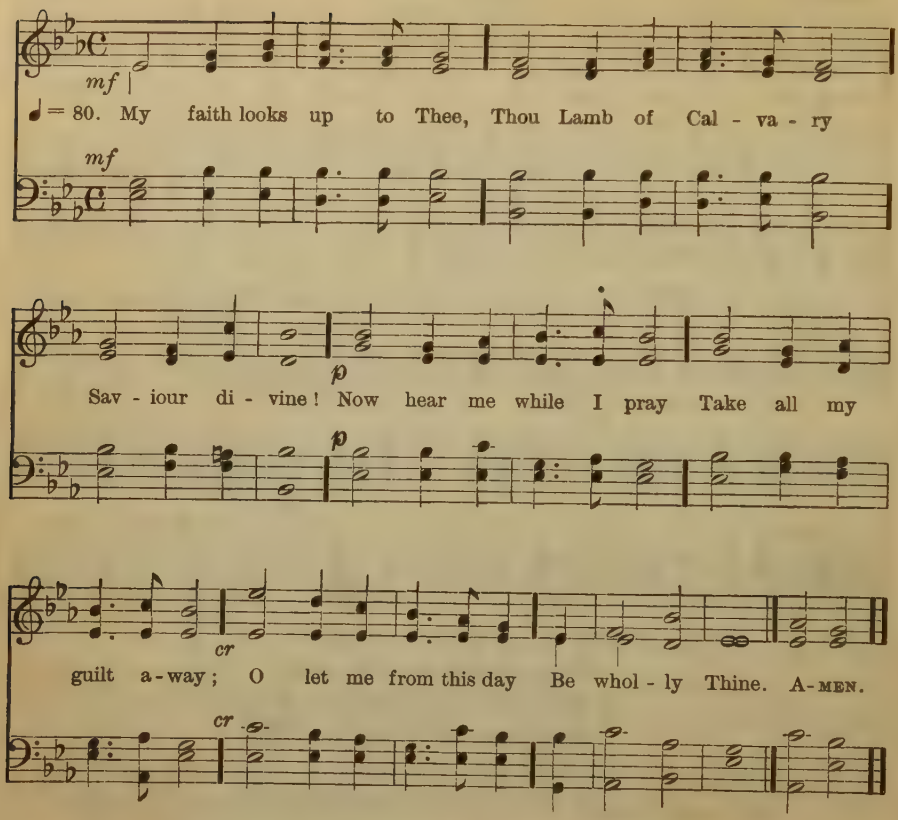
*mf* 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

*mp* 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
*cr* Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of Comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

*f* 4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

*A. V. Griswold*

211 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. OLIVET *L. Mason*


mf
♩ = 80. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry
mf
p
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray Take all my
p
cr
guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
*p* As Thou hast died for me,
*cr* O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

*p* 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
*cr* Be Thou my Guide;
*mf* Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
*p* Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

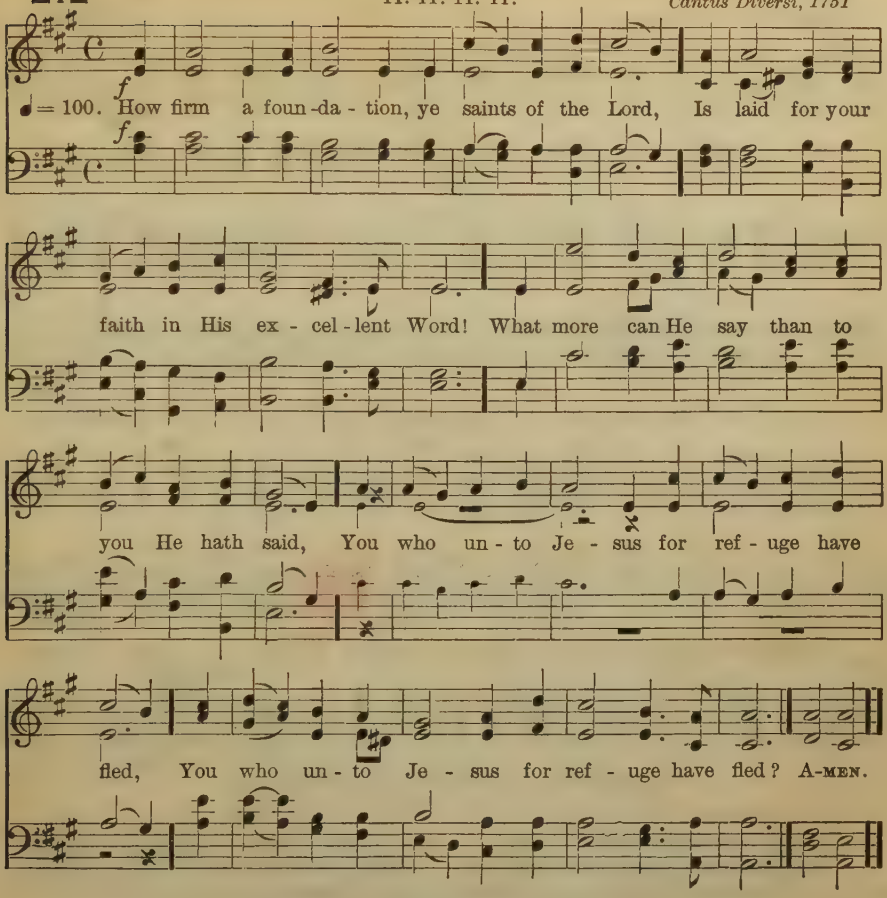
*pp* 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
*cr* Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
*mf* O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

*R. Palmer*

## 212

11. 11. 11. 11.

ADESTE FIDELES
*Cantus Diversi, 1751*


f
♩ = 100. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have
fled, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

*p* 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
*cr* For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

*p* 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
*cr* My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

*mf* 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
*cr* I will not, I will not desert to His foes ;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
*ff* I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

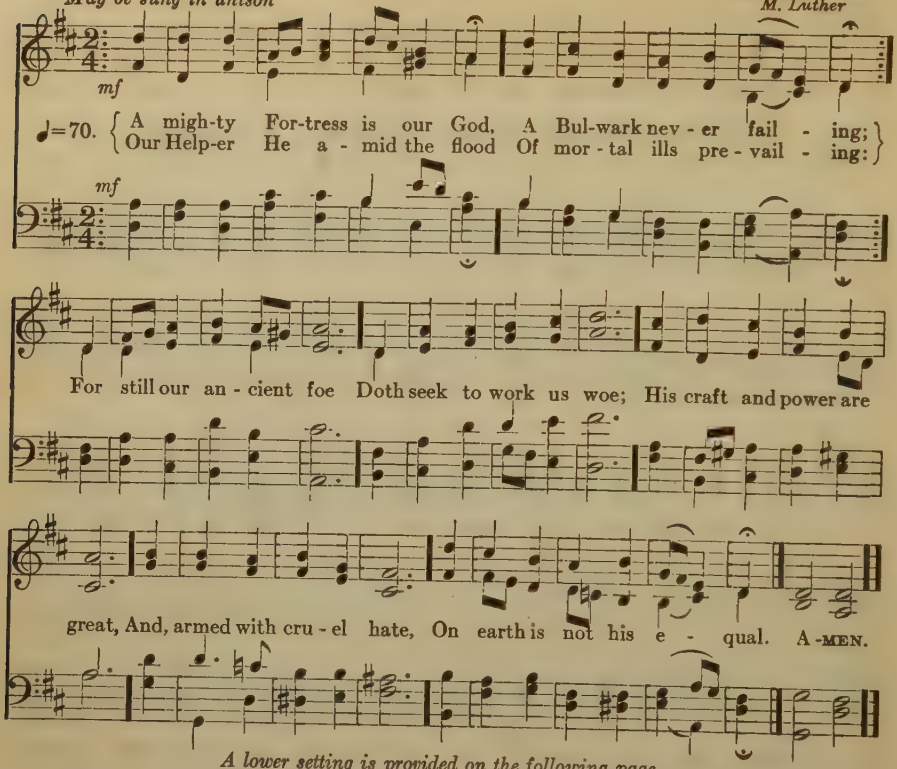
*Rippon's "Selection," 1787*

213

P. M.

*May be sung in unison*

EIN FESTE BURG
*M. Luther*


mf
♩=70. A migh-ty For-tress is our God, A Bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
Our Help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing:
mf
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are
great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-MEN.

*A lower setting is provided on the following page*

*mf* 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils
Should threaten to undo us; [filled,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

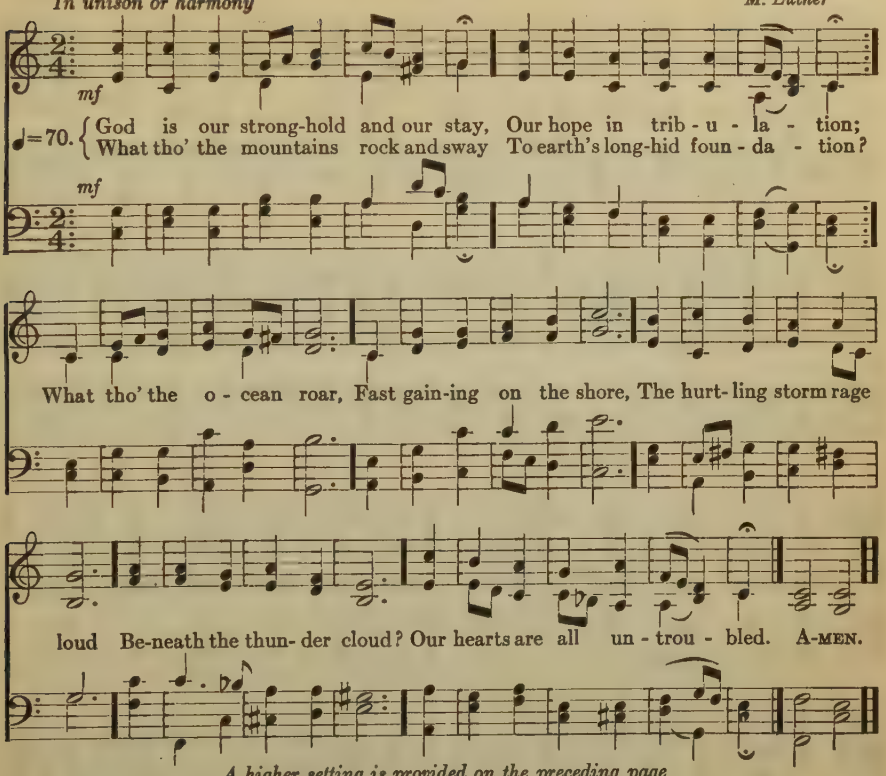
 *M. Luther*, TR. *F. H. Hedge*

214

P. M.

EIN FESTE BURG
*M. Luther*

*In unison or harmony*


mf
♩=70.
God is our strong-hold and our stay, Our hope in trib - u - la - tion;
What tho' the mountains rock and sway To earth's long-hid foun - da - tion?
mf
What tho' the o - cean roar, Fast gain-ing on the shore, The hurt-ling storm rage
loud Be-neath the thun-der cloud? Our hearts are all un - trou - bled. A-MEN.

*A higher setting is provided on the preceding page*

*mf* 2 The might of water sinks to rest;
How calm yon river glideth,
God's city mirrored on its breast,
The house where He abideth!
Hushed be all strife and din!
His presence dwells within,
She standeth unremoved,
By God Himself beloved,
Who helpeth her right early.

3 In vain the heathen shout for war,
In vain our foes assemble;
The voice of God is heard from far,
And earth itself shall tremble.
He breaks the spear and bow,
He lays the warrior low,
The chariot burns with flame;
Our trust is in His Name,
And Jacob's God our refuge!

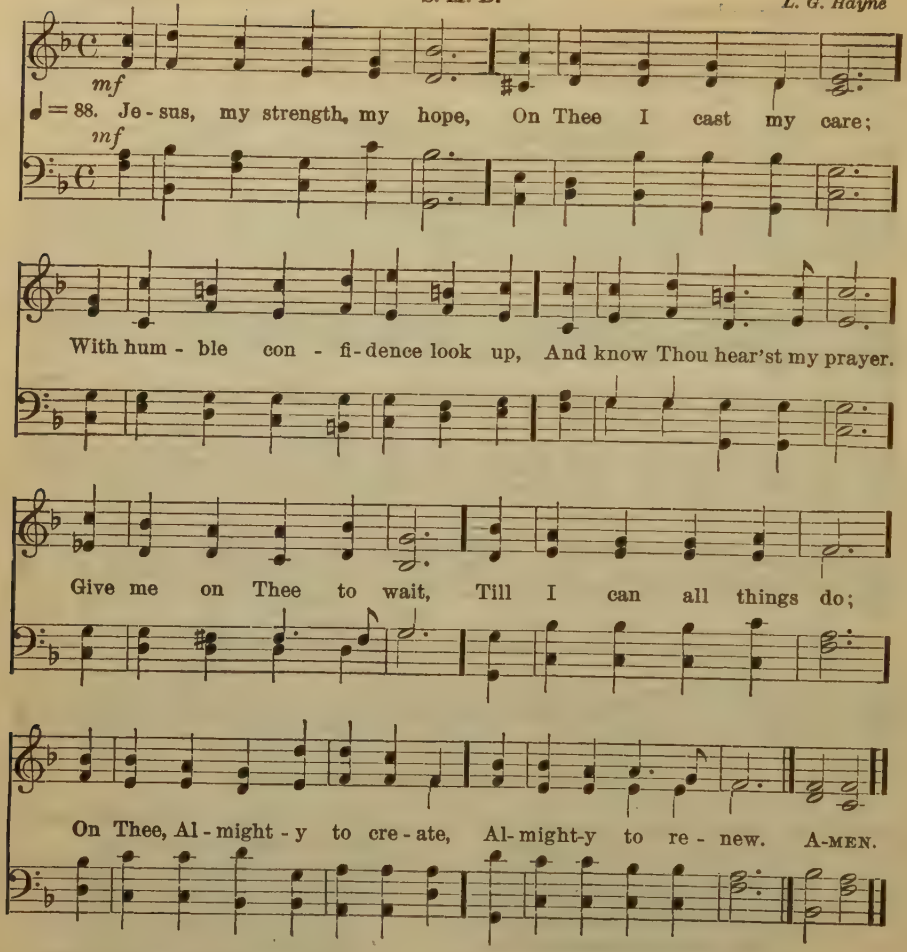
*mp* 4 Be still, the Lord is God alone,
Let all the world adore Him,
And bending low before His throne,
For pitying grace implore Him.
His kingdom is within,
O'er hearts made pure from sin,
Where love that casts out fear
Exults to feel Him near,
The Lord of hosts our refuge.

PSALM 46, VERSION BY *E. Wordsworth*

215

S. M. D.

CHALVEY
*L. G. Hayne*

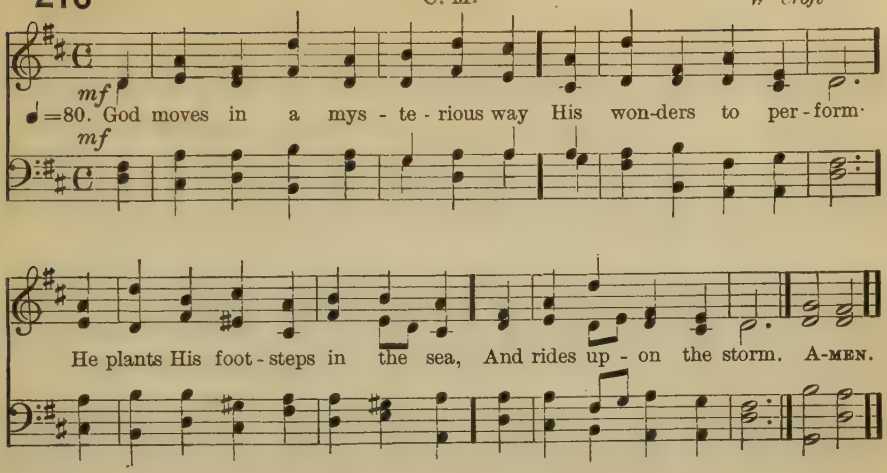

mf
♩ = 88. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care;
mf
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do;
On Thee, Al - might - y to cre - ate, Al - might - y to re - new. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

*mf* 3 I rest upon Thy Word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

*C. Wesley*

216 C. M. LONDON NEW *W Croft*


mf
♩=80. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per-form·
mf
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

*mf* 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

*mf* 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

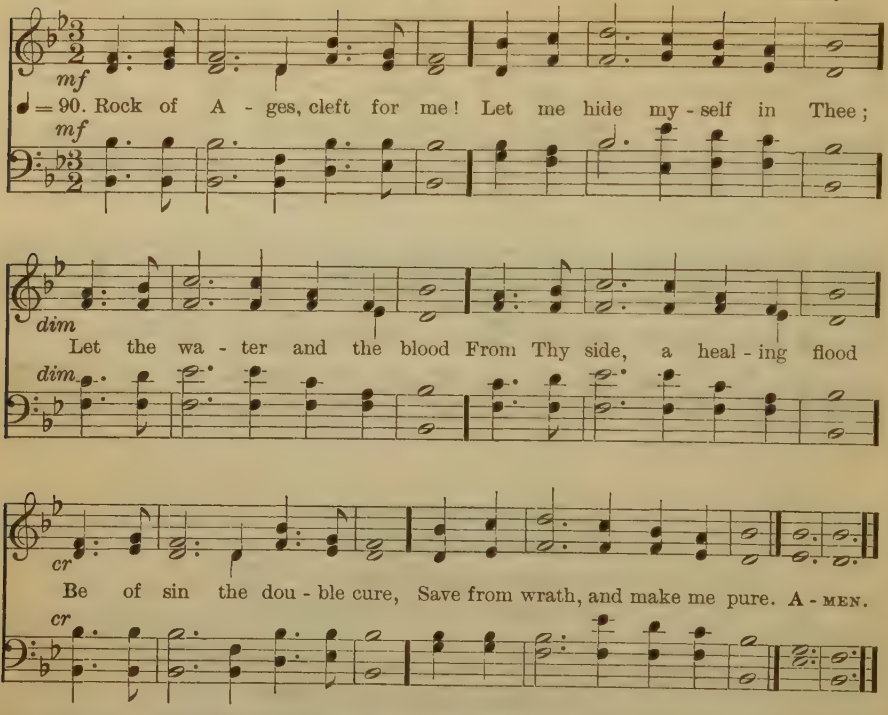
*mf* 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

*mf* 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

*W. Cowper*

## 217 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

TOPLADY
*T. Hastings*


mf
♩ = 90. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
mf
dim
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy side, a heal - ing flood
dim
cr
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - MEN.
cr

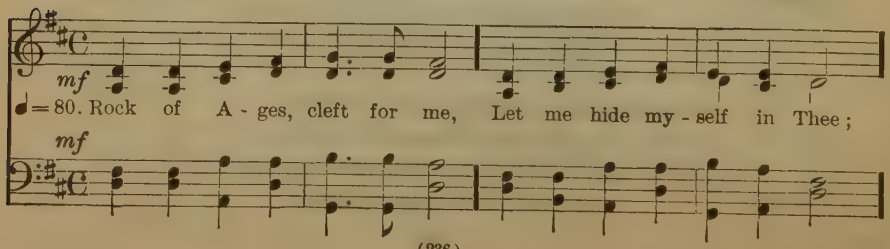
*p* 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
*cr* Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

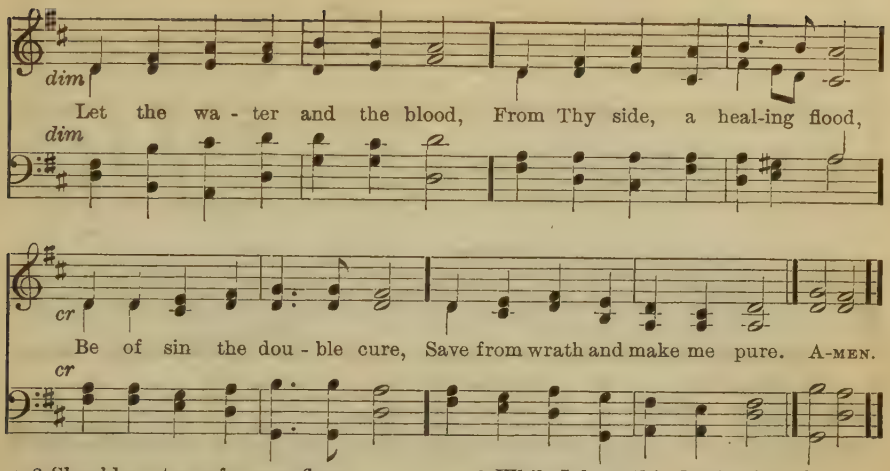
*pp* 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
*cr* When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
*mf* Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
*p* Let me hide myself in Thee.

*A. M. Toplady; J. Cotterill*

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, 76
*R. Redhead*




dim
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal-ing flood,
dim
cr
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
*cr* Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

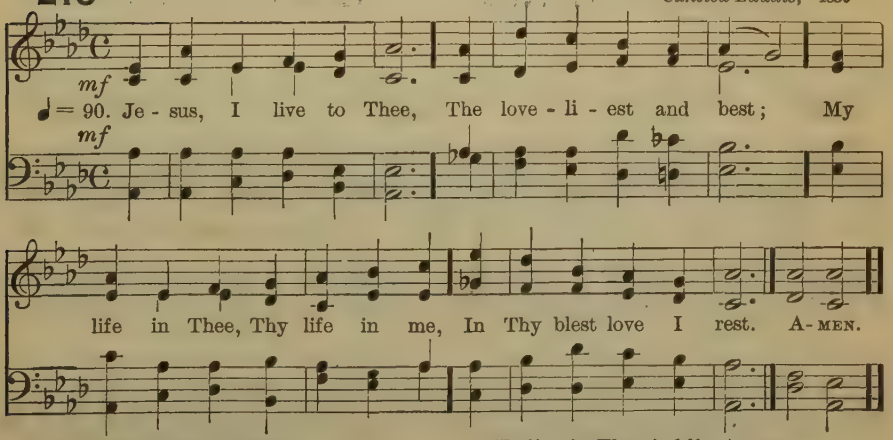
*pp* 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
*cr* When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
*mf* Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
*p* Let me hid myself in Thee.

*A. M. Toplady; J. Cotterill*

## 218

S. M.

HEATH
*"Cantica Laudis,"* 1850




*p* 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

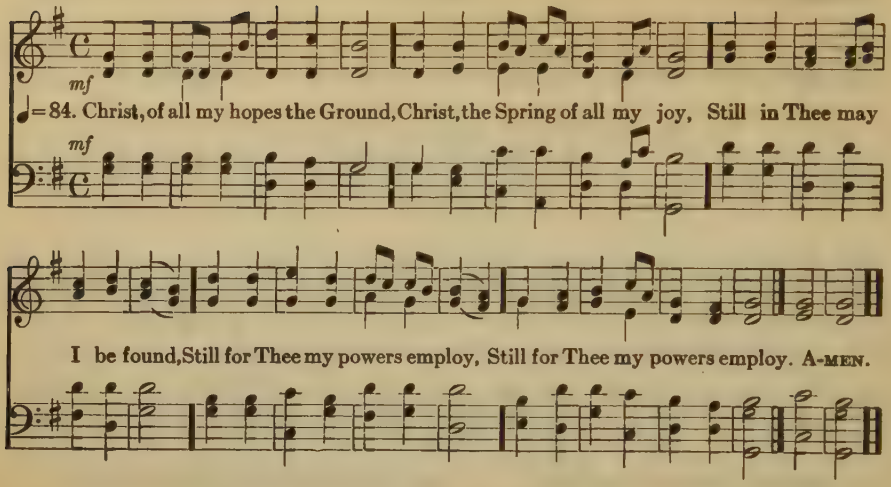
4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

*H. Harbaugh*

## 219

7. 7. 7. 7.

HENDON
*H. A. C. Malan*


mf
♩= 84. Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may
mf
I be found, Still for Thee my powers employ, Still for Thee my powers employ. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

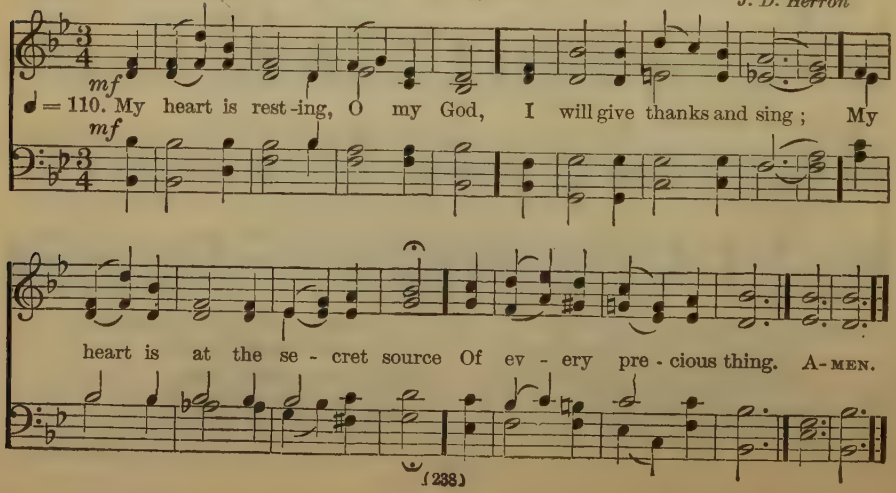
5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

*R. Wardlaw*

## 220

C. M.

DUMMERSTON
*J. D. Herron*


mf
♩= 110. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing; My
mf
heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious thing. A-MEN.

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
*mp* The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

*mp* 3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
*mf* Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best;

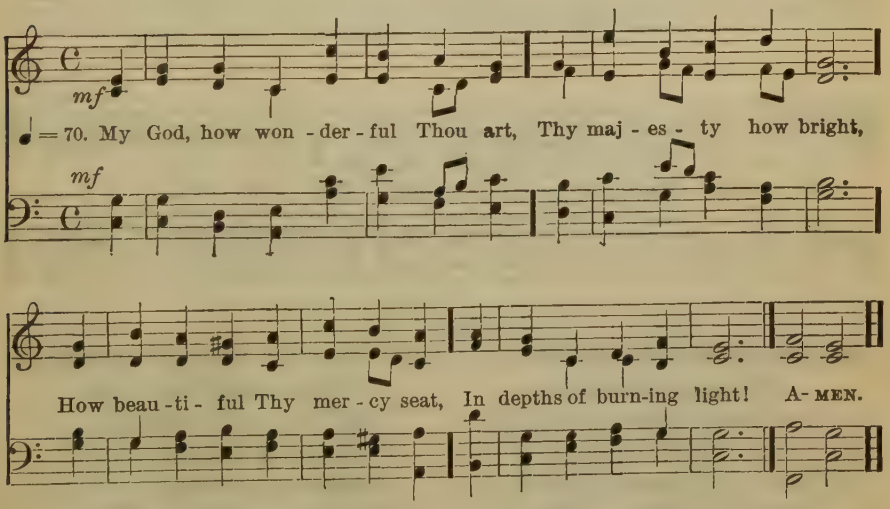
7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

*A. L. Waring*

## 221

C. M.

WESTMINSTER
*J. Turle*




*p* 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

*mf* 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity!

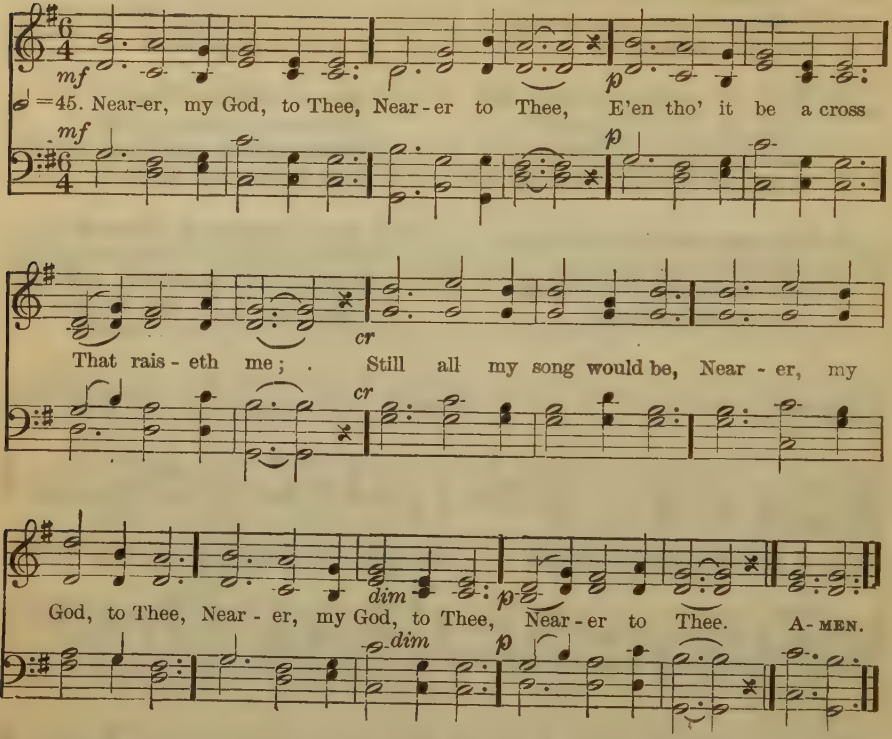
*p* 4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

*cr* 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

*F. W. Faber*

## 222 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

BETHANY
*L. Mason*


mf
♩=45. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
p
That rais-eth me; . Still all my song would be, Near-er, my
cr
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A-MEN.
dim

*p* 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

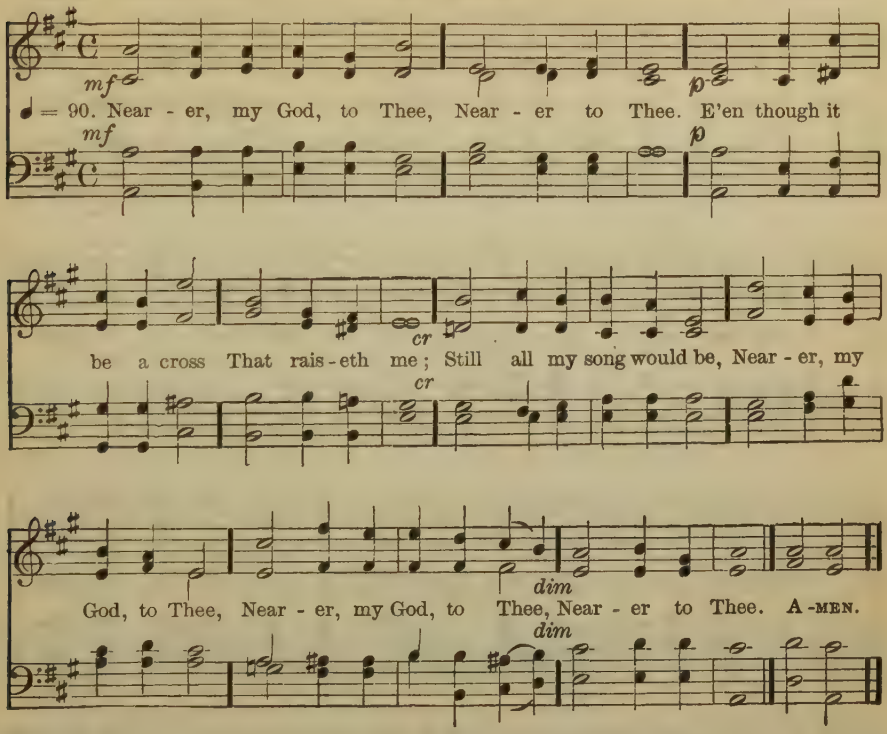
*f* 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*S. Adams*

## 222 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

ST. EDMUND
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩ = 90. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. E'en though it
p
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song would be, Near - er, my
cr
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.
dim

*p* 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

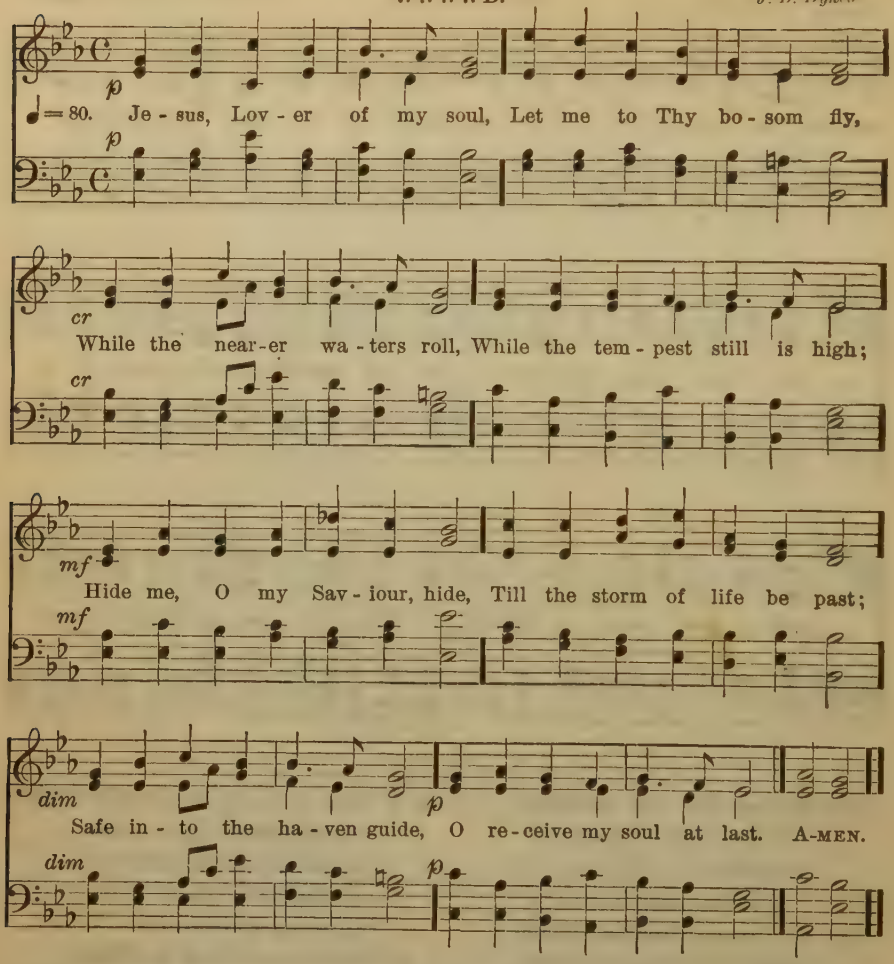
*f* 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*S. Adams*

## 223 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

HOLLINGSIDE
*J. B. Dykes*


p
♩ = 80. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
cr
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
mf
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
dim
p
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
*cr* All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
*p* Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

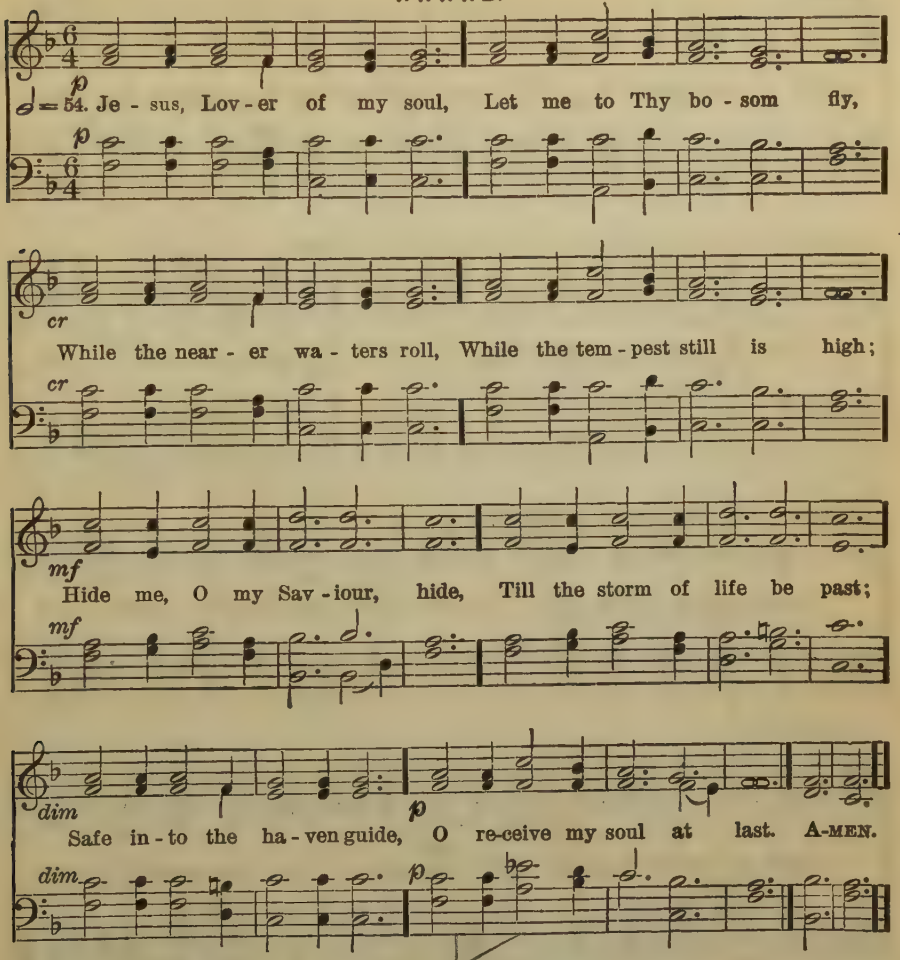
*mf* 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
*cr* Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
*f* Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

*C. Wesley*

## 223 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MARTYN
*S. B. Marsh*


p
♩ = 54. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
cr
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
mf
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
dim
p
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
*cr* All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
*p* Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

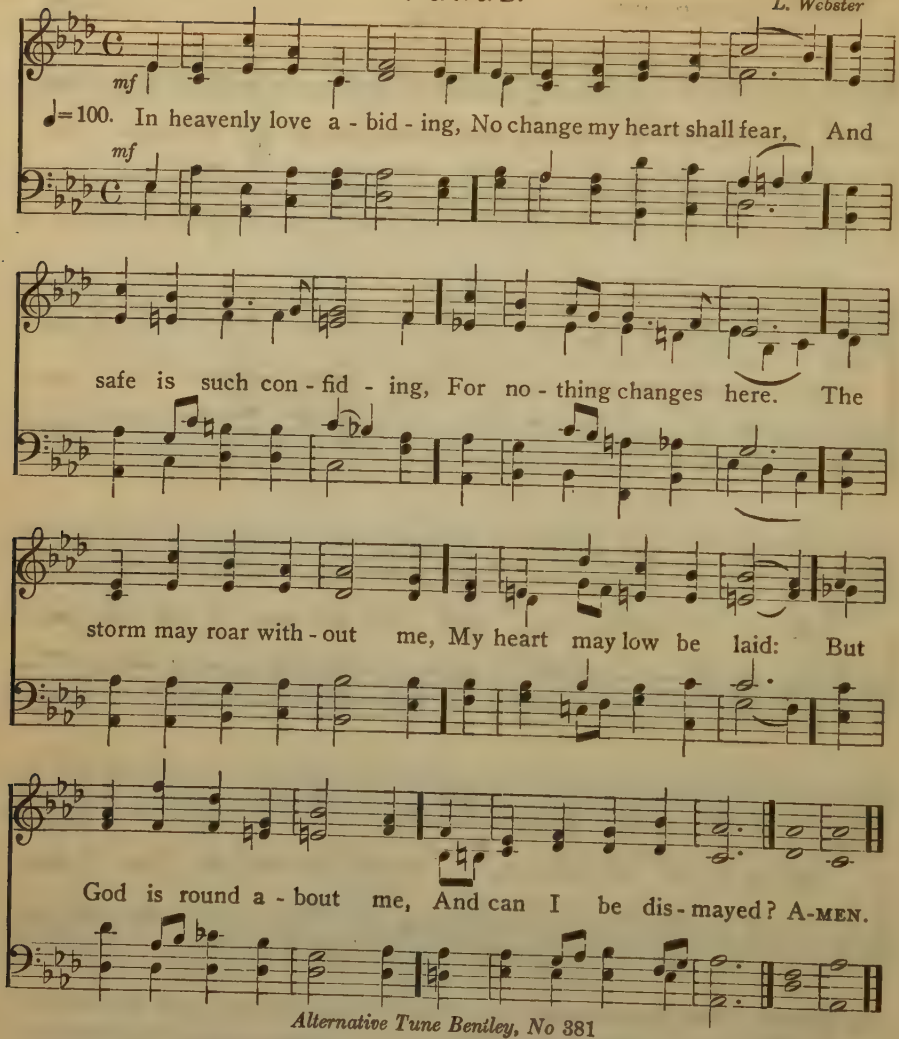
*mf* 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
*cr* Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
*f* Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

*C. Wesley*

# 224

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

HOLDERNESS
*L. Webster*


mf
♩=100. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And
mf
safe is such con - fid - ing, For no - thing changes here. The
storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid: But
God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed? A-MEN.

*Alternative Tune Bentley, No 381*

*mf* 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

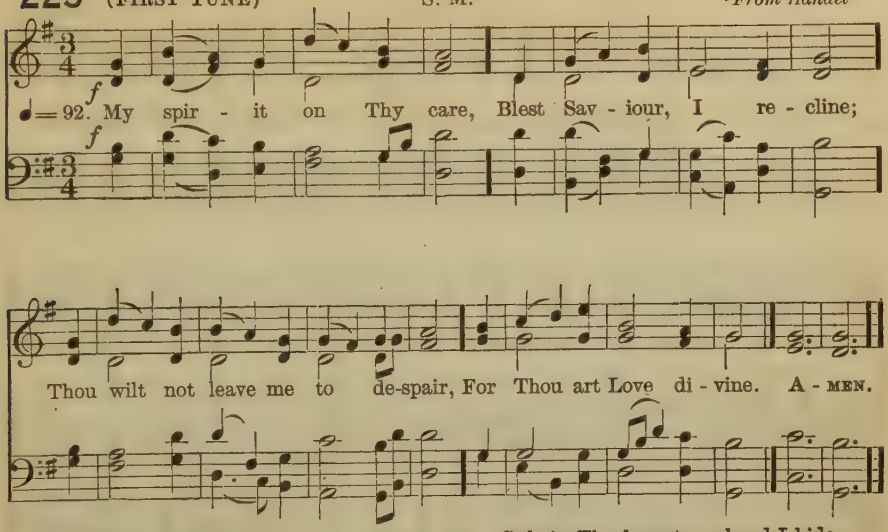
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

*A. L. Waring*

## 225 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

THATCHER
*From Händel*




*mp* 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

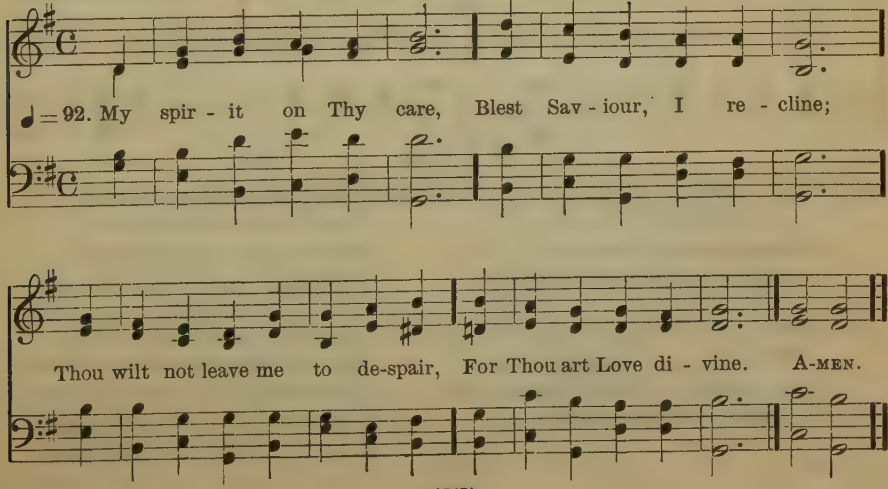
4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

*H. F. Lyte*

(SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

ST. MICHAEL
*Daye's Psalter*

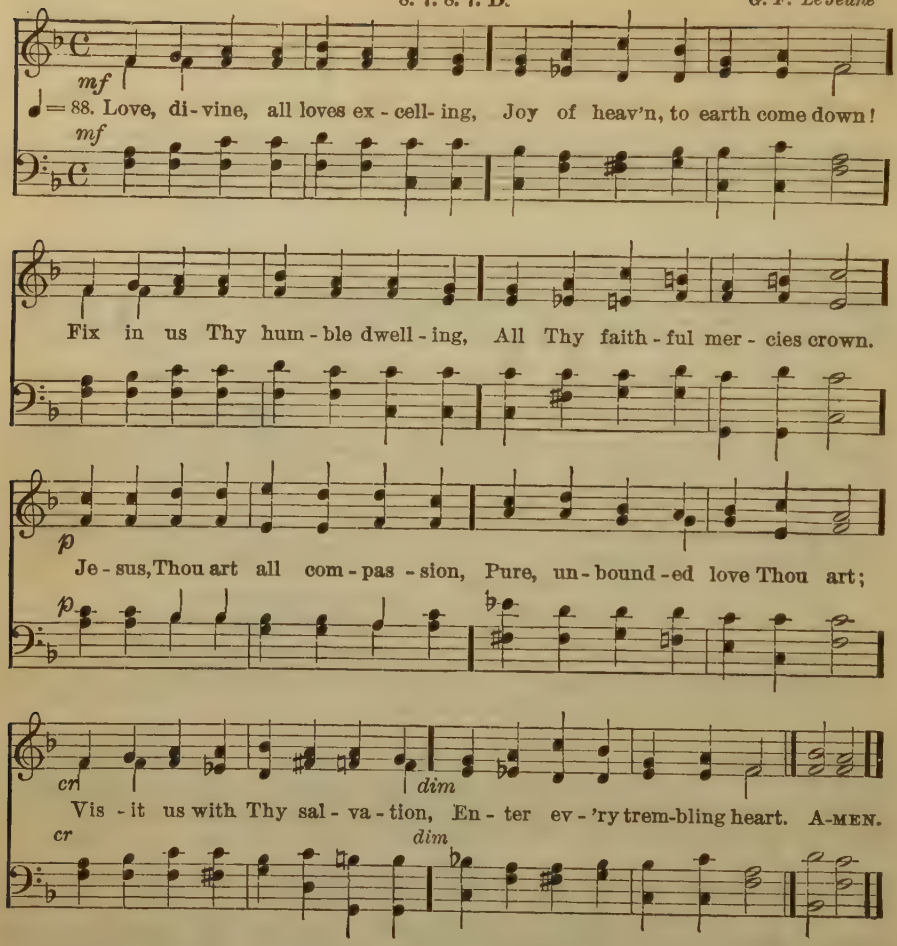


THE DIVINE LOVE

## 226 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LOVE DIVINE
*G. F. Le Jeune*


mf
♩ = 88. Love, di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
p
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
cr
dim
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

*mf* 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

*cr* 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
*f* Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

*mf* 5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:

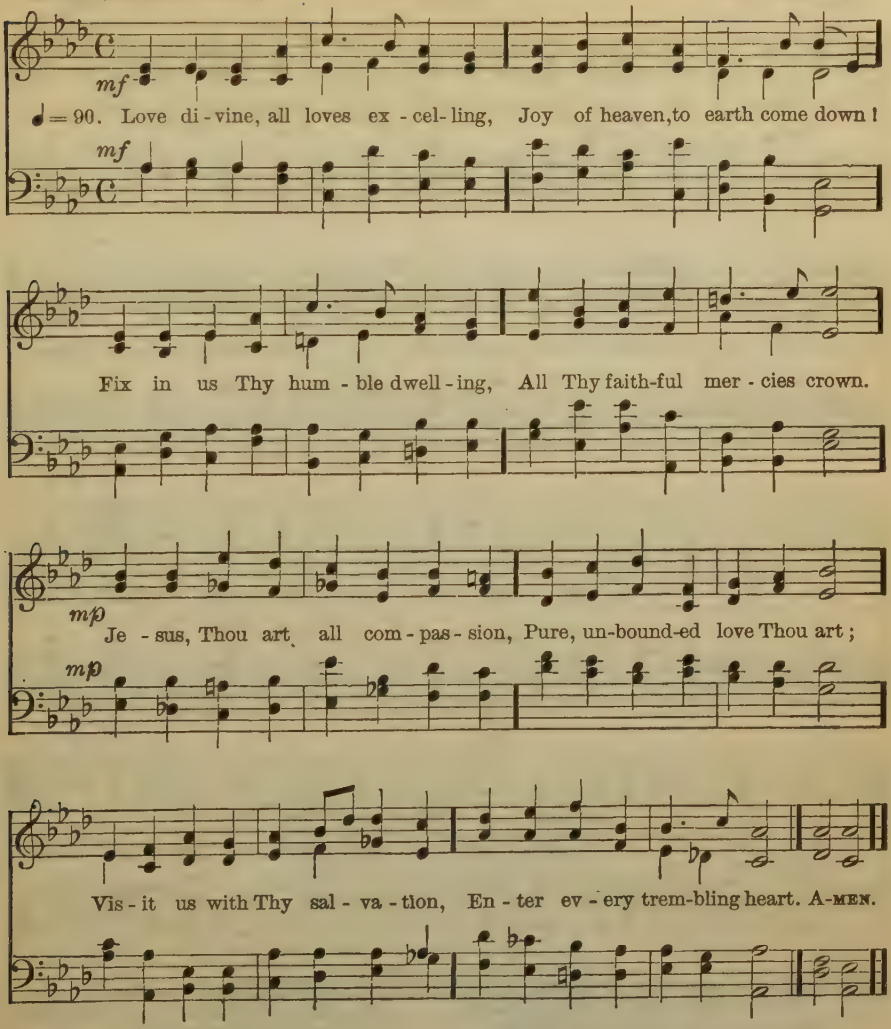
*cr* 6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

*C. Wesley*

## 226 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. JOSEPH
*E. J. Hopkins*


mf
♩ = 90. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
mp
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

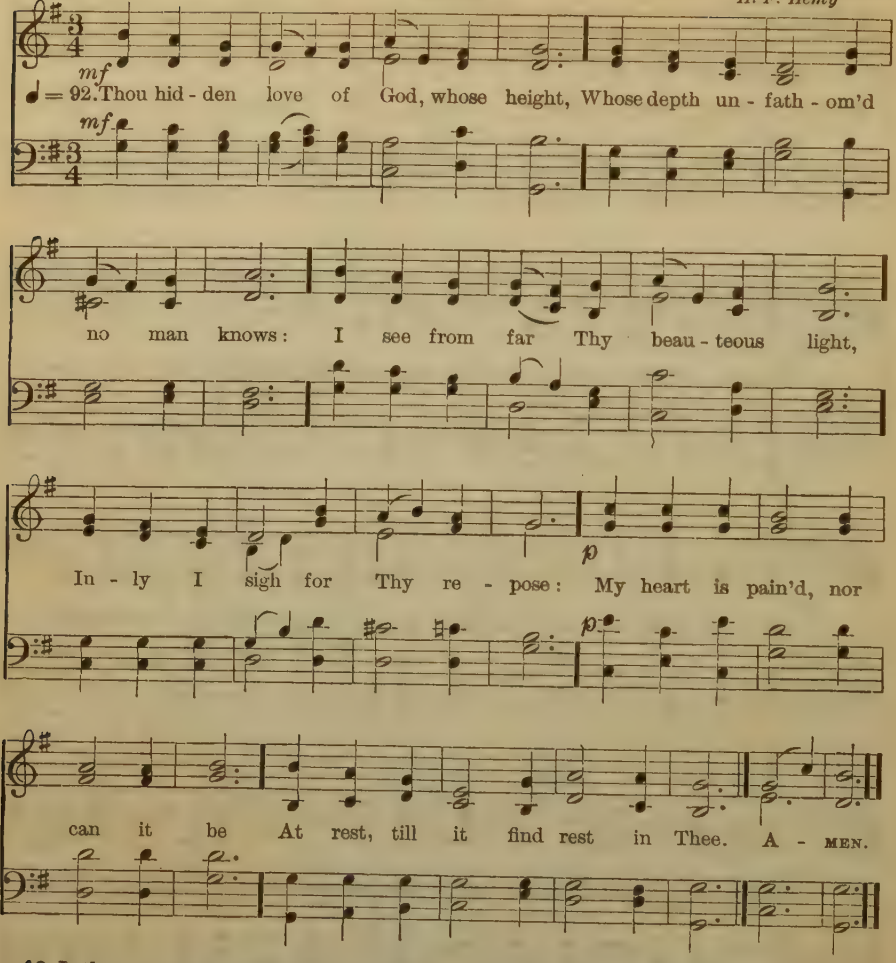
*mf* 3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*C. Wesley*

227

Six 8's.

ST. CATHARINE
*H. F. Hemy*


mf
♩ = 92. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath - om'd
mf
no man knows: I see from far Thy beau - teous light,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pain'd, nor
p
can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share?
That strives with Thee my heart to
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

*mp* 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

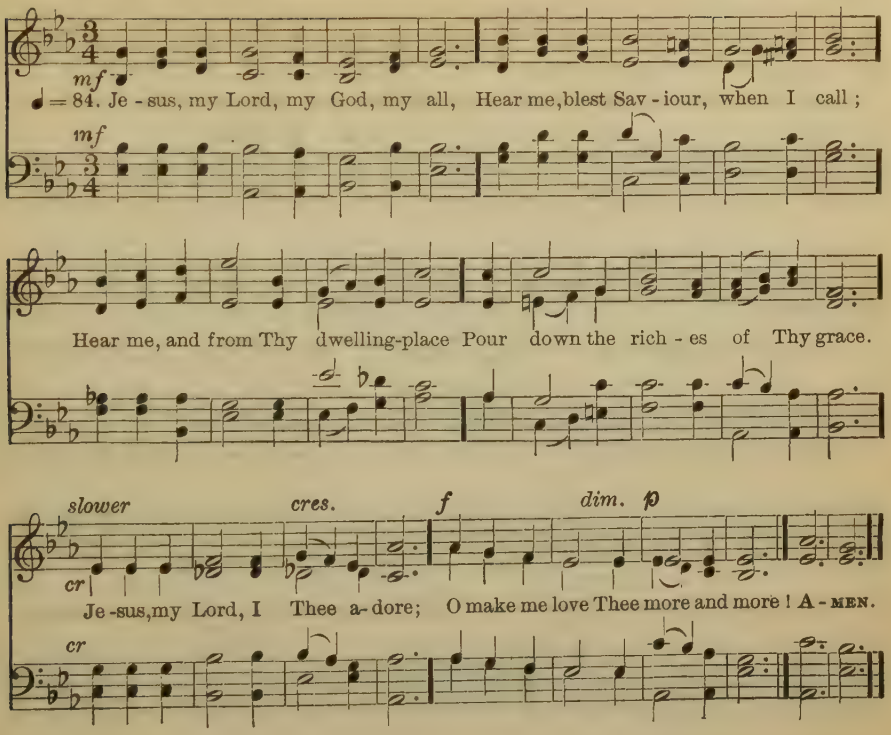
*mf* 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
*dim* Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
*mf* To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

*G. Tersteegen*, TR. *J. Wesley*

## 228

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩ = 84. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;
mf
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.
slower
cres.
f
dim.
p
cr
Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more! A - MEN.
cr

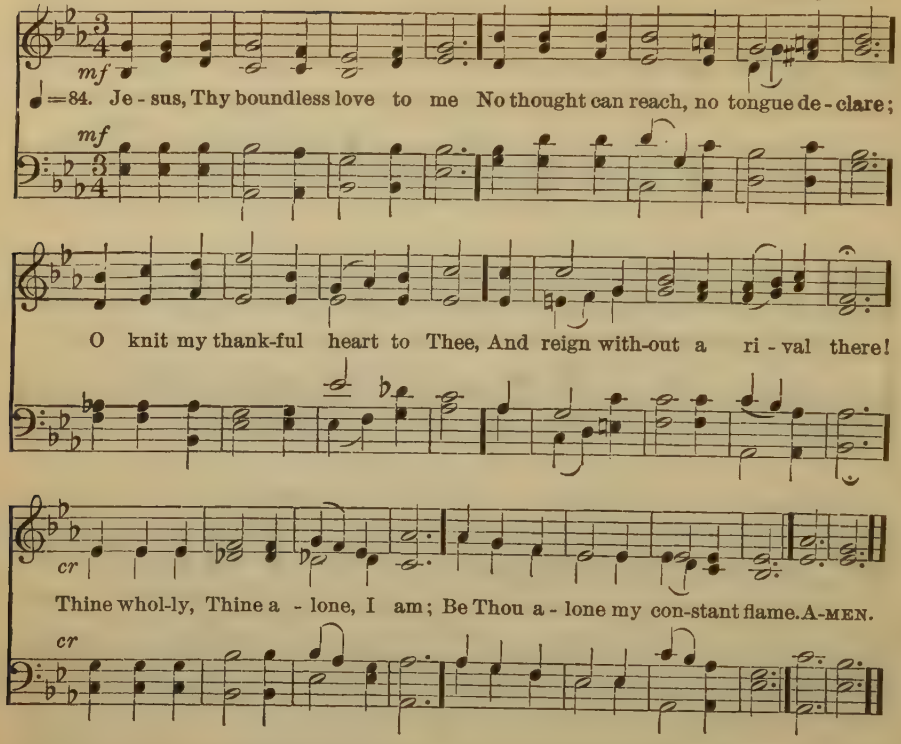
*p* 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
*cr* How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
*f* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more

*p* 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
*cr* How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
O far exceeding hope or thought!
*f* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

*f* 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
*ff* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

*H. Collins*

229 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. ST. CHRYSOSTOM
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩=84. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;
mf
O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there!
cr
Thine whol-ly, Thine a - lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my con-stant flame. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
*cr* O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

*mf* 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
*p* Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
*cr* Where'er thy healing beams a-
*f* O Jesus, nothing may I see, [rise.
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

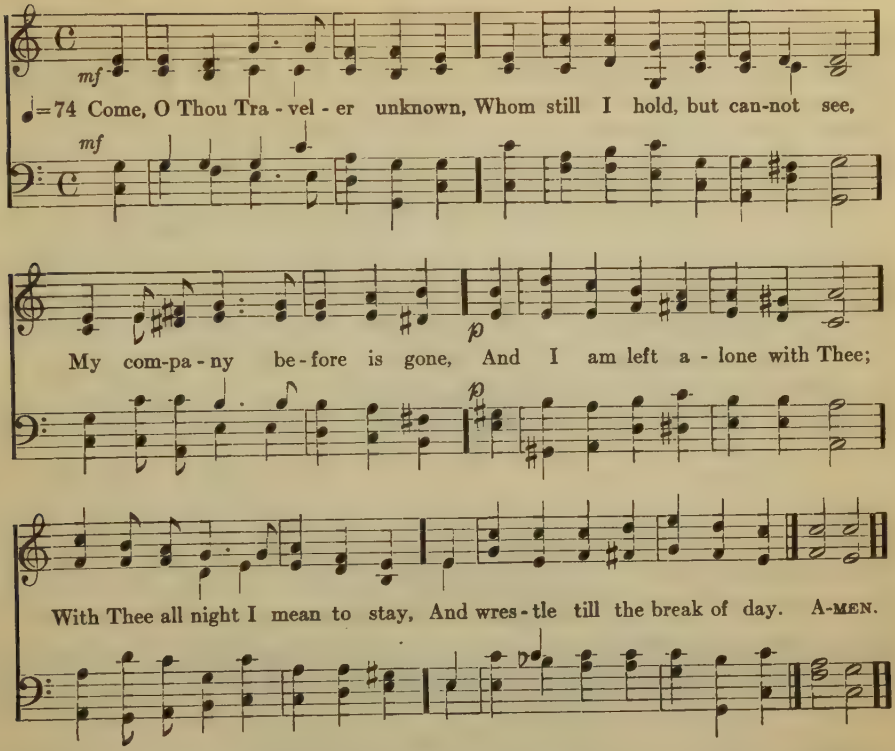
*mf* 4 Still let Thy love point out my way! [hath wrought!
What wondrous things Thy love
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
*p* And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
[peace;
*mf* 5 In suffering, (*cr*) be Thy love my
*p* In weakness, (*cr*) be Thy love my power; [cease,
*p* And when the storms of life shall
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my Guide and Friend,
*cr* That I may love Thee without end.

*P. Gerhardt:* TR. *J. Wesley*

230

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

PENIEL
*J. Booth*


mf
♩=74 Come, O Thou Tra - vel - er unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see,
mf
My com-pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee;
p
p
With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres - tle till the break of day. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

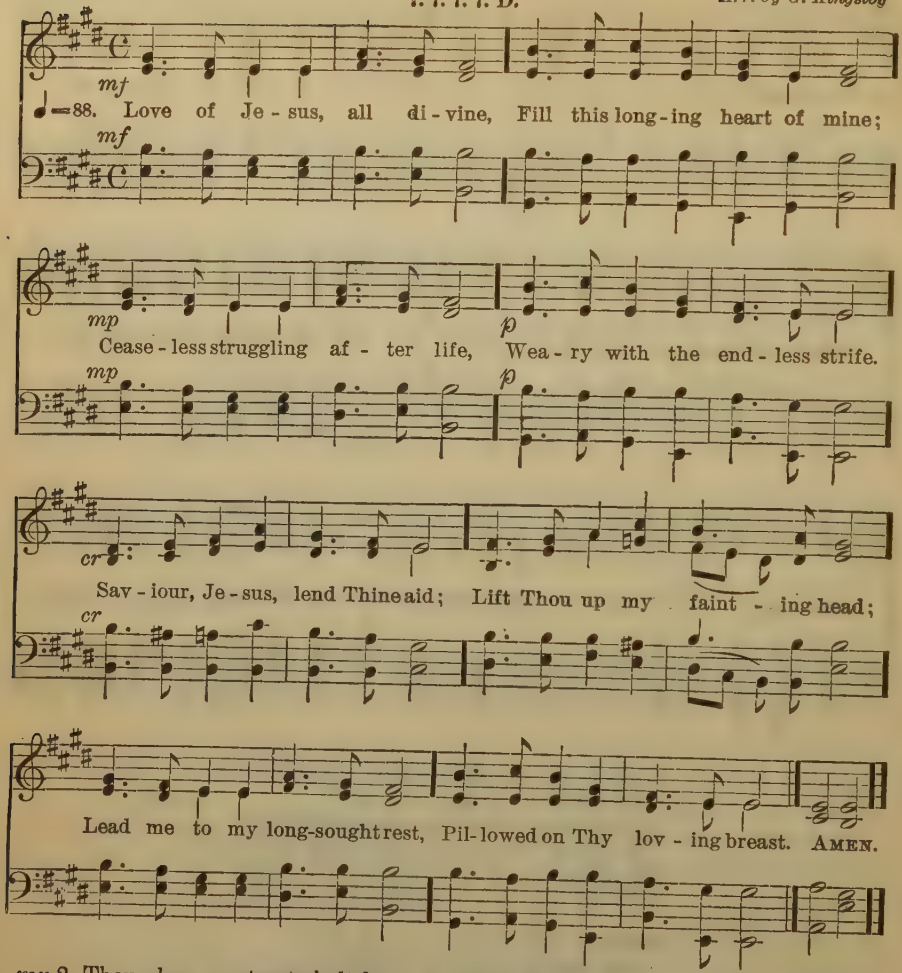
*mf* 4 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
*cr* The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

*C. Wesley*

# 231

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MESSIAH
*Arr. by G. Kingsley*


mf
♩=88. Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine;
mf
mp
Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.
mp
p
cr
Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;
cr
Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil-lowed on Thy lov - ing breast. AMEN.

*mp* 2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
*cr* Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
*mf* Let me know Thy saving power
*p* In temptation's fiercest hour:
*cr* Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

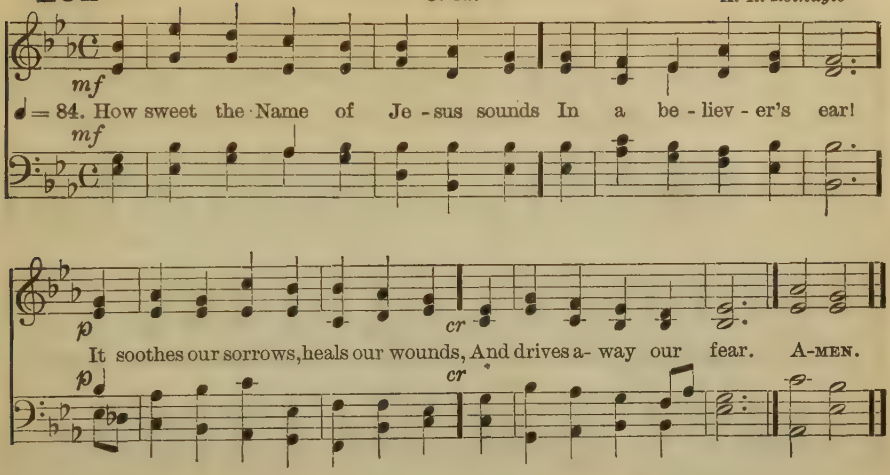
*mf* 3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

*F. Bottome*

232

C. M.

ST. PETER
*A. R. Reinagle*


mf
♩ = 84. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
mf
p
cr
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives a- way our fear. A-MEN.
p
cr

*p* 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

*mf* 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

*f* 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

*mf* 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
*cr* But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

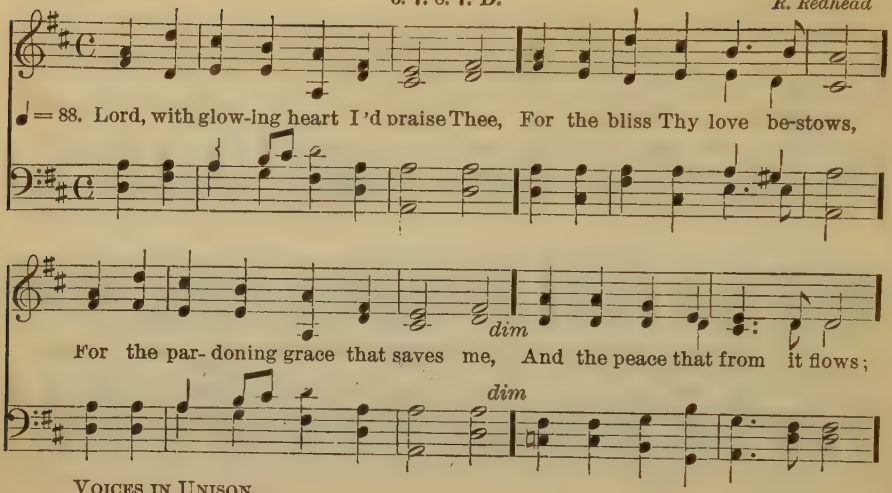
*mf* 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
*p* And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

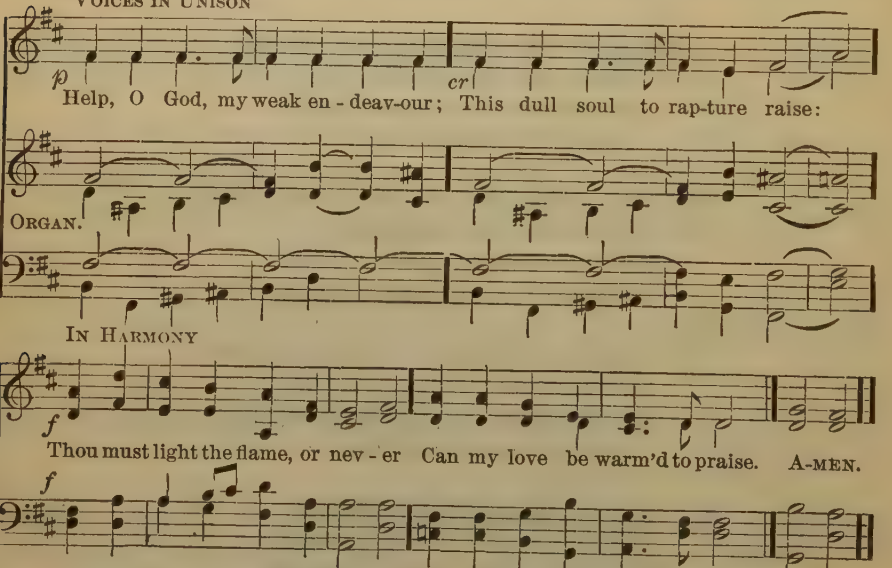
*J. Newton*

# 233

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. CHAD
*R. Redhead*


♩ = 88. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be-stows,
dim
For the par- doning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
dim


VOICES IN UNISON
p
cr
Help, O God, my weak en - deav-our; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:
ORGAN.
IN HARMONY
f
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-MEN.
f

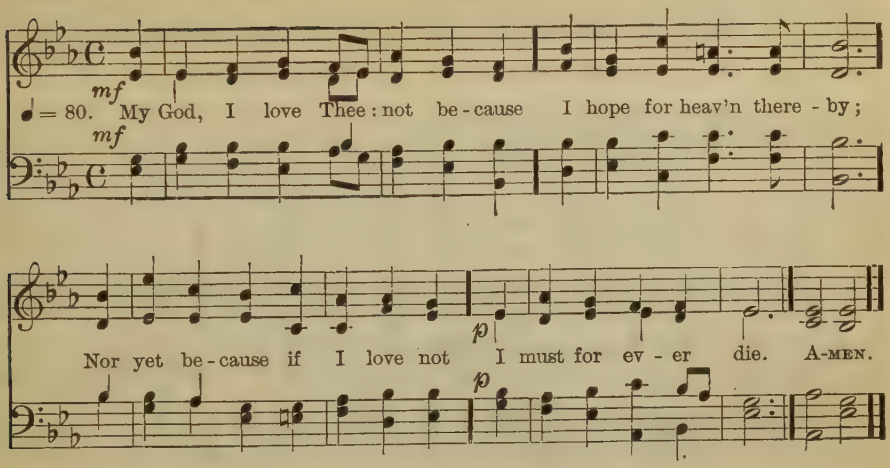
*mf* 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
*p* Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
*f* Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw thy guilt-born fear,
*p* And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

*mf* 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
*p* Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
*mf* Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

*F. S. Key.*

234 C. M.

ST. BERNARD
*J. Richardson*




*mf* 2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
*dim* For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

*mp* 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
*p* E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

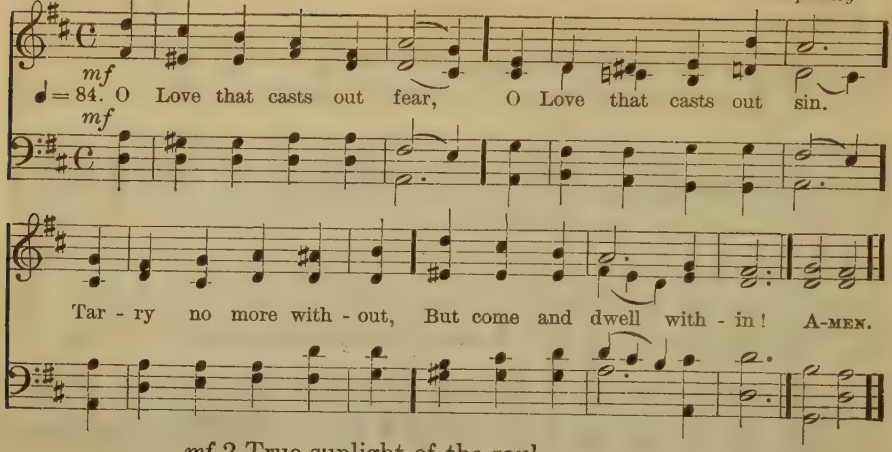
*mf* 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heav'n,
Nor of escaping hell;

*mp* 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

*mf* 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
*cr* Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

*F. Xavier* (?): TR. *E. Caswall*

**235** (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. ST. DENYS *F. Spinney*



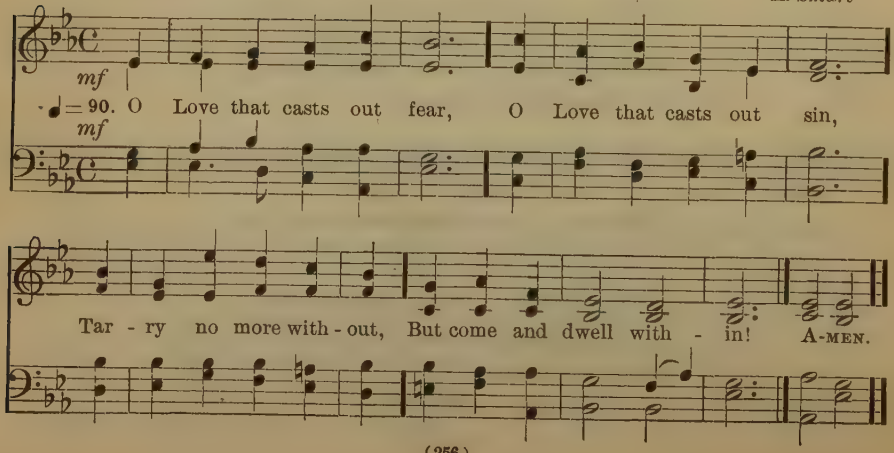

*mf* 2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
*cr* So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

*f* 3 Great love of God, come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

*mf* 4 Love of the Living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

*H. Bonar*

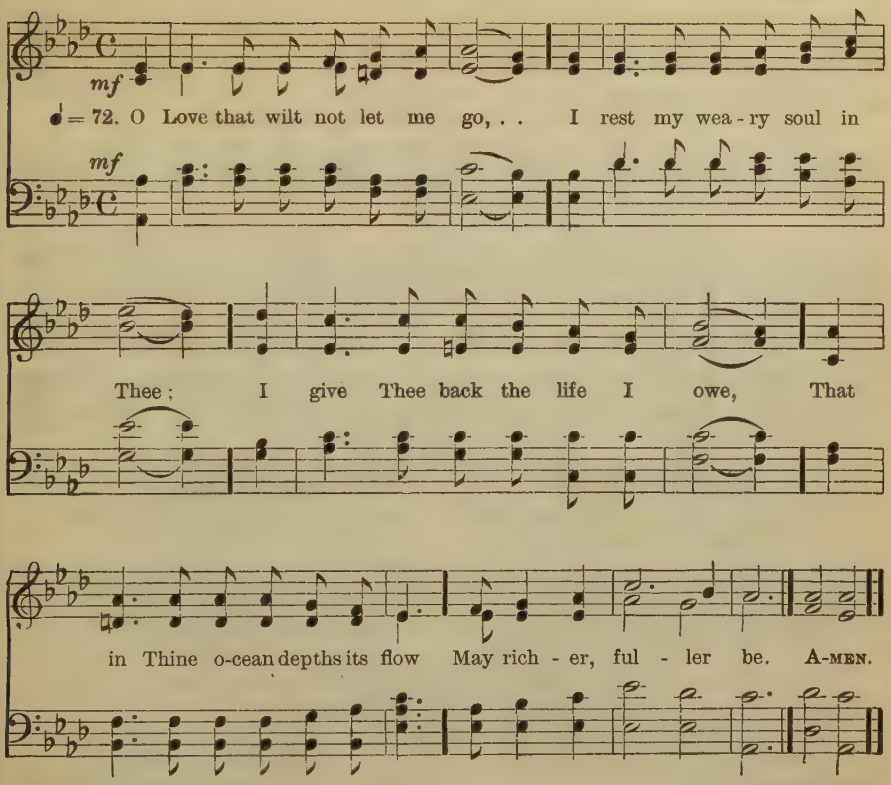
(SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. MOSELY *H. Smart*



236

8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

ST. MARGARET
*A. L. Peace*


mf
♩ = 72. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . I rest my wea - ry soul in
mf
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, ful - ler be. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

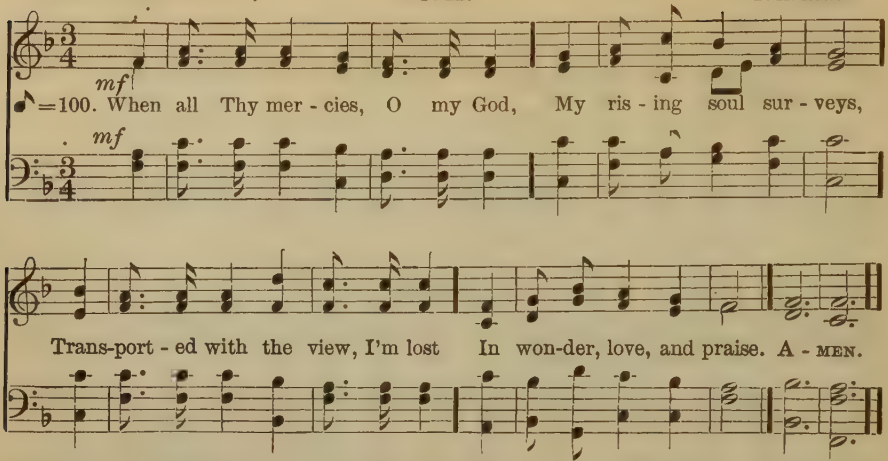
*mf* 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

*p* 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

*G. Matheson*

## 237 (FIRST TUNE) C. M.

ARLINGTON
*T. A. Arne*


mf
♩=100. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
mf
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

*mf* 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

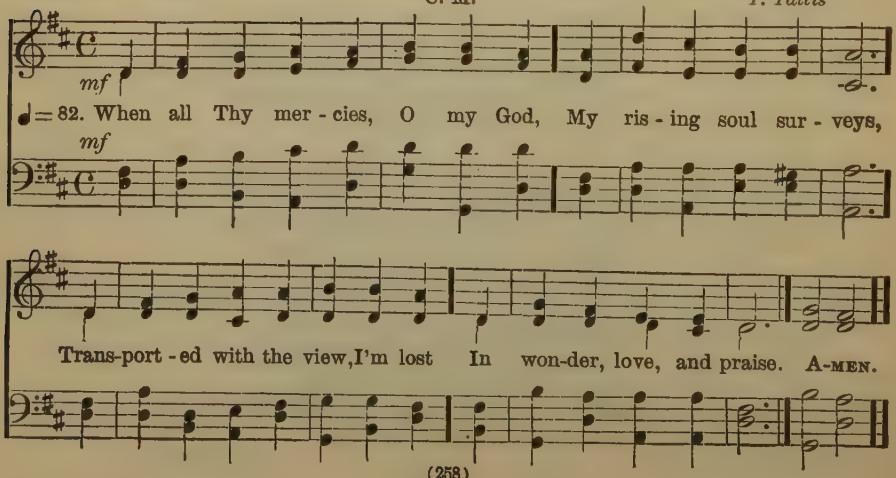
5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

*f* 6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

*J. Addison*

(SECOND TUNE) C. M.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL
*T. Tallis*

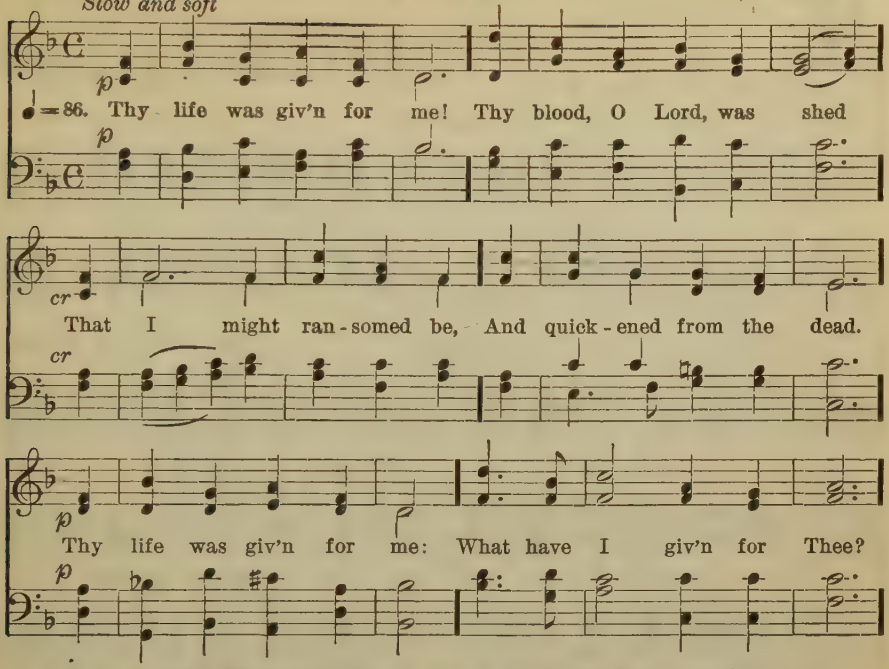

mf
♩=82. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
mf
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

238

THY LIFE WAS GIVEN
*G. A. Macfarren*

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

*Slow and soft*


p
♩=86. Thy life was giv'n for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
cr
That I might ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead.
p
Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?

*p* 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
*cr* That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
*p* Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

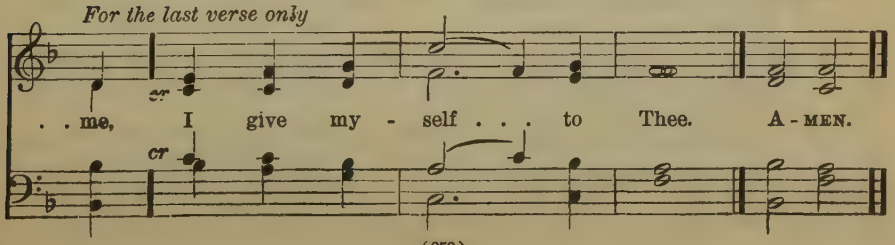
*mf* 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
*p* Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

*mf* 4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
*cr* Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
*mf* Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
*p* What have I brought to Thee?

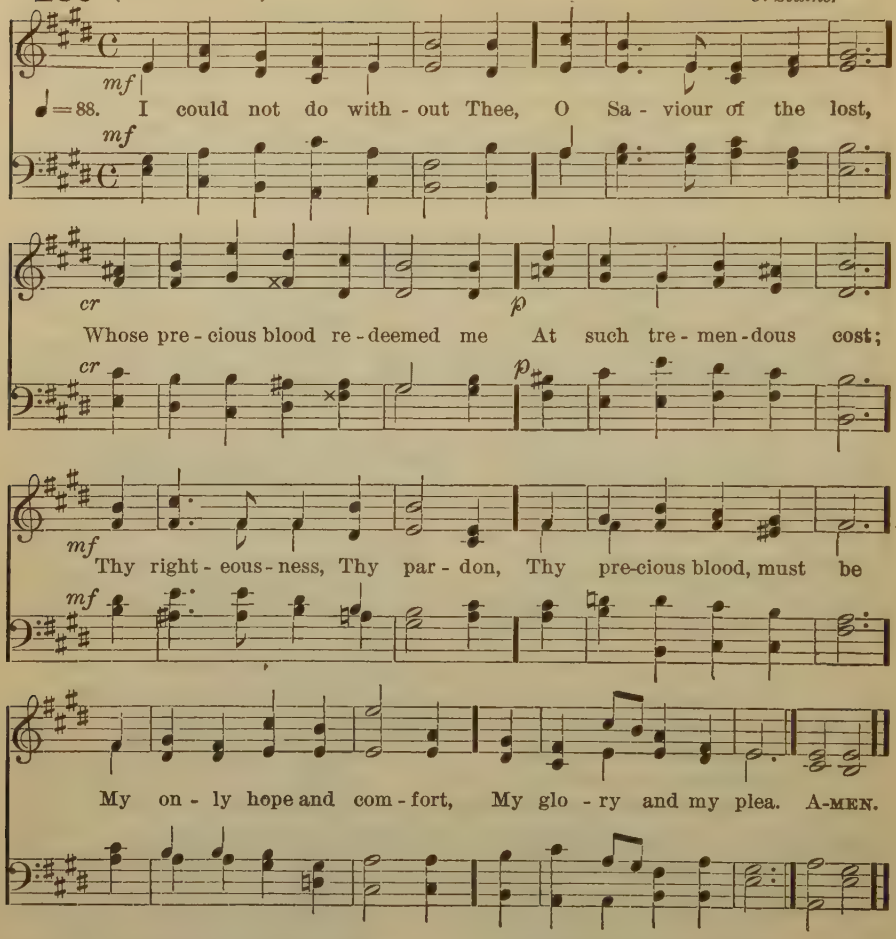
*mf* 5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
*cr* Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

*F. R. Havergal*

*For the last verse only*



**239** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. MAGDALENA *J. Stainer*


mf
♩=88. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sa - viour of the lost,
mf
cr
p
Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;
cr
p
mf
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre-cious blood, must be
mf
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
*cr* But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

*mf* 3 I could not do without Thee,
*p* For, O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
*cr* Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

*mf* 4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

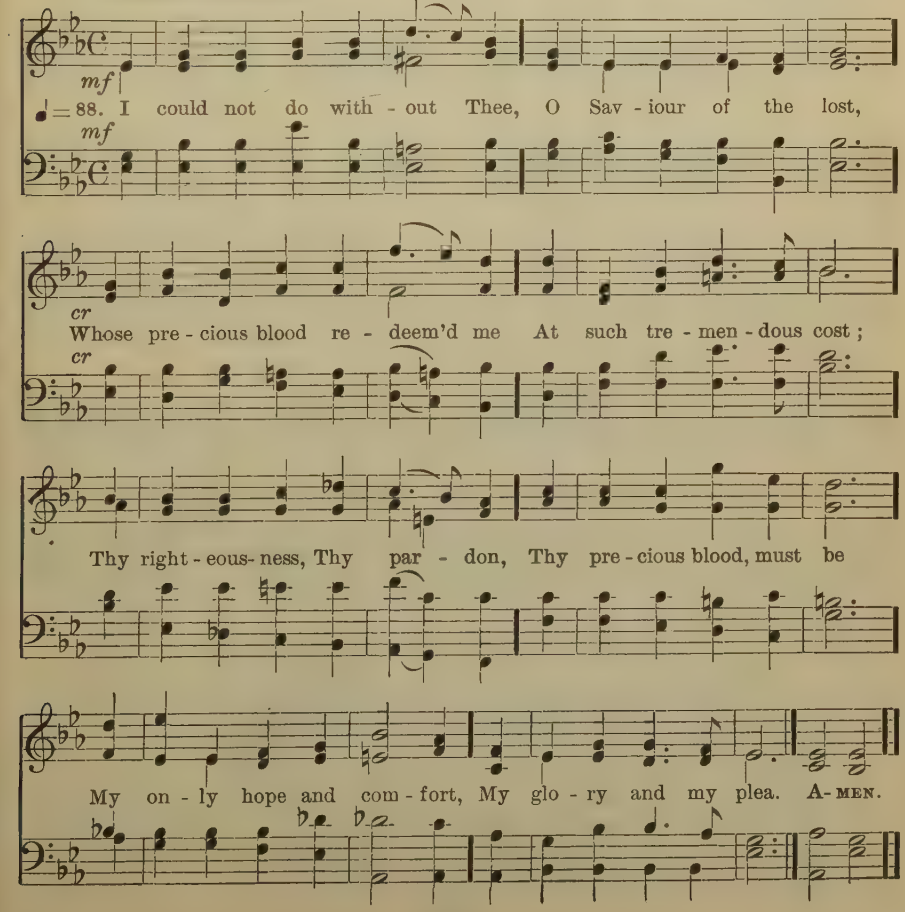
*mf* 5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read [ings,
The spirit's strange deep long-
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
*p* And soothe, and hush, and calm
*cr* O blessèd Lord, but Thine. [it,

*mf* 6 I could not do without Thee,
*p* For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
*cr* But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
*f* I know Thou wilt be near me,
*p* And whisper, "It is I."

*F. R. Havergal*

**239** (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

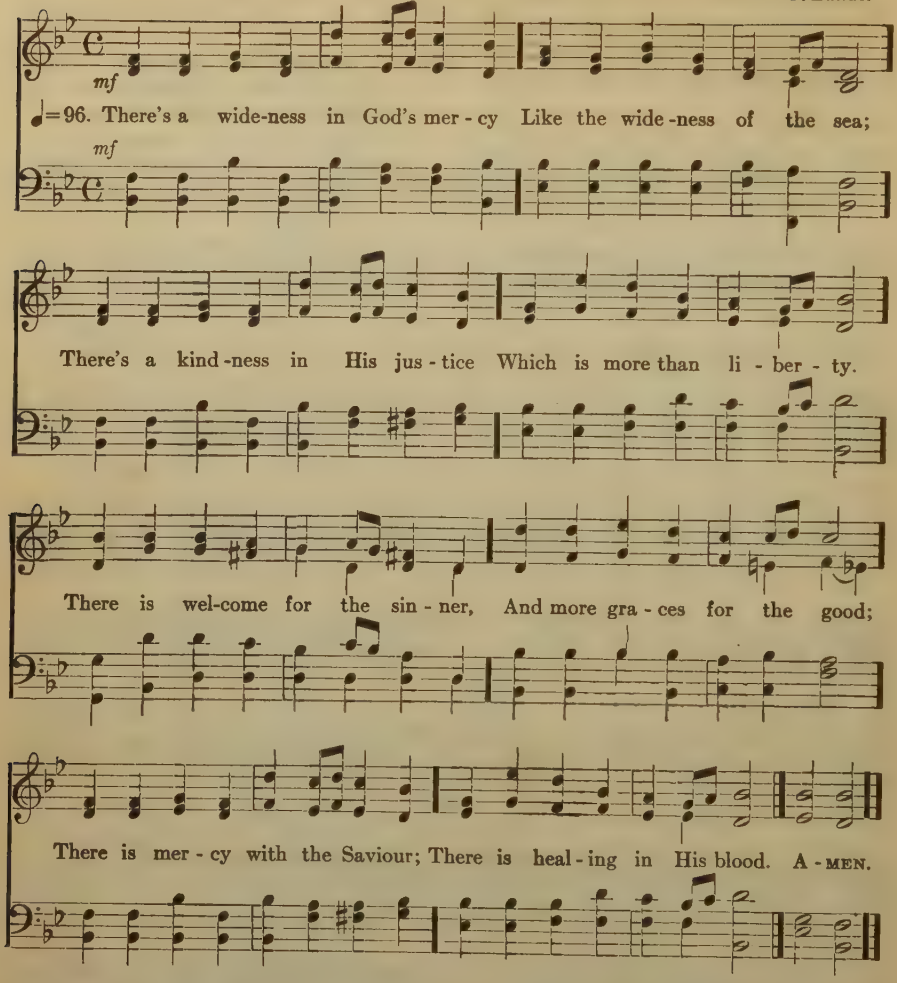
ST. NINIAN
*H. A. Prothero*


mf
♩ = 88. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
mf
cr
Whose pre - cious blood re - deem'd me At such tre - men - dous cost;
cr
Thy right - eous- ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A-MEN.

## 240

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

BEECHER
*J. Zundel*


mf
♩=96. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
mf
There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice Which is more than li - ber - ty.
There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

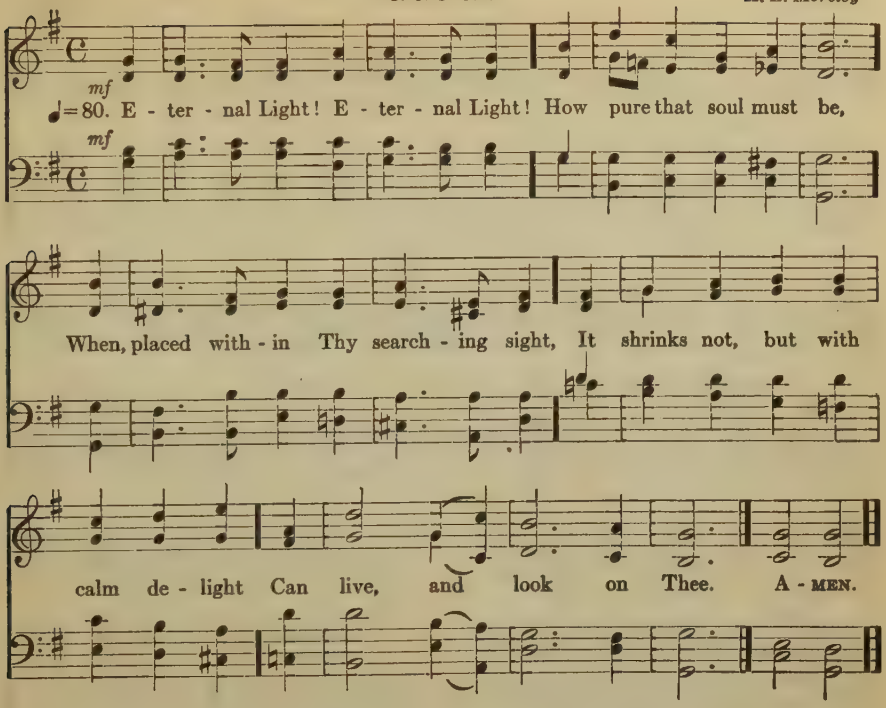
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

*F. W. Faber*

241

8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

NEWCASTLE
*H. L. Moreley*


mf
♩= 80. E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure that soul must be,
mf
When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with
calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But surely that is theirs alone
Who, undefiled, have never known
A fallen world like this.

*mp* 3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

*mf* 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:

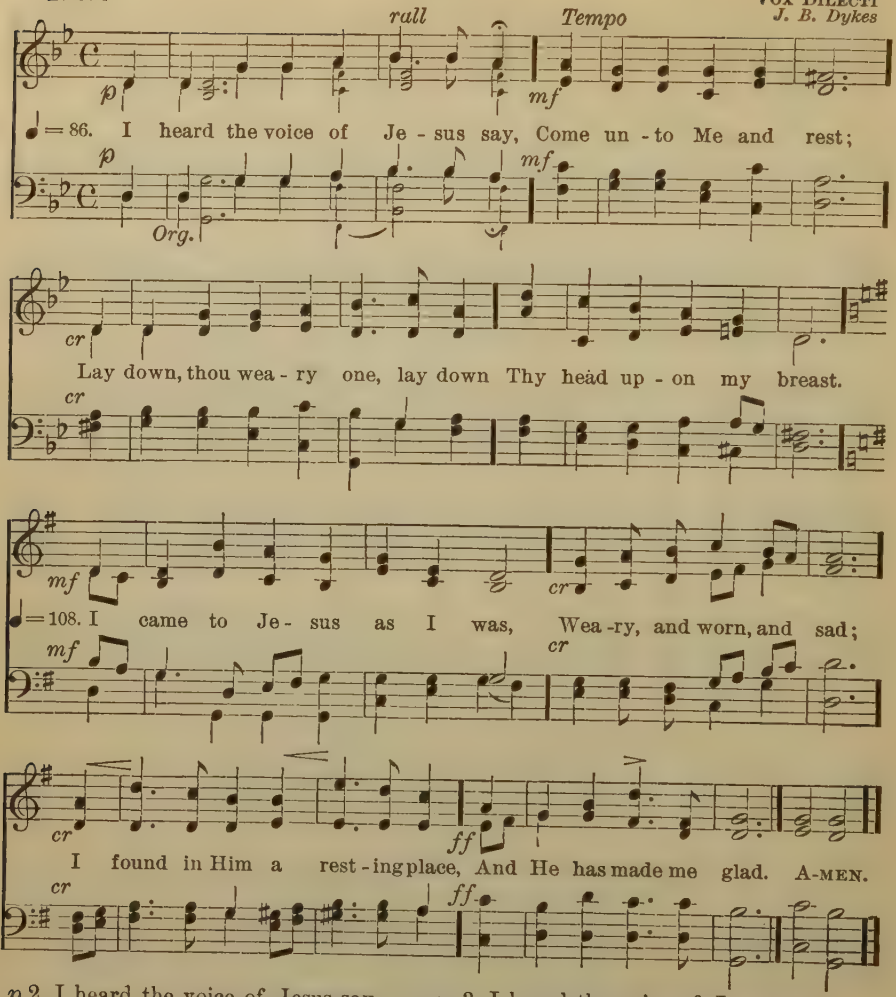
5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

*T. Binney*

## 242

C. M. D.

VOX DILECTI
*J. B. Dykes*


rall
Tempo
p
mf
♩ = 86. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
Org.
cr
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
♩ = 108. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
ff
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

*p* 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
*cr* The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
*cr* Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
*ff* And now I live in Him. [vived,

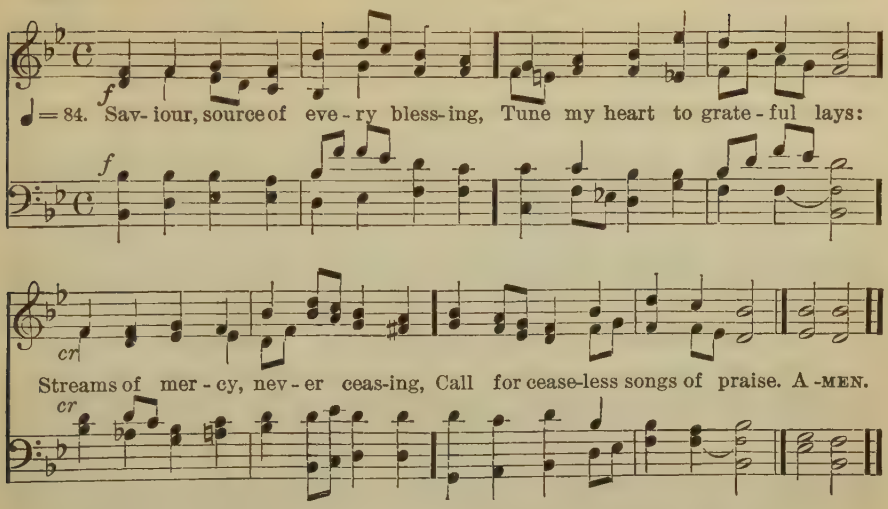
*p* 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
*cr* Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
*p* I looked to Jesus, and I found
*cr* In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
*dim* Till travelling days are done.

*H. Bonar*

## 243 FIRST TUNE

8. 7. 8. 7.

TRUST
*Mendelssohn*


f
♩ = 84. Sav- iour, source of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:
cr
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A - MEN.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

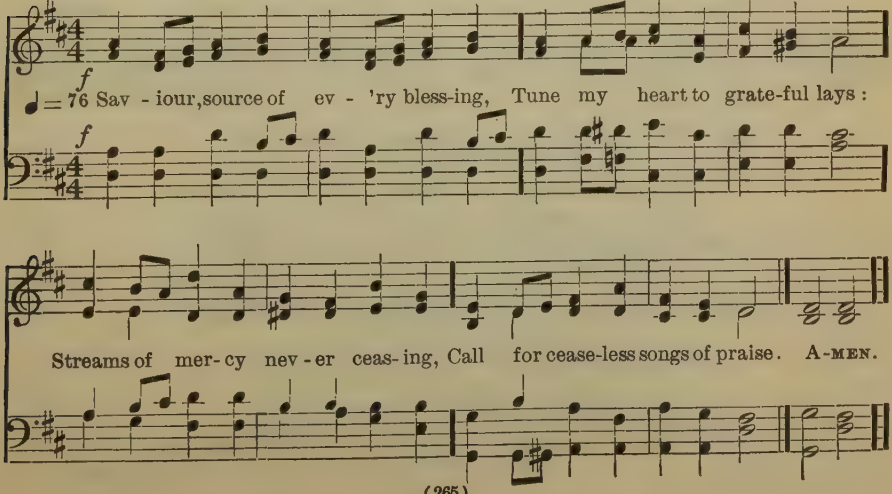
3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

*P. Robinson*

SECOND TUNE

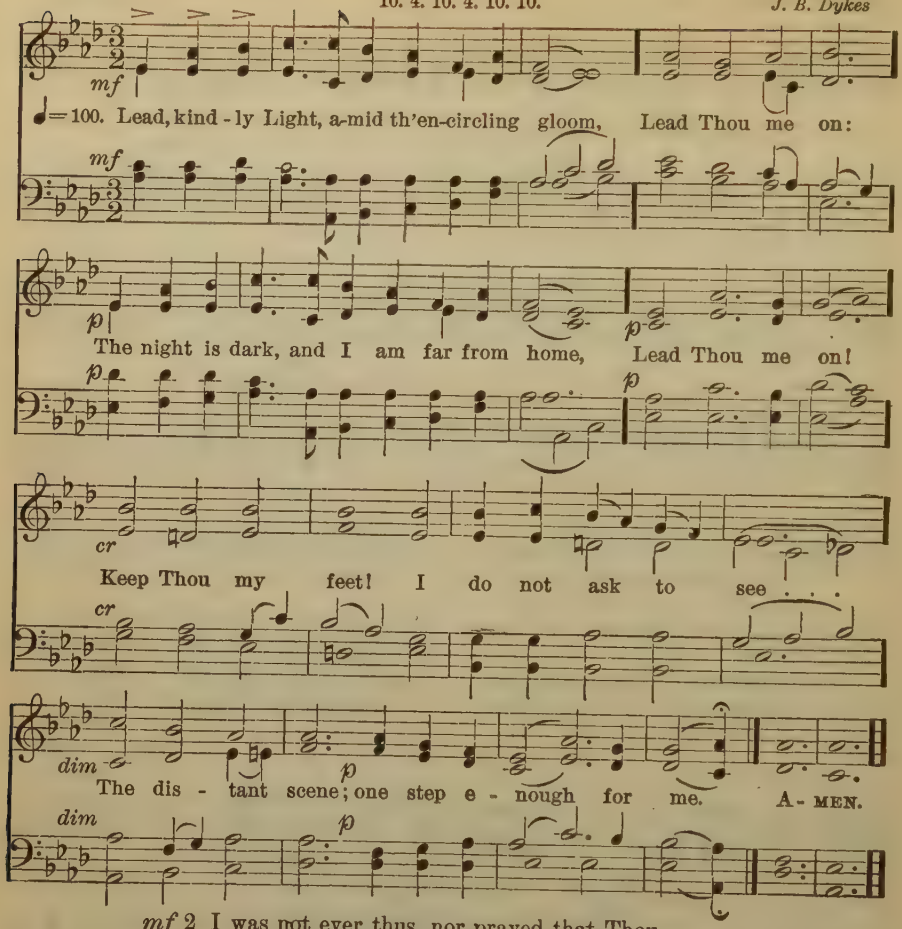
IN MEDIO BELLO
*E. B. Layard*


f
♩ = 76 Sav - iour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays :
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A - MEN.

## 244 (FIRST TUNE)

DIVINE GUIDANCE
10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

LUX BENIGNA
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=100. Lead, kind - ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on:
mf
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
p
p
cr
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .
cr
dim
p
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.
dim
p

*mf* 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on!
*cr* I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

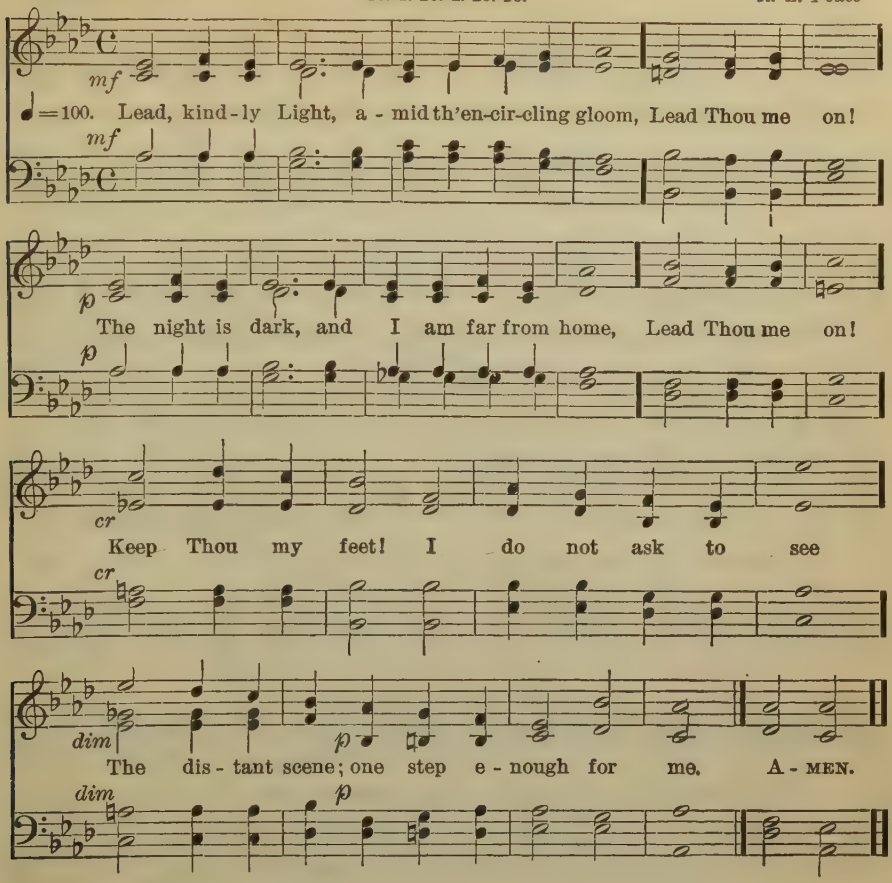
*mf* 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till
The night is gone;
*cr* And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

*J. H. Newman*

## 244 (SECOND TUNE)

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

LUX BEATA
*A. L. Peace*


mf
♩=100. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
mf
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
p
cr
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
cr
dim
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-MEN.
dim
p

*mf* 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on:
*cr* I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years.

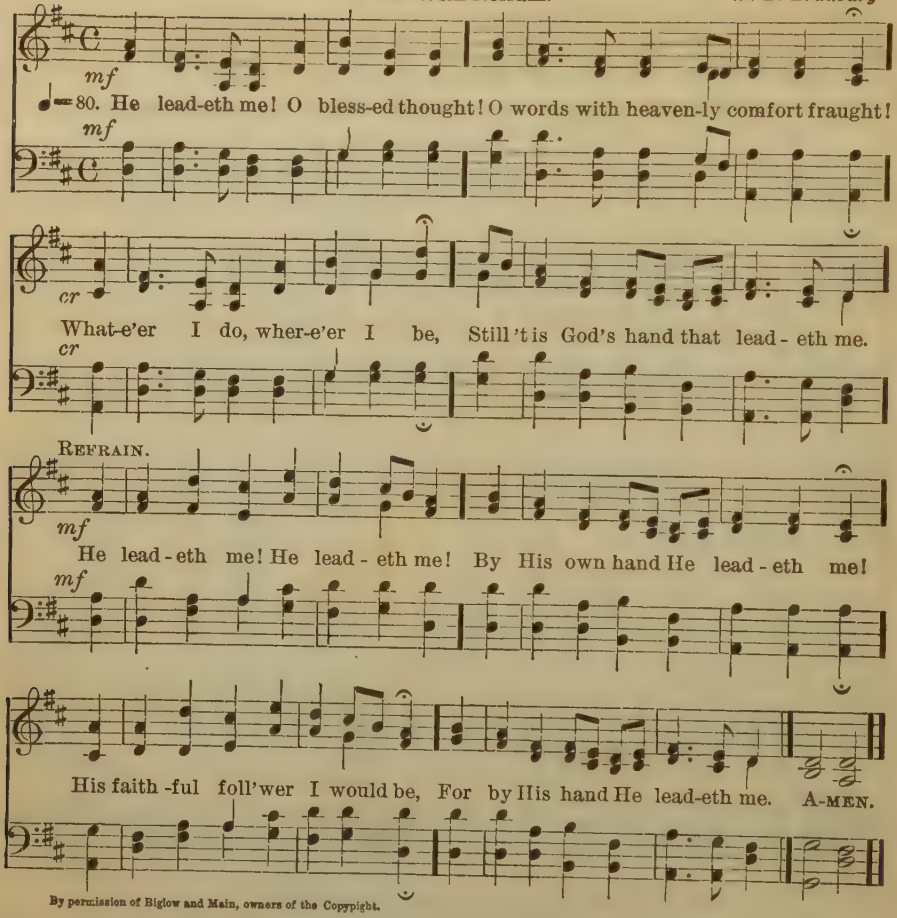
*mf* 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, (*cr*) sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone:
*f* And with the morn those angel faces smile,
*dim* Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

*J. H. Newman*

# 245

L. M. With Refrain.

AUGHTON
*W. B. Bradbury*


mf
♩= 80. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heaven-ly comfort fraught!
cr
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me!
His faith -ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

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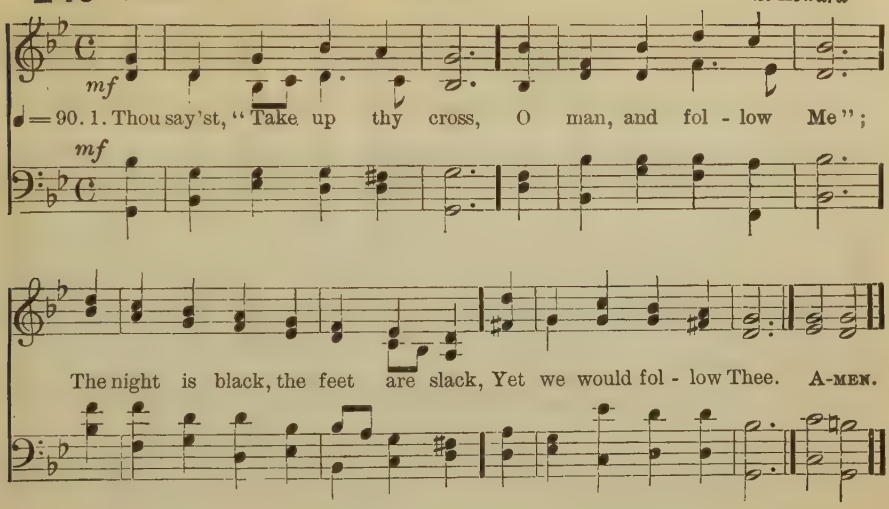
*p* 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
*cr* By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
*p* Still 't is His hand that leadeth me.
*mf* He leadeth me, etc.

*mf* 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

*p* 4 And when my task on earth is done,
*cr* When, by Thy grace, the victory 's won,
*p* E'en death's cold wave (*cr*) I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

*J. H. Gilmore*

**246** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. ST. BRIDE *S. Howard*




*mf* 2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see,
*f* Thy blessèd face one moment's space,
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

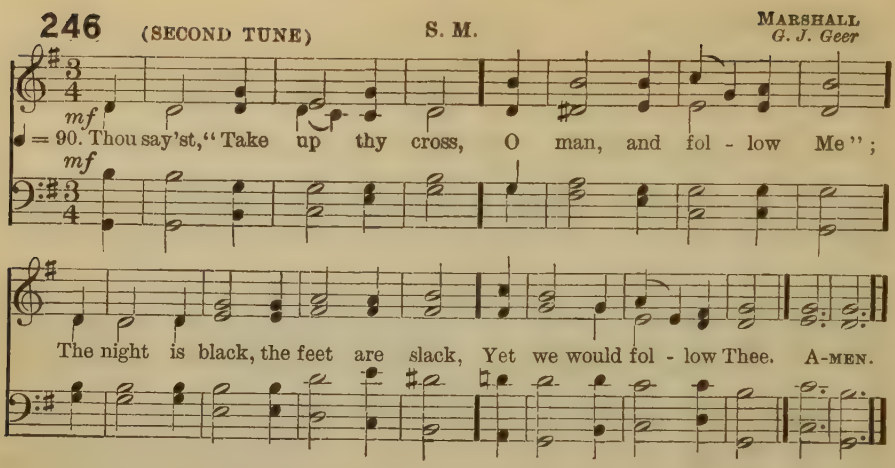
4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross: of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee.

6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

*F. T. Palgrave*


246 (SECOND TUNE) S. M.
MARSHALL
G. J. Geer
mf
♩ = 90. Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross, O man, and fol - low Me";
mf
The night is black, the feet are slack, Yet we would fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see,
Thy blessèd face one moment's space,
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross: of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee.

6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

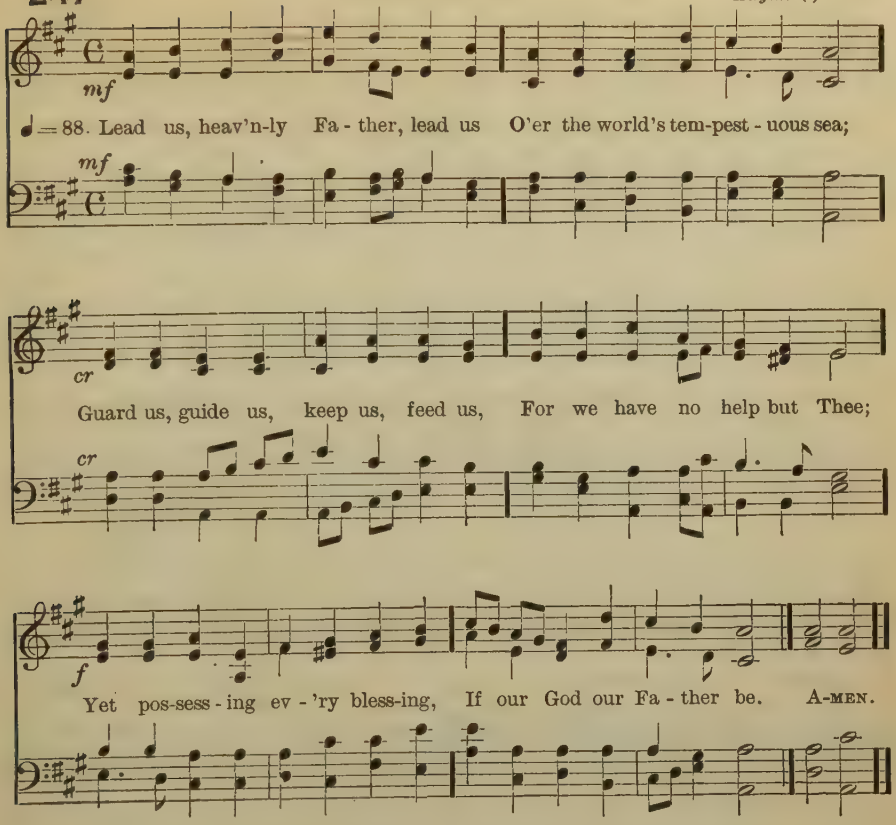
7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

*F. T. Palgrave*

247

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

DULCE CARMEN
*Haydn (?)*


mf
♩ = 88. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest - uous sea;
cr
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
f
Yet pos-sess - ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A-MEN.

*p* 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

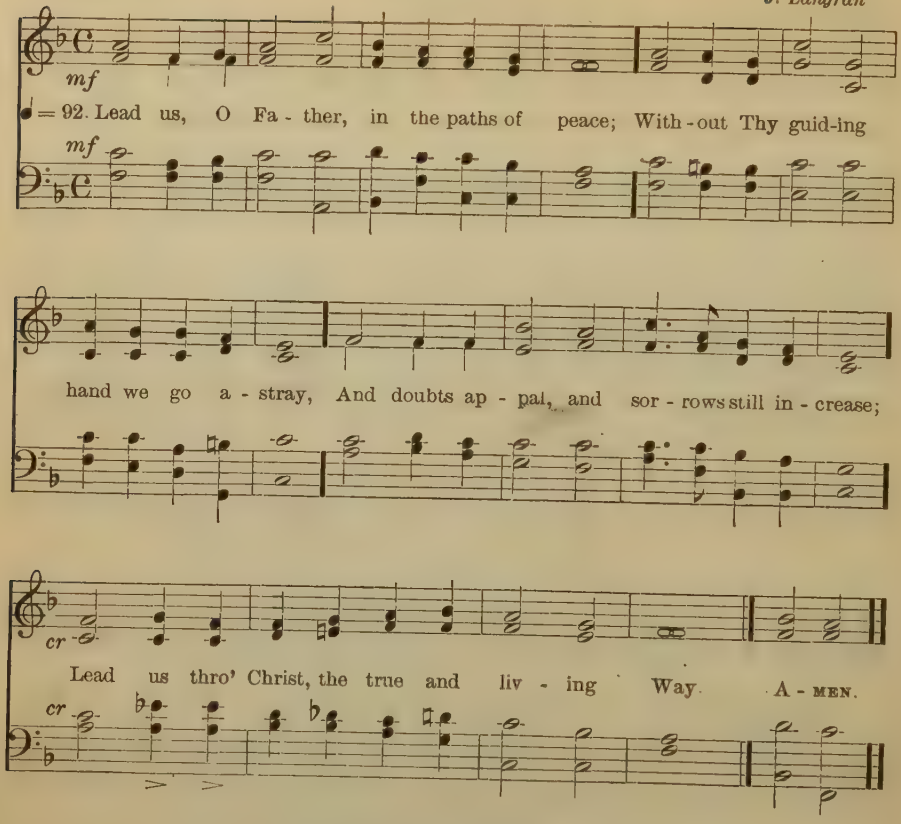
*mf* 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

*J. Edmeston*

248

10. 10. 10. 10.

LANGRAN
*J. Langran*


mf
♩ = 92. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy guid-ing
mf
hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows still in - crease;
cr
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

*mf* 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

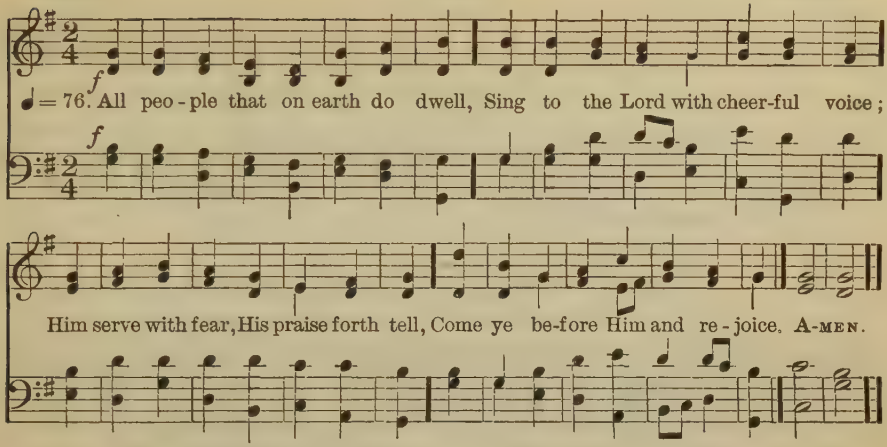
*mf* 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
*cr* Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

*W. H. Burleigh*

## 249

L. M.

OLD 100TH
*L. Bourgeois*


f
♩ = 76. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re - joice. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

*f* 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

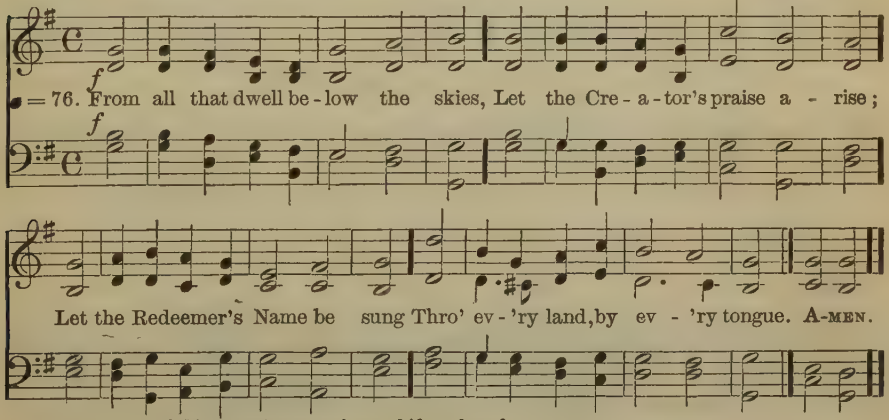
*mf* 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

*W. Kethe, Psalm 100*

## 250* (SECOND VERSION)

L. M.

OLD 100TH
*L. Bourgeois*


f
♩ = 76. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. A-MEN.

* The version of this tune at 249 may be used if preferred

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

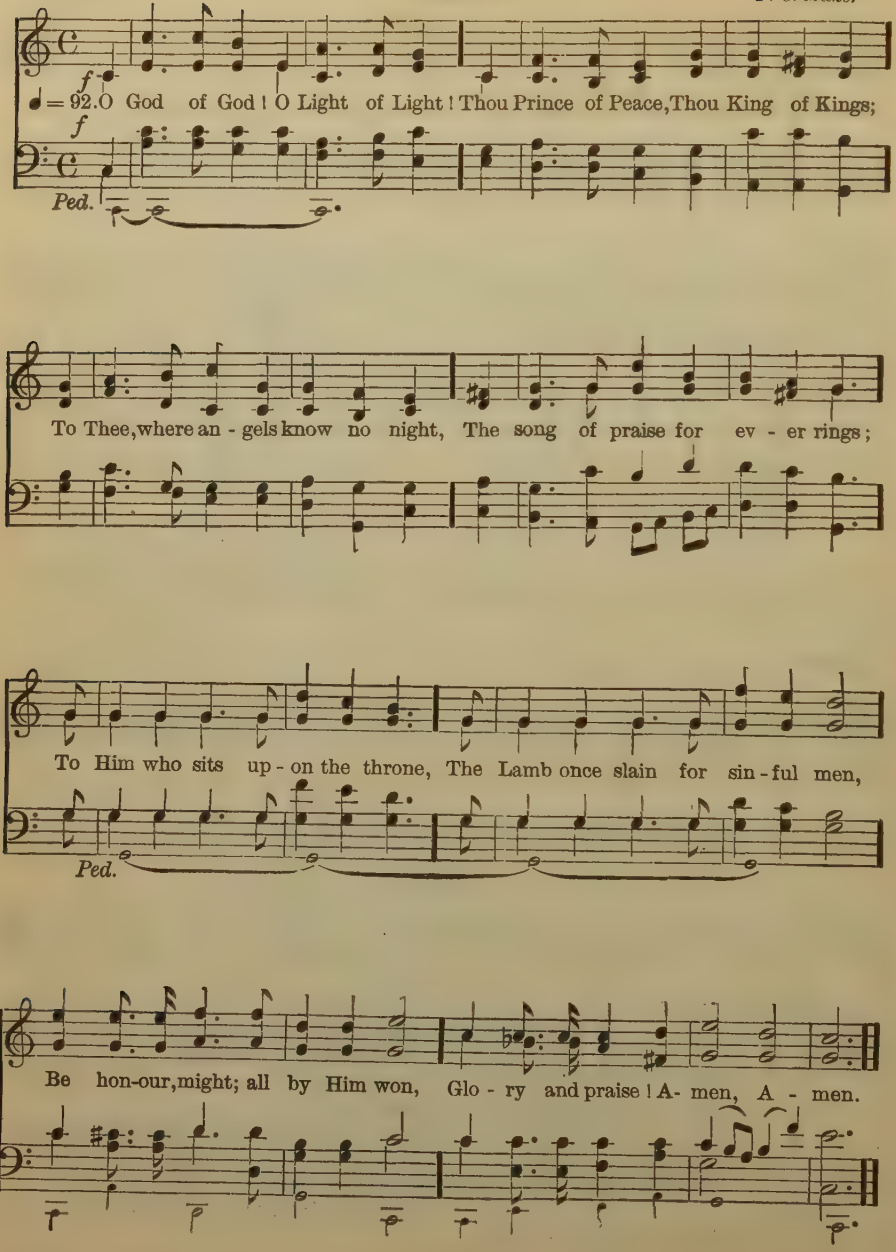
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

*I. Watts, Psalm 100:* *Doxology, T. Ken*

## 251

L. M. D.

JULIAN
*F. C. Maker*

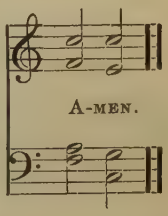

f
♩ = 92. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of Kings;
f
Ped.
To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for ev - er rings;
To Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,
Ped.
Be hon-our, might; all by Him won, Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men.

*mf* 2 Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
*cr* Till through the deep Judean night
*f* Rang out the song, "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

*mf* 3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
*p* That death of pain, mid hate and scorn;
*cr* These all are past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits,
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

*mf* 4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

*f* 5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

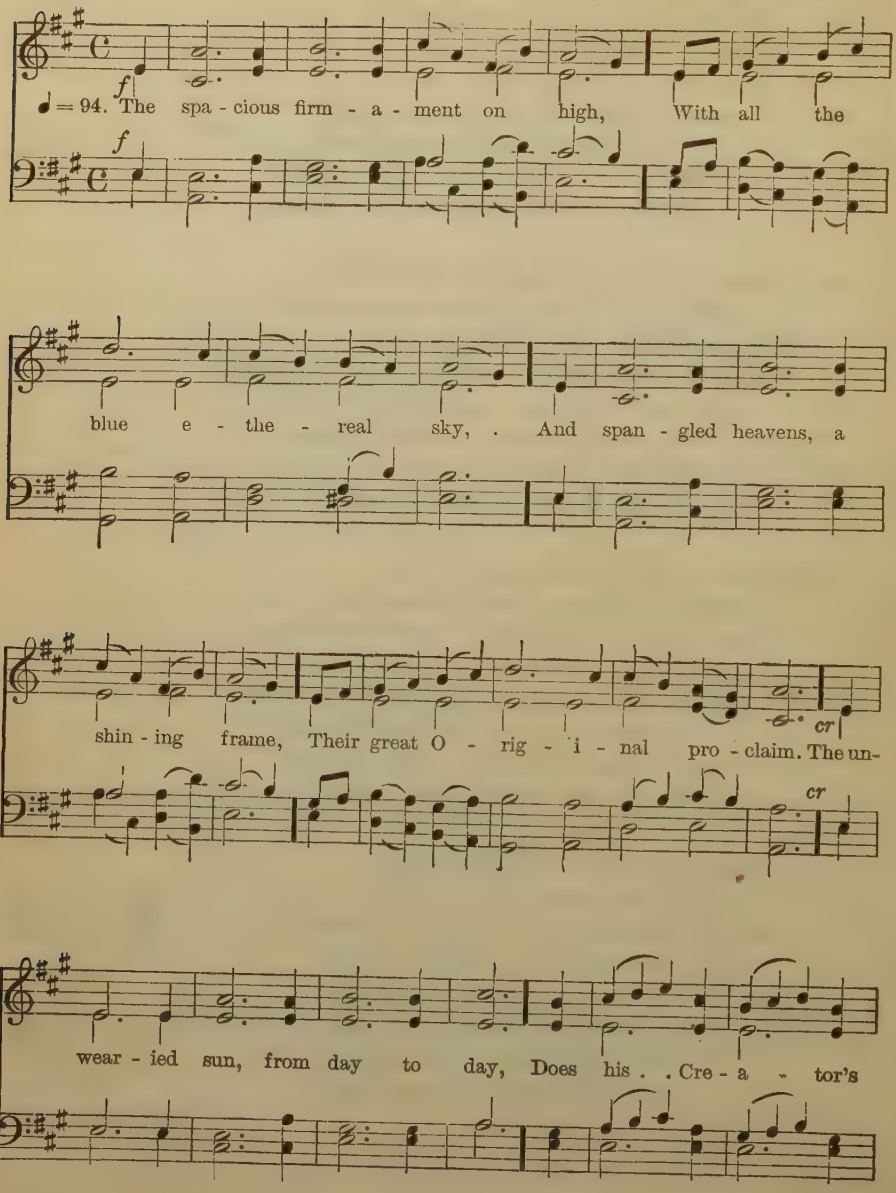


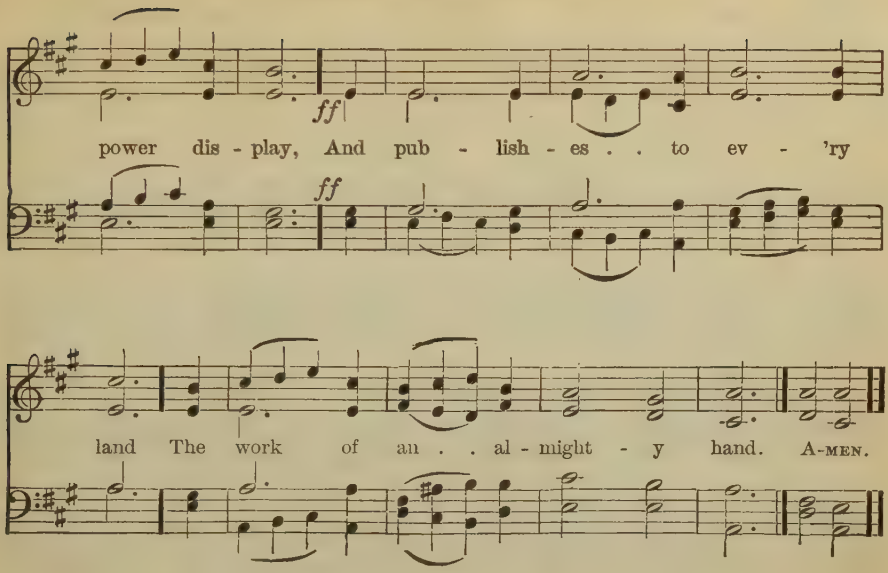

*J. Julian*

## 252

L. M. D.

CREATION
*From F. J. Haydn*


f
♩ = 94. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the
f
blue e - the - real sky, . And span - gled heavens, a
shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. The un-
cr
cr
wear - ied sun, from day to day, Does his . . Cre - a - tor's



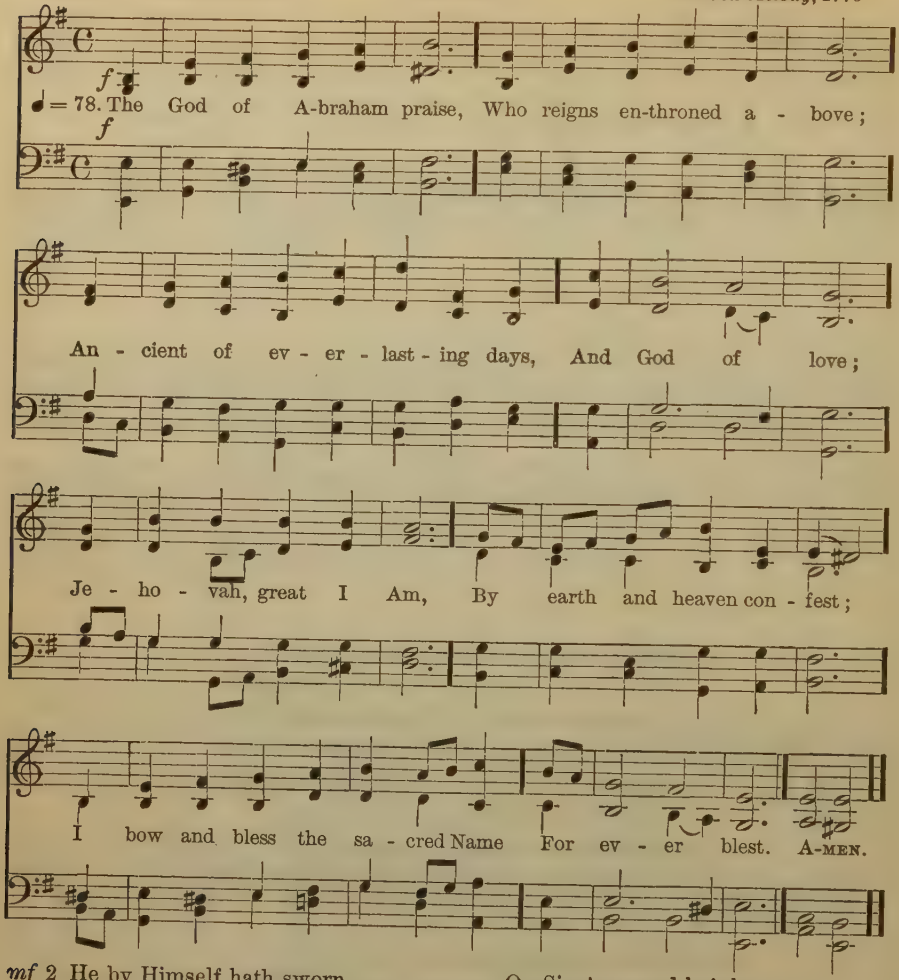

*mf* 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
*cr* Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
*f* Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*p* 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
*cr* In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
*ff* For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

*J Addison*

## 253 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

LEONI
*Hebrew Melody, 1770*


f
♩ = 78. The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;
f
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
Je - ho - vah, great I Am, By earth and heaven con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name For ev - er blest. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

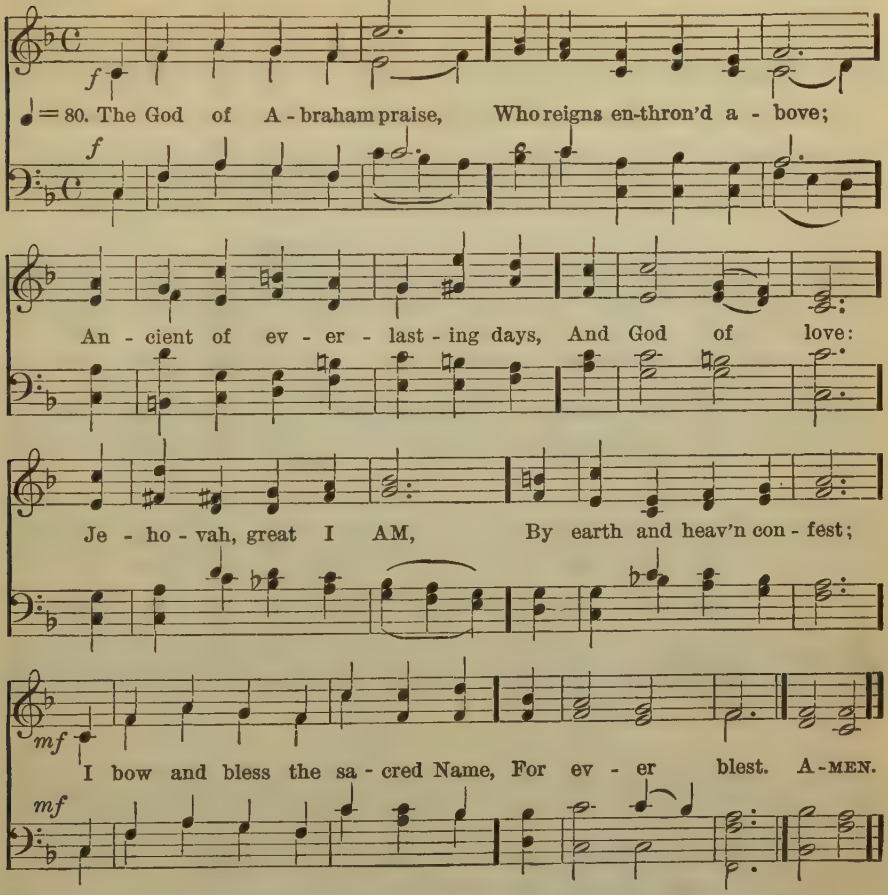
*f* 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

*T. Olivers*

## 253 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 8. 4. D.

COVENANT
*J. Stainer*


f
♩ = 80. The God of A - braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:
Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;
mf
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

*mf* 3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

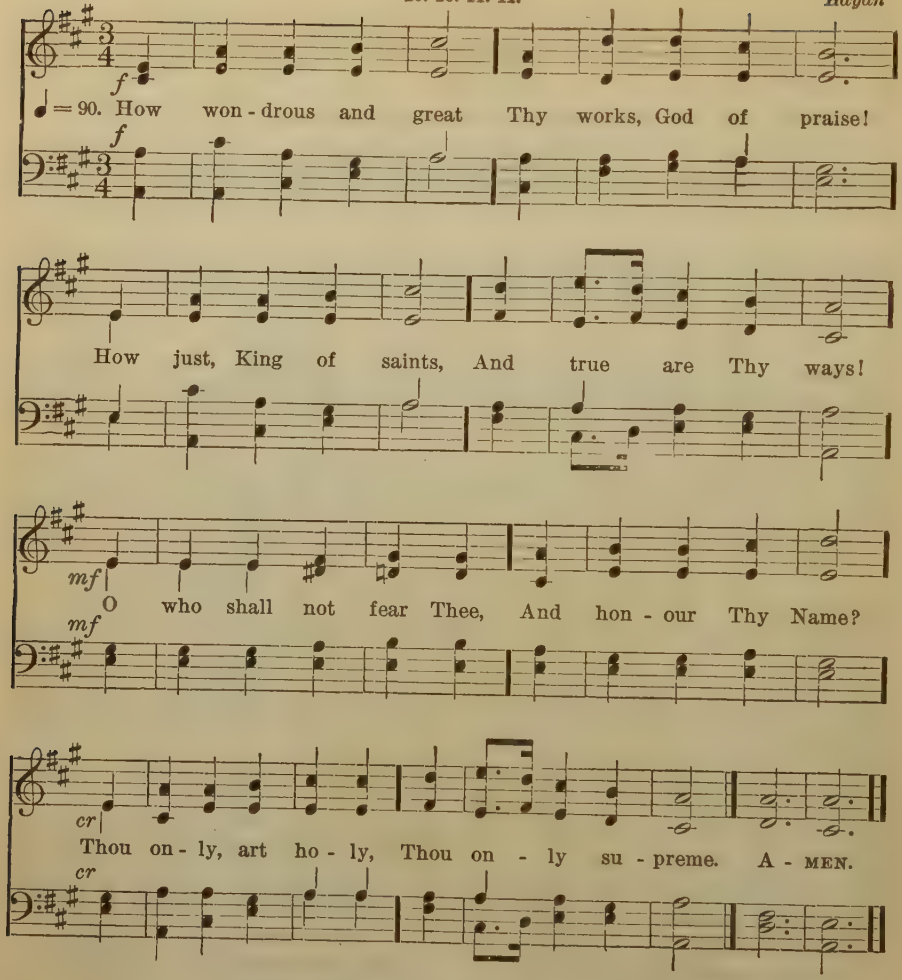
*f* 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

*T. Olivers*

# 254

10. 10. 11. 11.

LYONS
*Haydn*


f
♩ = 90. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!
f
How just, King of saints, And true are Thy ways!
mf
O who shall not fear Thee, And hon - our Thy Name?
mf
cr
Thou on - ly, art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme. A - MEN.
cr

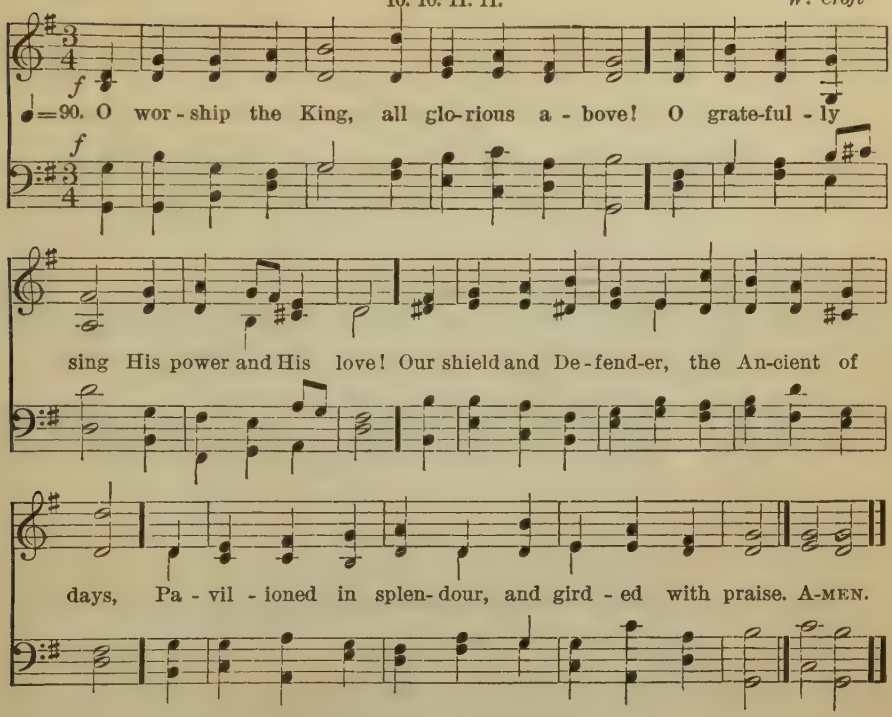
*mf* 2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
*cr* Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God.

*H. U. Onderdonk*

255

10. 10. 11. 11.

HANOVER
*W. Croft*


f
♩=90. O wor - ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove! O grate-ful - ly
f
sing His power and His love! Our shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dour, and gird - ed with praise. A-MEN.

*f* 2 O tell of His might! O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

*mf* 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

*mf* 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

*p* 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
*cr* In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
*mf* Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

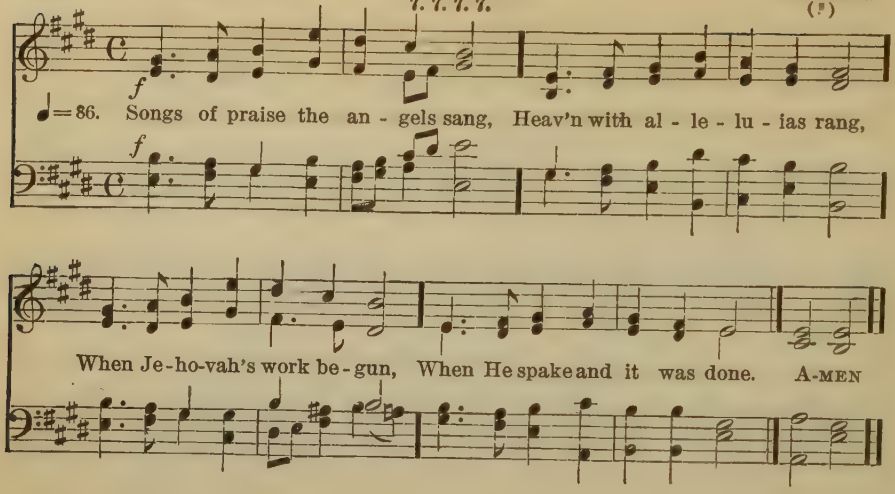
*f* 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

*R. Grant*

## 256 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

INNOCENTS (P)


f
♩=86. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,
f
When Je-ho-vah's work be-gun, When He spake and it was done. A-MEN

*mf* 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
*p* When the Prince of Peace was born;
*cr* Songs of praise arose, when He
*f* Captive led captivity.

*p* 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
*mf* Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
*f* Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

*p* 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
*cr* No; the Church delights to raise
*f* Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

*mf* 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

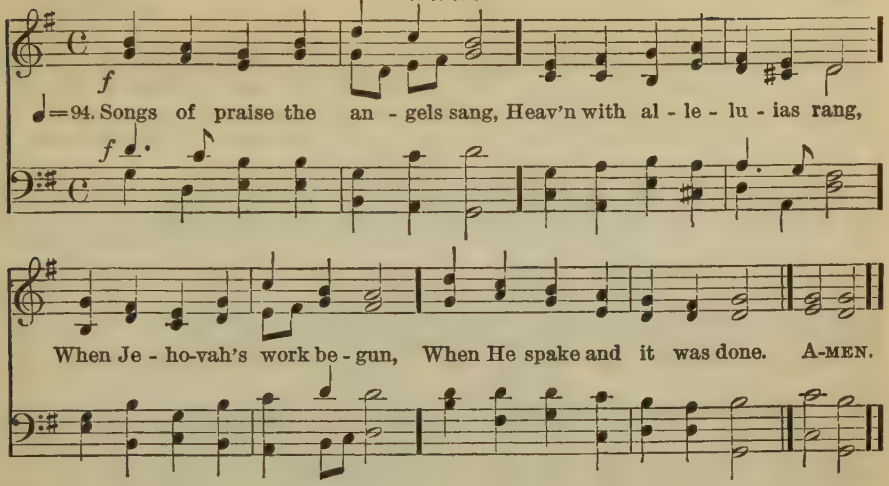
*mf* 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death
*cr* Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*J. Montgomery*

## 256 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

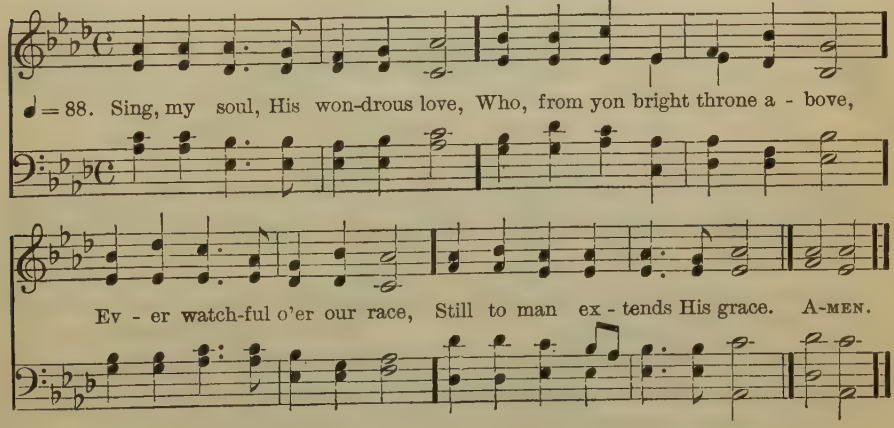
VIENNA
*J. H. Knecht*




## 257

7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. BEES
*J. B. Dykes*


♩= 88. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Heav'n and earth by Him were made;
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

*mf* 3 God, the merciful and good,
*p* Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
*cr* And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

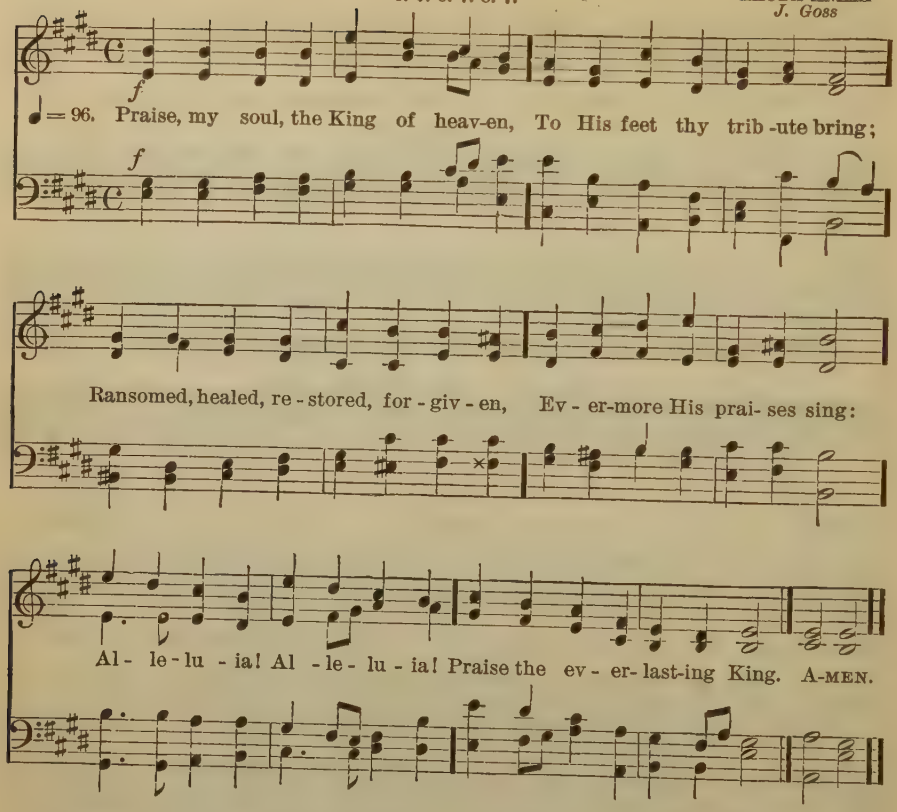
*f* 4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come.

*Anon.*

# 258

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

LAUDA ANIMA
*J. Goss*


♩ = 96. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His prai-ses sing:
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
*p* Slow to chide, (*cr*) and swift to bless:
*f* Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

*p* 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
*cr* Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

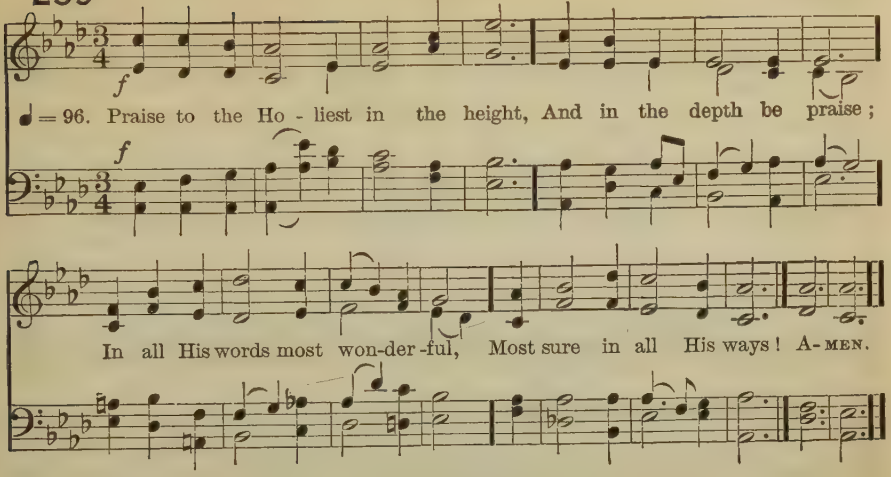
*f* 4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

*H. F. Lyte*

259

C. M.

GERONTIUS
*J. B. Dykes*


f
♩ = 96. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth be praise;
f
In all His words most won-der-ful, Most sure in all His ways! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
*p* When all was sin and shame,
*cr* A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

*mf* 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
*cr* Should strive afresh against the foe,
*f* Should strive and should prevail:

*mf* 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

*f* 5 O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
*p* The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

*p* 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
*cr* Should teach His brethren, and inspire
*p* To suffer and to die.

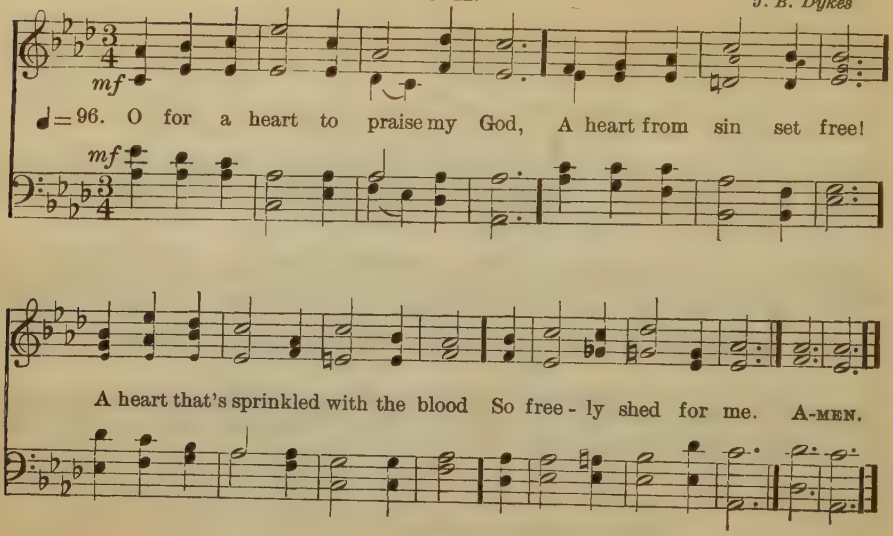
*f* 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

*J. H. Newman*

## 260

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩= 96. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
mf
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

*p* 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
*cr* Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

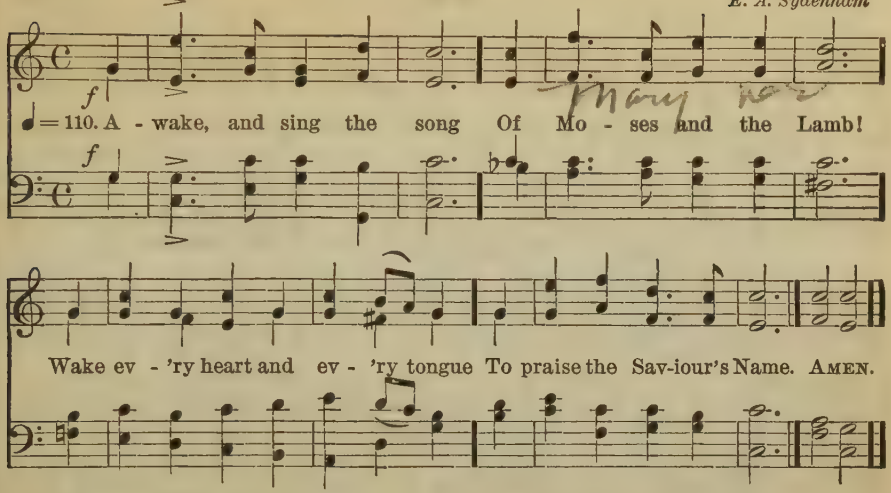
*mf* 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

*mf* 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
*cr* Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
*f* Thy new, best Name of Love.

*C. Wesley*

## 261 (FIRST TUNE) S. M.

KING EDWARD
*E. A. Sydenham*




*p* 2 Sing of His dying love!
*cr* Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

*mf* 3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King!

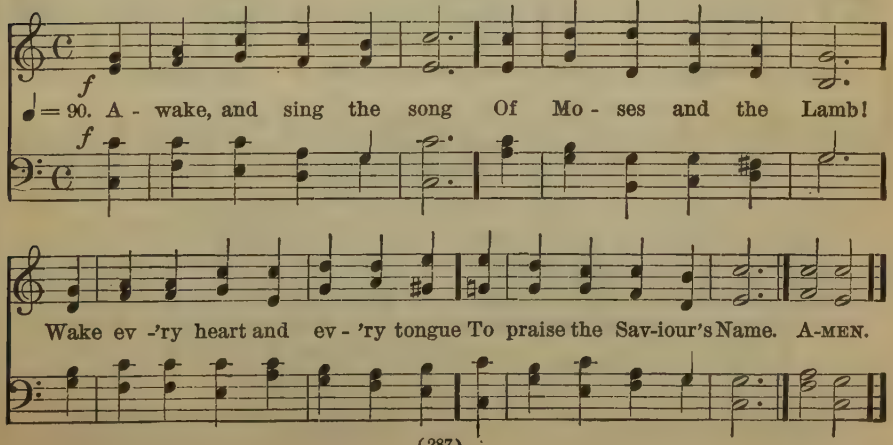
*p* 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
*cr* Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

*mf* 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
*cr* And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

*W. Hammond*

(SECOND TUNE) S. M.

PLUMPTRE
*W. H. Monk*

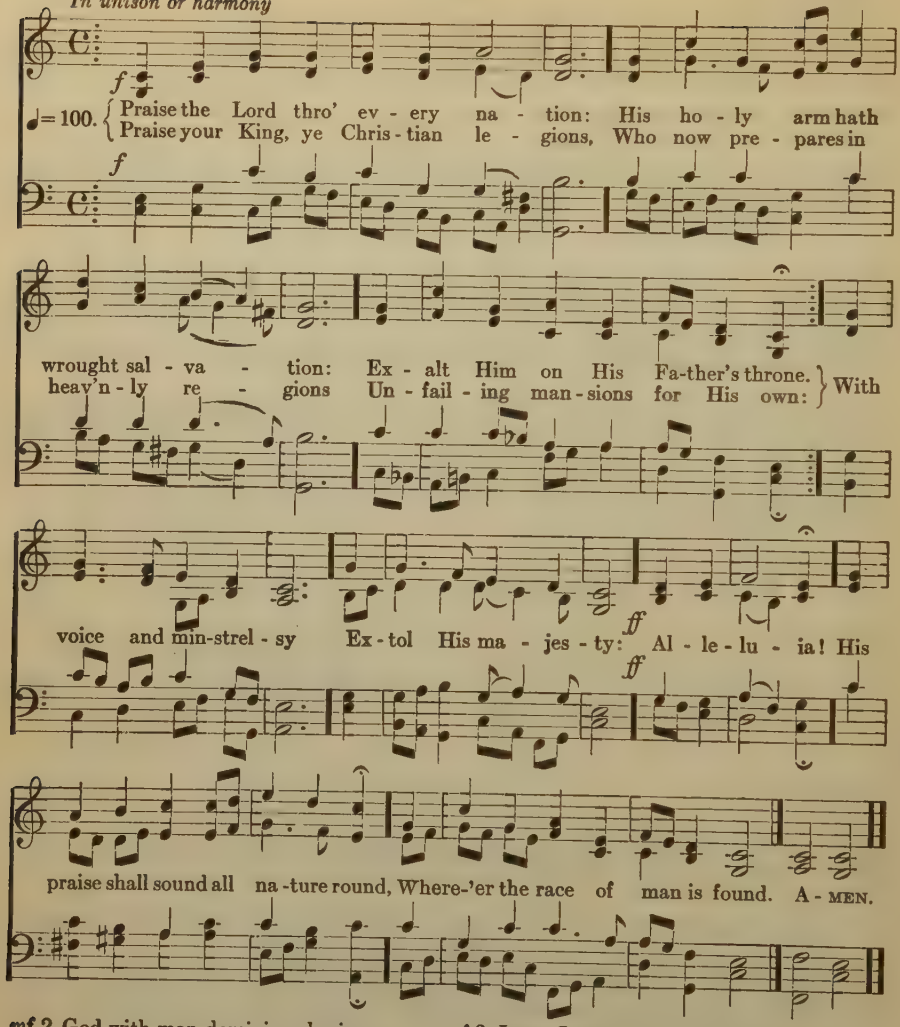


262

P. M.

HERRNHUT
*P. Nicolai*

*In unison or harmony*

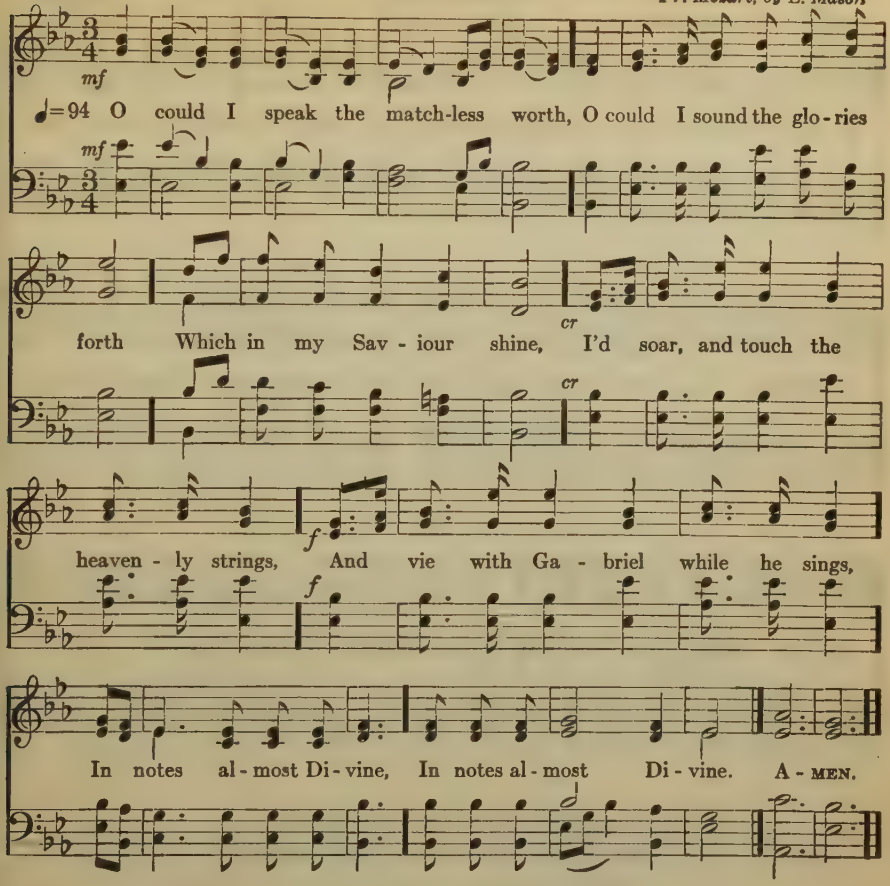

f
♩= 100. Praise the Lord thro' ev - ery na - tion: His ho - ly arm hath
Praise your King, ye Chris - tian le - gions, Who now pre - pares in
f
wrought sal - va - tion: Ex - alt Him on His Fa-ther's throne.
heav'n - ly re - gions Un - fail - ing man - sions for His own:
With
ff
voice and min-strel - sy Ex - tol His ma - jes - ty: Al - le - lu - ia! His
ff
praise shall sound all na - ture round, Where-'er the race of man is found. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 God with man dominion sharing,
And man with God our image bearing,
Gentile and Jew to Him are given:
Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners:
No longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
O beatific sight
To view His face in light!
*cr* Alleluia!
And while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

*mf* 3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee;
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear:
*ff* Alleluia!
Thy reign extend world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

*R. Feith*, TR. *J. Montgomery*

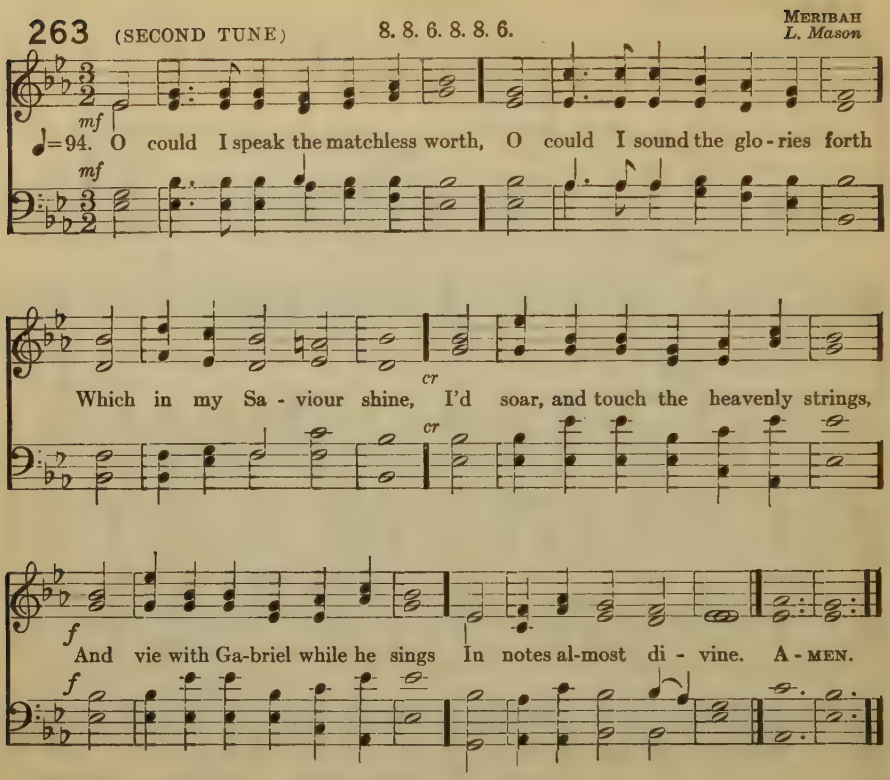
**263** (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. ARIEL *Fr. Mozart, by L. Mason*


mf
♩=94 O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries
mf
forth Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the
cr
cr
f
heaven-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings,
f
In notes al-most Di-vine, In notes al-most Di-vine. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
*f* In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

*S. Medley*


263 (SECOND TUNE)
8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.
MERIBAH
L. Mason
mf
♩=94. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
mf
Which in my Sa-viour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
cr
cr
f
And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
*f* In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

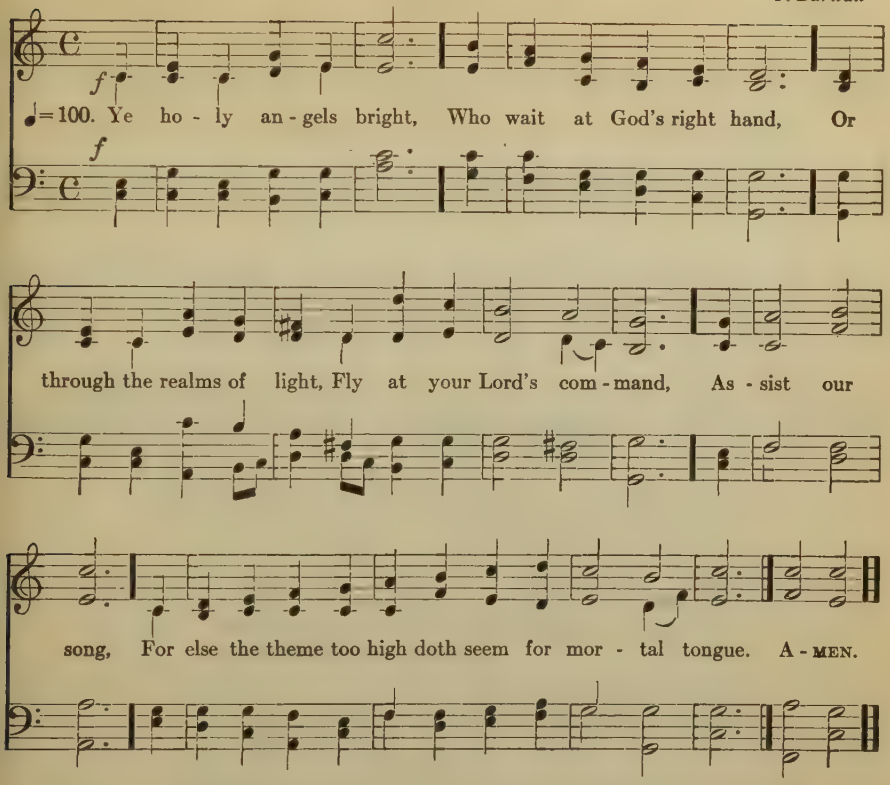
*mf* 3 O the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

*S. Medley*

264

6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

DARWALL
*J. Darwall*


f
♩=100. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
f
through the realms of light, Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our
song, For else the theme too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

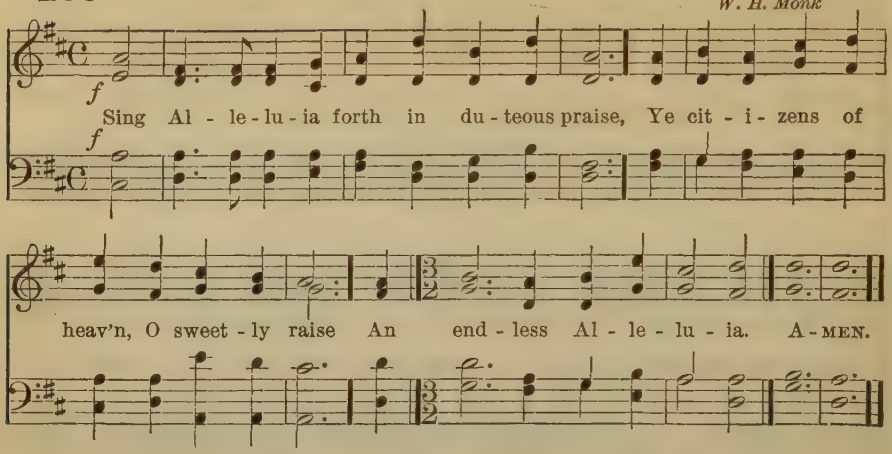
4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
*f* Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

*R. Baxter; R. R. Chope*

## 265

10. 10. 7

ALLELUIA PERENNE
*W. H. Monk*




*f* 2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
*cr* In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
*ff* An endless Alleluia.

*f* 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
*cr* And with glad songs resounding wake again
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*f* 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
*cr* Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*ff* 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
*ff* An endless Alleluia.

*p* 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
*cr* This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
*cr* For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
*f* An endless Alleluia.

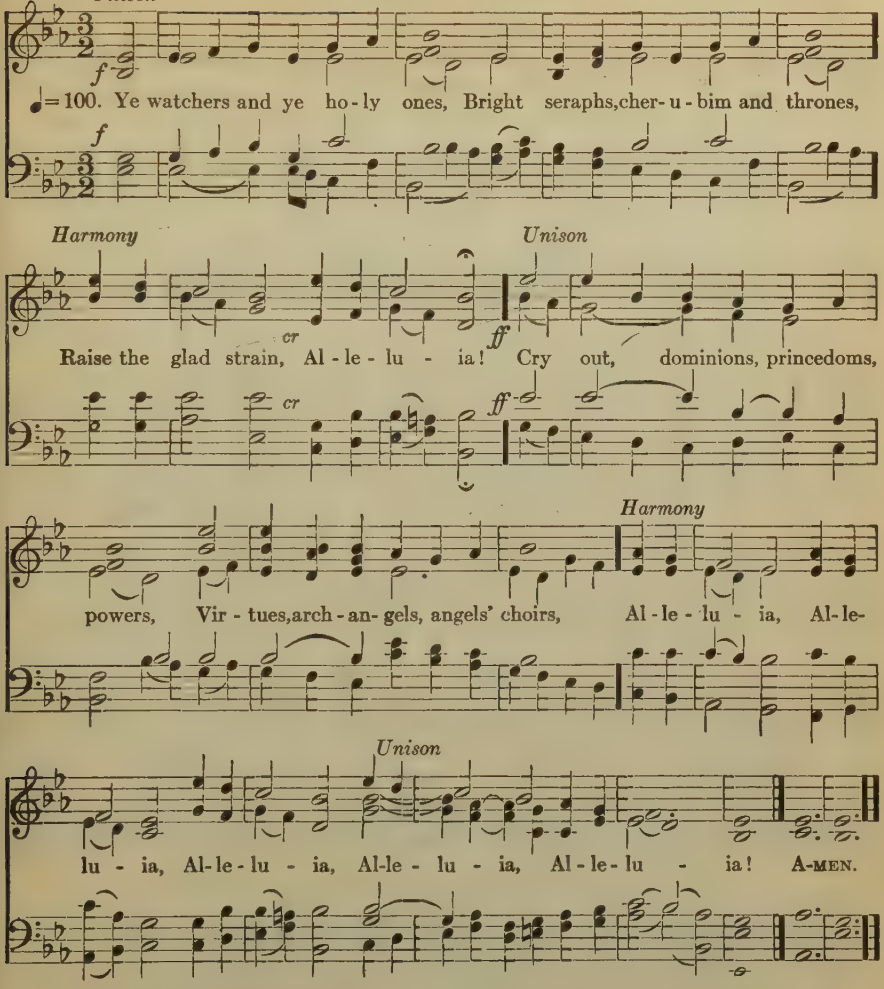
*f* 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
*ff* An endless Alleluia.

TR. *J. Ellerton*

## 266

8. 8. 4. 4. 8. 8.

VIGILI ET SANCTI
*Cologne, 1623*


Unison
f
♩= 100. Ye watchers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright seraphs, cher - u - bim and thrones,
Harmony
Unison
cr
ff
Raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry out, dominions, princedoms,
Harmony
powers, Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, angels' choirs, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
Unison
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

*f* 2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
*ff* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia!

*mf* 3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song
*ff* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia!

*ff* 4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia!

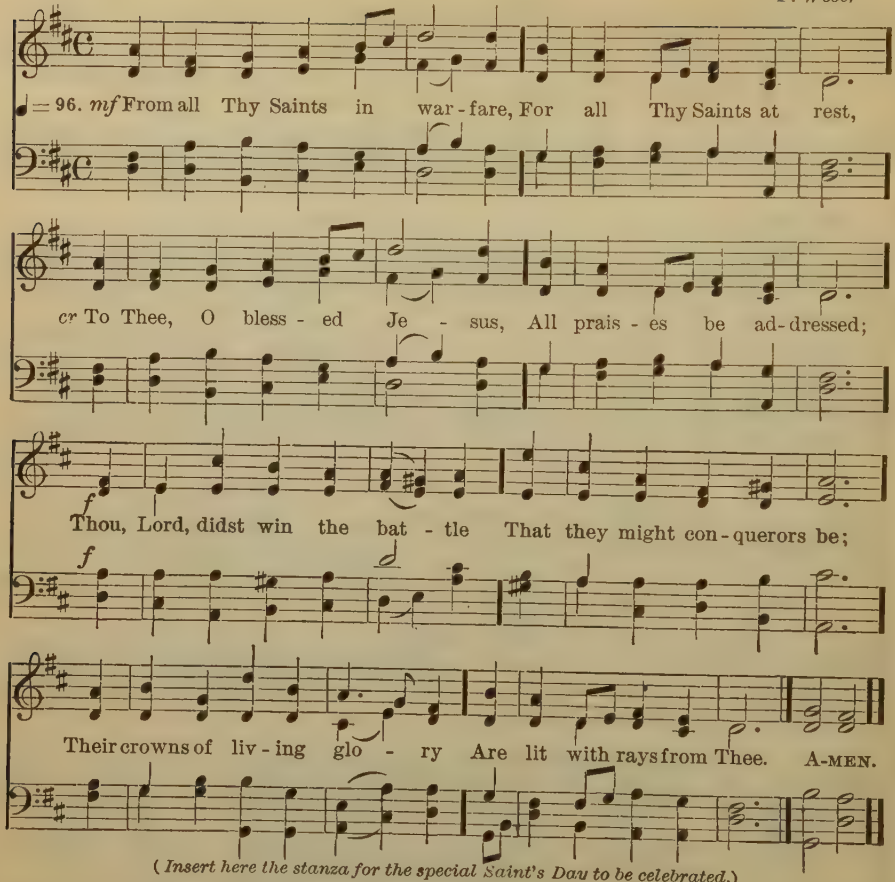
*A. Riley*

GENERAL FOR SAINTS' DAYS

267

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PÆAN
*F. Weber*


♩ = 96. *mf* From all Thy Saints in war-fare, For all Thy Saints at rest,
*cr* To Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, All prais-es be ad-dressed;
*f* Thou, Lord, didst win the bat-tle That they might con-querors be;
*f*
Their crowns of liv-ing glo-ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-MEN.

(*Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.*)

ST. ANDREW

*f* 2 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
*mf* With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
*cr* Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS

*f* 3 All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
*cr* Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
*dim* On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
*cr* And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN

*f* 4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
*mf* Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

### St. John the Evangelist

*f* 5 Praise for the loved disciple, (*mf*) exile on Patmos' shore;
*f* Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore,
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed.
*mf* May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

### The Holy Innocents

*f* 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, (*dim*) by Thee with tenderest love
*p* Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
*cr* O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.
*dim* Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, (*cr*) and crowns as bright as theirs.

### The Conversion of St. Paul

*f* 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
*mf* So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

### St. Matthias

*mf* 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

### St. Mark

*f* 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
*mf* May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine abide.

### St. Philip and St. James

*f* 10 All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; (*mf*) keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to (*cr*) know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
*dim* To wrestle with temptations (*cr*) till victors in the strife.

### St. Barnabas

*mf* 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
*cr* That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

### St. John Baptist

*f* 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
*mf* Of prophets last and greatest, (*cr*) he saw Thy dawning ray:
*f* Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

### St. Peter

*f* 13 Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
*p* Thrice falling, (*mf*) yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.
*p* Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, (*cr*) to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, (*dim*) with humble, earnest will.

### St. James

*f* 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, (*mf*) who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, (*cr*) if so brought nearer Thee.

### St. Bartholomew

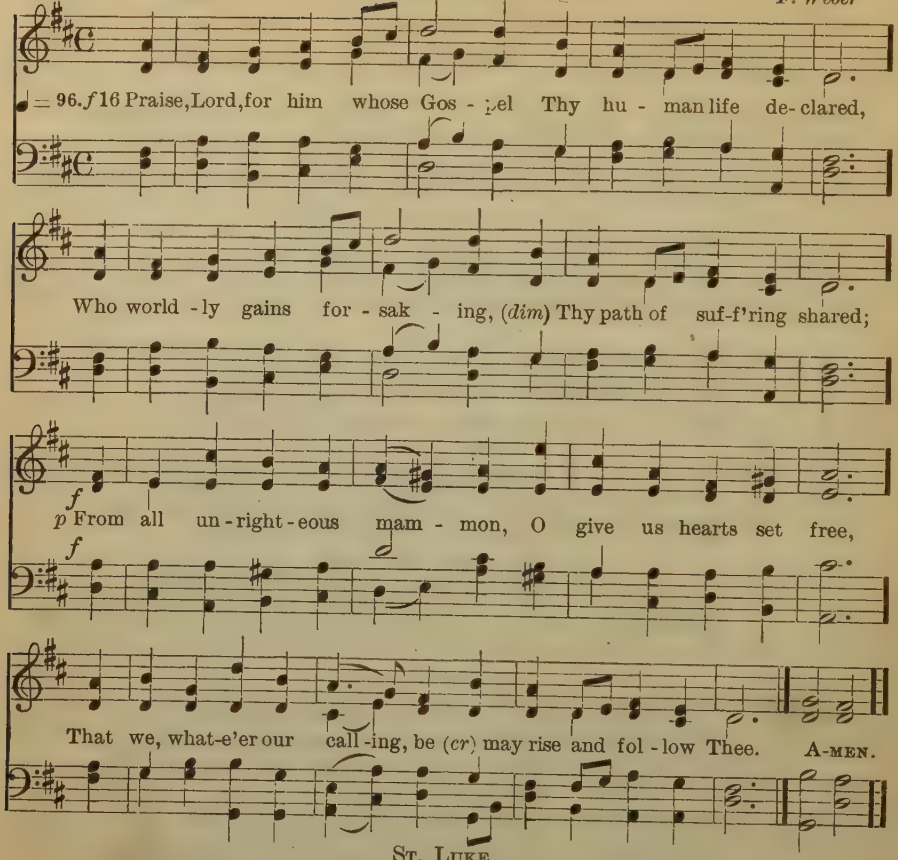
*f* 15 All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
*mf* Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
*cr* That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

[*Remaining verses and general ending on next page*]

**267** (Cont.)

ST. MATTHEW
7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PÆAN
*F. Weber*


♩ = 96. *f* 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gos - pel Thy hu - man life de-clared,
Who world - ly gains for - sak - ing, (*dim*) Thy path of suf-f'ring shared;
*f*
*p* From all un-right-eous mam - mon, O give us hearts set free,
*f*
That we, what-e'er our call-ing, be (*cr*) may rise and fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

ST. LUKE

*f* 17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
*mf* Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
*cr* And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

*f* 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
*mf* May we with zeal as earnest the Faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, (*dim*) at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING

*mf* 19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
*p* For these, passed on before us, (*cr*) Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, (*f*) would serve Thee more and more.

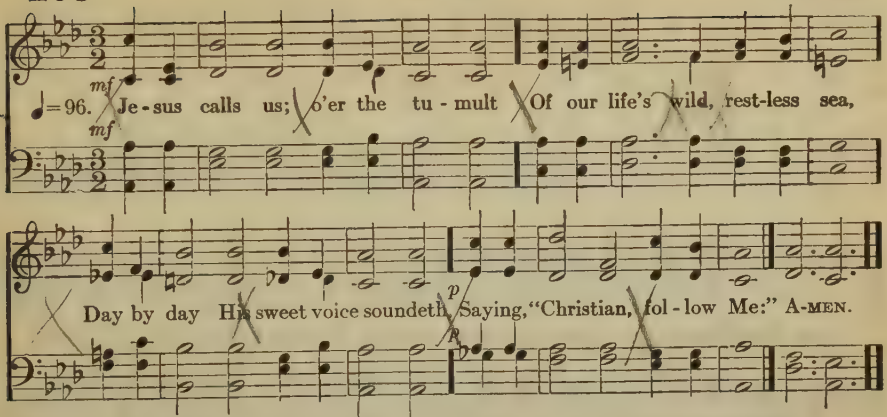
*f* 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.



*Earl Nelson*

## St. Andrew

**268** 8. 7. 8. 7. GALILEE *W. H. Jude*


mf
♩=96. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
mf
p
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me:" A-MEN.

*mf* 2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

*mf* 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
*p* Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

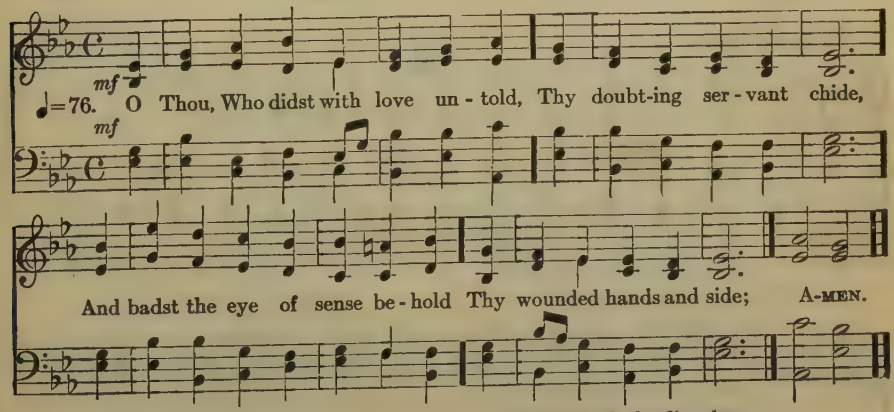
*mf* 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

*mp* 5 Jesus calls us: (*p*) by Thy mercies,
*cr* Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

*C. F. Alexander*

## St. Thomas

**269** C. M. DUNDEE *Scotch Psalter*


mf
♩=76. O Thou, Who didst with love un-told, Thy doubt-ing ser-vant chide,
mf
And badst the eye of sense be-hold Thy wounded hands and side; A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

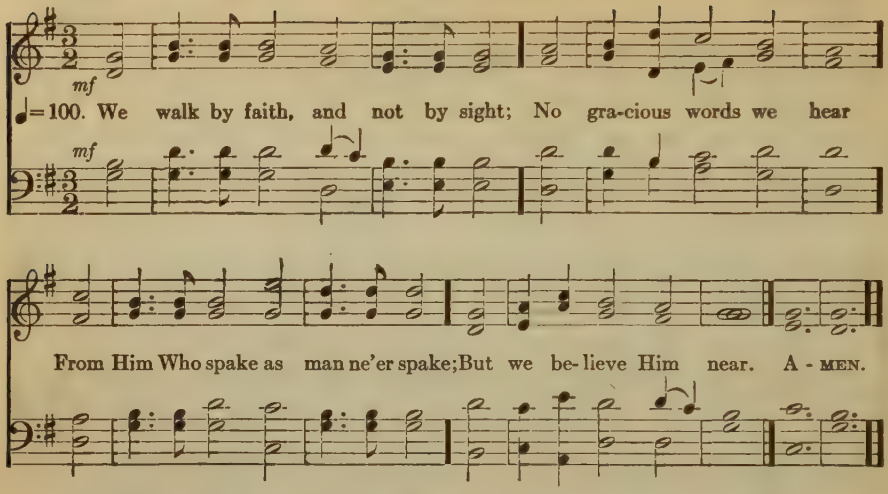
*mf* 3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
*p* O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

*mp* 4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
*cr* But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe!

*E. Toke*

## 270 (FIRST TUNE) C. M.

ARLINGTON
*T. A. Arne*


mf
♩=100. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No gra-cious words we hear
From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

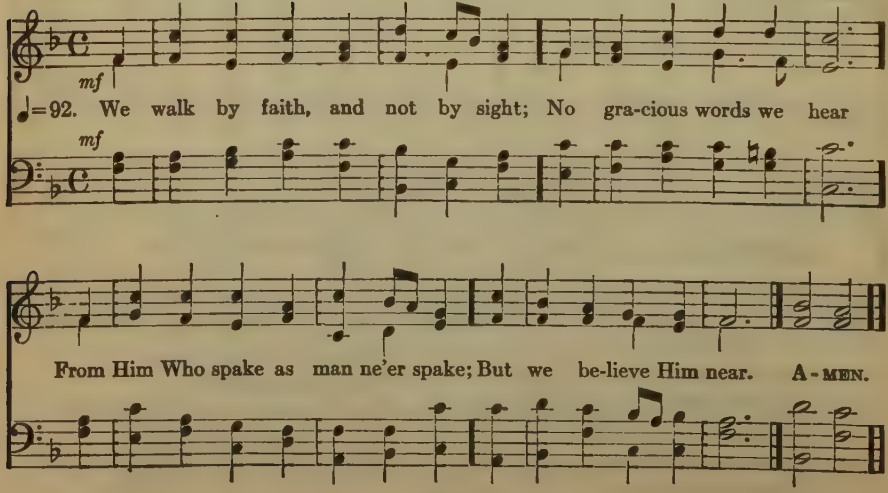
3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

*H. Alford*

(SECOND TUNE) C. M.

HERMANN
*N. Hermann*

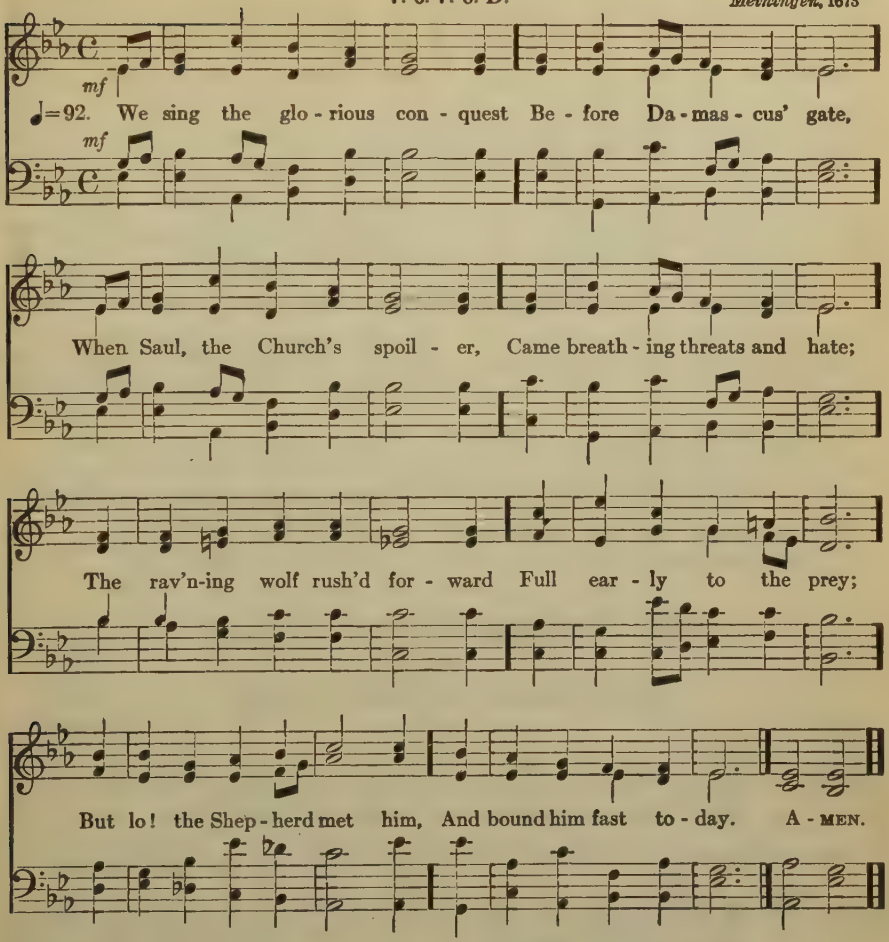

mf
♩=92. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No gra-cious words we hear
From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near. A - MEN.

# The Conversion of St. Paul

271

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MUNICH
*Meiningen*, 1673


mf
♩=92. We sing the glo - rious con - quest Be - fore Da - mas - cus' gate,
mf
When Saul, the Church's spoil - er, Came breath - ing threats and hate;
The rav'n-ing wolf rush'd for - ward Full ear - ly to the prey;
But lo! the Shep - herd met him, And bound him fast to - day. A - MEN.

*f* 2 O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
*dim* O voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

*mf* 3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

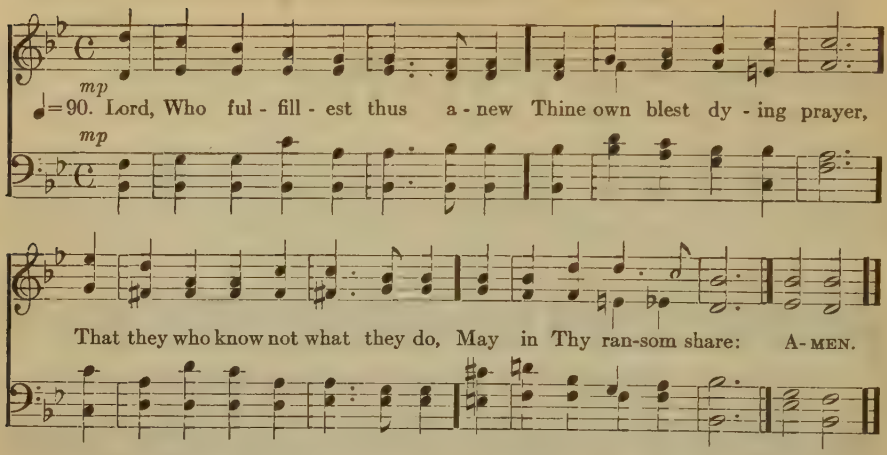
*mf* 4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,
To trust Thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find.

*J. Ellerton*

272

C. M.

MOUNT CALVARY
*R. P. Stewart*


mp
♩=90. Lord, Who ful - fill - est thus a - new Thine own blest dy - ing prayer,
mp
That they who know not what they do, May in Thy ran-som share: A-MEN.

*mf* 2 When foes Thy Church's power defy,
Or slight Thy sacred word,
Or Thee, true God and Man, deny,
Grant them conversion, Lord.

3 Grant that the light may round them shine;
That, set from error free,
They in Thy word the truth divine,
Thee in Thy Church may see;

4 That so, when our brief time is done,
We may with them adore
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Spirit evermore.

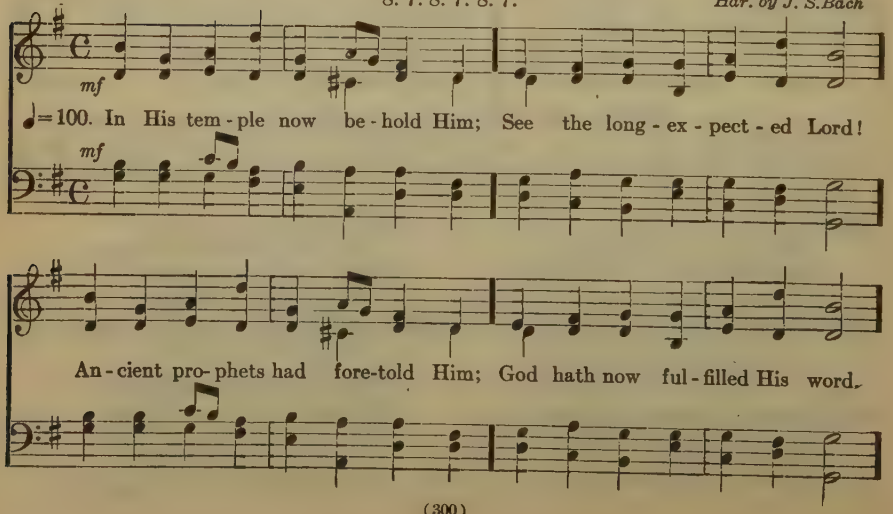
*H. W. Mozley*

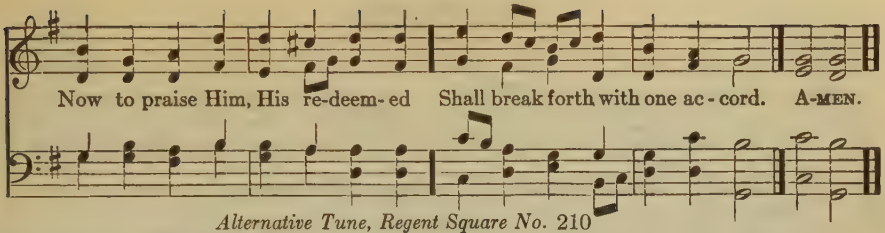
# The Presentation of Christ, or Purification of Saint Mary

273

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

ST. LEONARD
*Har. by J. S. Bach*


mf
♩=100. In His tem - ple now be - hold Him; See the long - ex - pect - ed Lord!
mf
An - cient pro - phets had fore-told Him; God hath now ful - filled His word.




*Alternative Tune, Regent Square No. 210*

*mf* 2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
*cr* Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

*mf* 3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

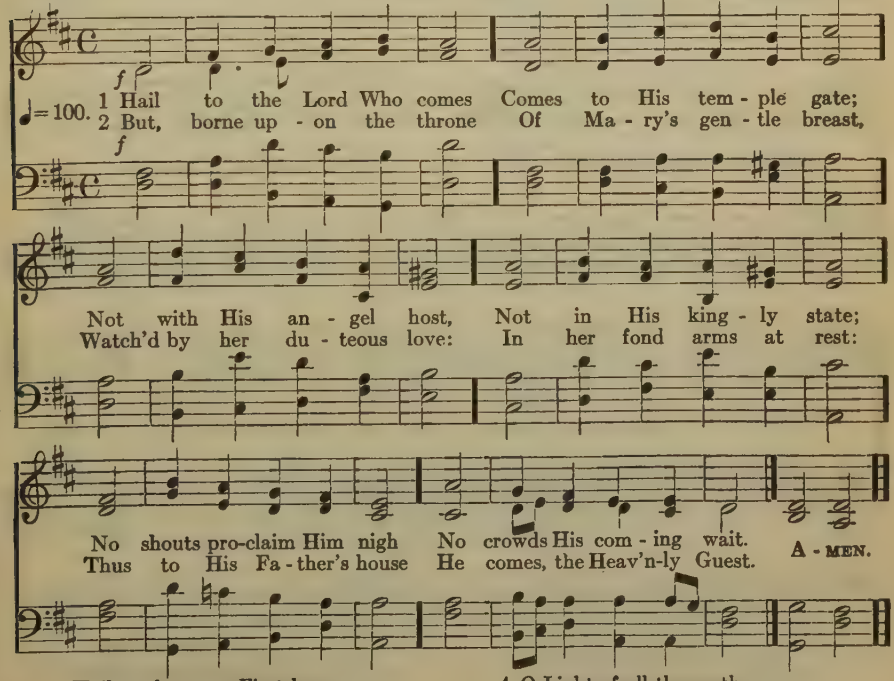
*f* 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme!

*H. J. Pye*

## 274

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

OLD 120TH
*Este's Psalter*, 1582


f
♩= 100. 1 Hail to the Lord Who comes Comes to His tem-ple gate;
2 But, borne up-on the throne Of Ma-ry's gen-tle breast,
f
Not with His an-gel host, Not in His king-ly state;
Watch'd by her du-teous love: In her fond arms at rest:
No shouts pro-claim Him nigh No crowds His com-ing wait.
Thus to His Fa-ther's house He comes, the Heav'n-ly Guest.
A-MEN.

*mf* 3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

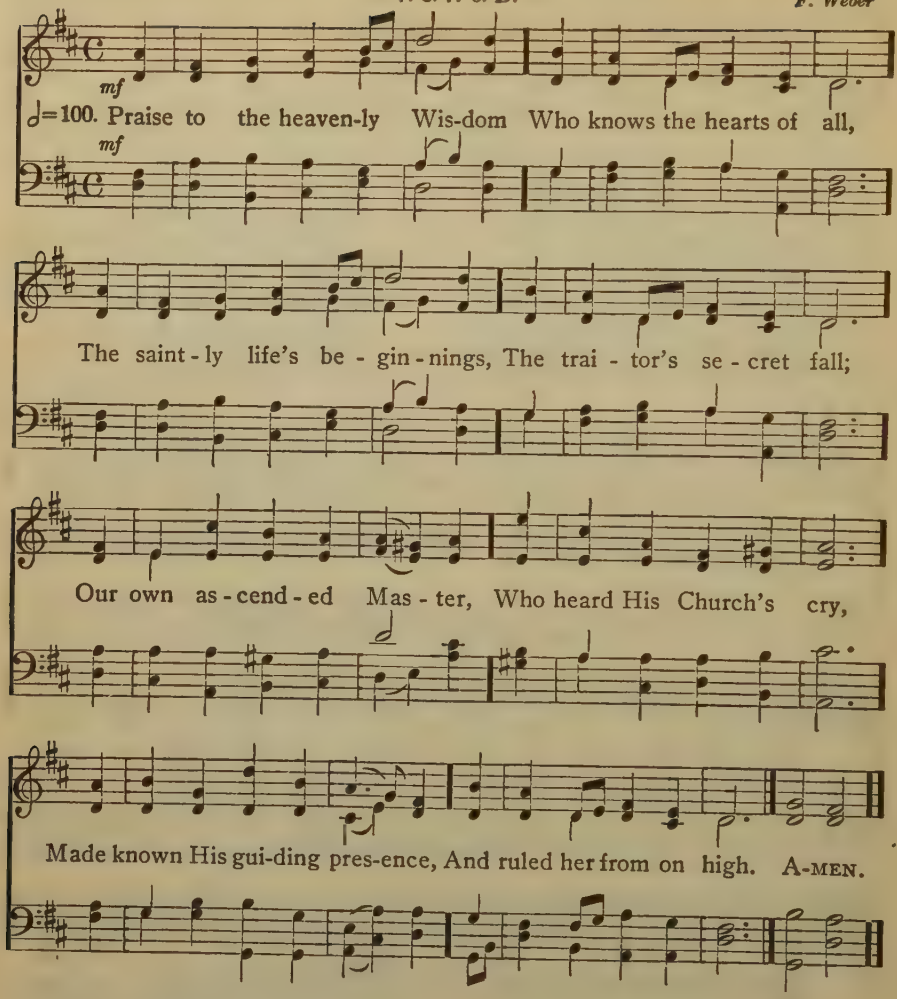
*J. Ellerton*

# St. Matthias

275

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PÆAN
F. Weber


mf
♩=100. Praise to the heaven-ly Wis-dom Who knows the hearts of all,
mf
The saint-ly life's be-gin-nings, The trai-tor's se-cret fall;
Our own as-cend-ed Mas-ter, Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His gui-ding pres-ence, And ruled her from on high. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Elect in His foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

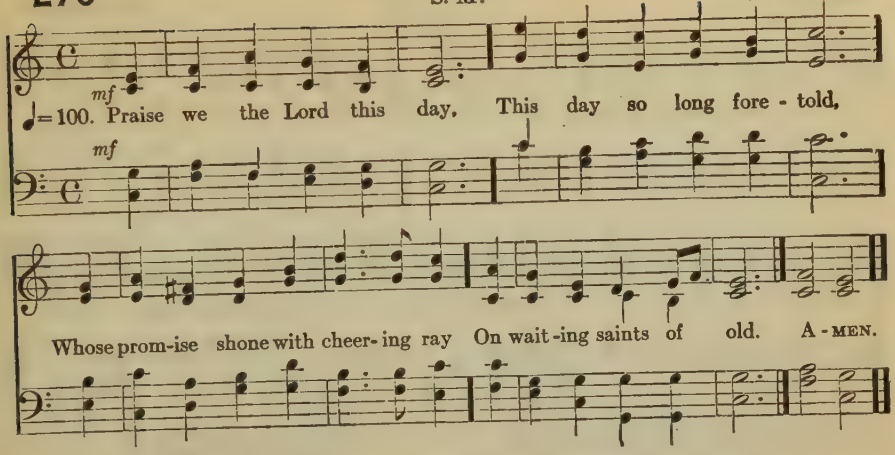
3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd,
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee!

*J. Ellerton*

## The Annunciation

**276** S. M.

ST. GEORGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
♩=100. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,
mf
Whose prom-ise shone with cheer- ing ray On wait -ing saints of old. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

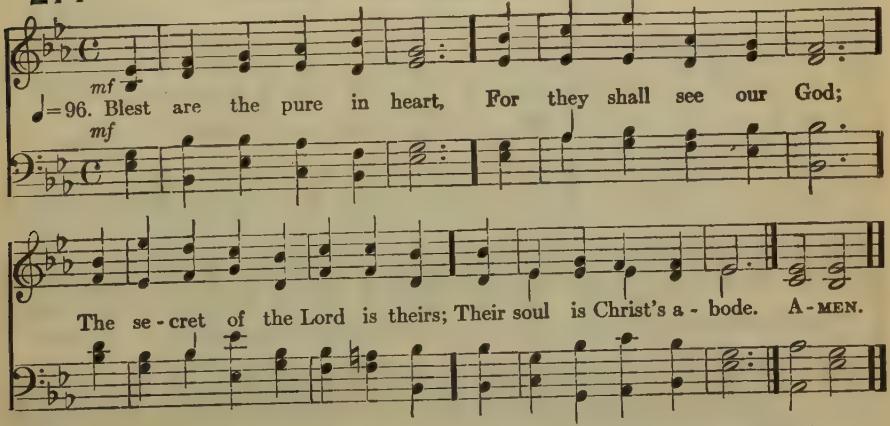
*mp* 4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

*mf* 5 Blesséd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth
Through whom that wondrous mercy came
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.

*Anon.*

**277** S. M.

FRANCONIA
*J. B. Konig*


mf
♩=96. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
mf
The se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

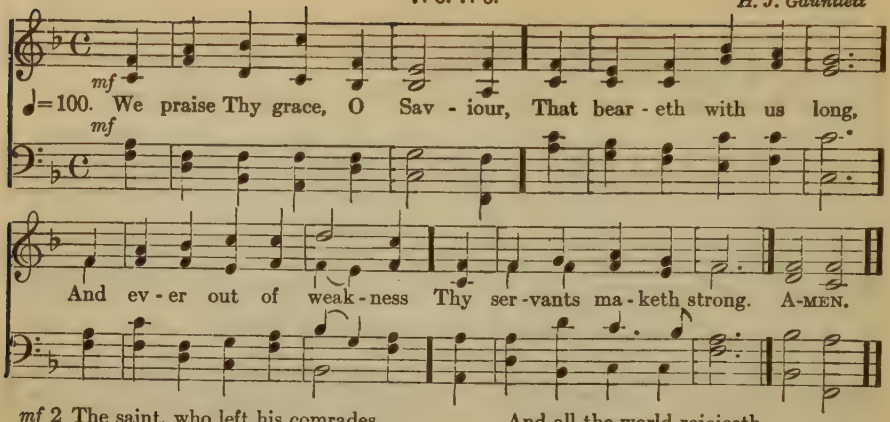
*mp* 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

*J. Keble*

## 278 St. Mark

7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. ALPHEGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*




*mf* 2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

*mf* 3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

*mf* 4 Thy love Saint Mark hath numbered
Among the blessèd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn His Gospel-lore.

*p* 5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
*cr* Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

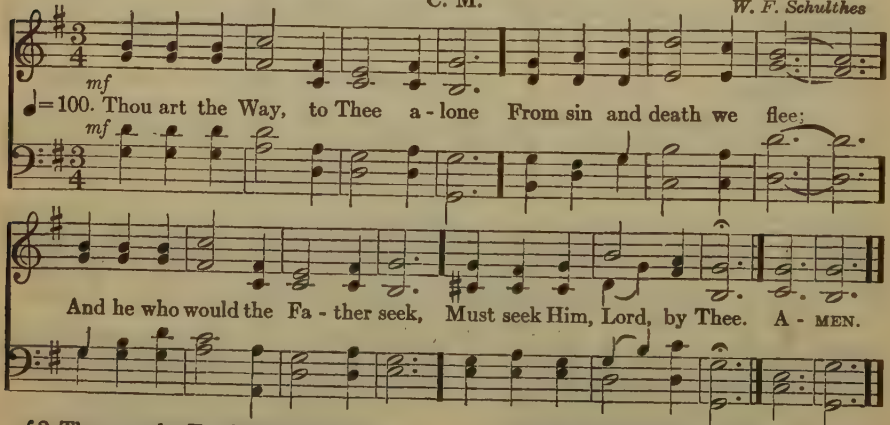
*f* 6 O Jesus, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect;
In us the victory win.

*W. W. How*

## 279 St. Philip and St. James

C. M.

LAMBETH
*W. F. Schulthes*


mf
♩=100. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
mf
And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

*mf* 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
*cr* That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

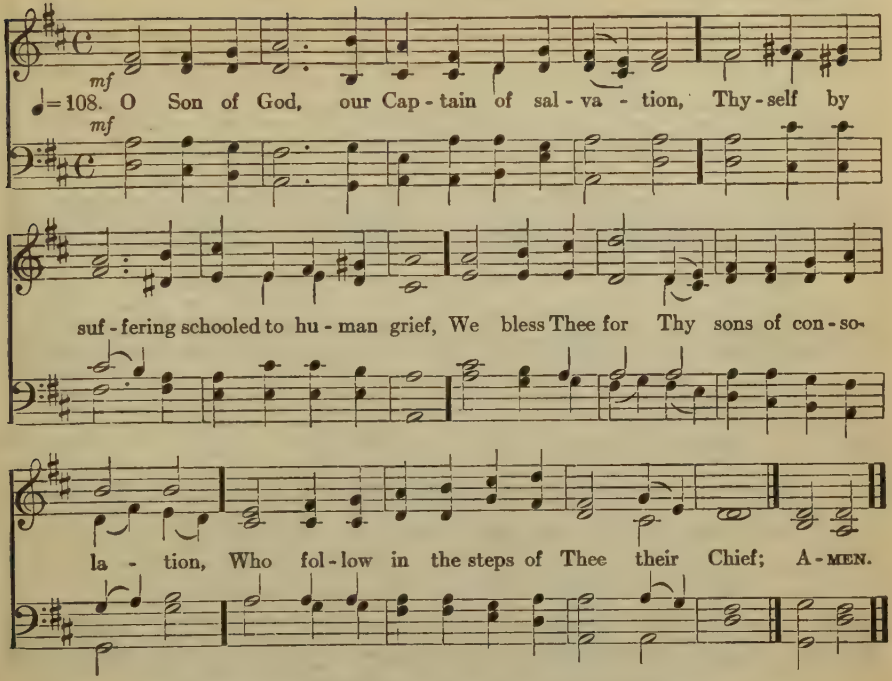
*G. W. Doane*

# St. Barnabas

280

11. 10. 11. 10.

STRENGTH AND STAY
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=108. O Son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by
mf
suf - fering schooled to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy sons of con - so -
la - tion, Who fol - low in the steps of Thee their Chief; A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
*cr* Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

*mf* 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skillful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the willful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

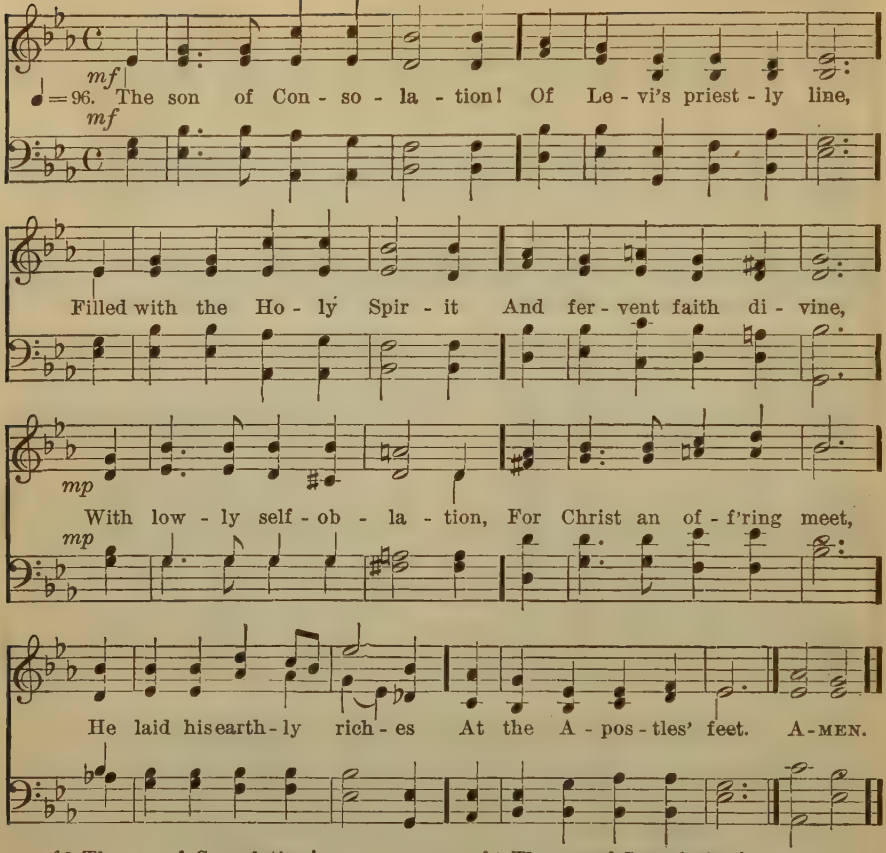
6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye,"
*cr* Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

*J. Ellerton*

281

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

O BONA PATRIA
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩=96. The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priest - ly line,
mf
Filled with the Ho - ly Spir - it And fer - vent faith di - vine,
mp
With low - ly self - ob - la - tion, For Christ an of - f'ring meet,
mp
He laid his earth - ly rich - es At the A - pos - tles' feet. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The son of Consolation!
*dim* O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
*cr* And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

*mf* 3 The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
*p* He won the martyr's glory,
*cr* And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

*mf* 4 The son of Consolation!
*p* Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
Such blessèd name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

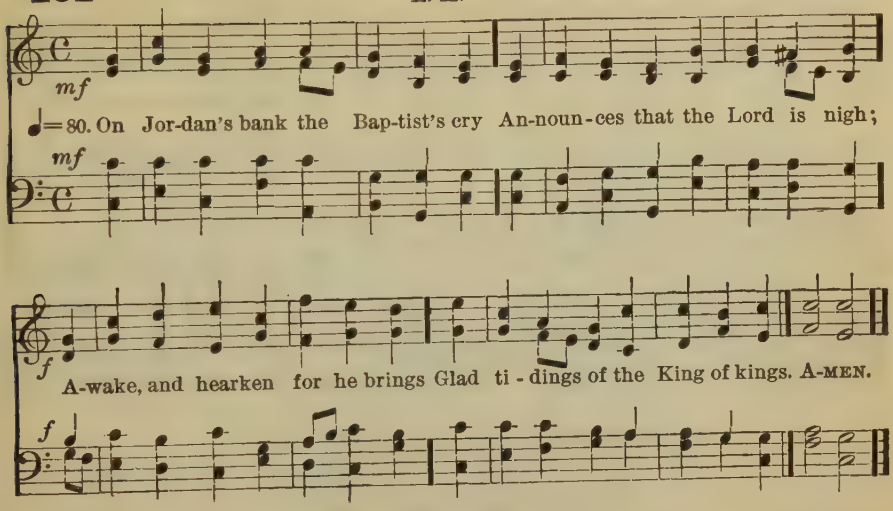
*mf* 5 The sons of Consolation!
*cr* O what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me!"
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne.

*M. Coote*

# St. John the Baptist

282 L. M.

WINCHESTER, NEW
*Crasselius*


mf
♩=80. On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh;
mf
f
A-wake, and hearken for he brings Glad ti - dings of the King of kings. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

*f* 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
*dim* Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

*mf* 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
*cr* Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

*f* 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

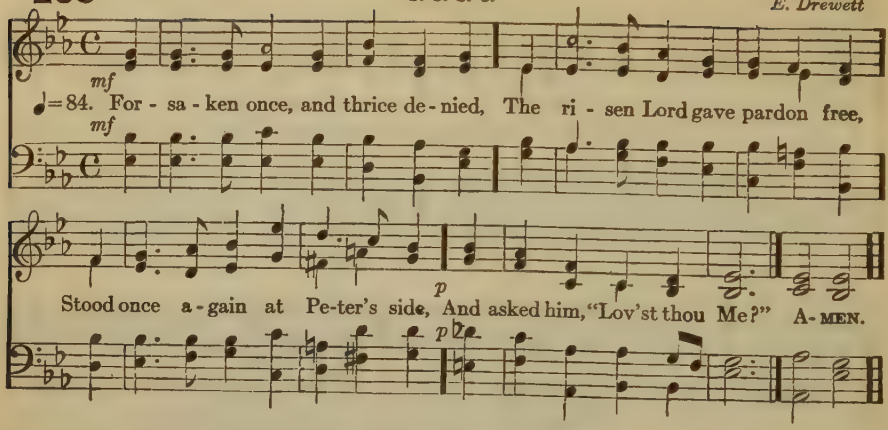
*C. Coffin;* TR. *J. Chandler*

## St. Peter

283

8. 8. 8. 6.

ELMHURST
*E. Drewett*


mf
♩=84. For - sa - ken once, and thrice de - nied, The ri - sen Lord gave pardon free,
mf
Stood once a - gain at Pe-ter's side, And asked him, "Lov'st thou Me?" A - MEN.
p
p

*mp* 2 How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name,
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

3 Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

4 How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

5 O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from Thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

6 Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.

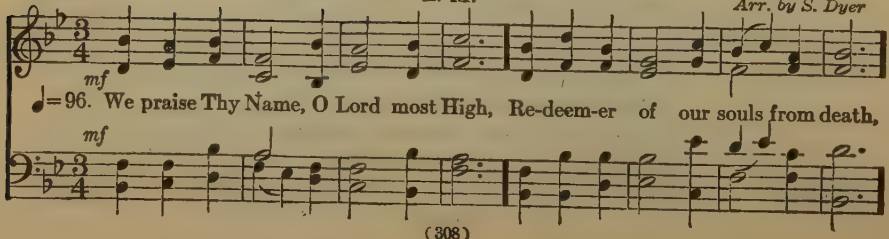
*C. F. Alexander*

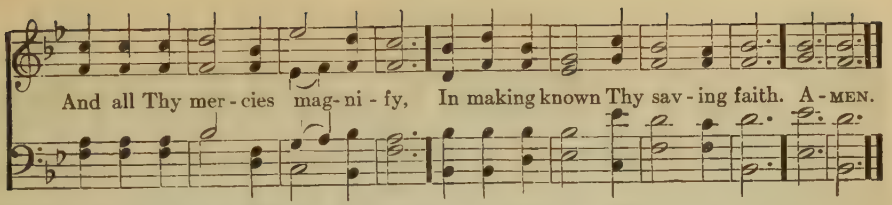
## St. James

284

L. M.

MENDON
*Arr. by S. Dyer*






*mf* 2 Thou didst the humble fisher call,
Beside the shores of Galilee:
At Thy command he gave up all,
And left his nets to follow Thee.

3 O happy choice, for earthly toil
The strife to rescue souls from sin;
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

4 O favoured one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

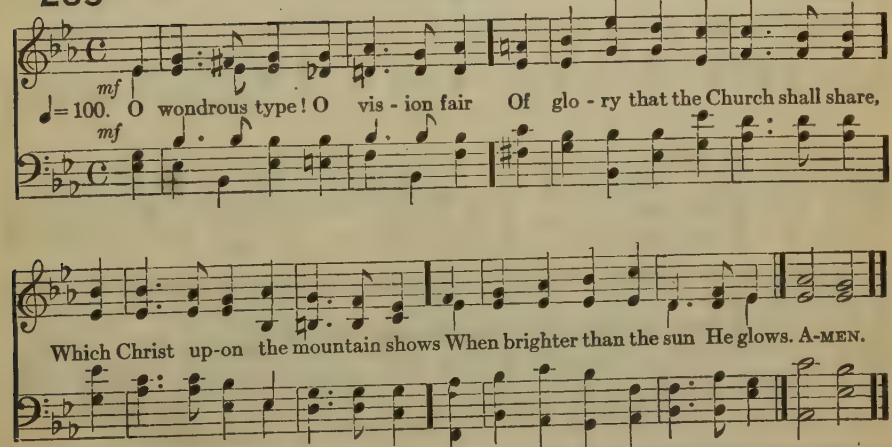
5 Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in Thy painful steps to go;
To drink Thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

6 Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve.

*Anon.*

## The Transfiguration

**285** L. M. WALTHAM *J. B. Calkin*


mf
♩= 100. O wondrous type! O vis - ion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share,
mf
Which Christ up-on the mountain shows When brighter than the sun He glows. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

*mf* 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
*cr* For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

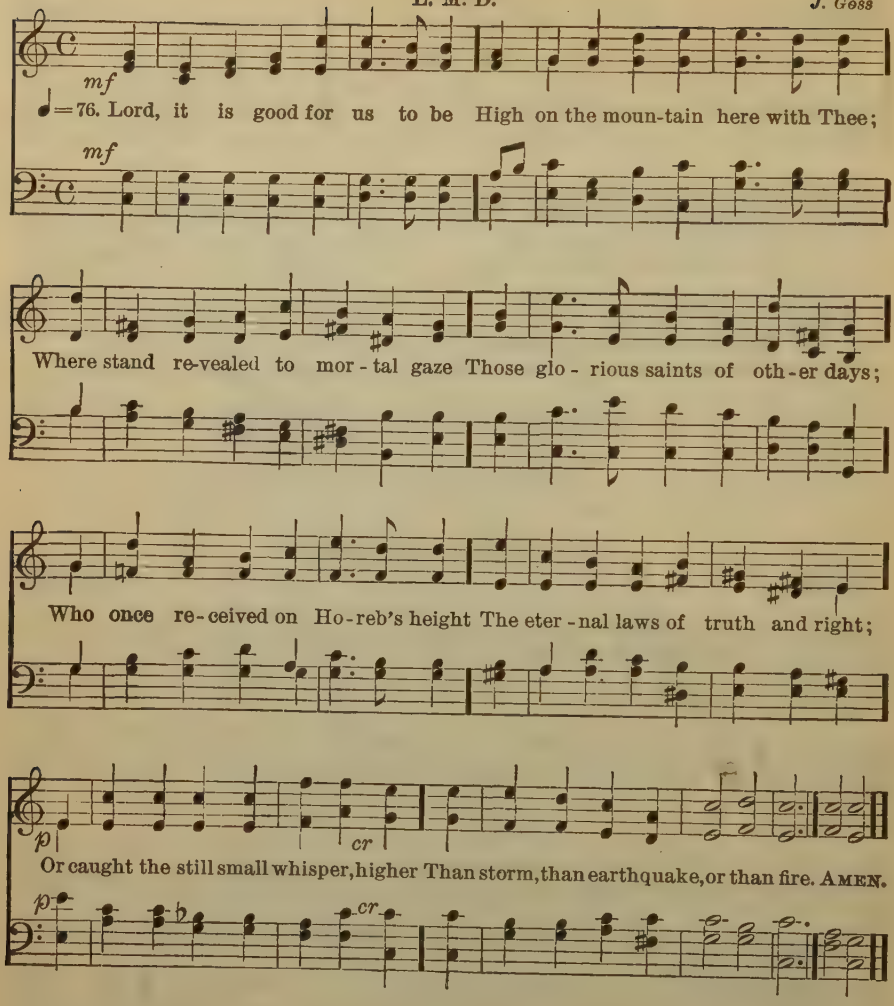
*mf* 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

LATIN: TR. *J. M. Neale*

286

L. M. D.

Goss
*J. Goss*


mf
♩=76. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the moun-tain here with Thee;
Where stand re-vealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days;
Who once re-ceived on Ho-reb's height The eter-nal laws of truth and right;
p
cr
Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. AMEN.

*mf* 2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

*mf* 3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
*dim* When darkling in the depths of night,
*cr* When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
*f* That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
*dim* Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
*cr* "This is my Son; O hear ye Him!"

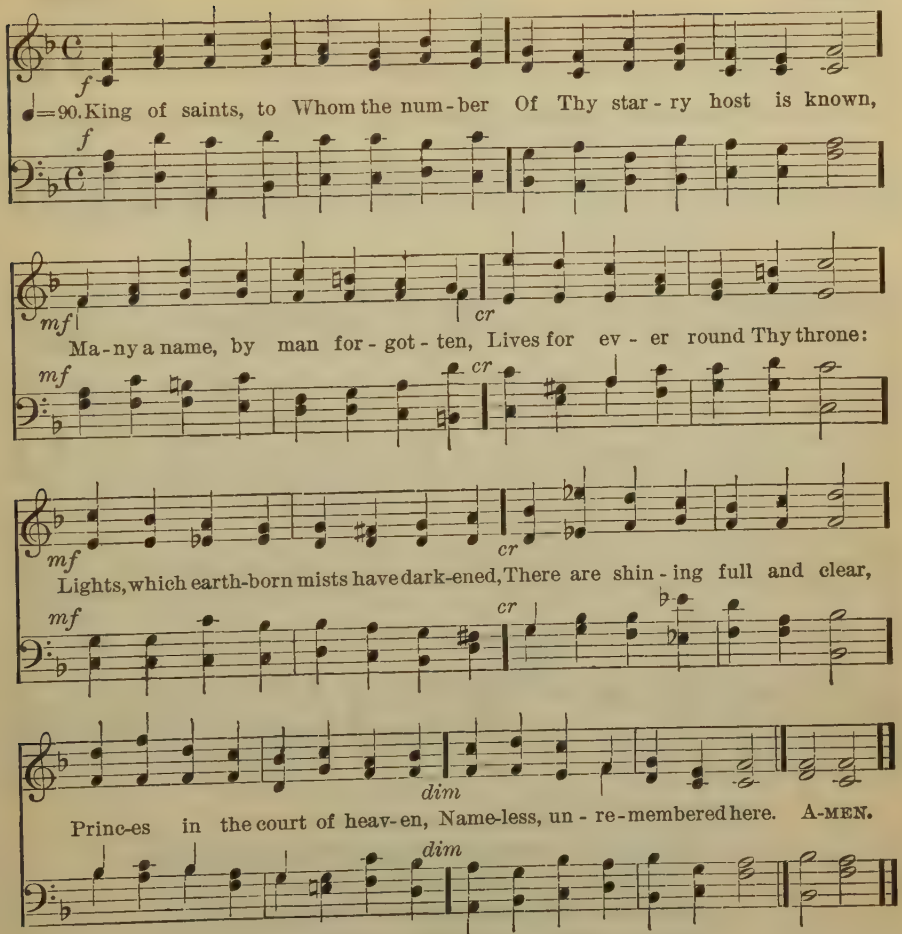
*A. P. Stanley*

# St. Bartholomew

287

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

IONA
*J. Stainer*


f
♩=90. King of saints, to Whom the num-ber Of Thy star-ry host is known,
mf
cr
Ma-ny a name, by man for-got-ten, Lives for ev-er round Thy throne:
Lights, which earth-born mists have dark-ened, There are shin-ing full and clear,
dim
Princ-es in the court of heav-en, Name-less, un-re-membered here. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 In the roll of Thine Apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
*p* How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
*cr* All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

*p* 3 None can tell us: (*cr*) all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
*f* All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
*p* All the toiling, and the strife:
*f* There are told Thy hidden treasures;
*dim* Number us, O Lord, with them,
*cr* When Thou makest up the jewels
*f* Of Thy living diadem.

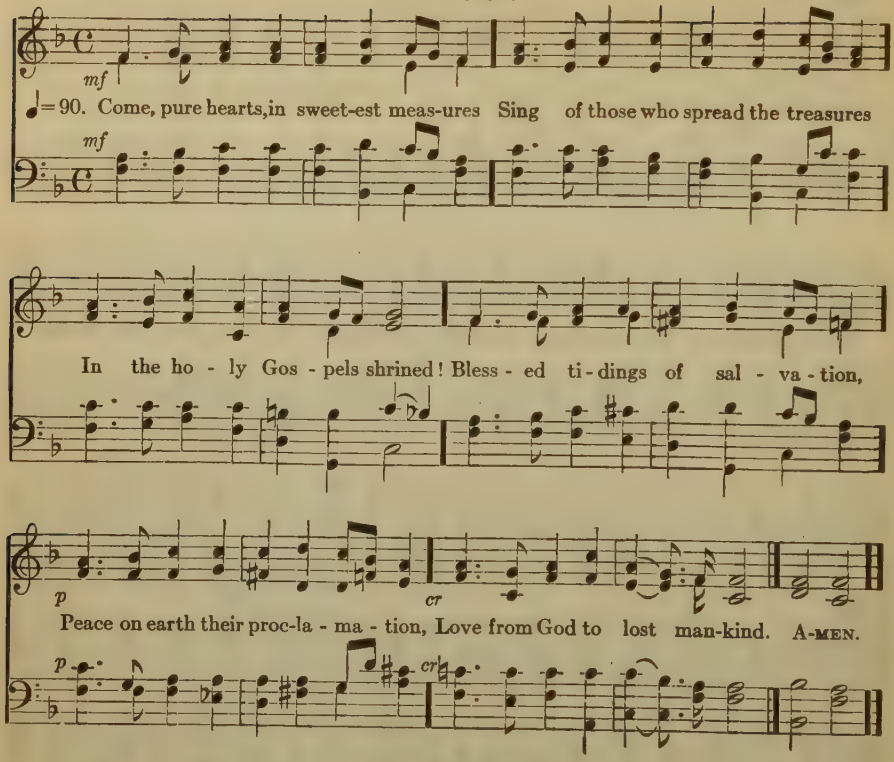
*J. Ellerton*

# St. Matthew

288

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

LAUDA SION
G. F. Cobb


mf
♩= 90. Come, pure hearts, in sweet-est meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined! Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion,
p
cr
Peace on earth their proc-la - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man-kind. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
*f* Christ the fountain, (*mf*) these the waters;
*f* Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

*mf* 3 O that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy Word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
*cr* Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

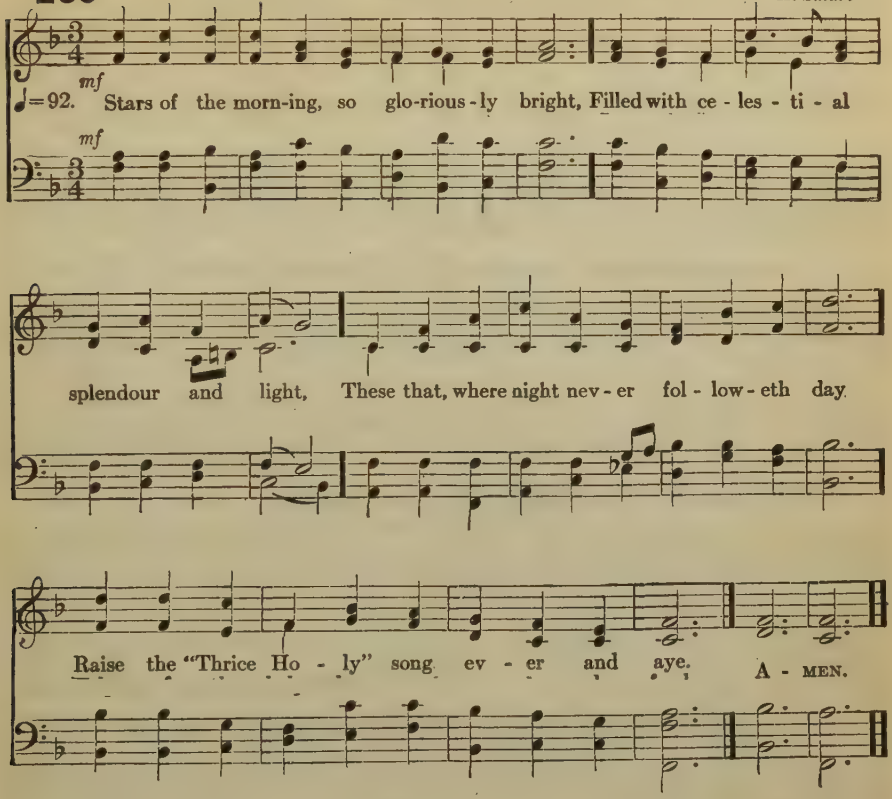
TR. *R. Campbell*

# St. Michael and all Angels

289

10. 10. 10. 10.

TRISAGION
*H. Smart*


mf
♩=92. Stars of the morn-ing, so glo-rious-ly bright, Filled with ce-les-ti-al
mf
splendour and light, These that, where night nev-er fol-low-eth day
Raise the "Thrice Ho-ly" song ev-er and aye. A-MEN.

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

*mf* 3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

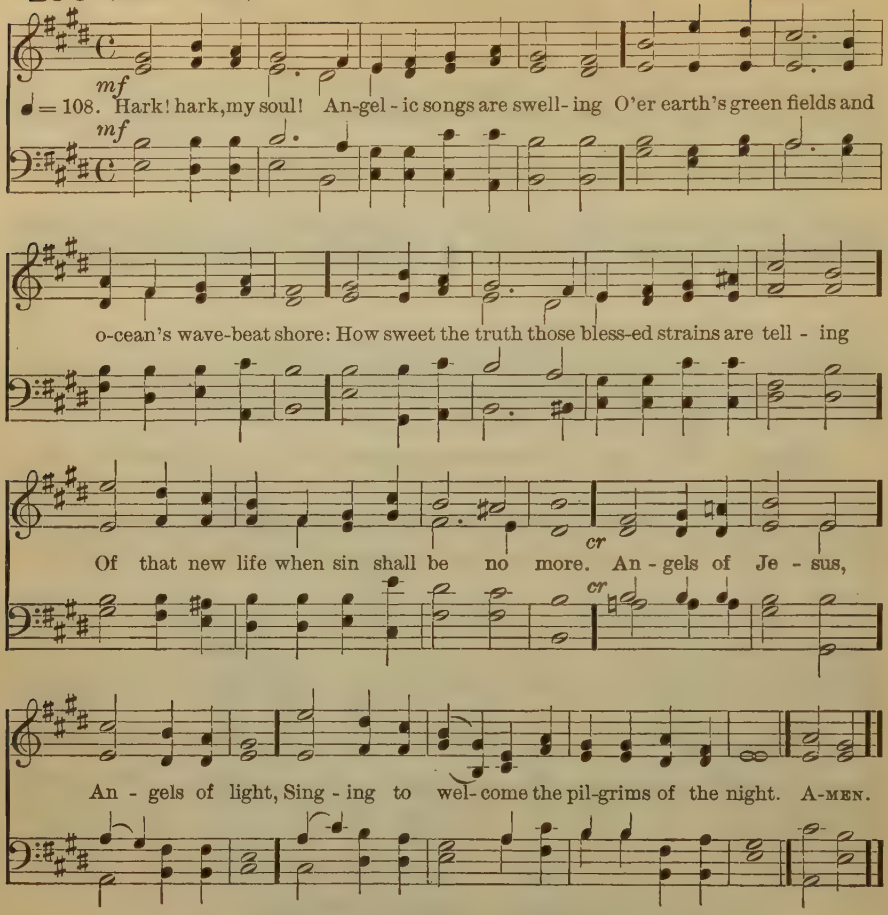
*mf* 4 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
*cr* Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
*dim* We with the angels may bow and adore.

*St. Joseph;* TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 290 (FIRST TUNE)

11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

PILGRIMS
*H. Smart*


mf
♩ = 108. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus,
cr
An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

*mp* 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

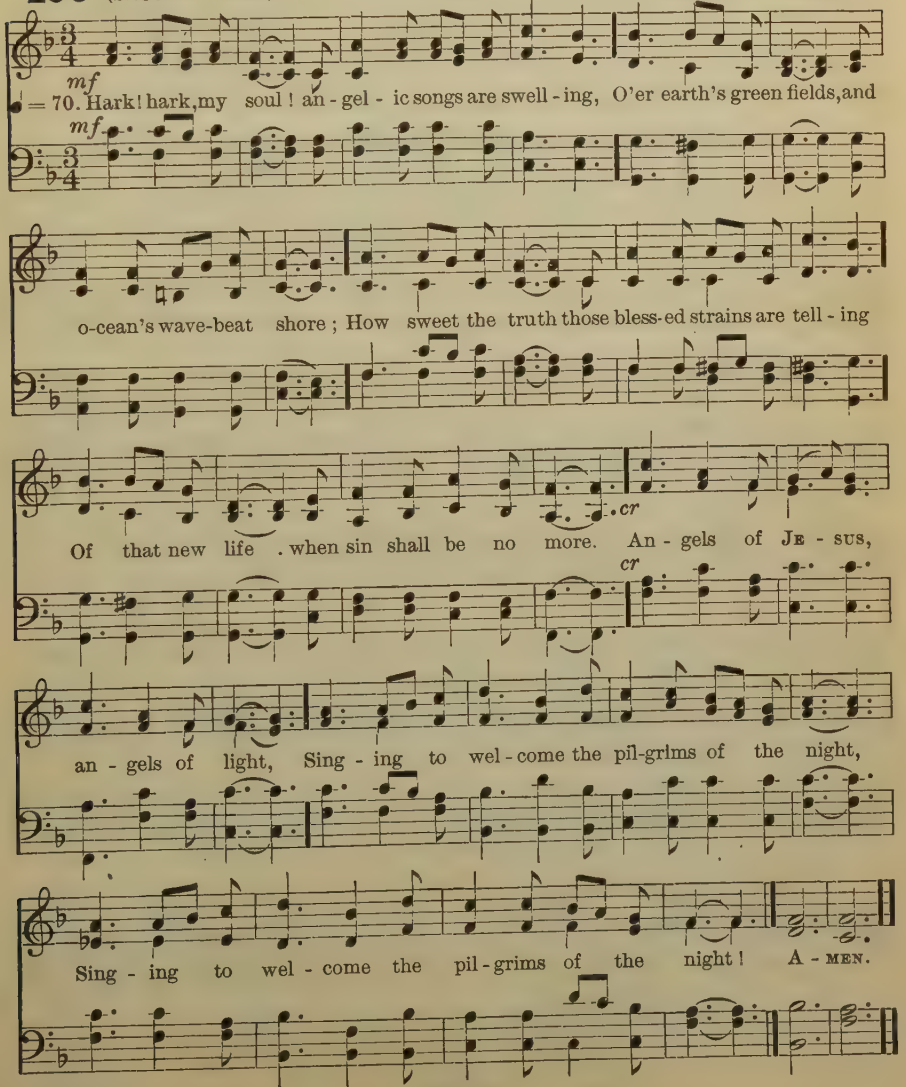
*cr* 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

*mf* 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
*f* Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

*F. W. Faber*

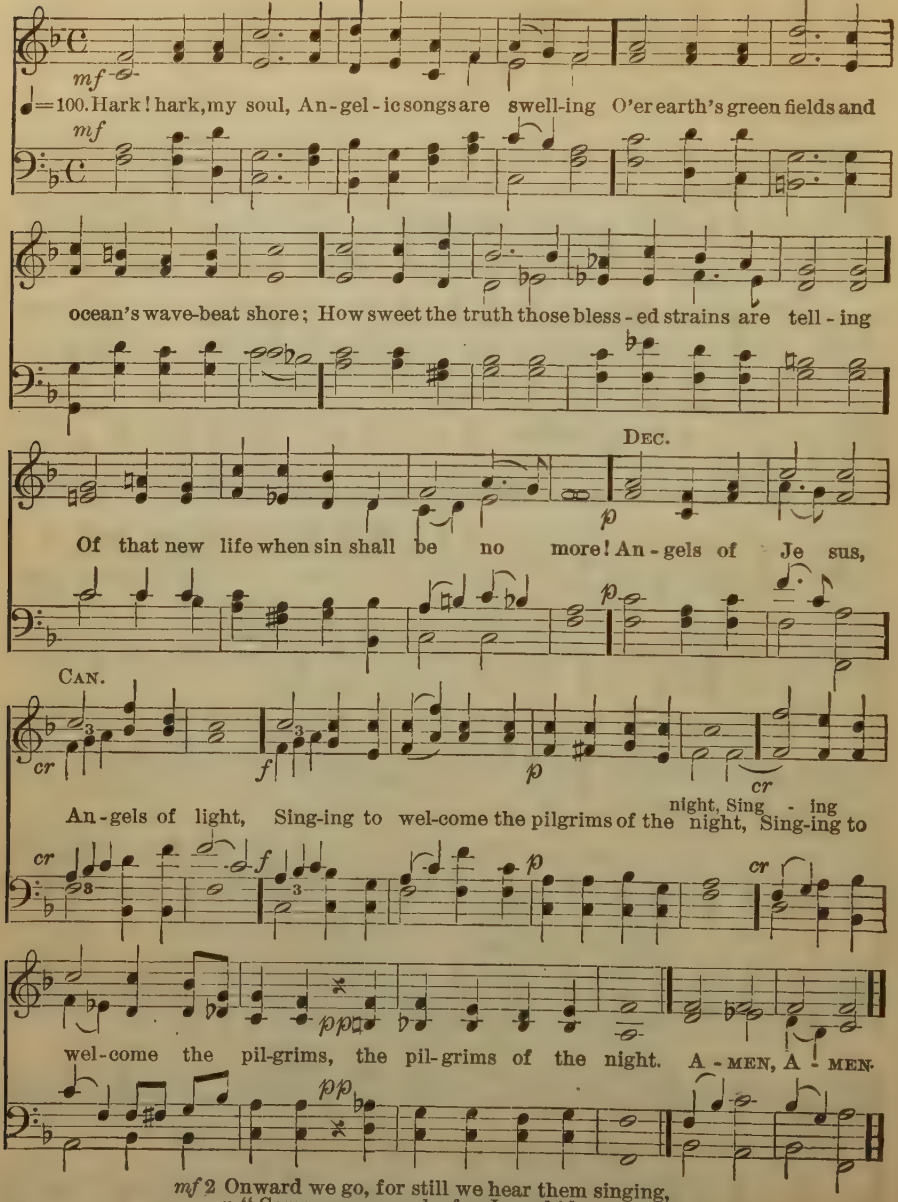
**290** (SECOND TUNE) P. M.

SWISS MELODY
*Recueil de Cantiques*


mf
♩ = 70. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields, and
mf
o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life . when sin shall be no more. An - gels of JE - SUS,
cr
cr
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - MEN.

**290** (THIRD TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

VOX ANGELICA
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=100. Hark! hark, my soul, An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
DEC.
p
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je sus,
CAN.
cr
f
p
cr
An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night, Sing-ing to
night, Sing-ing
pp
wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN, A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
*p* "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
*cr* And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
*p* Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

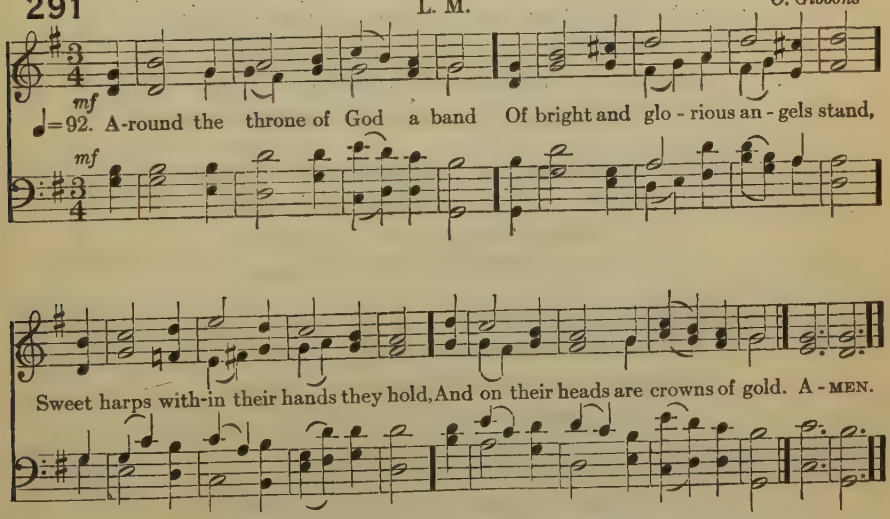
5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

*F. W. Faber*

## 291

L. M.

ANGELS
*O. Gibbons*


mf
♩=92. A-round the throne of God a band Of bright and glo - rious an - gels stand,
Sweet harps with-in their hands they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Some wait around Him ready still
To sing His praise and do His will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

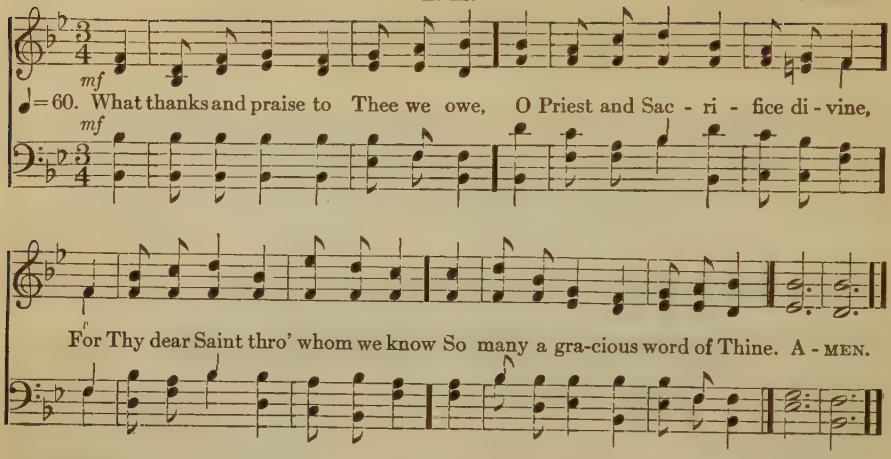
4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

*J. M. Neale*

# 292 St. Luke

L. M.

HEBRON
*L. Mason*


mf
♩= 60. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O Priest and Sac - ri - fice di - vine,
mf
f
For Thy dear Saint thro' whom we know So many a gra-cious word of Thine. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

*mf* 3 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

*mf* 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

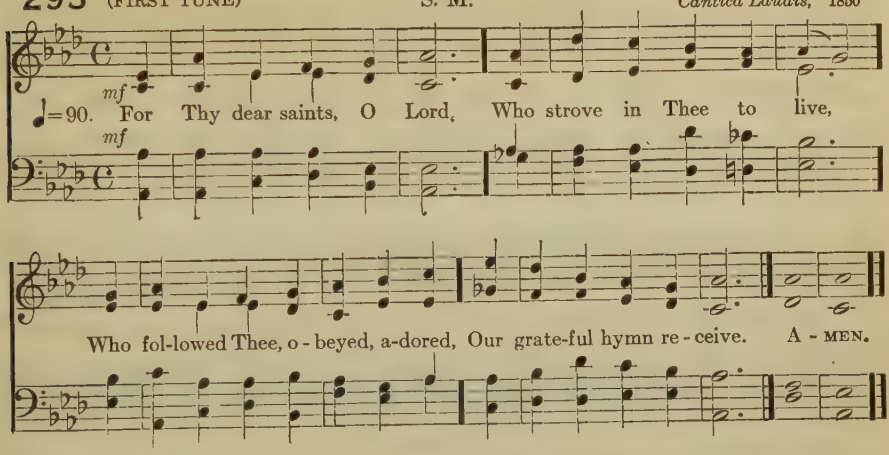
*mf* 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great Apostle's chosen friend
*p* Through weary years of toil and strife,
*cr* And still found faithful to the end.

*mf* 6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

*W. D. Maclagan*

# St. Simon and St. Jude

**293** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. COMMUNION *"Cantica Laudis,"* 1850


mf
♩=90. For Thy dear saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,
mf
Who fol-lowed Thee, o - beyed, a-dored, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive. A - MEN.

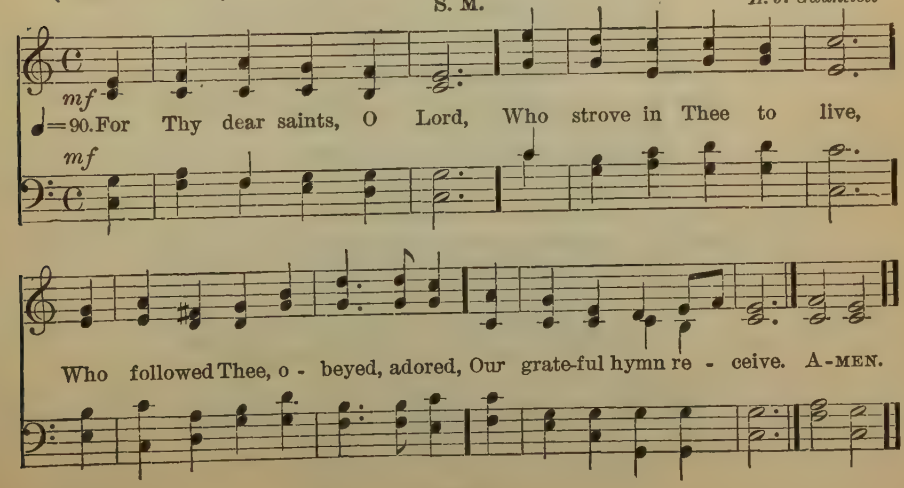
*mf* 2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

*R. Mant, alt.*

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. ST. GEORGE *H. J. Gauntlett*

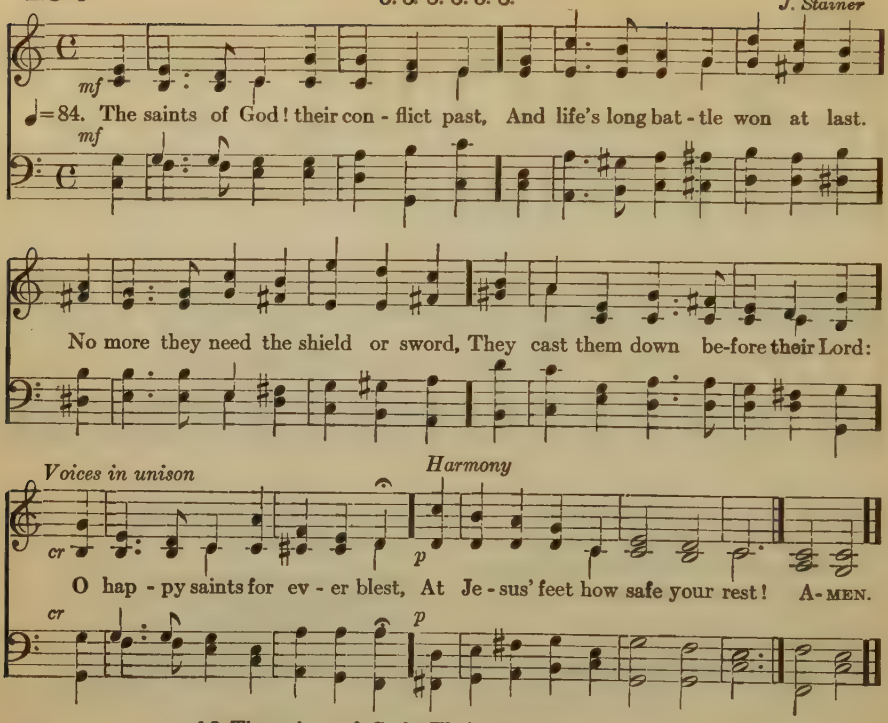

mf
♩=90. For Thy dear saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,
mf
Who followed Thee, o - beyed, adored, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive. A-MEN.

# All Saints

294

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

BEATI
*J. Stainer*


mf
♩=84. The saints of God! their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle won at last.
mf
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:
Voices in unison
Harmony
cr
p
O hap - py saints for ev - er blest, At Je - sus' feet how safe your rest! A - MEN.
cr
p

*mf* 2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal;
*cr* O happy saints! for ever blest,
*dim* In that dear home how sweet your rest!

*mf* 3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
*cr* O happy saints! for ever blest,
*p* In that calm haven of your rest!

*mf* 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
*cr* Till from the dust they too shall rise
*f* And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

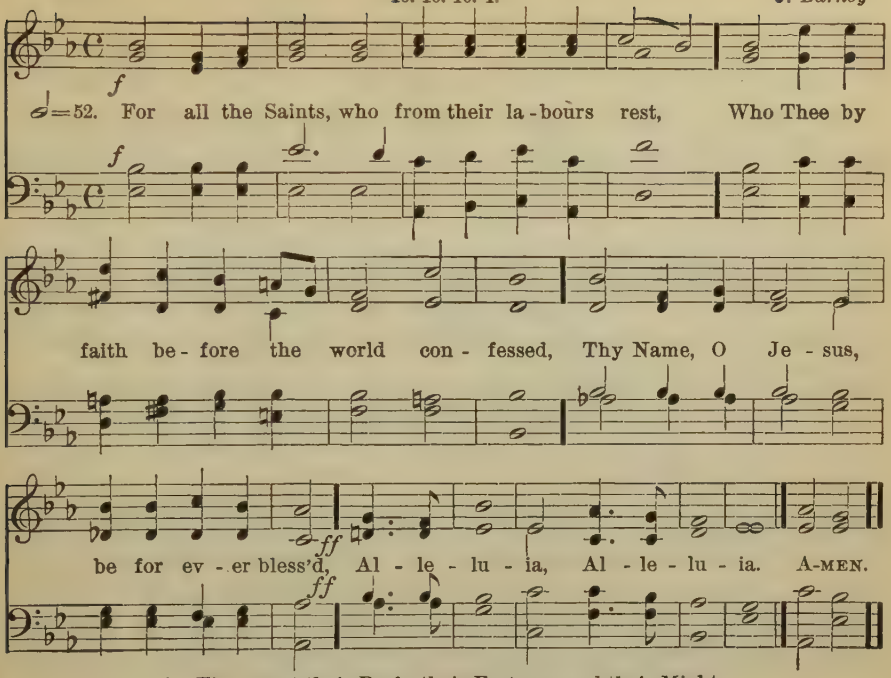
*mf* 5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
*dim* O Saviour! plead for us on high;
*cr* O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
*dim* Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
*cr* That with all saints our rest may be
*f* In that bright Paradise with Thee!

*W. D. Maclagan*

295

10. 10. 10. 4.

SARUM
*J. Barnby*


f
♩=52. For all the Saints, who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by
f
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus,
ff
be for ev-er bless'd, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. A-MEN.
ff

*f* 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.
Alleluia.

*mf* 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
*f* Alleluia.

*mf* 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
*p* We feebly struggle, (*cr*) they in glory shine;
*mf* Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
*f* Alleluia.

*mp* 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
*cr* Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
*f* And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
*f* Alleluia.

*mf* 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
*dim* Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
*p* Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

*cr* 6 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
*f* The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

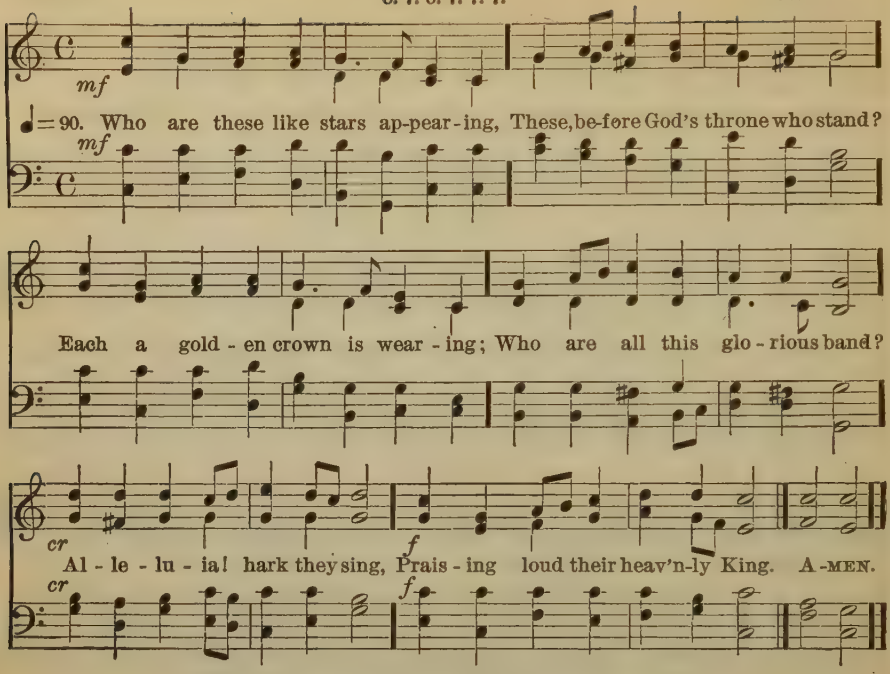
*ff* 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

*W. W. How*

296

ALL SAINTS
*German*

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.


mf
♩= 90. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be-fore God's throne who stand?
mf
Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?
cr
f
Al-le-lu-ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-MEN.
cr
f

*mf* 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

*mf* 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
*cr* These, who well the fight sustained,
*f* Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

*p* 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
*cr* Now, their painful conflict o'er,
*f* God has bid them weep no more.

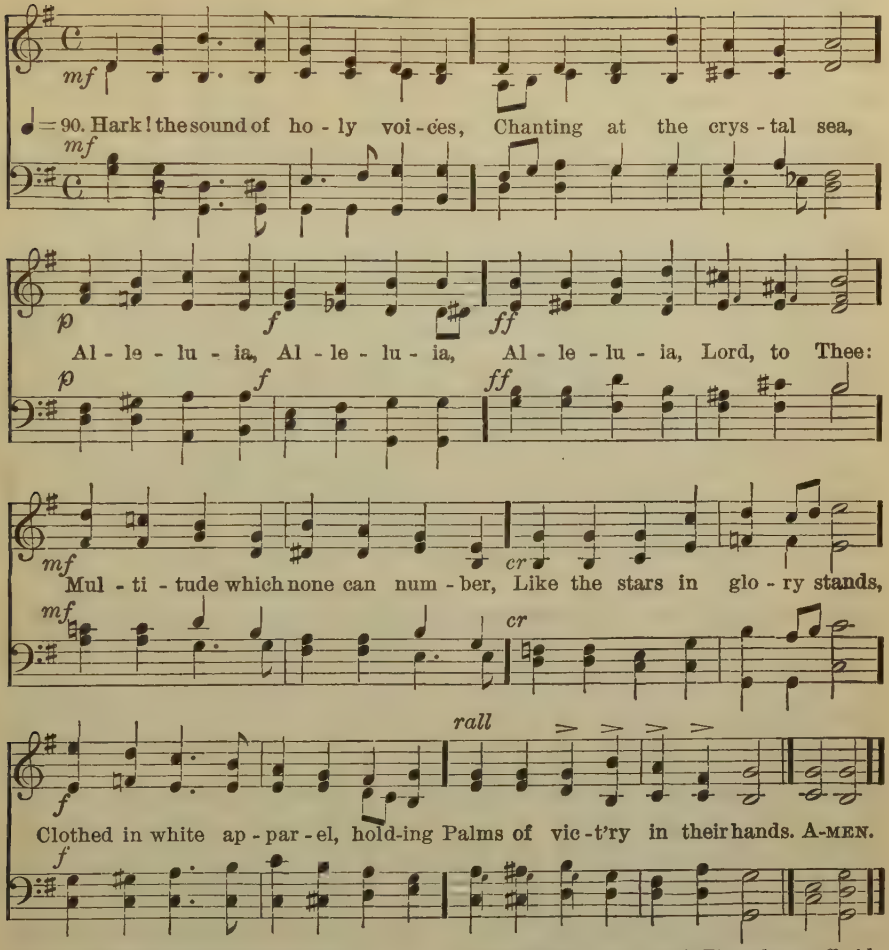
*mf* 5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

*H. T. Schenck:* TR. *F. E. Cox*

## 297 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SANCTUARY
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 90. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,
p f ff
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:
mf cr
Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
rall
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

*f* 3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

*dim* Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
*cr* And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

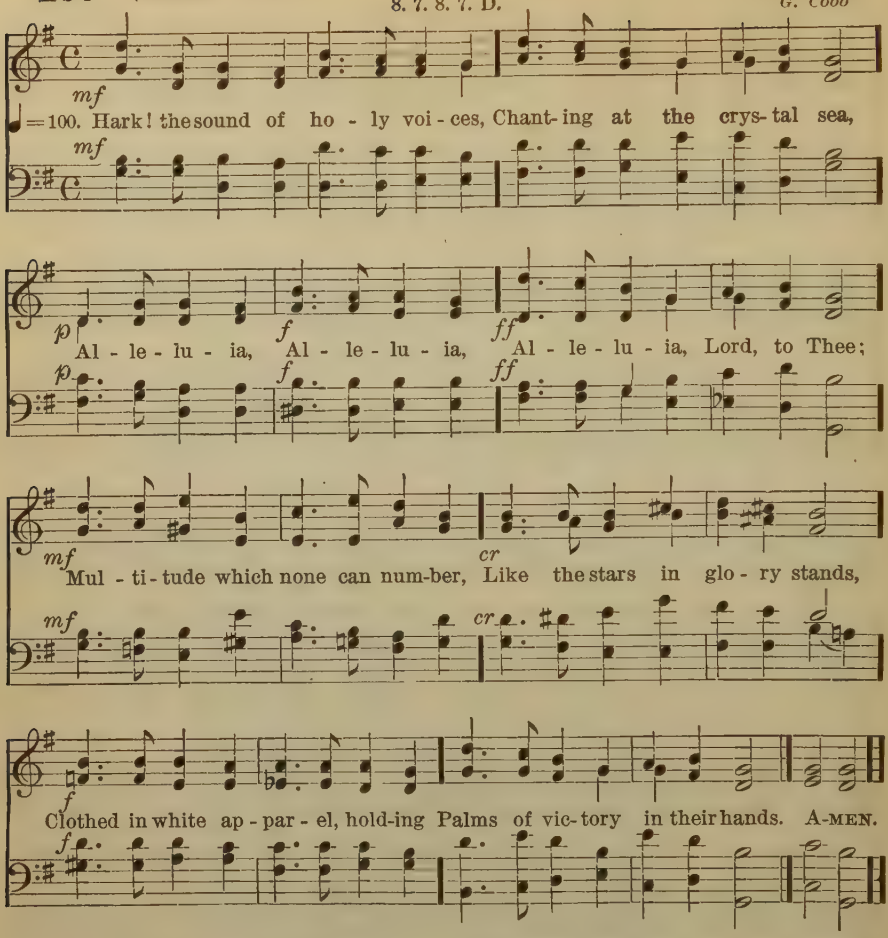
*f* 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 297 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

MOULTRIE
*G. Cobb*


mf
♩=100. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,
p
Al - le - lu - ia,
f
Al - le - lu - ia,
ff
Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
mf
Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber,
cr
Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
f
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - tory in their hands. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

*f* 3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

*dim* Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
*cr* And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

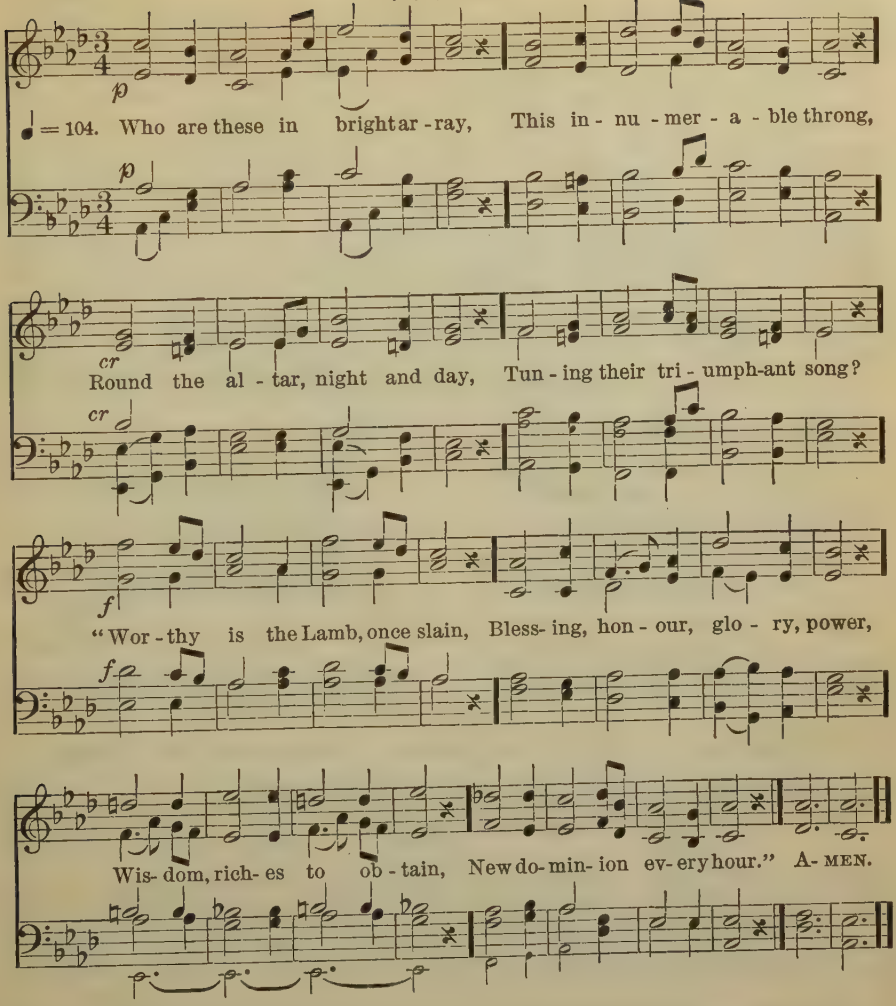
*f* 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

*C. Wordsworth*

298

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

RAPTURE
*Haydn*


p
♩ = 104. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
cr
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri - umph-ant song?
f
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry, power,
Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour." A - MEN.

*p* 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
*cr* Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

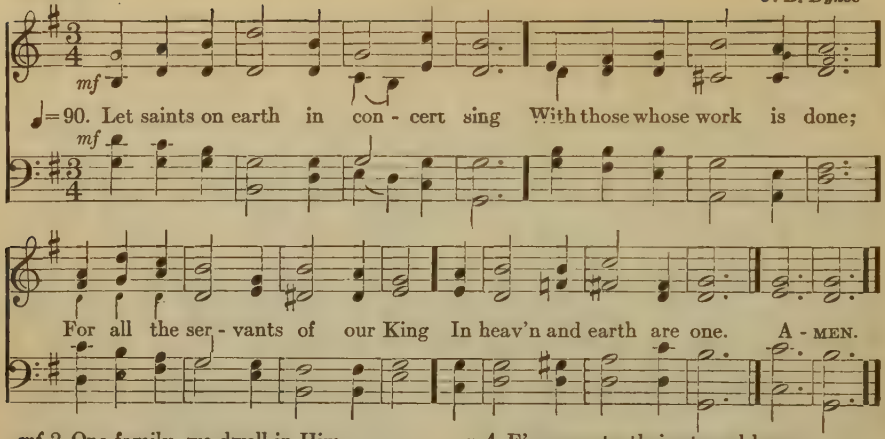
*mf* 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
*dim* And for ever from their eyes
*p* God shall wipe away all tears.

*J. Montgomery*

## 299

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=90. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;
mf
For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
*p* Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

*mf* 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
*p* Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

*p* 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

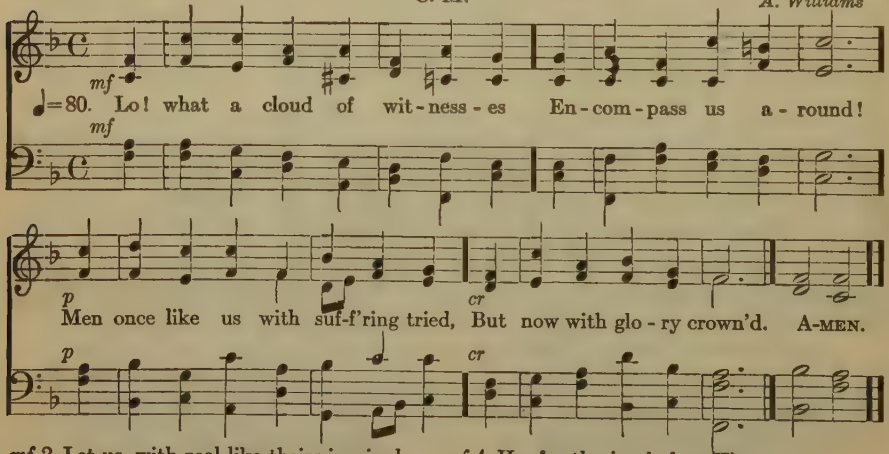
*mf* 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

*C. Wesley*

## 300

C. M.

MEAR
*A. Williams*


mf
♩=80. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com - pass us a - round!
mf
p
cr
Men once like us with suf-f'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crown'd. A-MEN.
p
cr

*mf* 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

*mf* 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
*p* Who trod affliction's path;
*cr* Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

*mf* 4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
*p* Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
*cr* And now He reigns above.

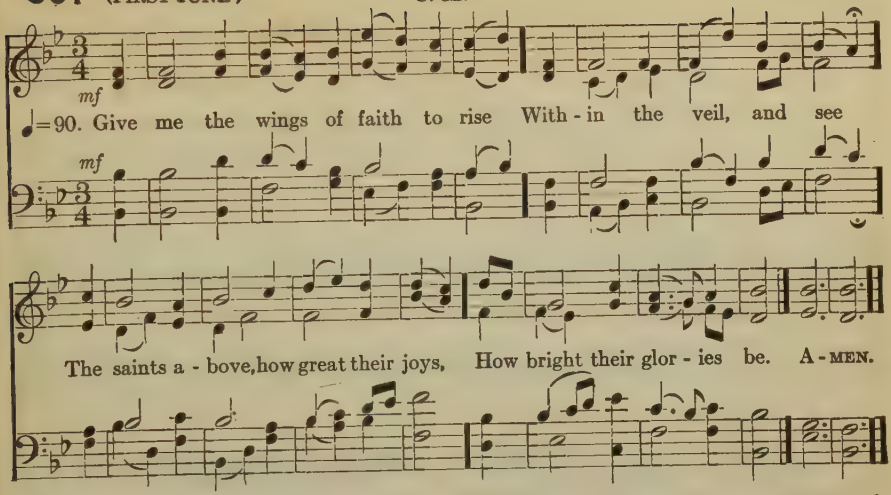
*mf* 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
*cr* There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

*Scotch Paraphase, 1743 alt.*

## 301 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

WILTSHIRE
*G. Smart*


mf
♩=90. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
mf
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glor - ies be. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

*mf* 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

*mf* 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

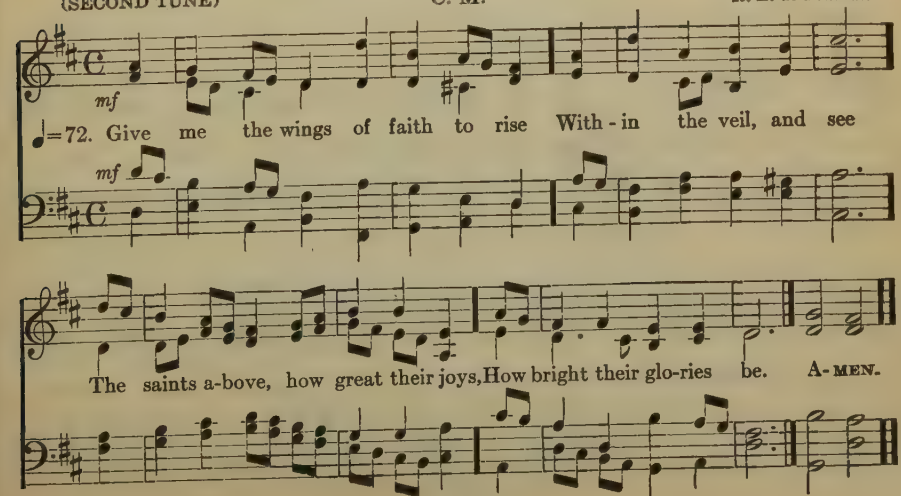
*f* 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

*I. Watts*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

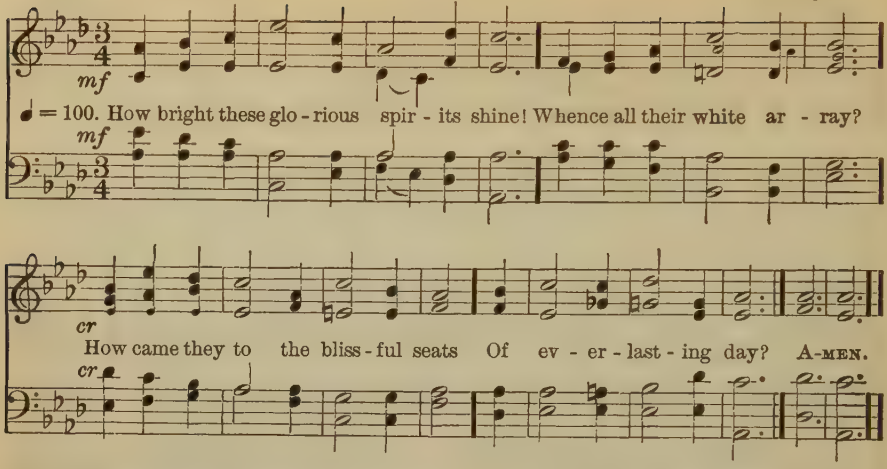
ST. HILDRED
*R. L. de Pearsall*


mf
♩=72. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
mf
The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be. A-MEN.

## 302 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 100. How bright these glo - rious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?
mf
cr
How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day? A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
*cr* And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

*f* 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

*mf* 5 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

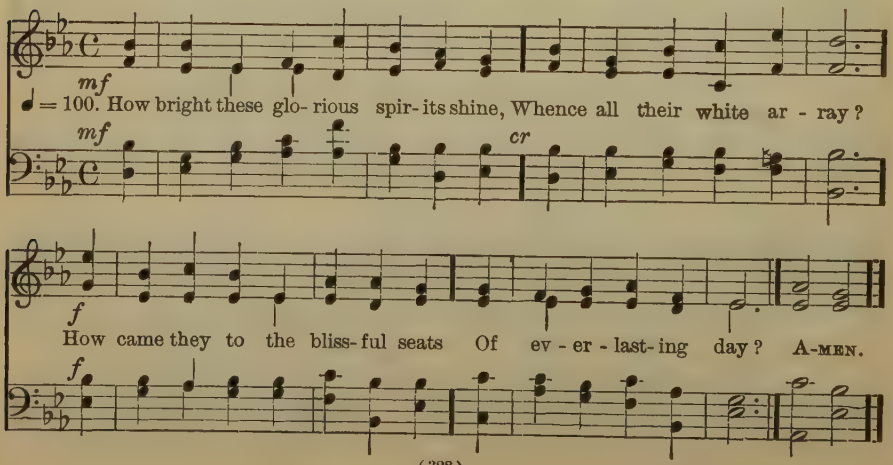
6 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
*cr* And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

*I. Watts and W. Cameron*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

ST. FULBERT
*H. J. Gauntlett*

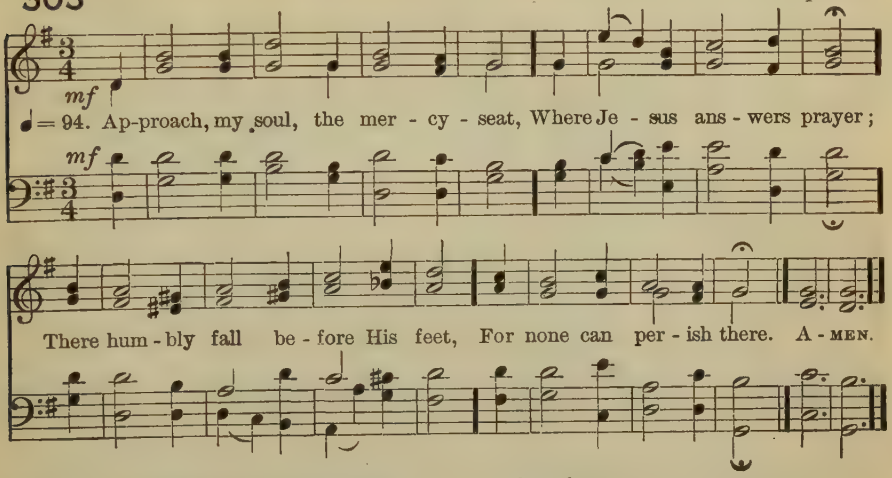

mf
♩ = 100. How bright these glo - rious spir - its shine, Whence all their white ar - ray?
mf
cr
f
How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day? A-MEN.
f

## Holy Communion

INTROITS

*To be sung with appropriate Doxology*

**303** C. M. SPOHR *L. Spohr*


mf
♩ = 94. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus ans - wers prayer;
mf
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
*p* And such, O Lord, am I.

*p* 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

*mp* 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
*cr* I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

*mf* 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

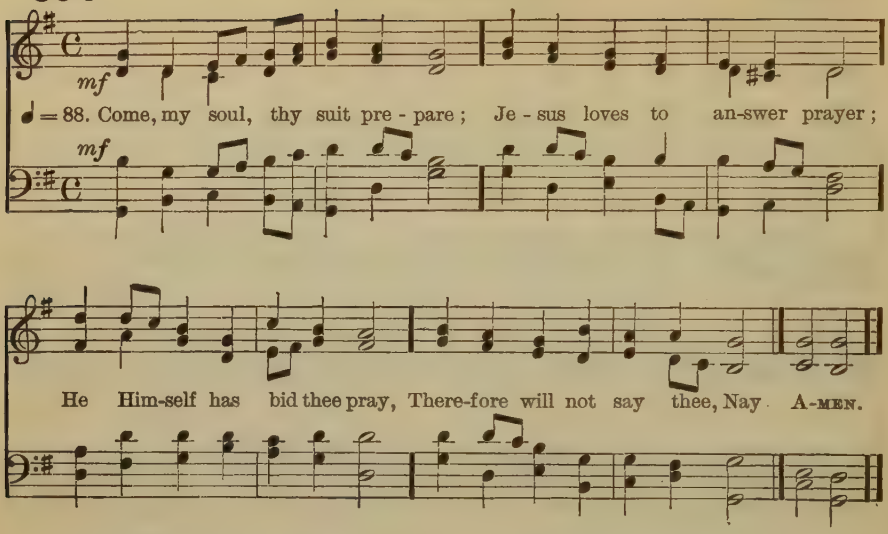
DOXOLOGY

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

## 304

7. 7. 7. 7.

BRASTED
*P. Weimer*


mf
♩ = 88. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an-swer prayer;
mf
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee, Nay. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

*mp* 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
*cr* There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

*mf* 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
*cr* As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

*mf* 6 Show me what I have to do;
*cr* Every hour my strength renew;
*f* Let me live a life of faith;
*p* Let me die Thy people's death.

*J. Newton*

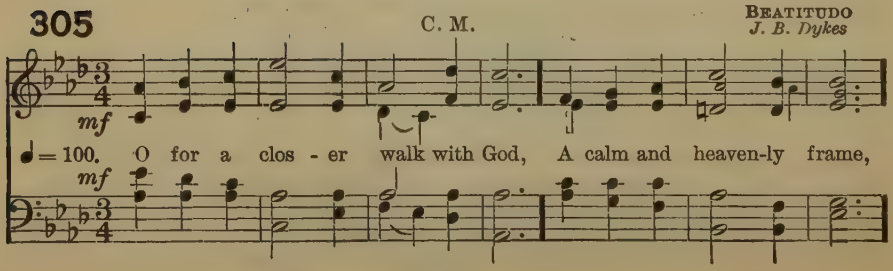
DOXOLOGY

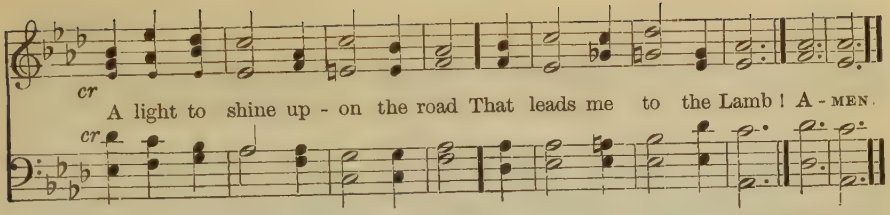
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

## 305

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*






*mp* 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
*cr* I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
*p* And drove Thee from my breast.

*mf* 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
*cr* Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

*mf* 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

*W. Cowper*

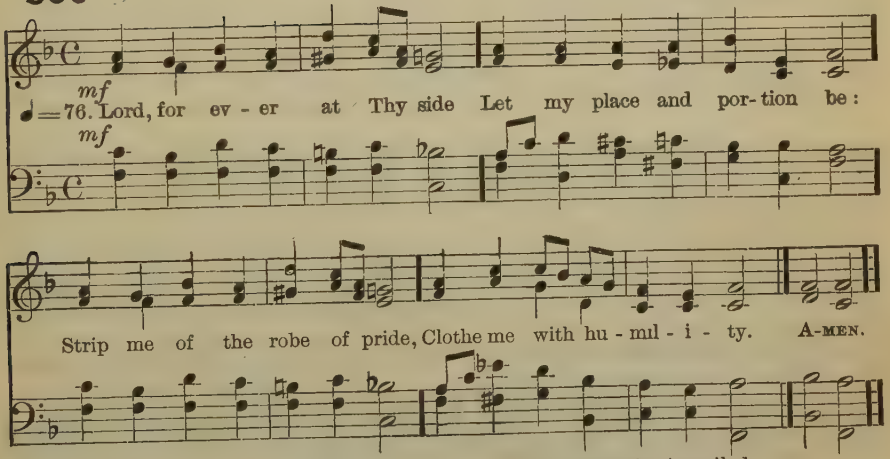
DOXOLOGY

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

## 306

7. 7. 7. 7.

SEYMOUR
*From C. von Weber*




*mf* 2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

*p* 3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

*f* 4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

*J. Montgomery*

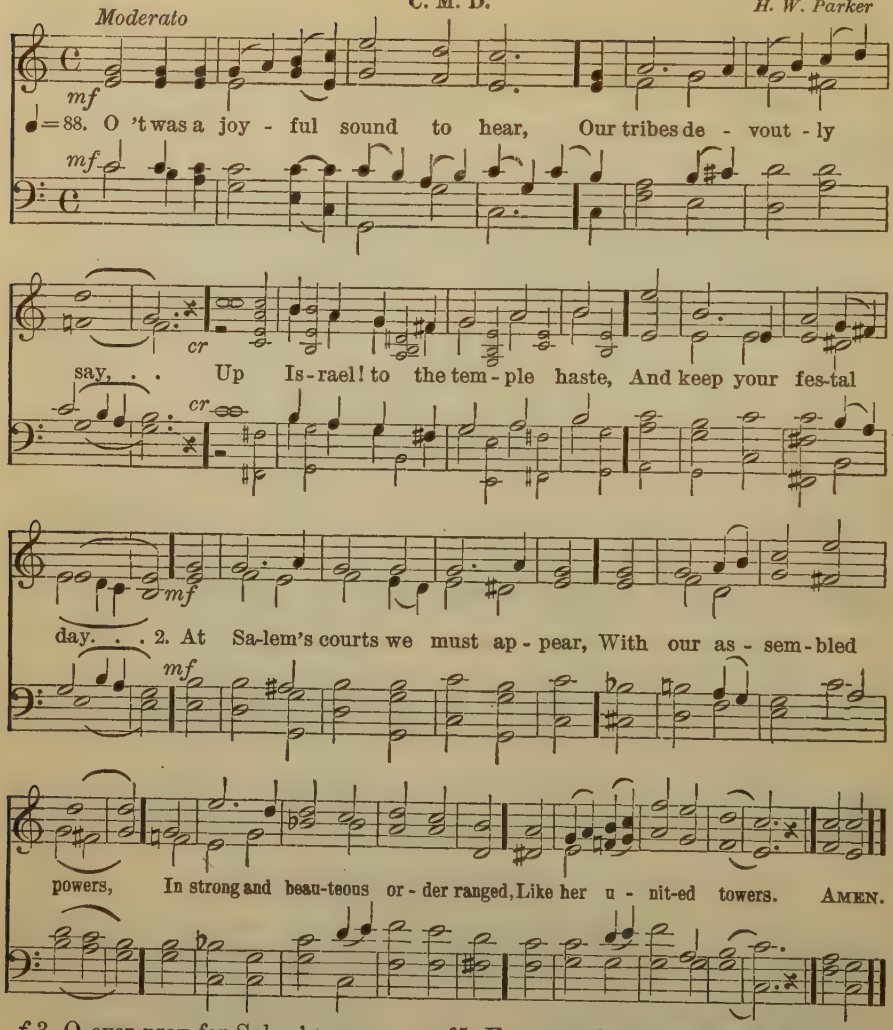
DOXOLOGY

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

307

C. M. D.

MOUNT SION
*H. W. Parker*


Moderato
mf
♩=88. O 't was a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly
cr
say, . . Up Is-rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes-tal
mf
day. . . 2. At Sa-lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled
mf
powers, In strong and beau-teous or - der ranged, Like her u - nit-ed towers. AMEN.

*f* 3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

*p* 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
*cr* With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

*mf* 5 For my dear brethren's sake, and
No less than brethren dear, [ friends
I 'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

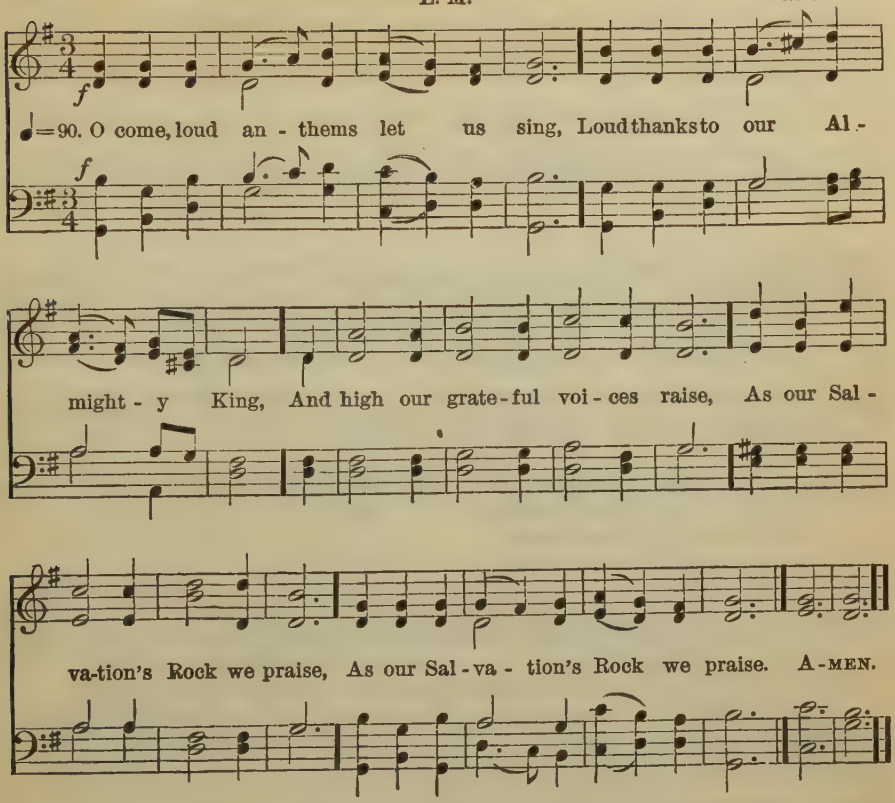
*mf* 6 But most of all I 'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

*Tate and Brady*

## 308 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

PARK STREET
*F. M. A. Venua*


♩=90. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
might - y King, And high our grate - ful voi - ces raise, As our Sal -
va-tion's Rock we praise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise. A-MEN.

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
*cr* To Him address, in joyful songs,
*f* The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
*p* Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

*Tate and Brady*

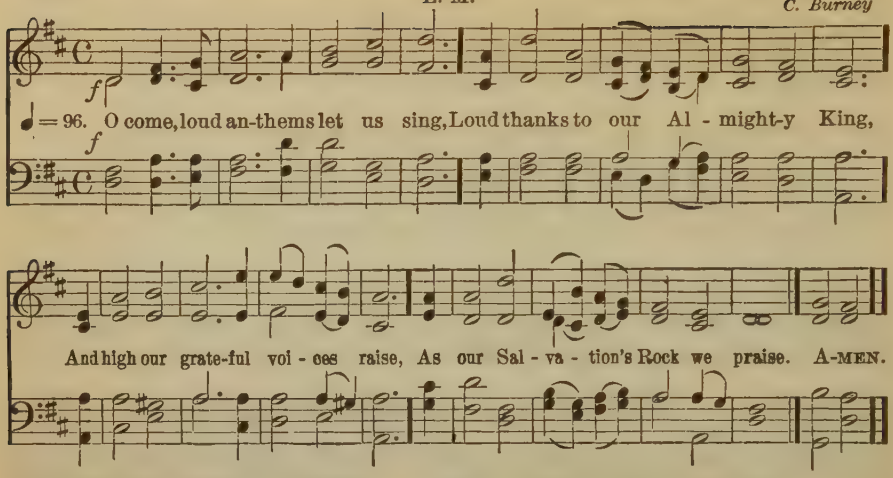
### DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

## 308 (SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

TRURO
*C. Burney*


♩ = 96. O come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - might-y King,
And high our grate-ful voi - ces raise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
*cr* To Him address, in joyful songs,
*f* The praise that to His Name belongs.

*mf* 4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
*p* Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

*Tate and Brady*

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

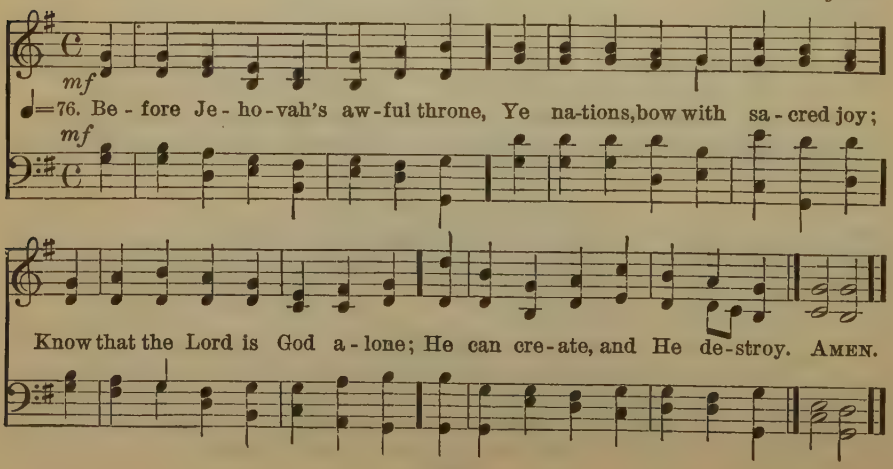
DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

## 309

L. M.

OLD 100TH
*L. Bourgeois*


♩ = 76. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. AMEN.

*mf* 2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

*mf* 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
*cr* What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

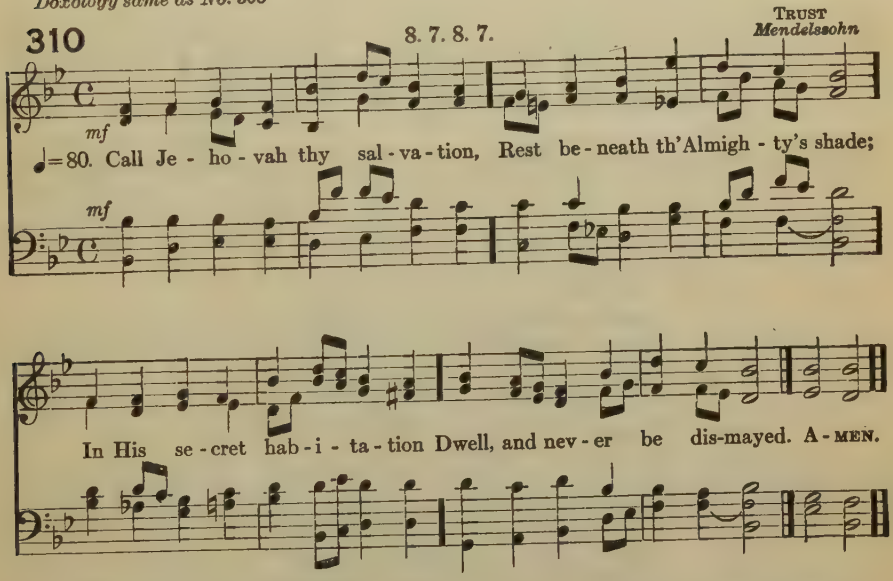
*f* 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

*f* 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*I. Watts*

*Doxology same as No. 308*

**310** 8. 7. 8. 7. TRUST *Mendelssohn*


mf
♩=80. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Almigh - ty's shade;
mf
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
*cr* In eternal safeguard there.

*f* 3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

*mf* 4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

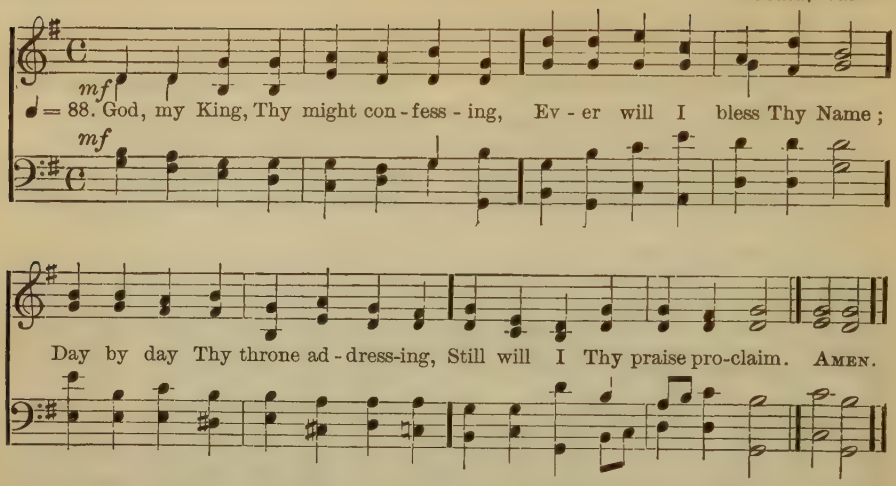
*mf* 5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
*cr* Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

*J. Montgomery*

DOXOLOGY

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

**311** 8. 7. 8. 7. STUTTGART *Gotha, 1715*


mf
♩ = 88. God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;
mf
Day by day Thy throne ad - dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim. AMEN.

*f* 2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

*mf* 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

*p* 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
*cr* God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

*mf* 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
*cr* King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

*R. Mant*

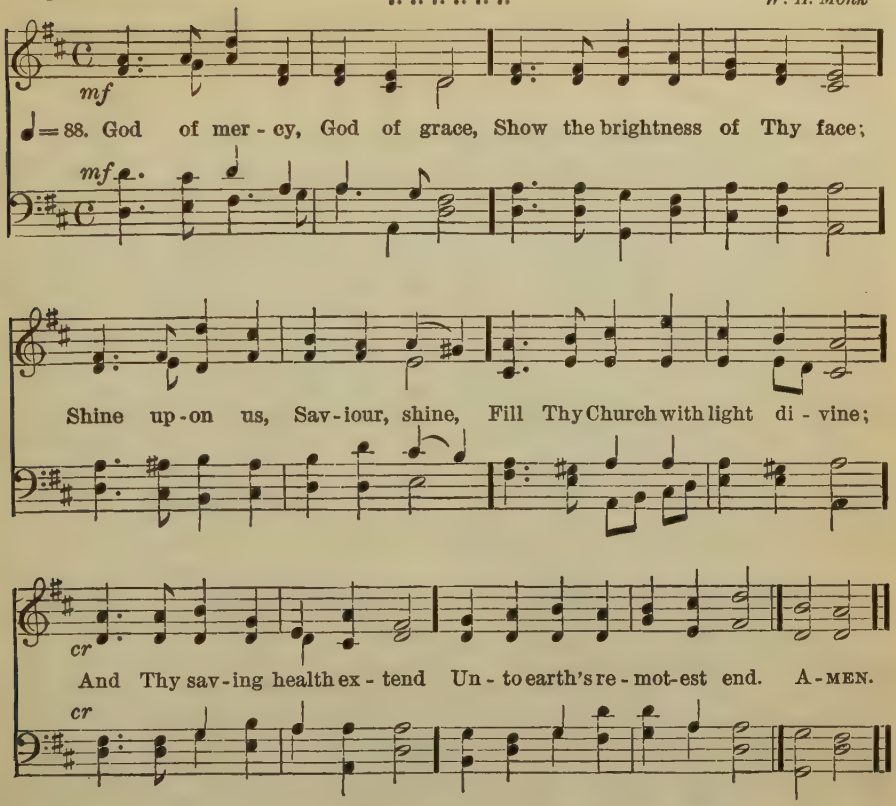
DOXOLOGY

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

312

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

CLIFTON
*W. H. Monk*


mf
♩= 88. God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face;
mf
Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light di - vine;
cr
And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A - MEN.
cr

*f* 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
*ff* Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
*p* At Thy feet their tribute pay,
*mf* And Thy holy will obey.

*f* 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessings give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

*H. F. Lyte*

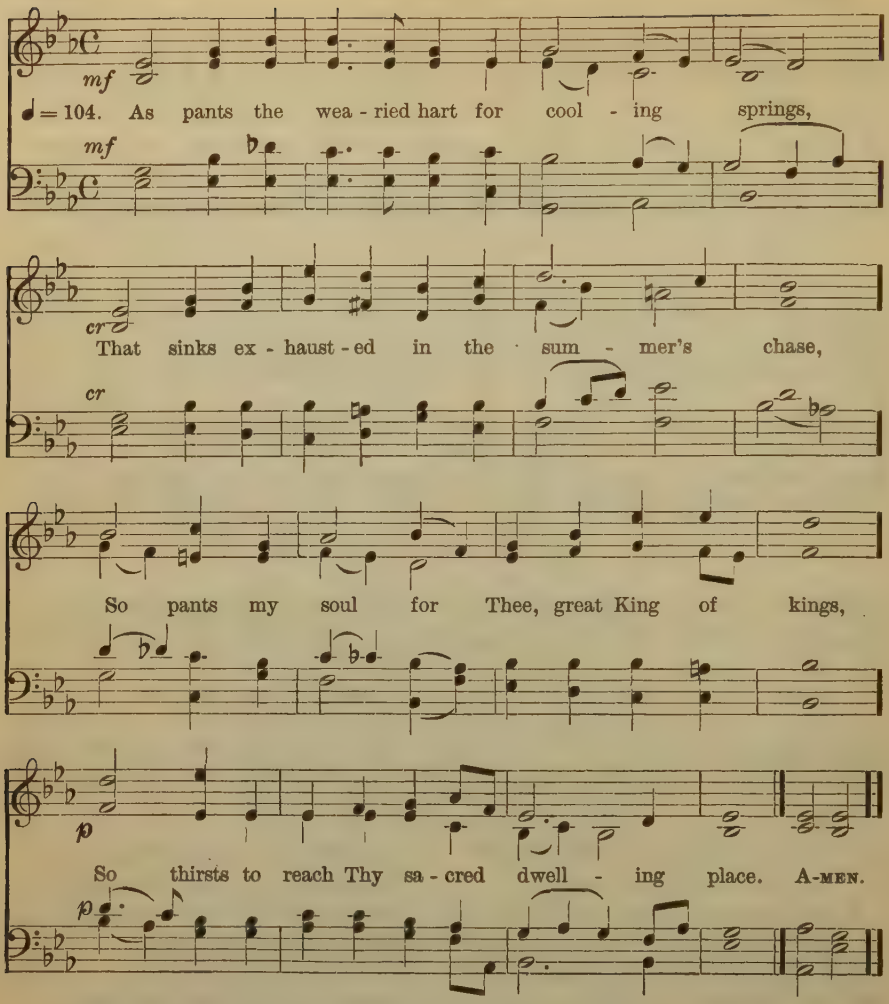
DOXOLOGY

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

313

10. 10. 10. 10.

PAX DEI
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 104. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

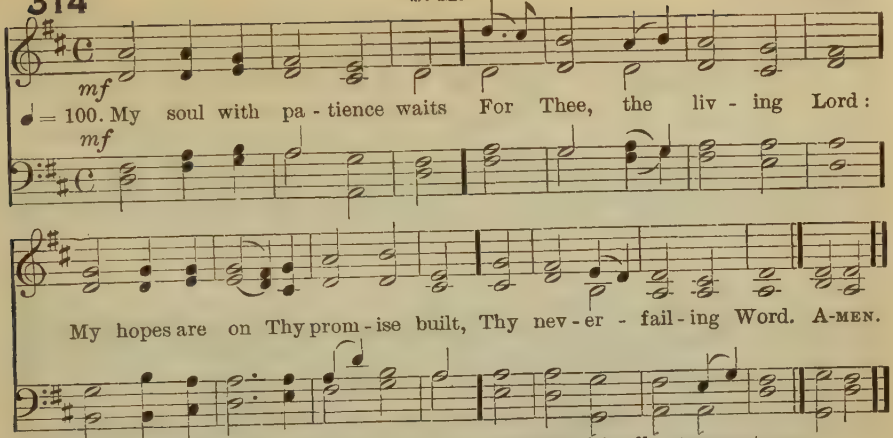
3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

*Psalm 42; Latin version by R. Lowth.* TR. *G. Gregory*

## 314

S. M.

MORNINGTON
*Lord Mornington*




*mf* 2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

*mf* 3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succour flows; [whence

*mf* 4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

*Tate and Brady*

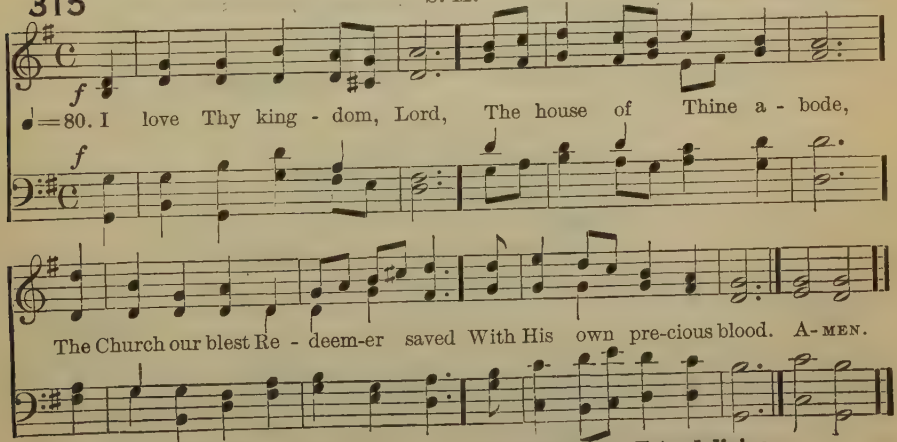
DOXOLOGY

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

ST. THOMAS
*A. Williams*

## 315

S. M.




*mp* 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

*mf* 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

*Doxology as of No. 314.*

*mf* 4 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

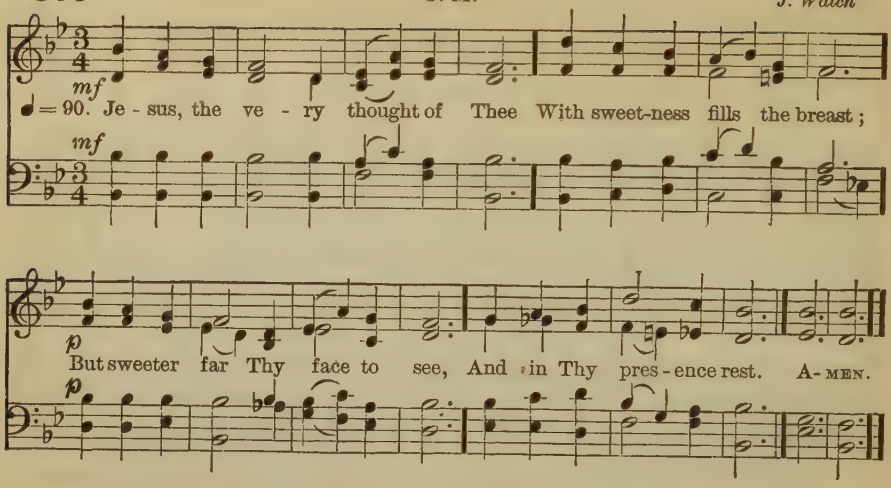
*f* 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*T. Dwight*

## 316

C. M.

SAWLEY
*J. Walch*


mf
♩ = 90. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
mf
p
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest. A - MEN.
p

*mf* 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

*mf* 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
*p* To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
*cr* How good to those who seek!

*mf* 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

*f* 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
*cr* In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

TR. *E. Caswall*

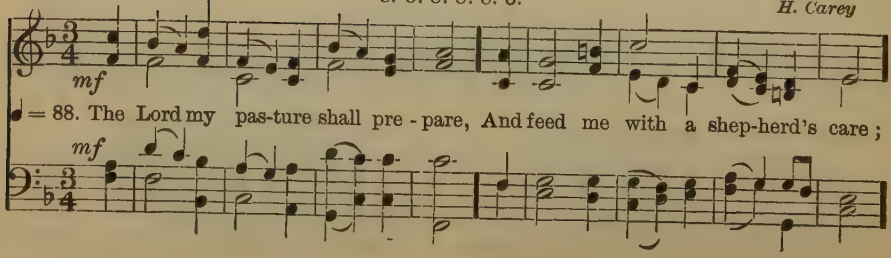
DOXOLOGY

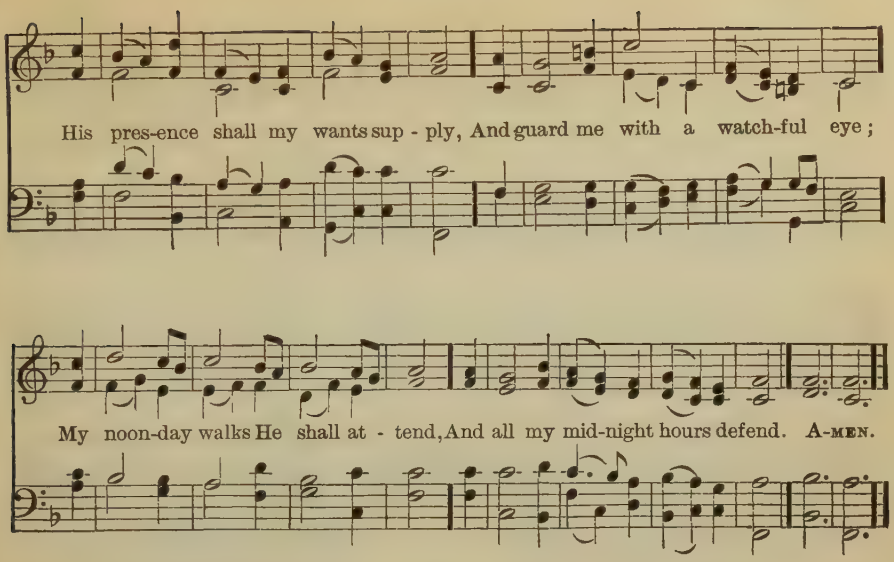
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

## 317

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

SURREY
*H. Carey*




His pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend. A-MEN.

*p* 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
*cr* My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

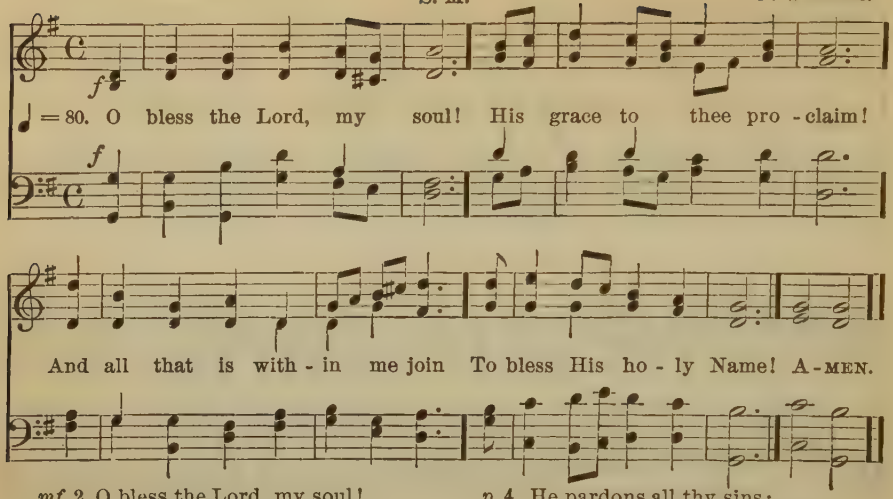
*pp* 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
*cr* My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*J. Addison*

### Doxology

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

**318** (FIRST TUNE) S. M. ST. THOMAS *A. Williams.*




*mf* 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

*p* 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

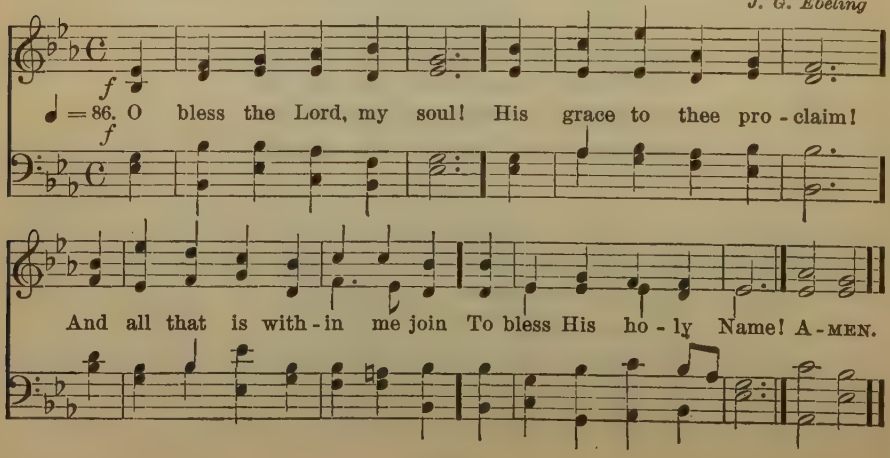
*p* 4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

*mf* 5 He clothes thee with His love;
*cr* Upholds thee with His truth;
*f* And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

*f* 6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

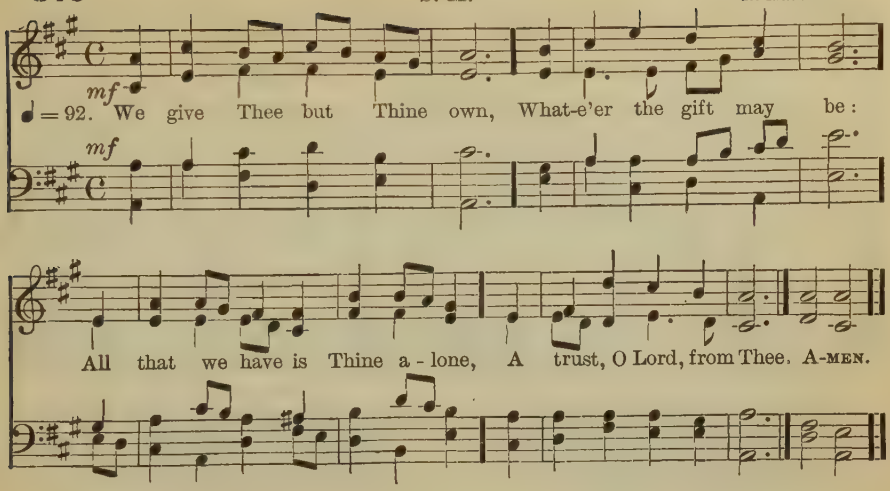
*Doxology as of No. 314* *J. Montgomery.*

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. FRANCONIA *J. G. Ebeling*



THE OFFERTORY

319 S. M. CAMBRIDGE *R. Harrison*




*mf* 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

*p* 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the Fold!

*mp* 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

*mf* 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
*cr* To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

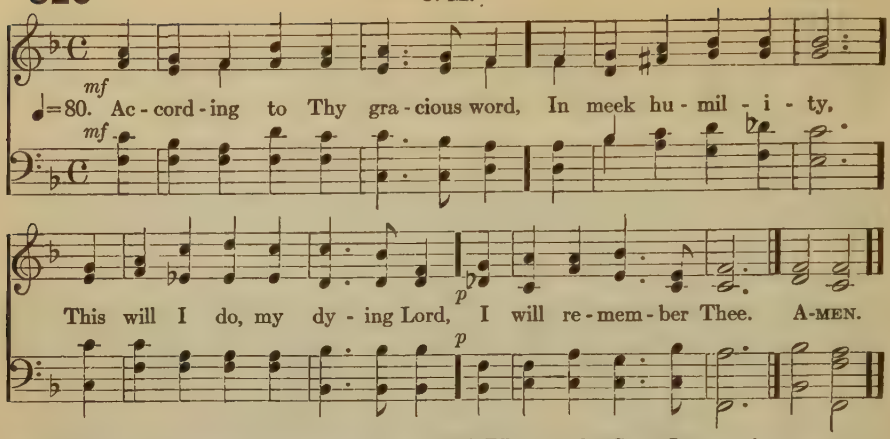
*mf* 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

*W. W. How*

## 320

C. M.

DALEHURST
*A. Cottman*




*mp* 2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious Blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

*p* 3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

*p* 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

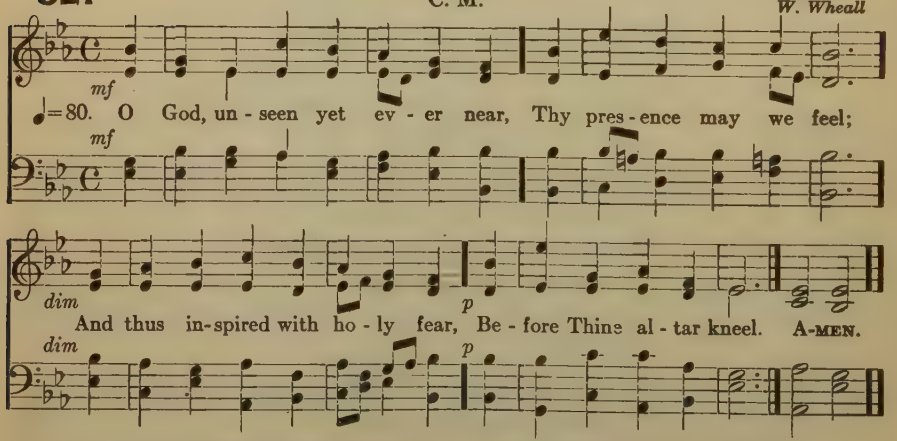
*p* 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
*cr* When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
*dim* Then, Lord, remember me.

*J. Montgomery*

## 321

C. M.

BEDFORD
*W. Wheall*


mf
♩=80. O God, un - seen yet ev - er near, Thy pres - ence may we feel;
dim
And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. A-MEN.
p

*mf* 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above.

*mf* 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

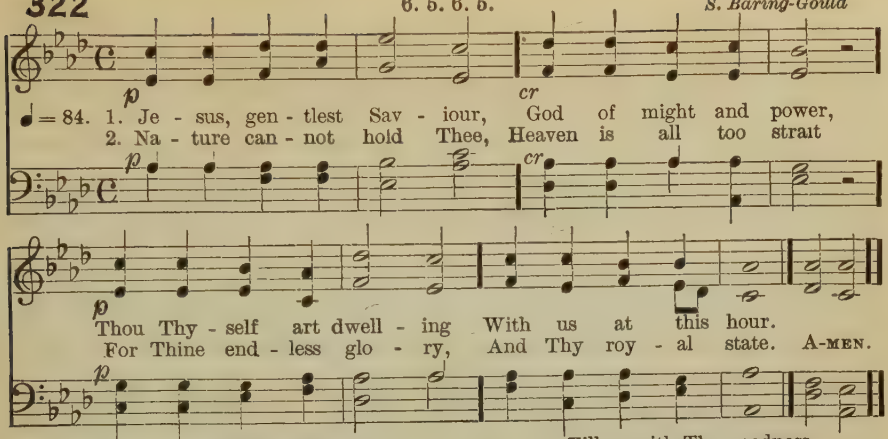
*mf* 4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
*cr* And go rejoicing on our way,
*f* Renewed with strength divine.

*E. Osler*

## 322

6. 5. 6. 5.

EUDOXIA
*S. Baring-Gould*


p
cr
♩= 84. 1. Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour, God of might and power,
2. Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
Thou Thy - self art dwell - ing With us at this hour.
For Thine end - less glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state. A-MEN.

*mf* 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

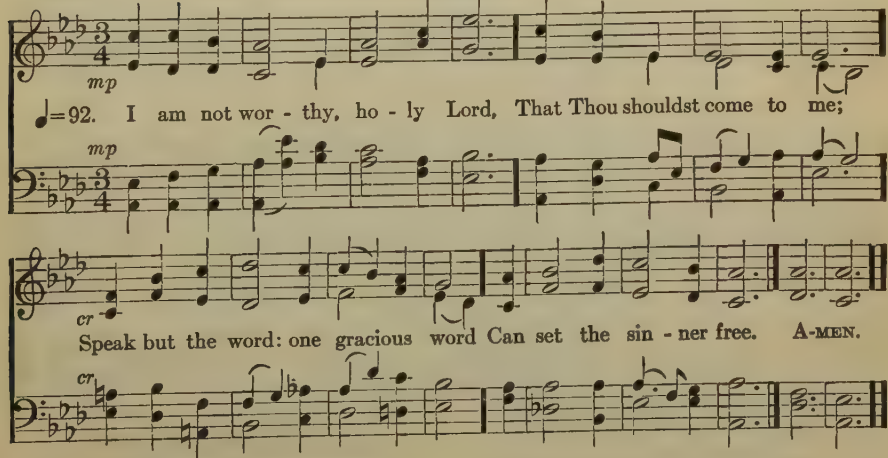
*f* 7 O how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

*F. W. Faber*

## 323

C. M.

GERONTIUS
*J. B. Dykes*


mp
♩=92. I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;
mp
cr
Speak but the word: one gracious word Can set the sin - ner free. A-MEN.
cr

*mp* 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

*mp* 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and
My ransom-price to pay? [Blood

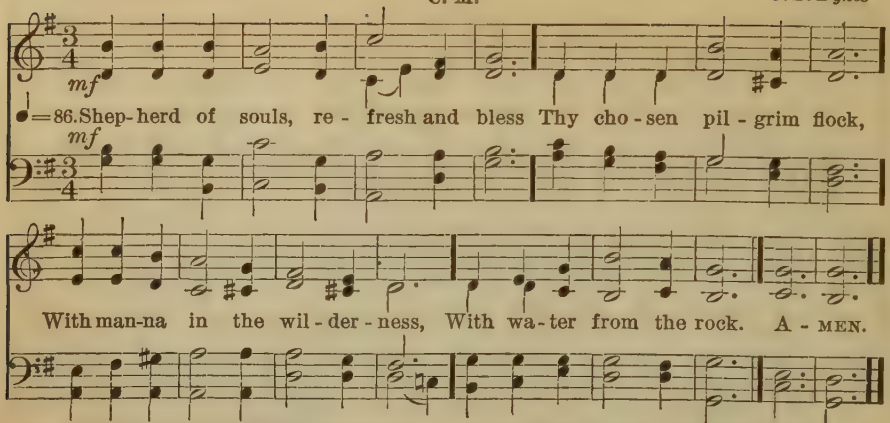
*mf* 4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

*H. W. Baker*

## 324

C. M.

ST. AGNES
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=86. Shep-herd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,
mf
With man-na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

*mf* 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by Thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

*p* 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
*cr* Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

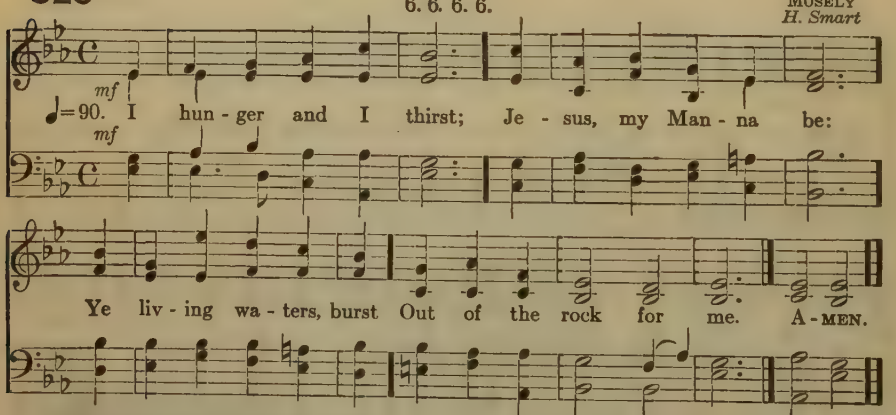
*p* 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
*cr* That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

*J. Montgomery*

## 325

6. 6. 6. 6.

MOSELY
*H. Smart*




*p* 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

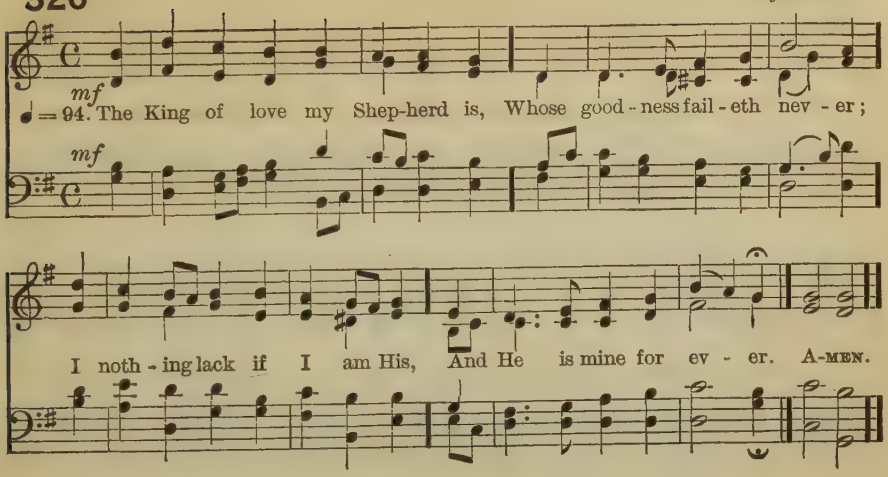
*mf* 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

*J. S. B. Monsell*

**326** 8. 7. 8. 7. DOMINUS REGIT ME *J. B. Dykes*




*mf* 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

*p* 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
*cr* But yet in love He sought me,
*p* And on His shoulder gently laid,
*f* And home, rejoicing, brought me

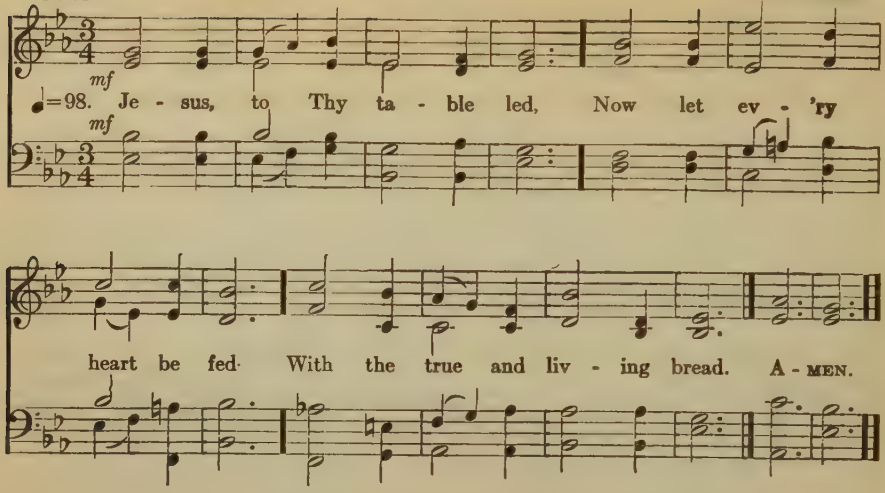
*p* 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
*cr* With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

*mf* 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
*f* And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

*mf* 6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
*cr* Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

*H. W. Baker*

**327** 7. 7. 7. LACRYMAE *A. S. Sullivan*




*p* 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
*mf* All Thy wondrous love reveal.

*p* 3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

*mf* 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

*p* 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

*mf* 6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

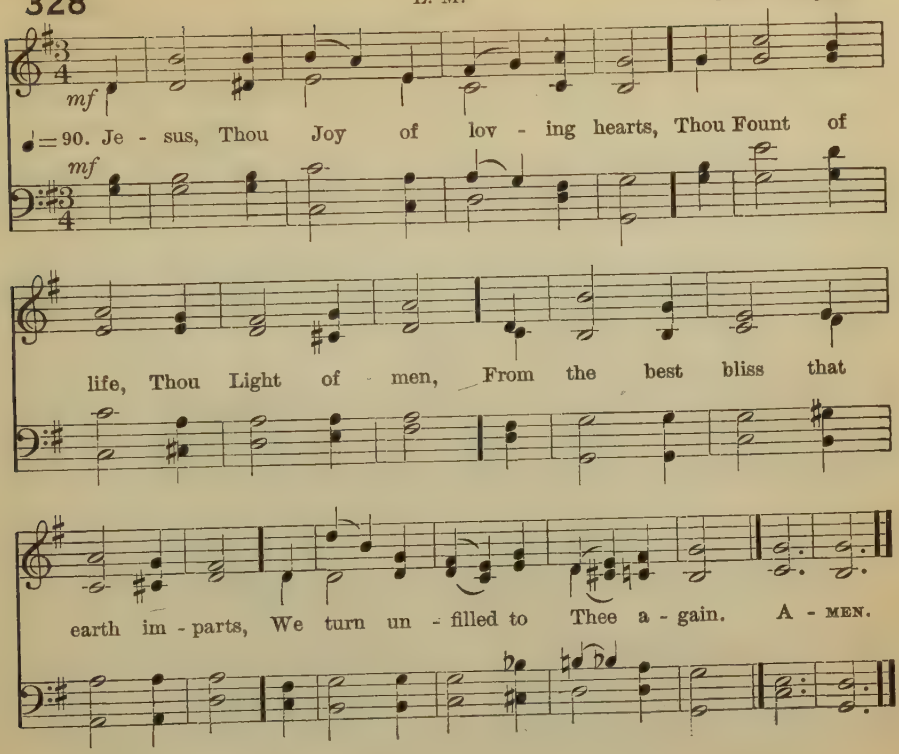
*mf* 7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
*cr* Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

*R. H. Baynes*

328

L. M.

BROOKFIELD
*T. B. Southgate*


mf
♩ = 90. Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of
mf
life, Thou Light of men, From the best bliss that
earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

*mf* 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

*mf* 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

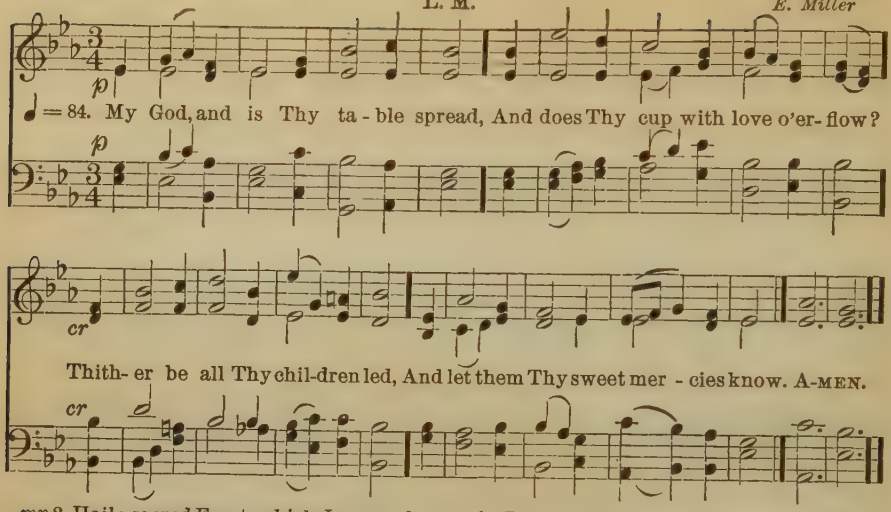
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

*St. Bernard of Clairvaux*; TR. *R. Palmer*

## 329 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM
*E. Miller*


p
♩ = 84. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
p
cr
Thith - er be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know. A - MEN.
cr

*mp* 2 Hail; sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood:
*cr* Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly [food.

*mf* 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

*mf* 4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

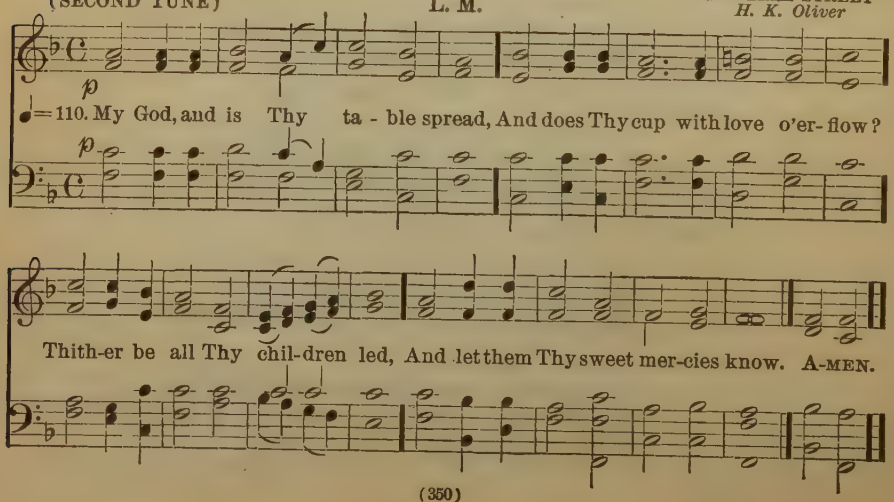
*f* 5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest, [run;
Till through the world Thy truth has
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

*P. Doddridge*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

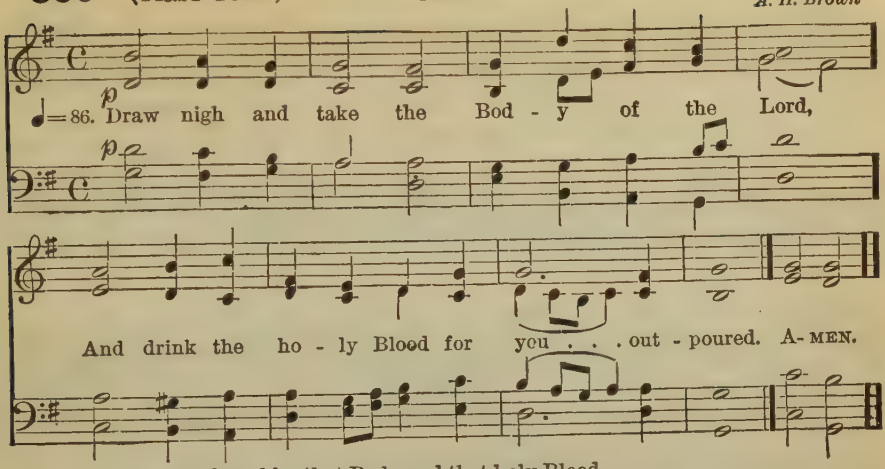
FEDERAL STREET
*H. K. Oliver*


p
♩ = 110. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
p
Thith - er be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know. A - MEN.

## 330 (FIRST TUNE)

10. 10.

LAMMAS
*A. H. Brown*




*cr* 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
*mf* With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

*f* 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
*dim* By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

*p* 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

*mf* 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

*f* 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

*mf* 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

*f* 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

*f* 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

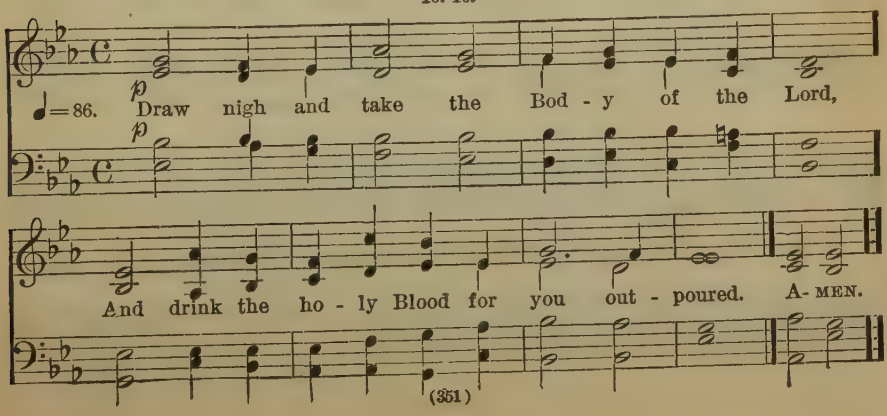
*dim* 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
*p* All nations at the doom, is with us now.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

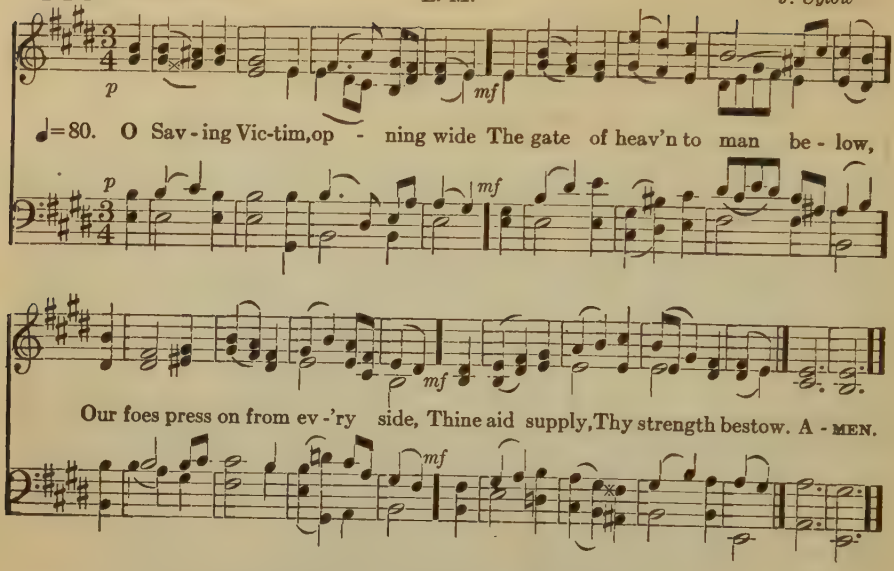
(SECOND TUNE)

10. 10.

CŒNA DOMINI
*A. S. Sullivan*



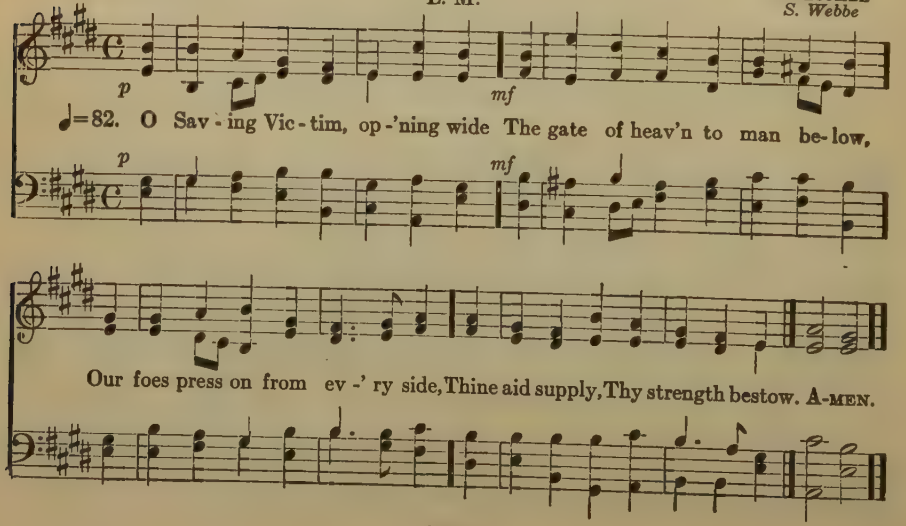
**331** (FIRST TUNE) L. M. ST. VINCENT *J. Uglow*

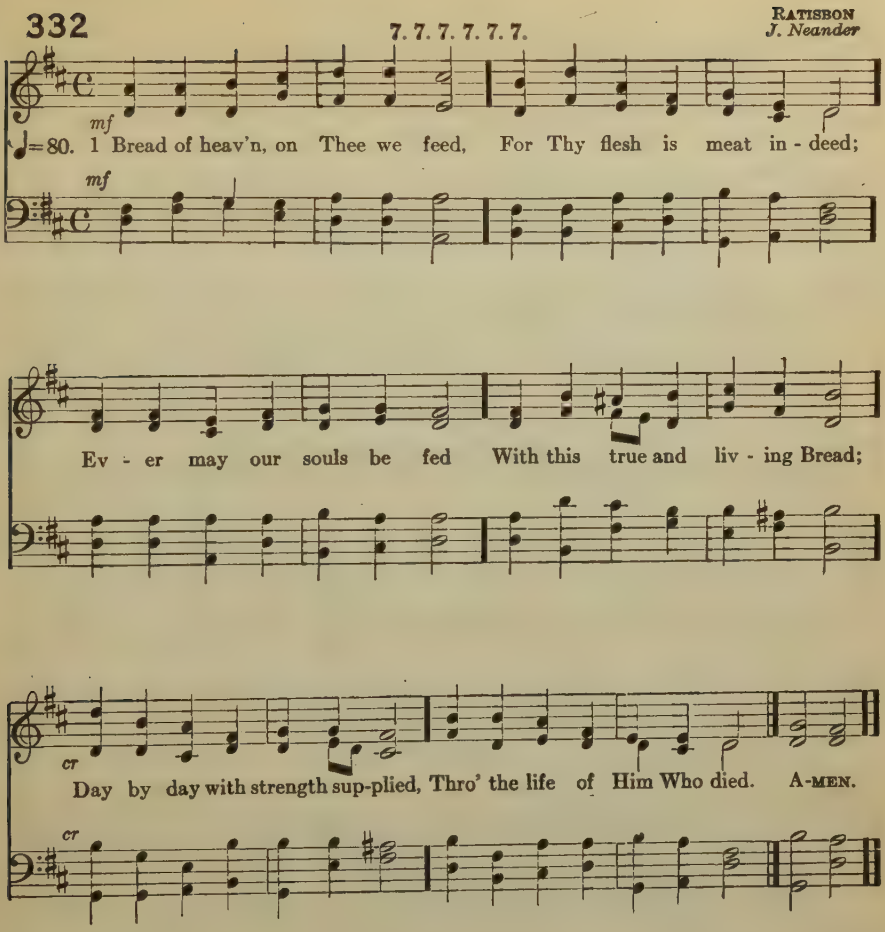

♩=80. O Sav - ing Vic-tim, op - ning wide The gate of heav'n to man be - low,
Our foes press on from ev -'ry side, Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
O grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

*T. Aquinas:* TR. *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*


♩=82. O Sav - ing Vic - tim, op -'ning wide The gate of heav'n to man be - low,
Our foes press on from ev -' ry side, Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow. A-MEN.


332
7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.
RATISBON
J. Neander
mf
♩=80. 1 Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
mf
Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;
cr
Day by day with strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died. A-MEN.
cr

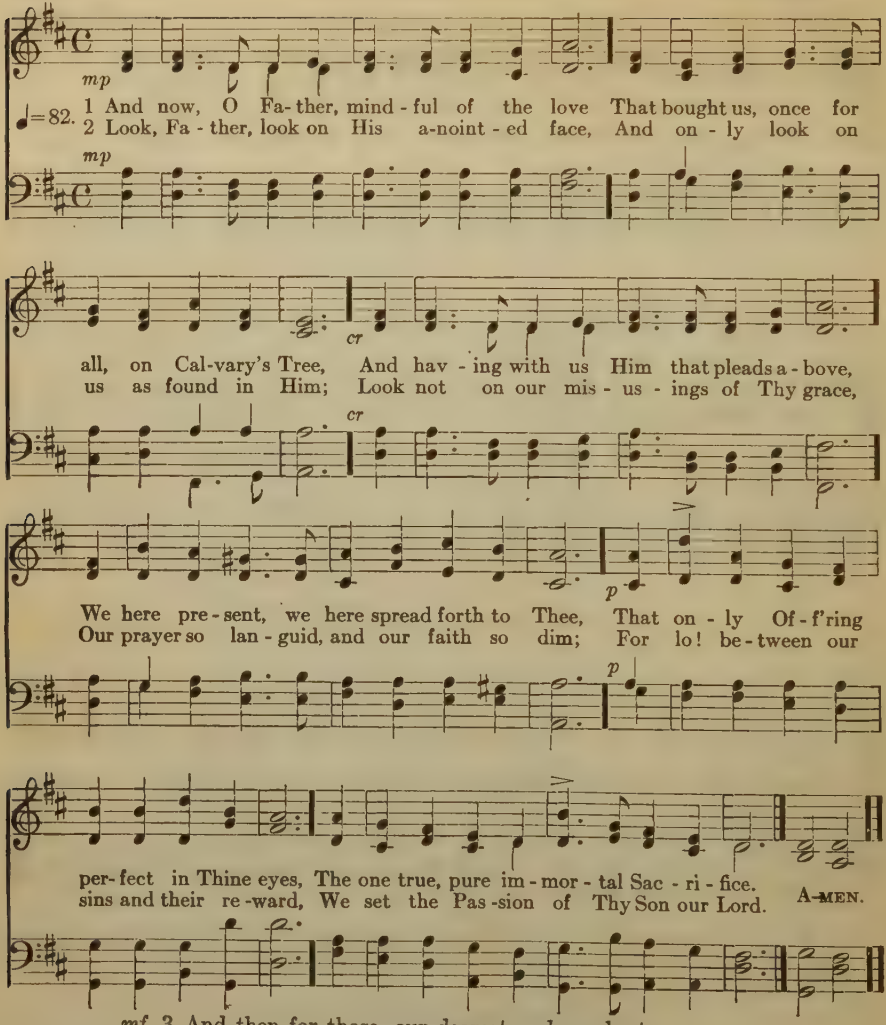
2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

*Josiah Conder*

## 333

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

UNDE ET MEMORES
*W. H. Monk*


mp
♩=82.
1 And now, O Fa-ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
2 Look, Fa-ther, look on His a-noint-ed face, And on-ly look on
mp
cr
all, on Cal-vary's Tree, And hav-ing with us Him that pleads a-bove,
us as found in Him; Look not on our mis-us-ings of Thy grace,
cr
p
We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on-ly Of-f'ring
Our prayer so lan-guid, and our faith so dim; For lo! be-tween our
p
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure im-mor-tal Sac-ri-fice.
sins and their re-ward, We set the Pas-sion of Thy Son our Lord.
A-MEN.

*mf* 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
O do Thine utmost for their soul's true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

*mf* 4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
*p* And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
*cr* In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

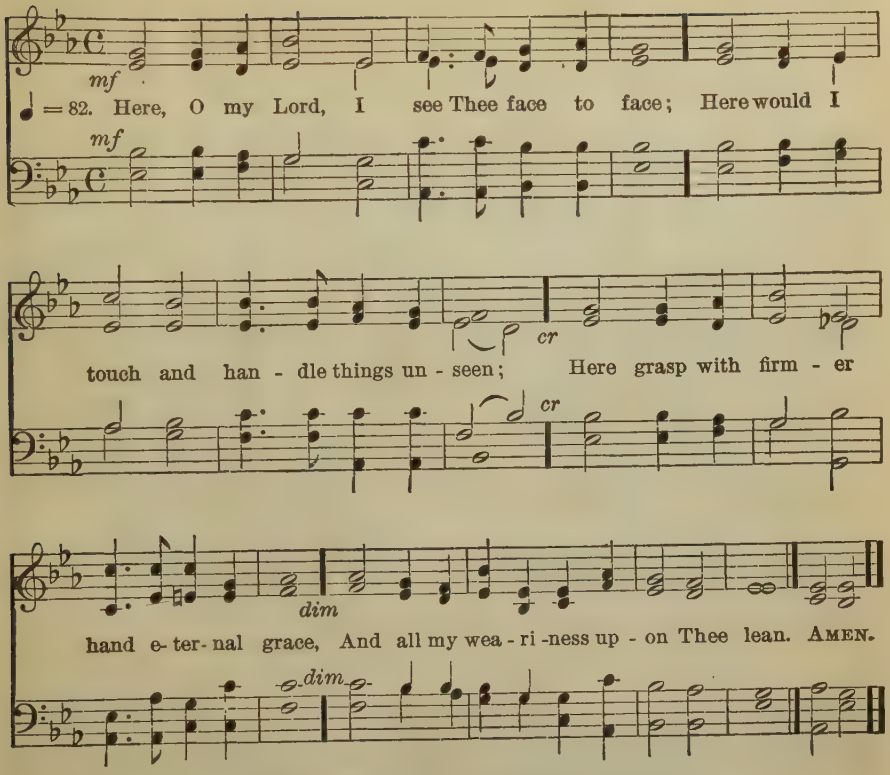


*W. Bright*

## 334

10. 10. 10. 10.

PENITENTIA
*E. Dearle*


mf
♩ = 82. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
mf
cr
touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er
cr
dim
hand e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. AMEN.
dim

*mf* 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

*mf* 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

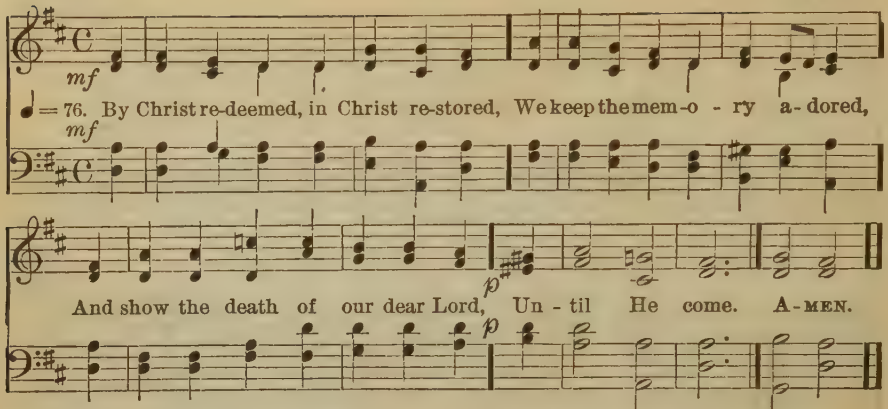
*p* 4 Mine is the sin, (*cr*) but Thine the righteousness:
*p* Mine is the guilt, (*cr*) but Thine the cleansing blood:
*mf* Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

*H. Bonar*

## 335

8. 8. 8. 4.

IN MEMORIAM
*F. C. Maker*


mf
♩= 76. By Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem-o - ry a-dored,
mf
p
And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come. A-MEN.
p

*p* 2 His Body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

*pp* 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His Life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

*p* 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

*p* 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
*cr* Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

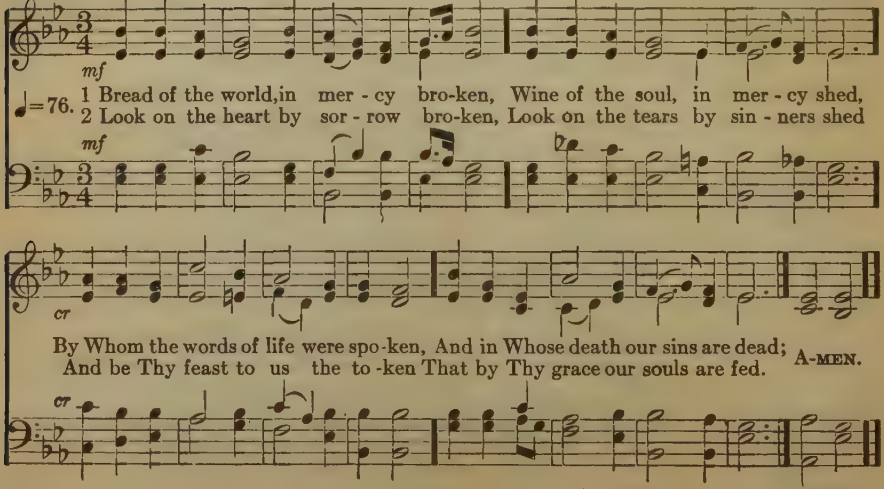
*f* 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

*G. Rawson*

## 336

9. 8. 9. 8.

EUCHARISTIC HYMN
*J. S. B. Hodges*

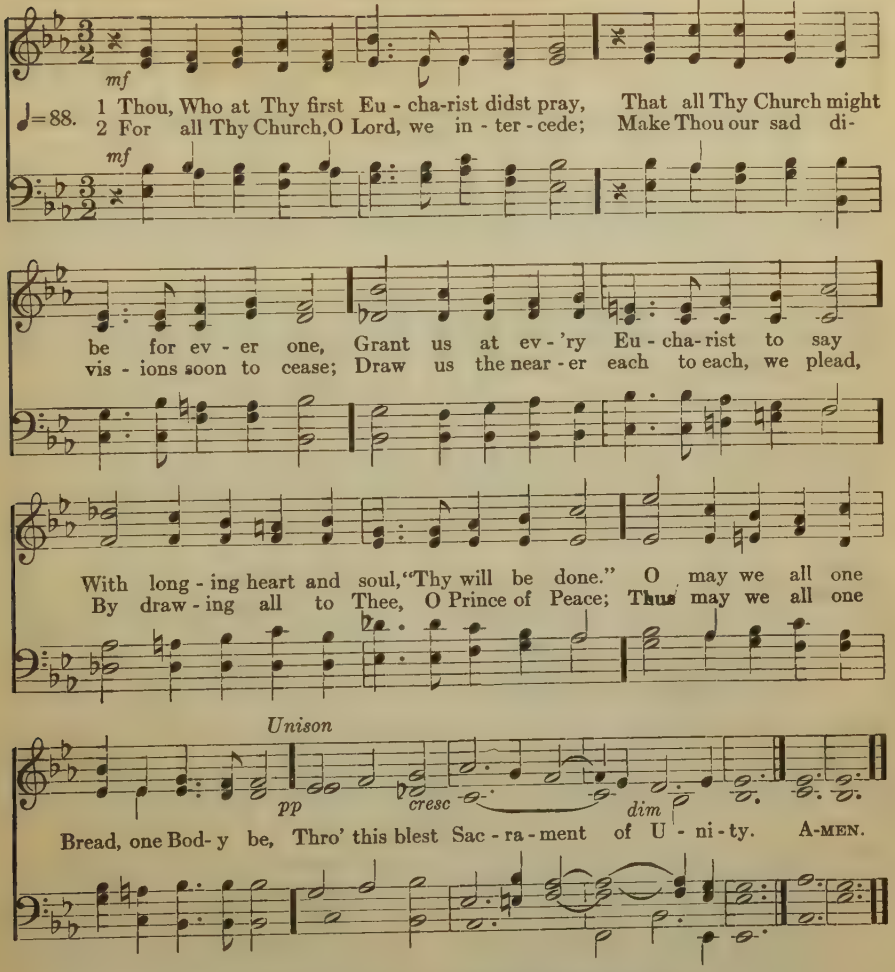

mf
♩=76. 1 Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
2 Look on the heart by sor - row bro-ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed
mf
cr
By Whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead;
And be Thy feast to us the to-ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
A-MEN.
cr

*R. Heber*

337

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS
*C. H. Lloyd*

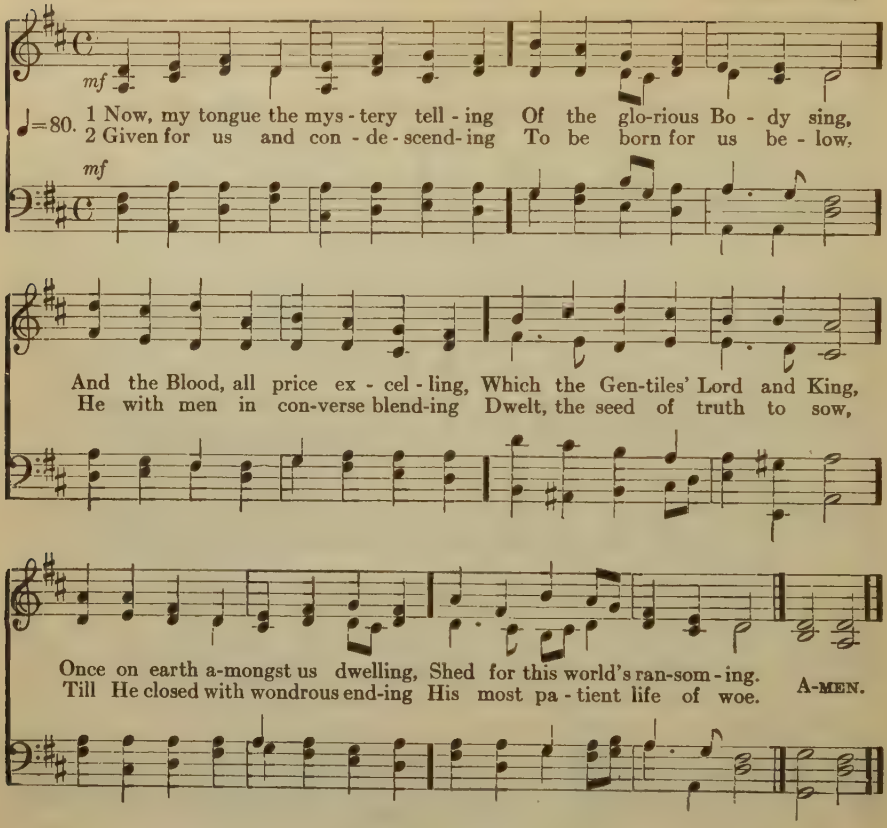

mf
♩=88.
1 Thou, Who at Thy first Eu - cha-rist didst pray, That all Thy Church might
2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we in - ter - cede; Make Thou our sad di-
mf
be for ev - er one, Grant us at ev - 'ry Eu - cha-rist to say
vis - ions soon to cease; Draw us the near - er each to each, we plead,
With long - ing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." O may we all one
By draw - ing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace; Thus may we all one
Unison
pp
cresc
dim
Bread, one Bod - y be, Thro' this blest Sac - ra - ment of U - ni - ty. A-MEN.

*mp* 3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold;
O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the Faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

*mf* 4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

*W. H. Turton*

**338** (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ST. THOMAS *17th Cent. Melody*


mf
♩=80. 1 Now, my tongue the mys - tery tell - ing Of the glo-rious Bo - dy sing,
2 Given for us and con - de - scend - ing To be born for us be - low,
mf
And the Blood, all price ex - cel - ling, Which the Gen-tiles' Lord and King,
He with men in con-verse blend-ing Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Once on earth a-mongst us dwelling, Shed for this world's ran-som - ing.
Till He closed with wondrous end-ing His most pa - tient life of woe.
A-MEN.

*mf* 3 That last night at supper lying,
Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word-made-flesh true bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

## PART II.

5 Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

*f* 6 Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise address-
While eternal ages run; [ing,
Ever too His love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.

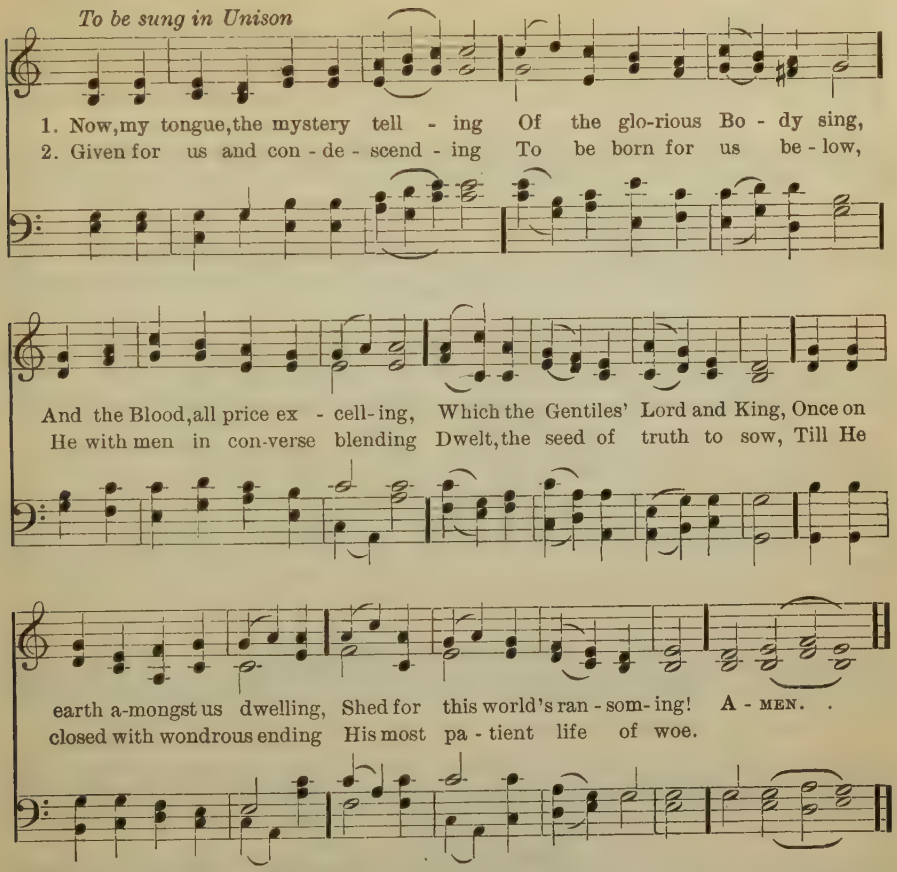
TR. *fr. Aquinas.*

## 338 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

PANGE LINGUA
*Sarum Plainsong*

*To be sung in Unison*


1. Now, my tongue, the mystery tell - ing Of the glo-rious Bo - dy sing,
2. Given for us and con - de - scend - ing To be born for us be - low,
And the Blood, all price ex - cell-ing, Which the Gentiles' Lord and King, Once on
He with men in con-verse blending Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow, Till He
earth a-mongst us dwelling, Shed for this world's ran - som-ing! A - MEN.
closed with wondrous ending His most pa - tient life of woe.

3 That last night at supper lying,
Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word-made-flesh true bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

### PART II

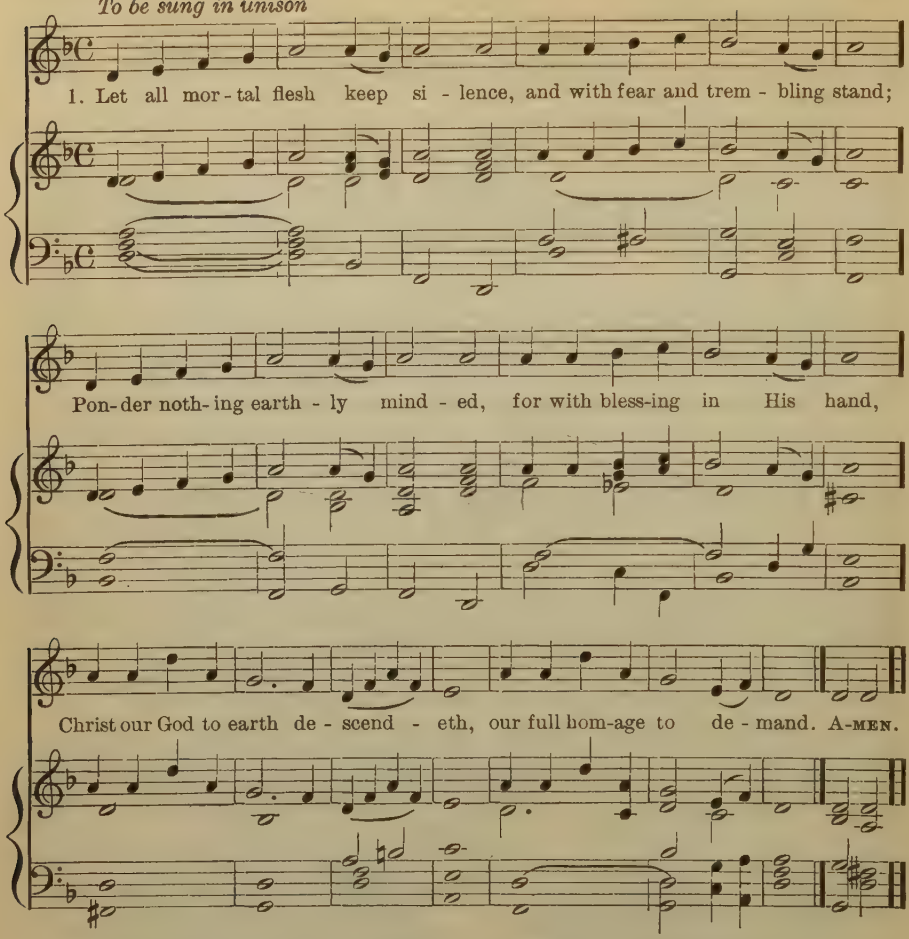
5 Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

6 Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.

TR. fr. *Aquinas*

**339** 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. PICARDY *French Folksong*

*To be sung in unison*


1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence, and with fear and trem - bling stand;
Pon-der noth- ing earth - ly mind - ed, for with bless-ing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth de - scend - eth, our full hom-age to de - mand. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture — in the Body and the Blood —
He will give to all the faithful His own Self for heavenly Food.

3 Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away.

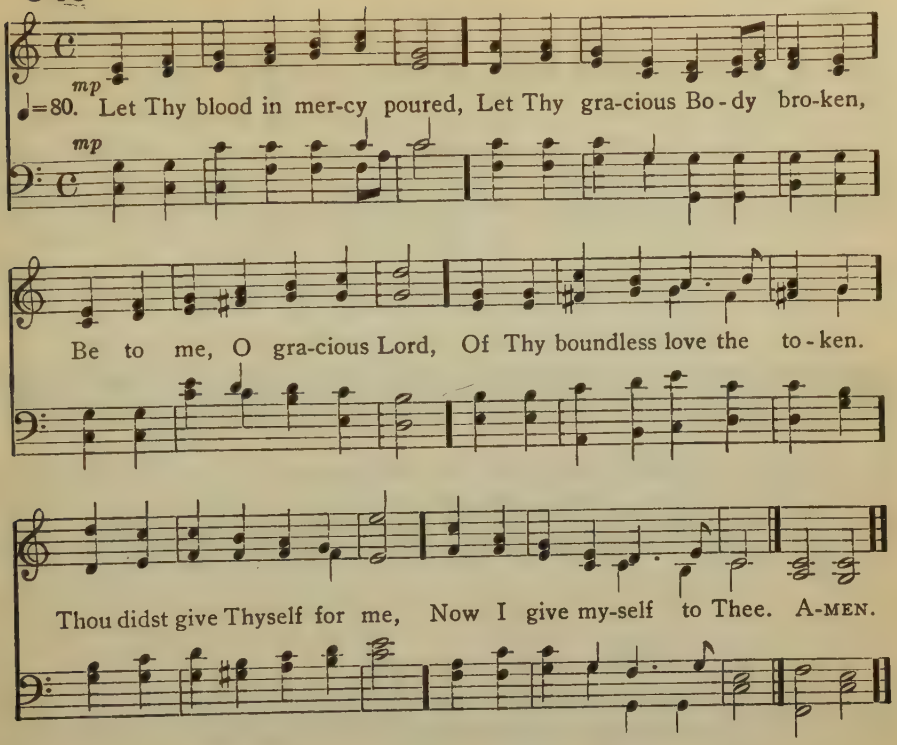
4 At His feet the six-winged seraph; cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless voice they cry,
*cr* Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, Lord most high. Amen.

*Liturgy of St. James;* TR. *Gerard Moultrie*

340

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

HOLYROOD
*R. P. Stewart*


mp
♩=80. Let Thy blood in mer-cy poured, Let Thy gra-cious Bo-dy bro-ken,
mp
Be to me, O gra-cious Lord, Of Thy boundless love the to-ken.
Thou didst give Thyself for me, Now I give my-self to Thee. A-MEN.

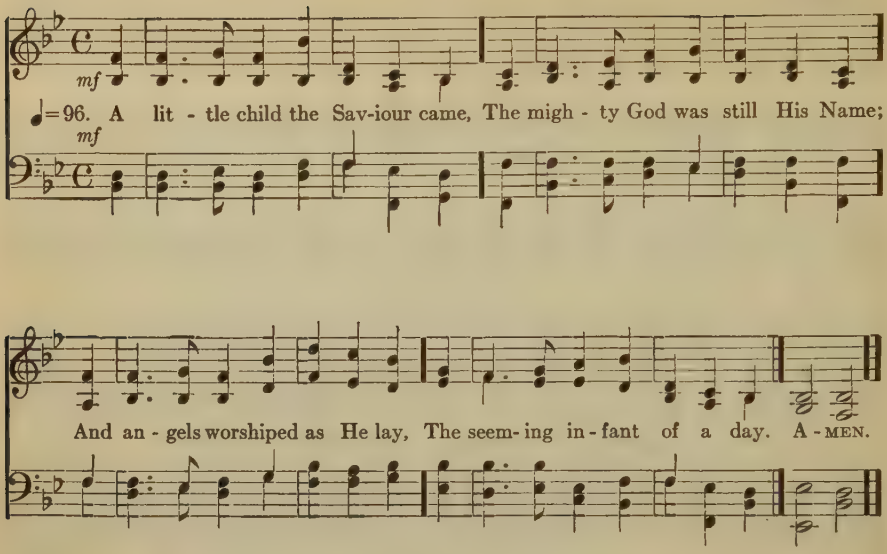
*mp* 2 Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessèd Lord, Thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give
Jesus by His sorrows gave me.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
By the spear-wound and the nailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

*mf* 4 Wilt Thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give Thee;
*cr* Thou art my exalted King,
Of Thy matchless love forgive me.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

GREEK; TR. *J. Brownlie*

341 L. M. ALSTONE *C. E. Willing*


mf
♩=96. A lit - tle child the Sav-iour came, The migh - ty God was still His Name;
mf
And an - gels worshiped as He lay, The seem-ing in-fant of a day. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 He Who a little child began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of cleansing water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thy angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

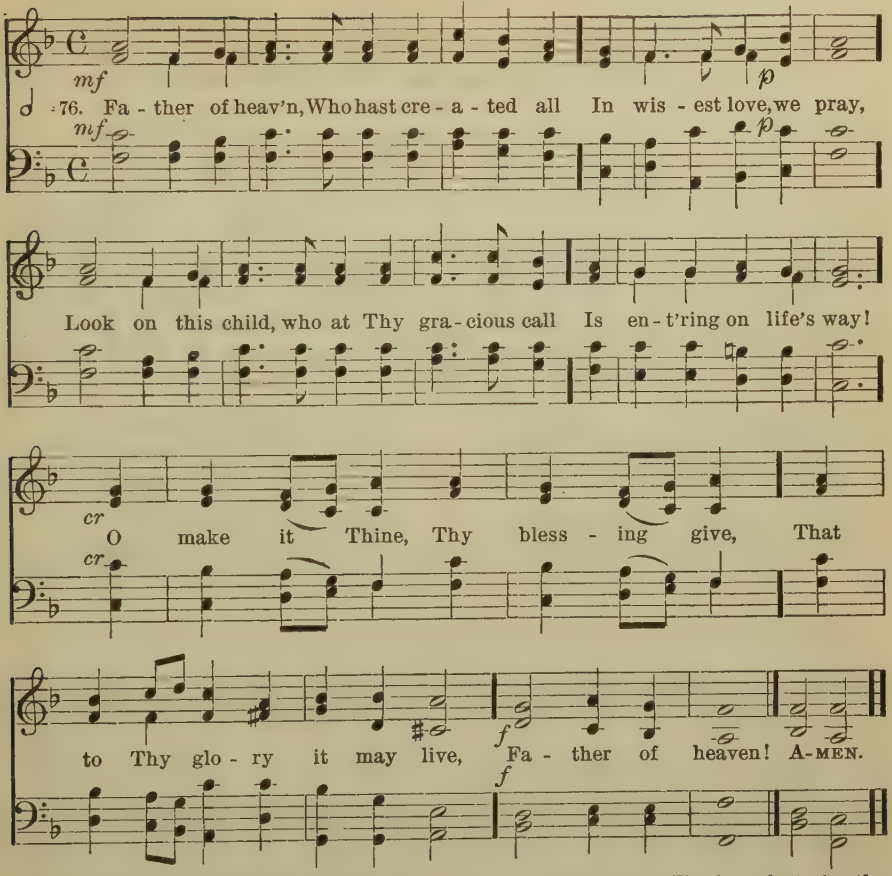
5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*W. Robertson*

342

10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4.

ST. FRANCIS
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩ = 76. Fa - ther of heav'n, Who hast cre - a - ted all In wis - est love, we pray,
p
Look on this child, who at Thy gra - cious call Is en - t'ring on life's way!
cr
O make it Thine, Thy bless - ing give, That
to Thy glo - ry it may live, Fa - ther of heaven! A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee;
*p* Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy Fold,
For ever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
*cr* And lead it in the path of life,
*f* O Son of God!

*mf* 3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
*dim* Descend upon this child;
*cr* Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
*f* And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

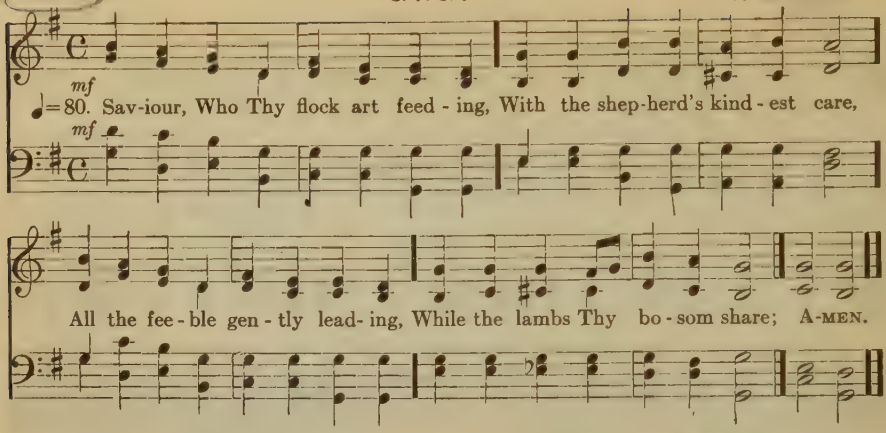
*f* 4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;
We speak: but Thine the might;
*mf* This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
*cr* Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
*f* Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

*A. Knapp:* TR. *C. Winkworth*

## 343

8. 7. 8. 7.

BROCKLESBURY
*C. A. Barnard*


mf
♩=80. Sav-iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead- ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share; A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing
Only there secure from harm.

*md* 3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

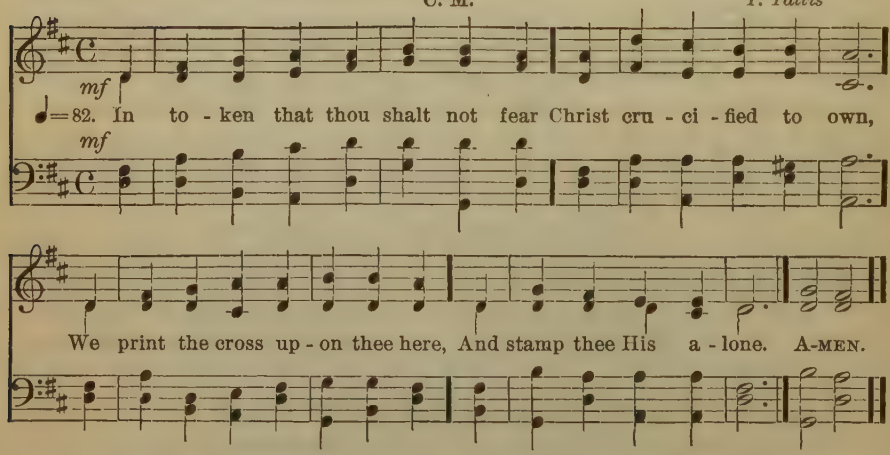
*f* 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

*W. A. Muhlenberg*

## 344

C. M.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL
*T. Tallis*


mf
♩=82. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,
We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

*p* 3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
*cr* And sit thee down on high;

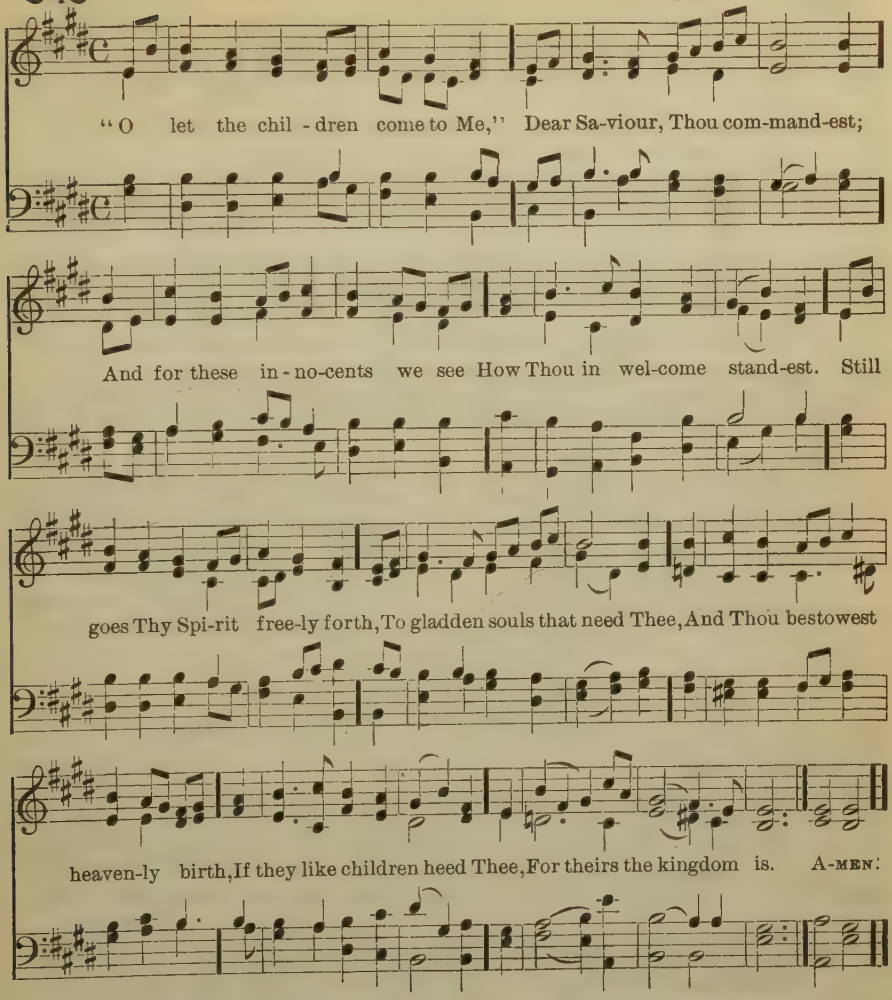
*mf* 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
*cr* Hereafter share His crown.

*H. Alford*

345

8. 7. 8. 7. D., 6.

SUSSEX
*English Folksong, arr. and har. by Winfred Douglas*


"O let the chil - dren come to Me," Dear Sa-viour, Thou com-mand-est;
And for these in - no-cents we see How Thou in wel-come stand-est. Still
goes Thy Spi-rit free-ly forth, To gladden souls that need Thee, And Thou bestowest
heaven-ly birth, If they like children heed Thee, For theirs the kingdom is. A-MEN.

2 By water and the Spirit Thou
Our sinful nature cleansest;
Thy word doth show the path to go,
And daily grace Thou sendest.
O may Thy sanctifying love
Surround us all with blessing;
And may we all Thy favour prove
In daily Thee confessing,
Abiding close to Thee.

3 O soul of man, remember well
The holy Name thou bearest:
Of everything that tongue can tell
That Name is still the dearest.
O child of God, His voice attend,
Live worthy of His choosing;
For He is thy eternal friend:
Beware lest thou be losing
His grace so freely thine.

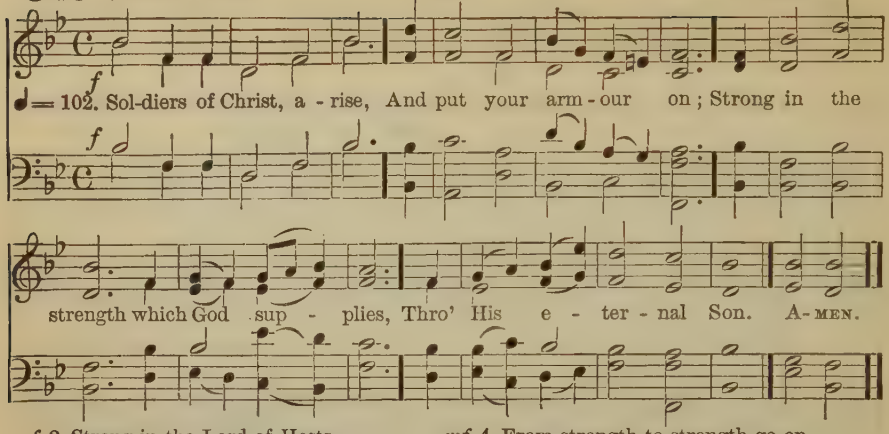
*J. O. Wallin;* TR. *G. Mott Williams*

ADULTS

## 346 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

SILVER STREET
*I. Smith*


f
♩= 102. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - our on; Strong in the
f
strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

*mf* 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
*cr* And win the well-fought day.

*p* 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
*cr* Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

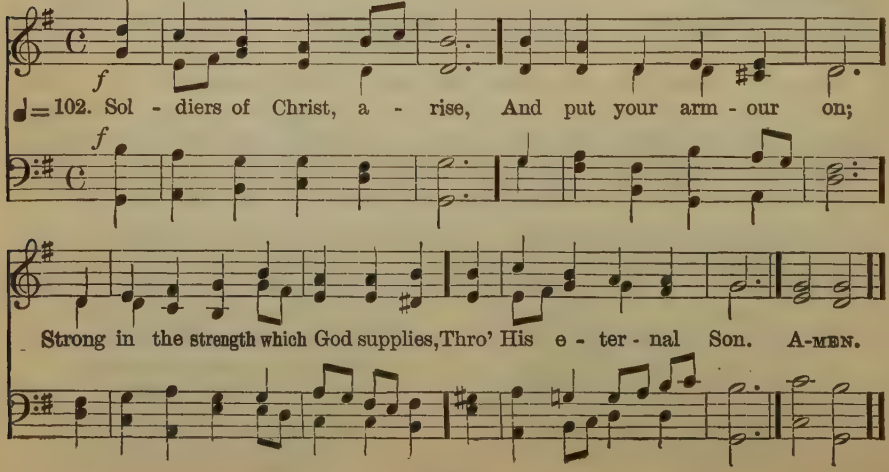
6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

*C. Wesley*

(SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

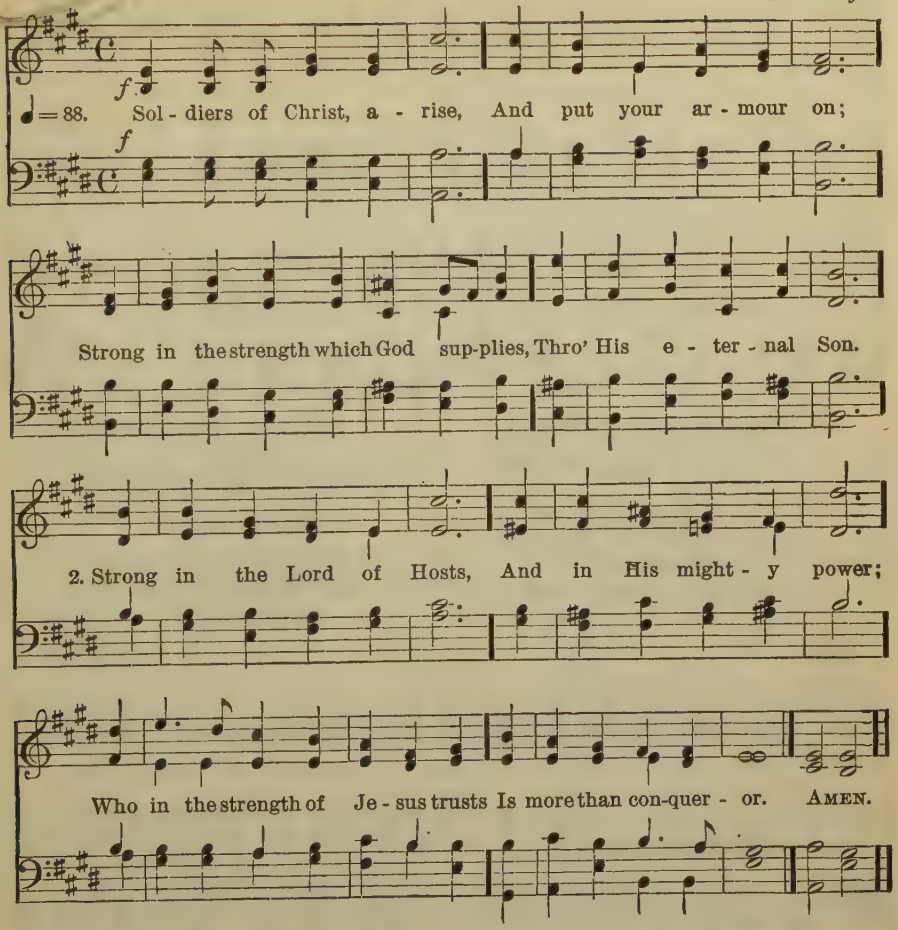
ST. ETHELWALD
*W. H. Monk*


f
♩= 102. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - our on;
f
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A-MEN.

## 346 (THIRD TUNE)

S. M. D.

DIADEMATA
*G. J. Elvey*


f
♩ = 88. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on;
f
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power;
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or. AMEN.

*f* 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

*mf* 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
*cr* And win the well-fought day.

*p* 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
*cr* Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
*f* And stand complete at last.

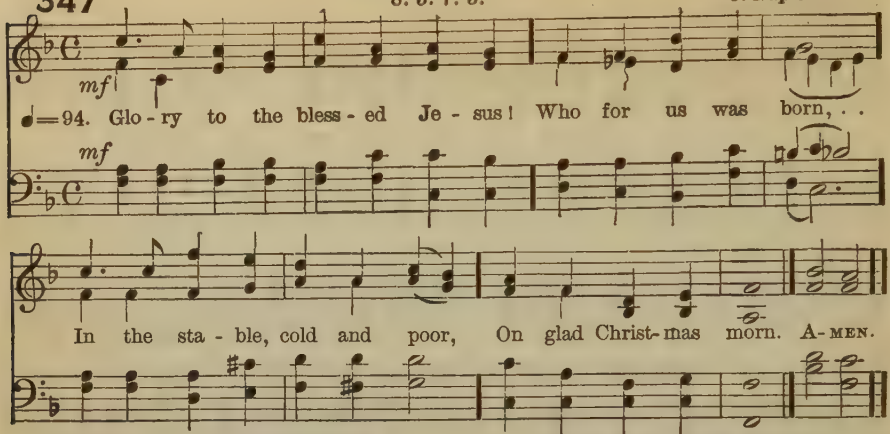
6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

*C. Wesley*

## 347

8. 5. 7. 5.

WOODCHESTER
*J. Napleton*




*mp* 2 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.

*mf* 3 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
*cr* In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter Day.

*mf* 4 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, Who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension Day.

5 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent His Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.

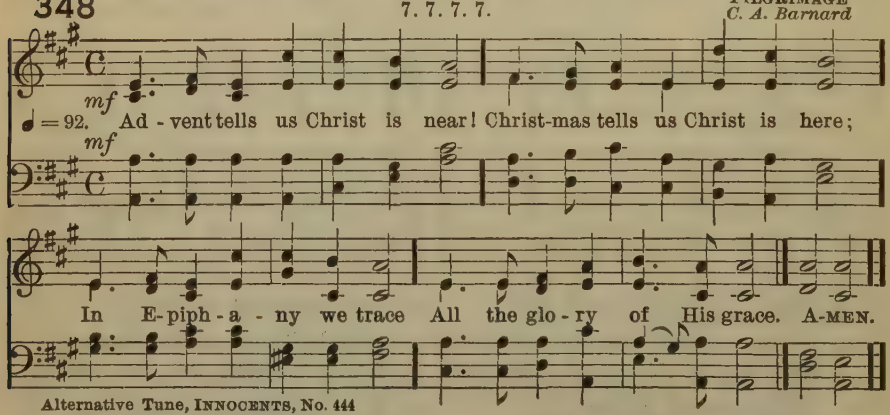
6 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

*Anon.*

## 348

7. 7. 7. 7.

PILGRIMAGE
*C. A. Barnard*


mf
♩=92. Ad - vent tells us Christ is near! Christ-mas tells us Christ is here;
mf
In E-piph - a - ny we trace All the glo - ry of His grace. A-MEN.

Alternative Tune, INNOCENTS, No. 444

*mf* 2 Those three Sundays before Lent
Will prepare us to repent,
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

3 Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell Who died and rose again:
O that happy Easter Day!
'Christ is risen indeed,' we say.

*mf* 4 Yes, and CHRIST ascended, too,
To prepare a place for you;
So we give Him special praise
After those great Forty Days.

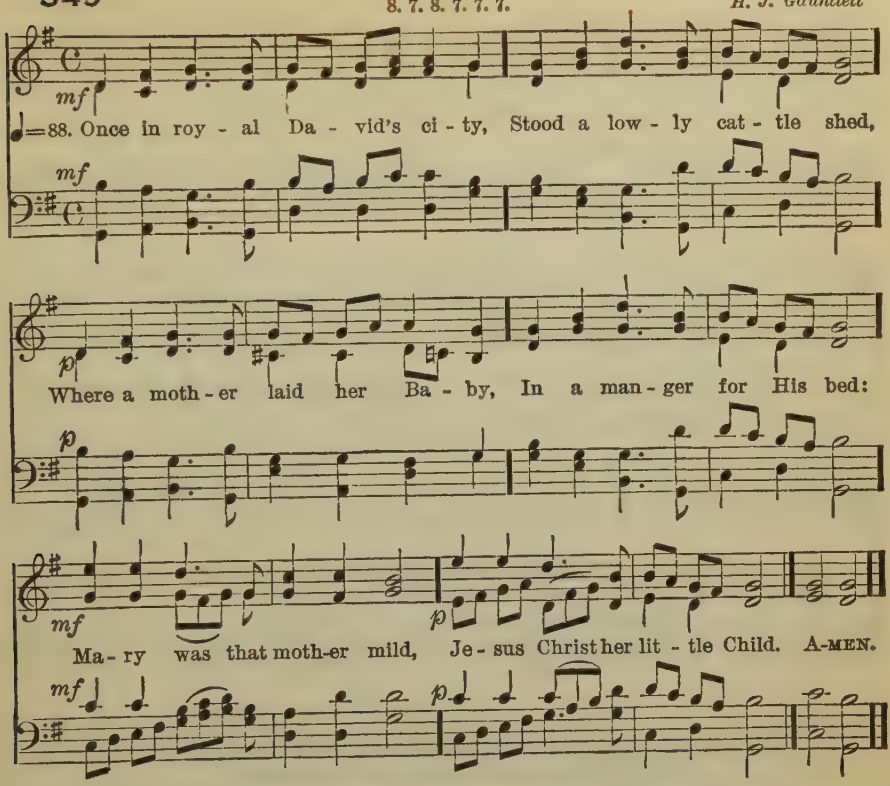
5 Then He sent the HOLY GHOST,
On the day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide:
Well may we keep Whitsuntide.

*f* 6 Last of all, we humbly sing
Glory to our GOD and King,
Glory to the ONE in THREE
On the Feast of TRINITY.

## 349

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

IRBY
*H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
♩=88. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
p
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:
mf
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-MEN.

*p* 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
*cr* Who is God and Lord of all,
*p* And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

*mf* 3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

*mf* 4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
*p* He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
*cr* And He shareth in our gladness.

*f* 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
*p* For that Child so dear and gentle
*f* Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

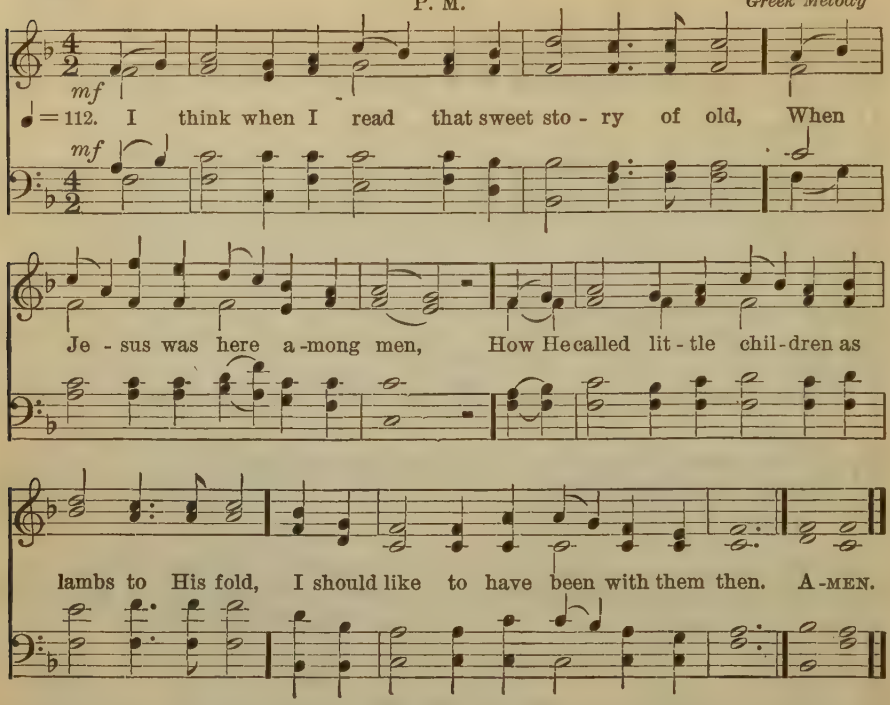
*mf* 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd,
All in white shall wait around.

*C. F. Alexander*

350

P. M.

SALAMIS
*Greek Melody*


mf
♩ = 112. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
mf
Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
*p* "Let the little ones come unto Me."

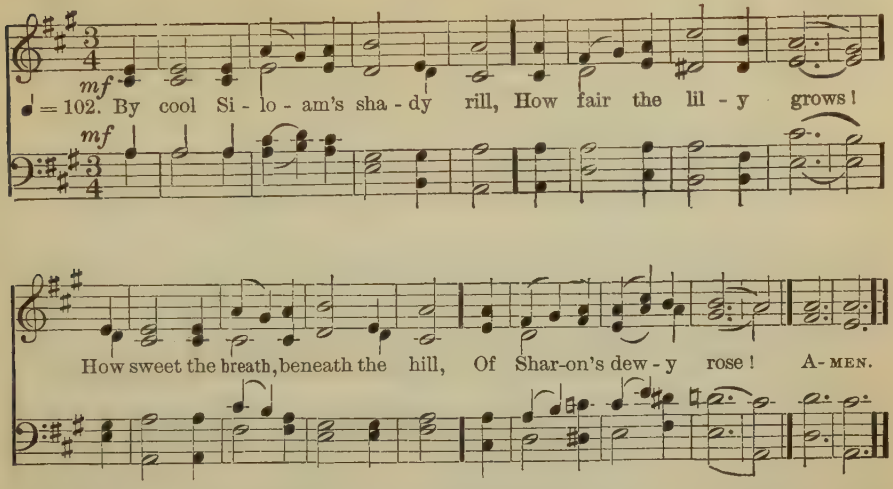
*mf* 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

*mf* 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
*cr* And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*p* 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
*cr* I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

*J. Luke*

**351** C. M. SILOAM *H. F. Hemy*


mf
♩ = 102. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows!
mf
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose! A- MEN.

*mf* 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

*p* 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

*p* 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

*mf* 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

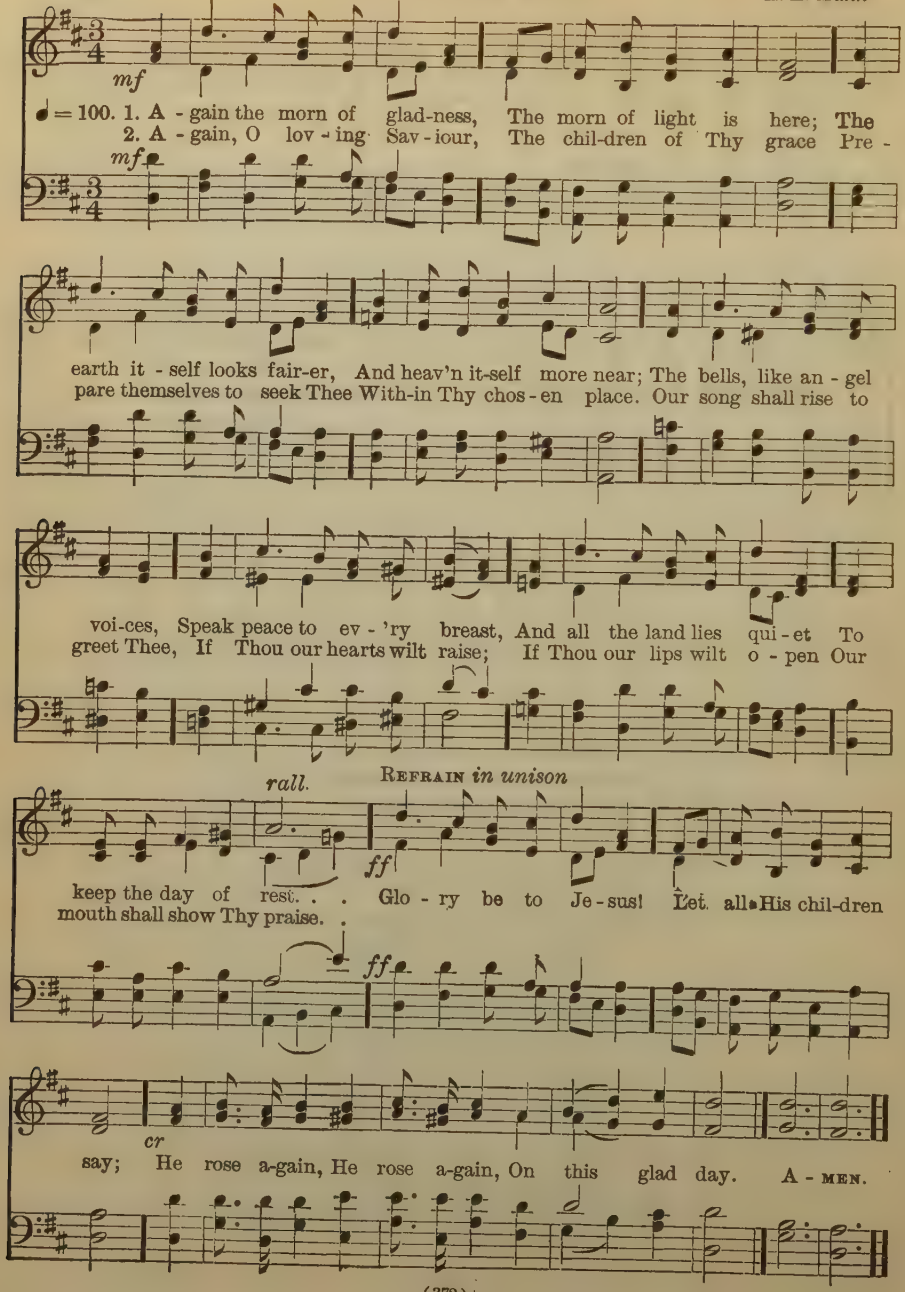
*mf* 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
*cr* In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

*R. Heber*

352

7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

TUSSER
*A. H. Mann*


mf
♩ = 100. 1. A - gain the morn of glad-ness, The morn of light is here; The
2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - iour, The chil-dren of Thy grace Pre -
mf
earth it - self looks fair-er, And heav'n it-self more near; The bells, like an - gel
pare themselves to seek Thee With-in Thy chos - en place. Our song shall rise to
voi-ces, Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast, And all the land lies qui - et To
greet Thee, If Thou our hearts wilt raise; If Thou our lips wilt o - pen Our
rall.
REFRAIN *in unison*
ff
keep the day of rest. . . Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all His chil-dren
mouth shall show Thy praise.
ff
cr
say; He rose a-gain, He rose a-gain, On this glad day. A - MEN.

*mf* 3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.
*f* Glory, etc.

*mf* 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
*f* Glory, etc.

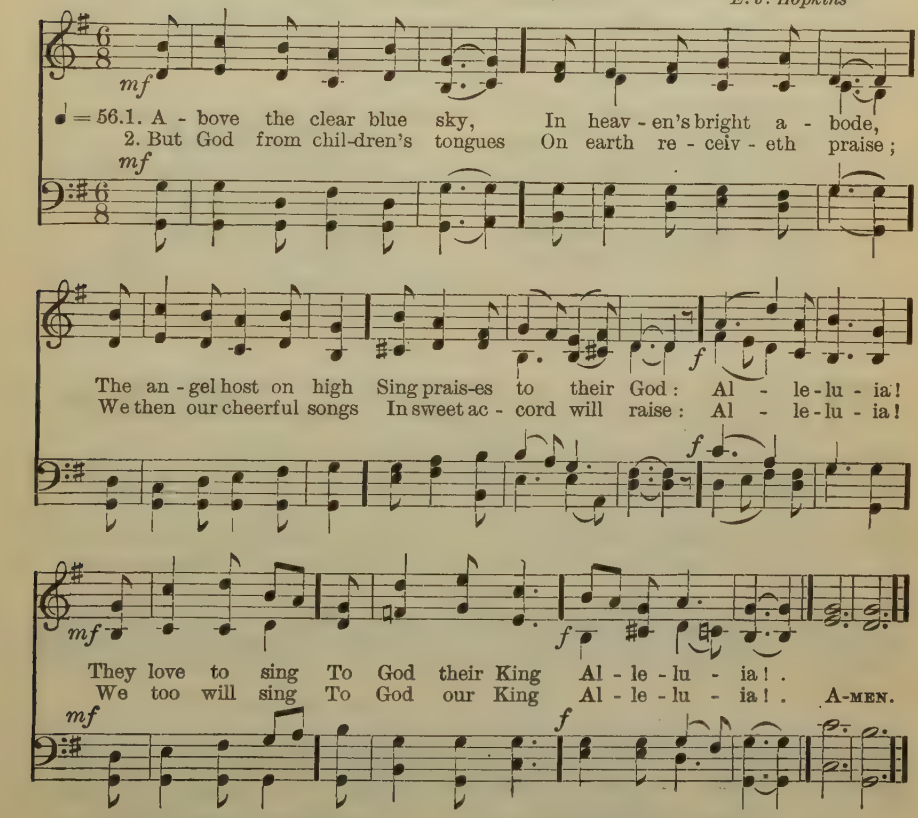
*cres* 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
*f* Glory be to Jesus, etc.

*J. Ellerton*

## 353

6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

CHILDREN'S VOICES
*E. J. Hopkins*


mf
♩ = 56.1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode,
2. But God from chil-dren's tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise;
mf
The an - gel host on high Sing prais-es to their God: Al - le-lu - ia!
We then our cheerful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise: Al - le-lu - ia!
f
f
mf
f
They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia!
We too will sing To God our King Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.
mf
f

*mf* 3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
*cr* And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
*f* Alleluia!
*mf* Then shall we sing to God our King
*f* Alleluia!

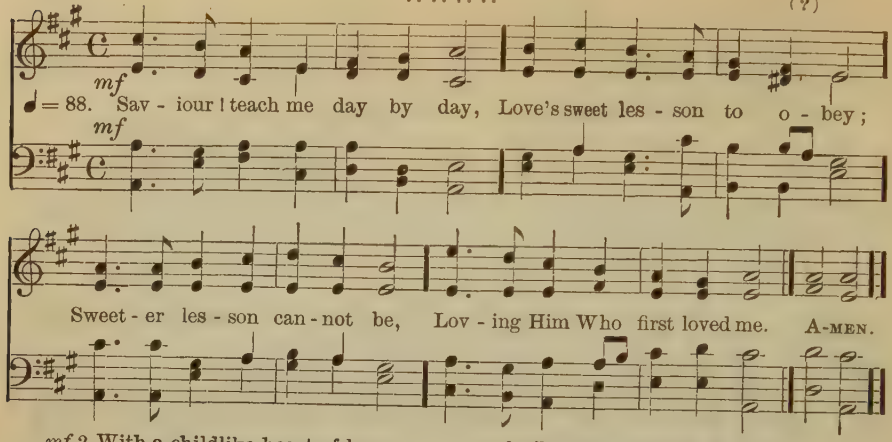
*mf* 4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound
*f* Alleluia!
*mf* All then shall sing to God their King
*f* Alleluia!

*J. Chandler*

## 354

7. 7. 7. 7.

PERCIVALS (?)




*mf* 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

*mf* 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.

*mf* 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
*cr* Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

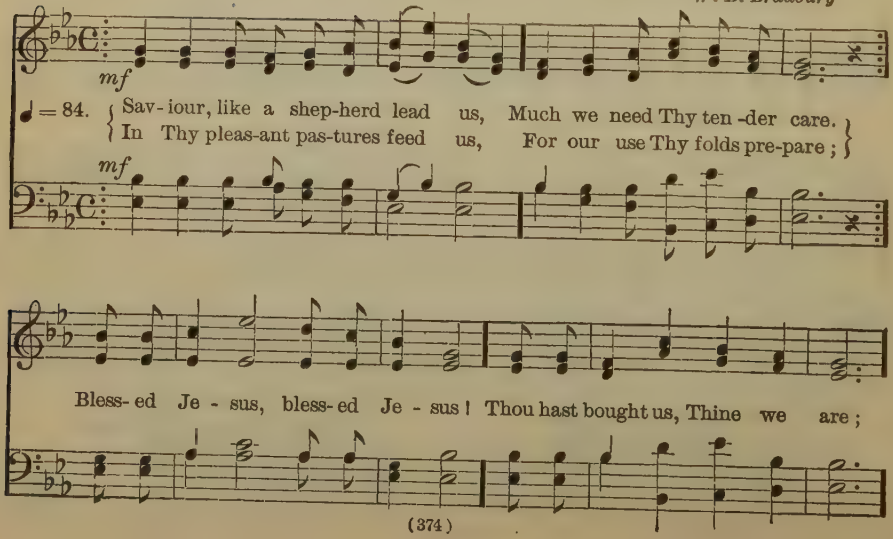
*mf* 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.

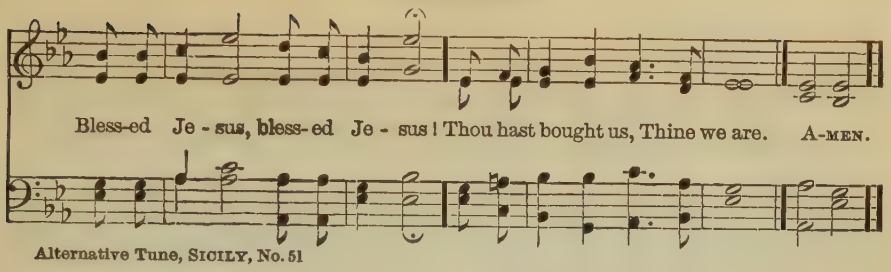
*J. E. Leeson*

## 355

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

PLEASANT PASTURES
*W. B. Bradbury*


mf
♩ = 84. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care.
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare;
mf
Bless- ed Je - sus, bless- ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;




Alternative Tune, SICILY, No. 51

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

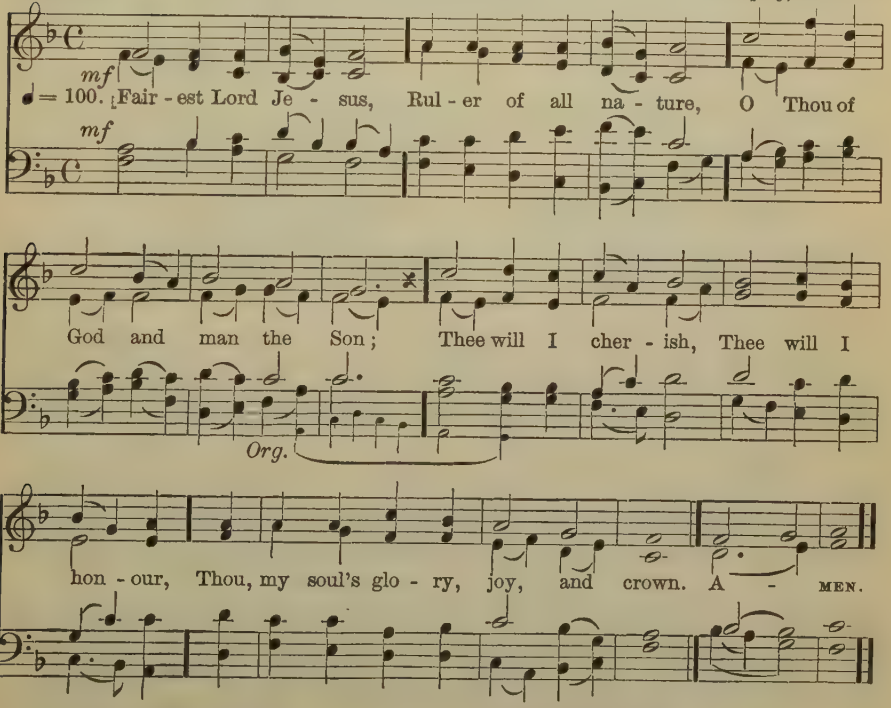
3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us: love us still.

*D. Thrupp's "Hymns for the Young"*

## 356

5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

ST. ELIZABETH
*Leipzig, 1842*


mf
♩ = 100. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
mf
God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
Org.
hon - our, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

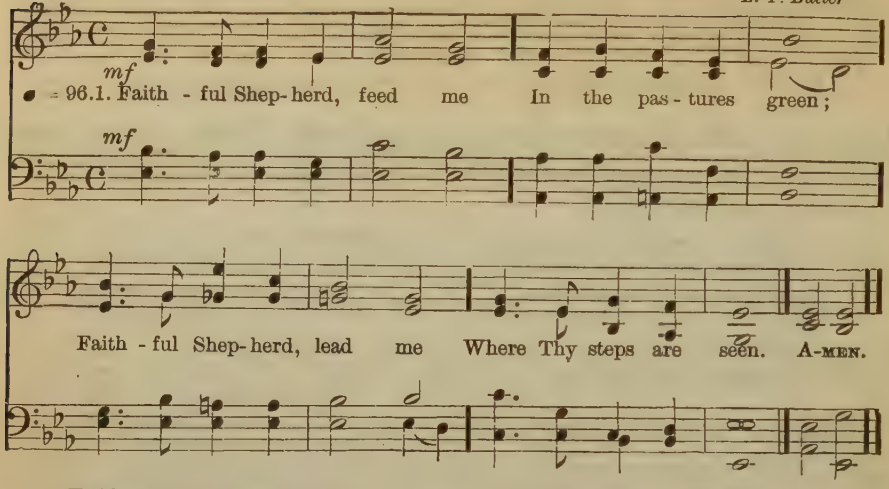


*Anon.; Munster*
PUB., *R. S. Willis*

## 357 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

ST. WYSTAN
*L. T. Butler*




2 Hold me fast and guide me
In the narrow way;
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

*mf* 3 Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

4 Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

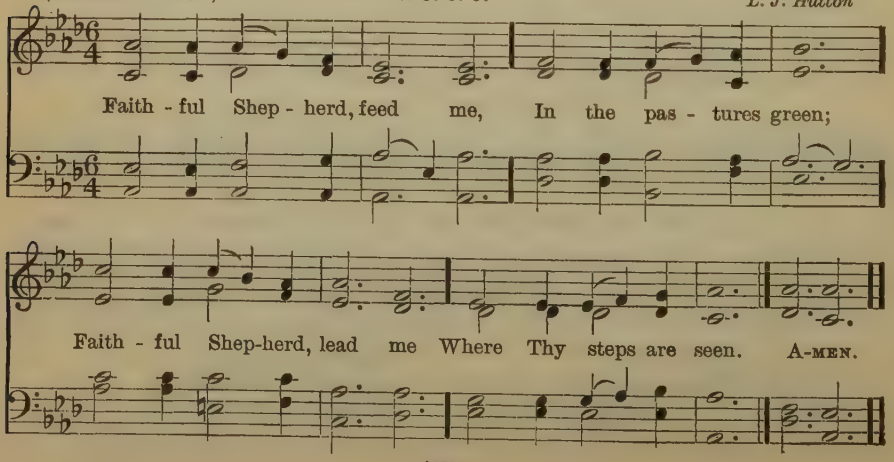
6 Day by day prepare me,
As Thou seest best,
*cres* Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.

*T. B. Pollock*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

WARFARE
*L. J. Hutton*

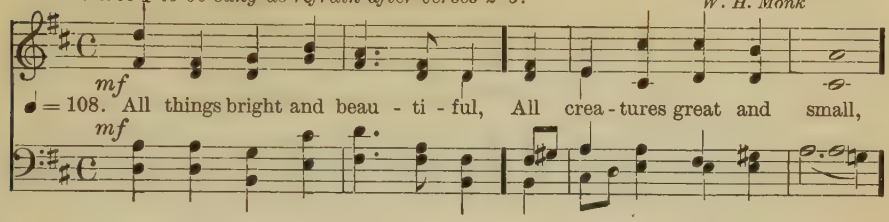


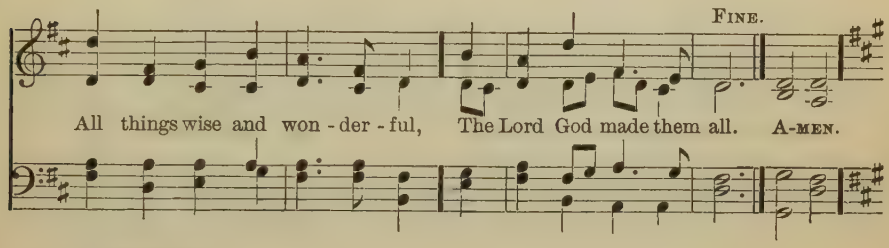
## 358

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

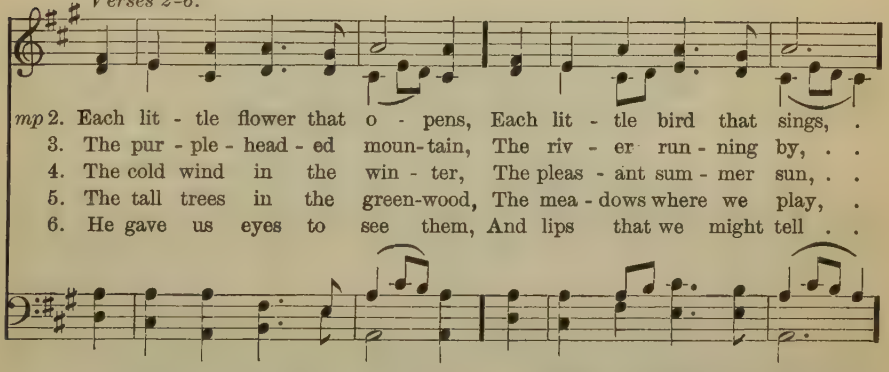
*Verse 1 to be sung as refrain after verses 2–6.*

ALL THINGS BRIGHT
*W. H. Monk*

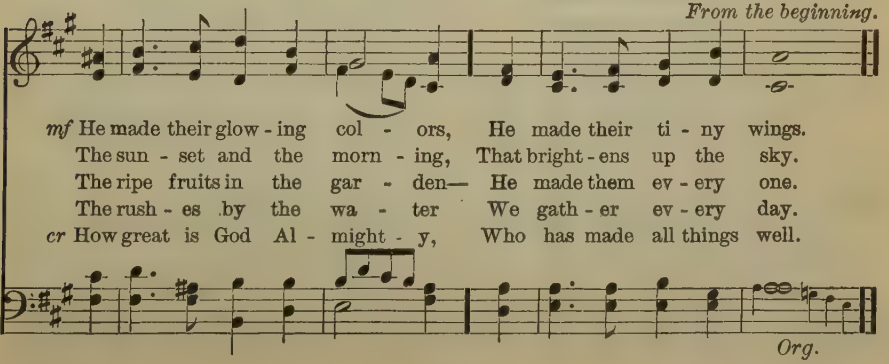



*Verses 2–6.*


mp 2. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
3. The pur - ple - head - ed moun-tain, The riv - er run - ning by,
4. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
5. The tall trees in the green-wood, The mea - dows where we play,
6. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

*From the beginning.*


mf He made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
The sun - set and the morn - ing, That bright - ens up the sky.
The ripe fruits in the gar - den— He made them ev - ery one.
The rush - es by the wa - ter We gath - er ev - ery day.
cr How great is God Al - might - y, Who has made all things well.

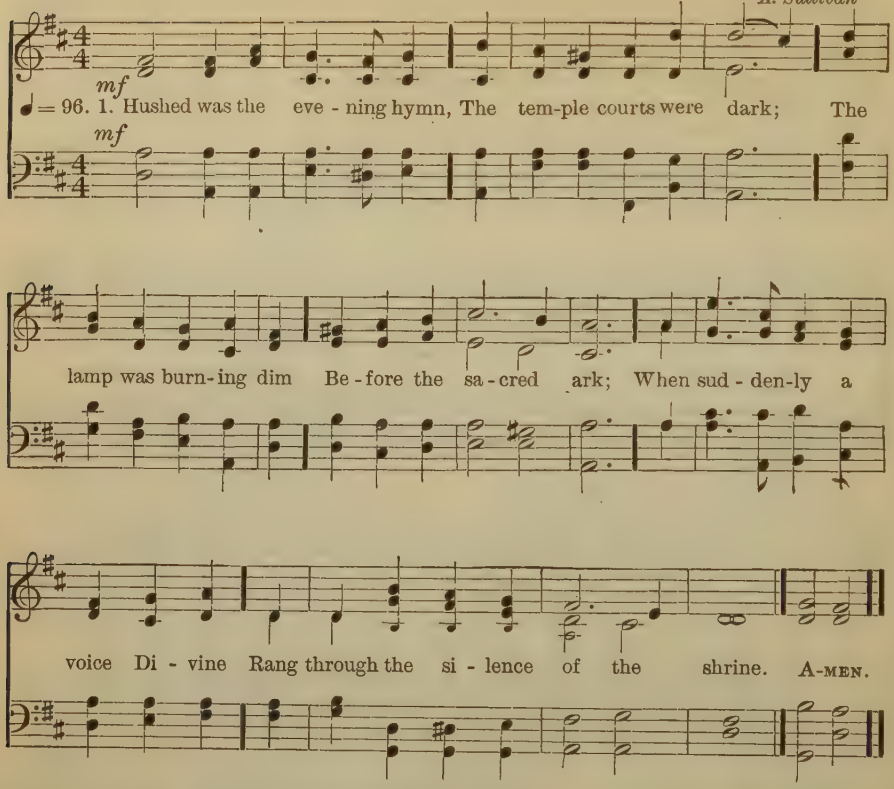
*Org.*

*C. F. Alexander*

359

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SAMUEL
*A. Sullivan*


mf
♩ = 96. 1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The
mf
lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud - den-ly a
voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A-MEN.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

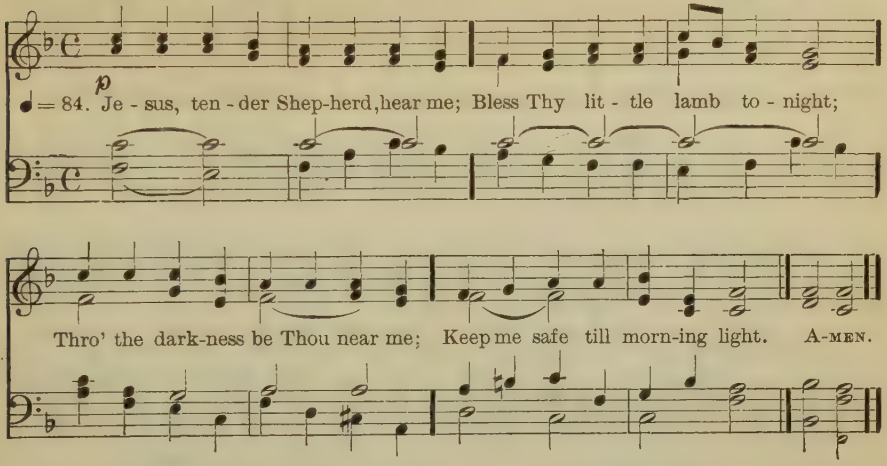
3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like Him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

*J. D. Burns*

**360** (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. EVENING PRAYER *J. Stainer*

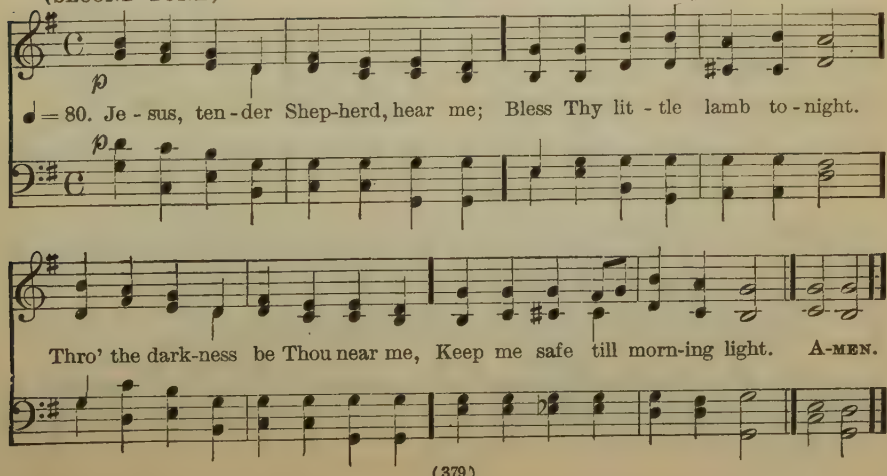

p
♩ = 84. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

*p* 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
*cr* Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

*M. Duncan*

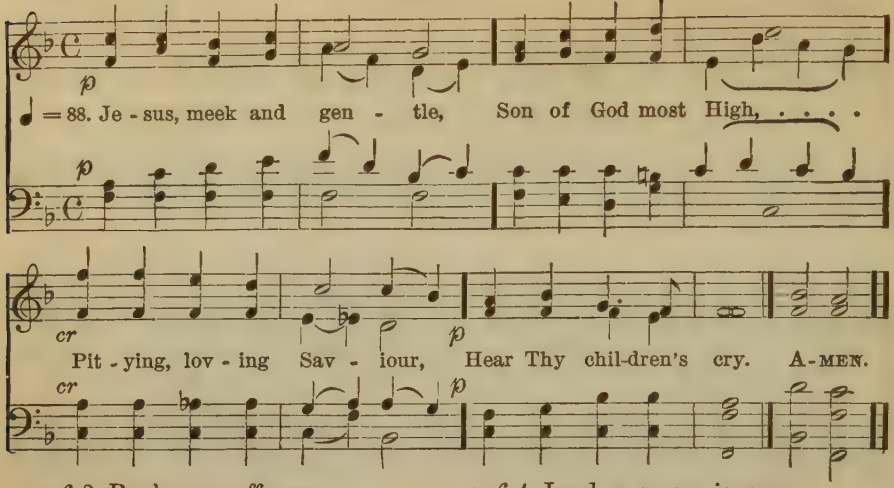
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. BROCKLESBURY *C. A. Barnard*


p
♩ = 80. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night.
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

## 361 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

GENTLE SAVIOUR
*H. deK. Rider*




*mf* 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

*f* 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

*mf* 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

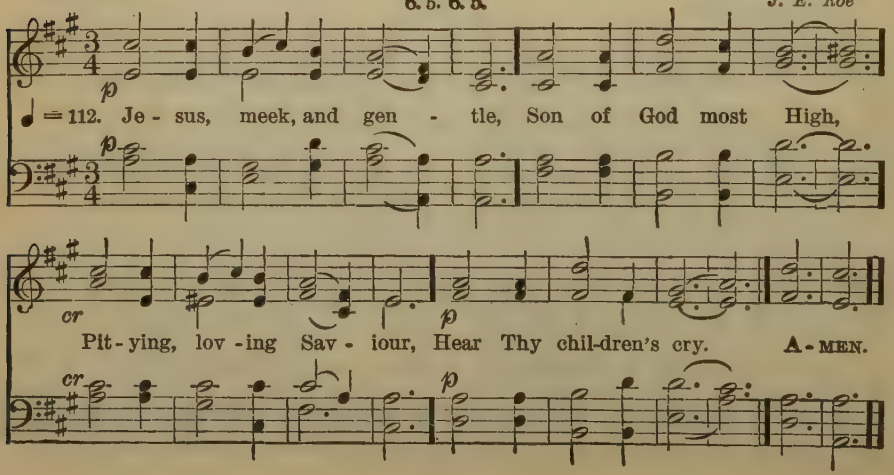
*p* 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
*cr* Pitying, loving Saviour,
*p* Hear Thy children's cry.

*G. R. Prynne*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

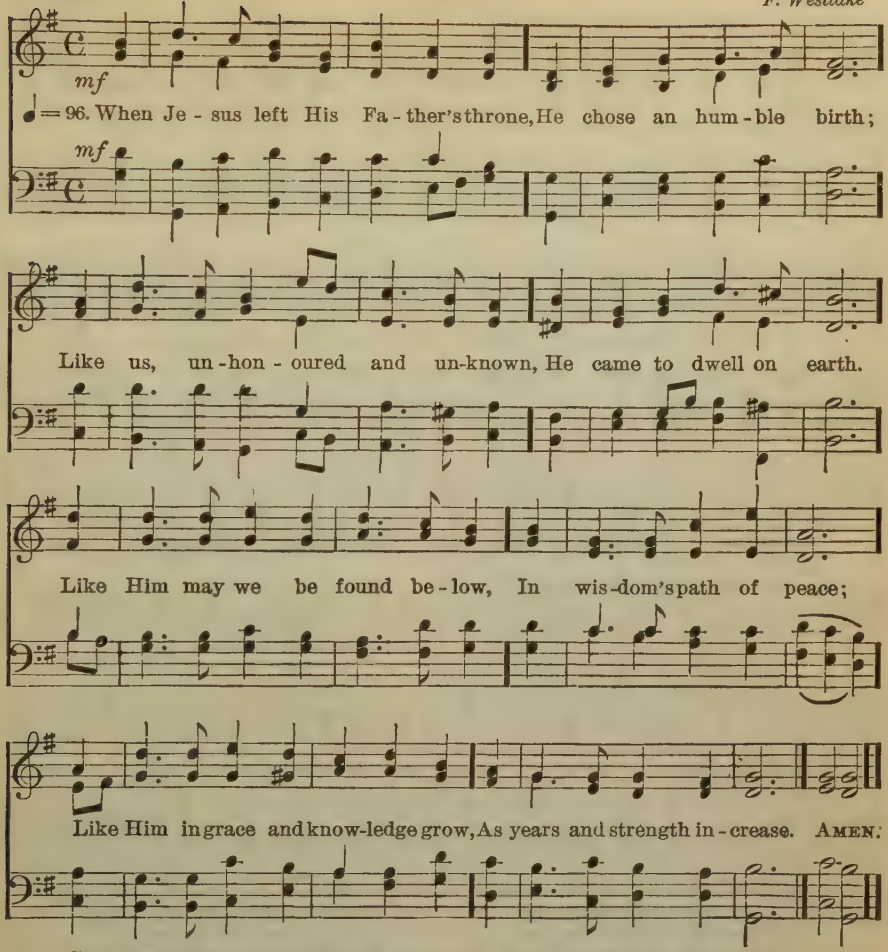
GENTLE JESUS
*J. E. Roe*



362

C. M. D.

ST. URSULA
*F. Westlake*


mf
♩ = 96. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;
mf
Like us, un - hon - oured and un-known, He came to dwell on earth.
Like Him may we be found be - low, In wis-dom's path of peace;
Like Him in grace and know-ledge grow, As years and strength in - crease. AMEN.

*mf* 2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
*p* Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

*mf* 3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
*cr* Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

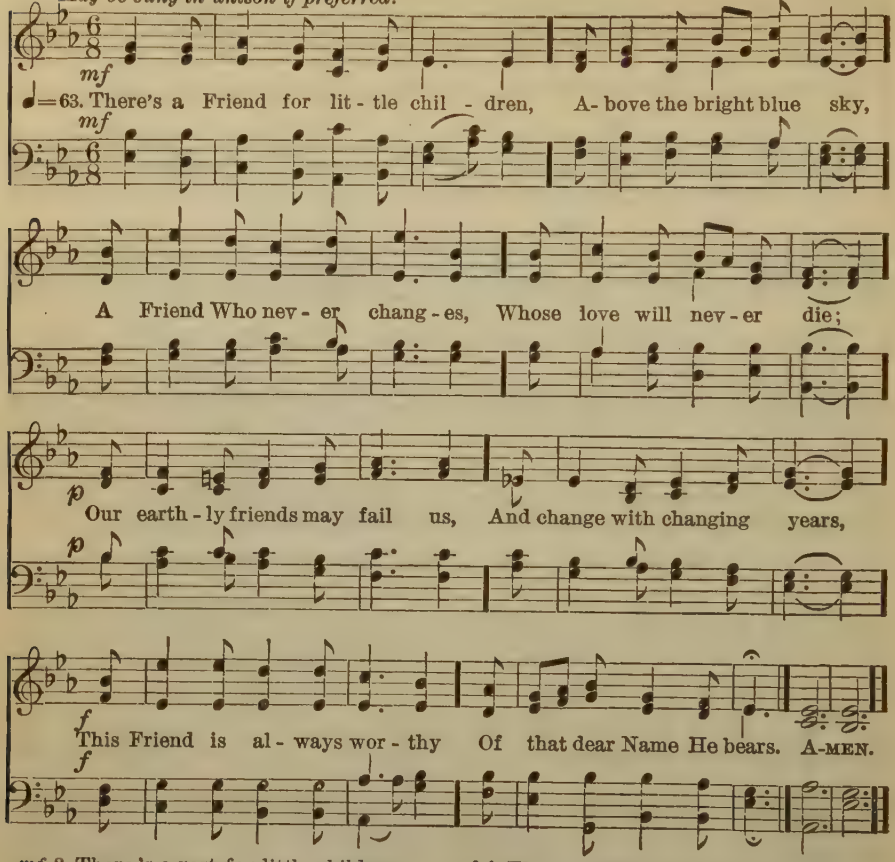
*J. Montgomery*

363

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

EVANGEL
*J. Stainer*

*May be sung in unison if preferred.*


mf
♩=63. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A- bove the bright blue sky,
mf
A Friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
p
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years,
p
f
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
*p* A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

*mf* 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
*f* Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
*mf* No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
*f* For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

*f* 4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
*mf* A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

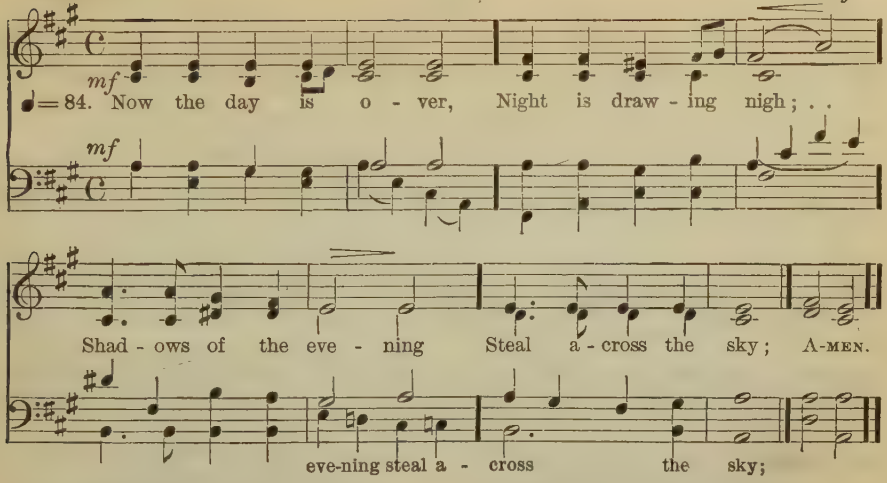
*f* 5 There's a crown for little children
Above tne bright blue sky,
*mf* And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
*p* Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

*A. Midlane*

364

6. 5. 6. 5.

MERRIAL
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩= 84. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; . .
mf
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A-MEN.
eve-ning steal a - cross the sky;

*mf* 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
*p* With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

*cr* 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

*p* 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
*cr* From their sins restrain.

*p* 5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
*cr* Watching round my bed.

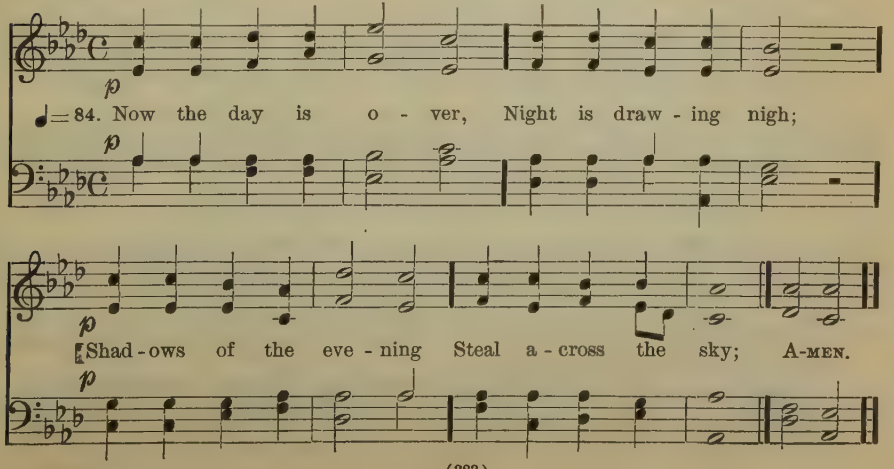
*mf* 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

*S. Baring-Gould*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5.

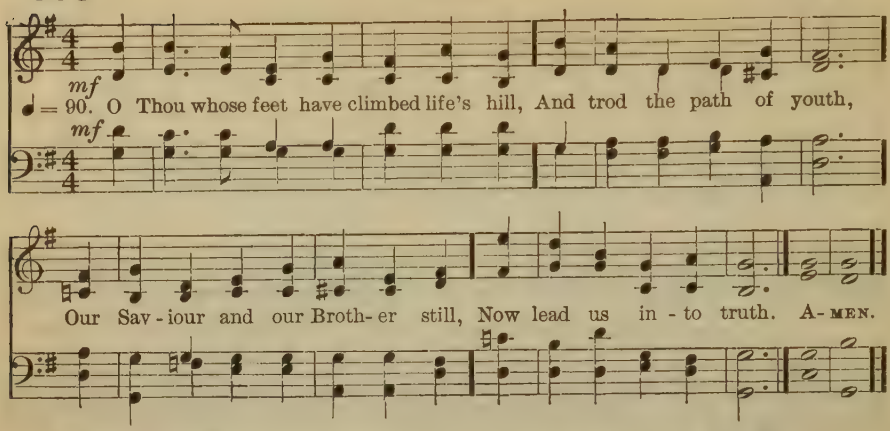
EUDOXIA
*S. Baring-Gould*



## 365

C. M.

LOG COLLEGE
*G. W. Warren*


mf
♩ = 90. O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill, And trod the path of youth,
mf
Our Sav - iour and our Broth- er still, Now lead us in - to truth. A- MEN.

*mf* 2 The call is Thine; be Thou the Way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

3 Who learn of Thee the truth shall find,
Who follow, gain the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

4 Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

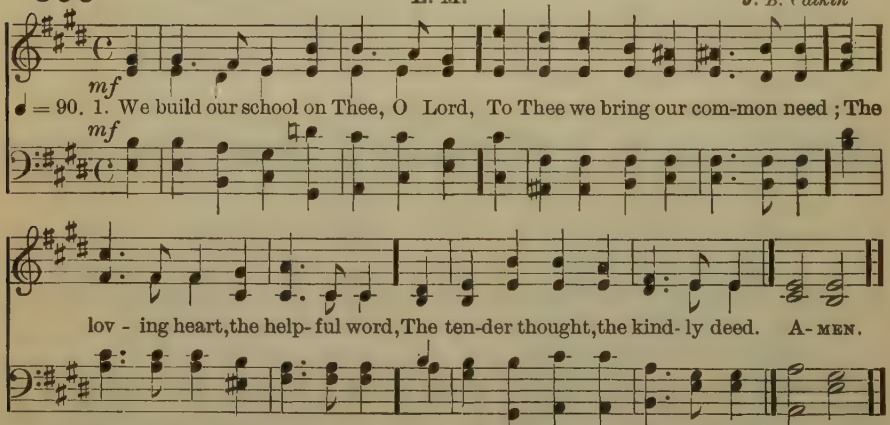
5 Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules,
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

*L. F. Benson*

## 366

L. M.

SEFTON
*J. B. Calkin*


mf
♩ = 90. 1. We build our school on Thee, O Lord, To Thee we bring our com-mon need; The
mf
lov - ing heart, the help- ful word, The ten-der thought, the kind- ly deed. A- MEN.

*mf* 2 We work together in Thy sight,
We live together in Thy love;
Guide Thou our faltering steps aright,
And lift our thought to heaven above.

3 Hold Thou each hand to keep it just,
Touch Thou our lips and make them pure;
If Thou art with us, Lord, we must
Be faithful friends and comrades sure.

4 We change, but Thou art still the same,
The same good Master, Teacher, Friend;
We change; but, Lord, we bear Thy Name,
To journey with it to the end.

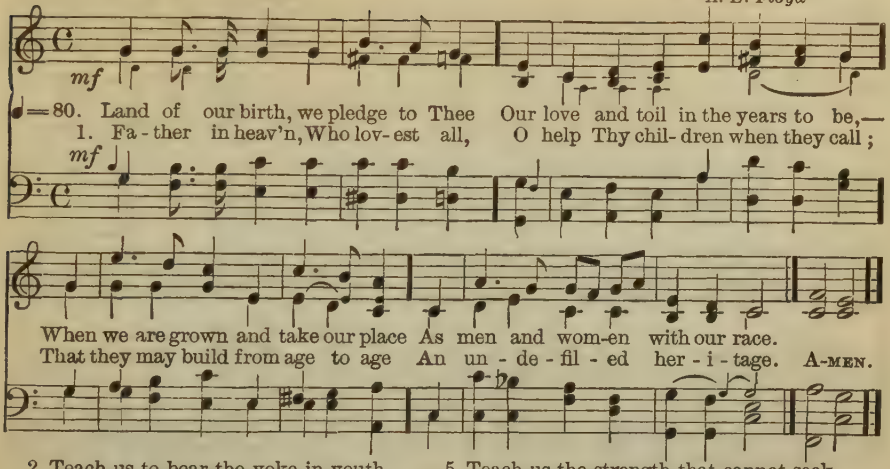
*S. W. Meyer*

## 367 (FIRST TUNE)

*Verses 1 & 8 in unison*

L. M.

LAND OF OUR BIRTH
*A. E. Floyd*


mf
♩=80. Land of our birth, we pledge to Thee Our love and toil in the years to be,—
1. Fa-ther in heav'n, Who lov-est all, O help Thy chil-dren when they call;
When we are grown and take our place As men and wom-en with our race.
That they may build from age to age An un-de-fil-ed her-i-tage. A-MEN.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

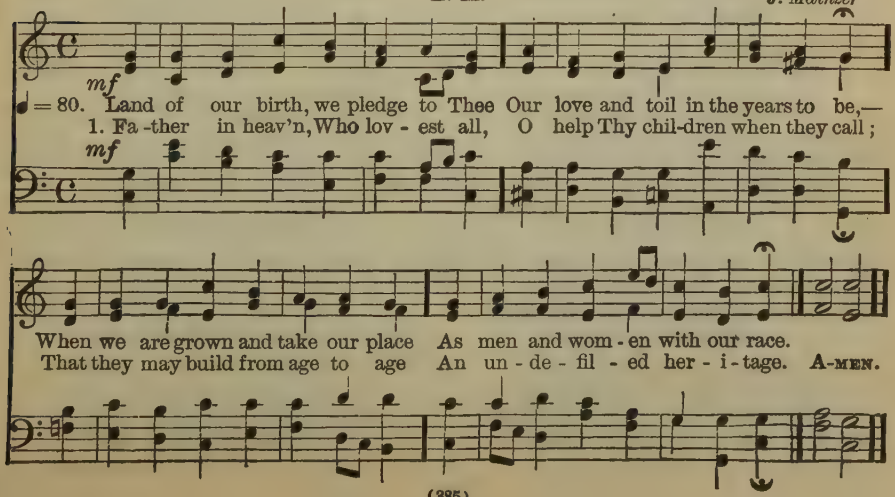
[*Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,*
*For whose dear sake our fathers died;*
*O Motherland, we pledge to thee* [*to be.*]
*Head, heart, and hand through the years*

*R Kipling*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

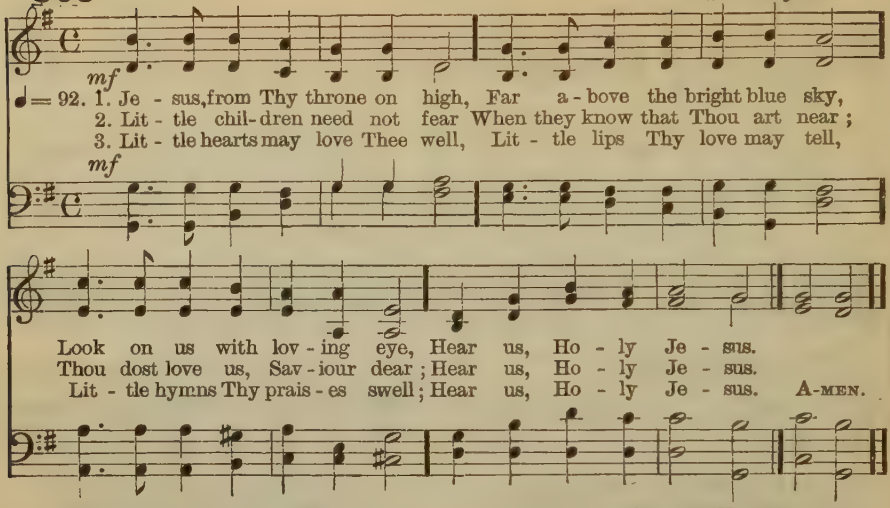
MAINZER
*J. Mainzer*


mf
♩=80. Land of our birth, we pledge to Thee Our love and toil in the years to be,—
1. Fa-ther in heav'n, Who lov-est all, O help Thy chil-dren when they call;
When we are grown and take our place As men and wom-en with our race.
That they may build from age to age An un-de-fil-ed her-i-tage. A-MEN.

# Litany for Children

368 7. 7. 7. 6.

CHILDREN'S LITANY
*W. S. Hoyte*


mf
♩= 92. 1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear When they know that Thou art near;
3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,
mf
Look on us with lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A-MEN.

*mf* 4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mp* 5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
*cr* Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 6 Once a child so good and fair,
*p* Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
*cr* Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*f* 10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
*p* Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
*p* Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 15 Jesus, Son of God most high,
*p* Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*mf* 16 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
*p* Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

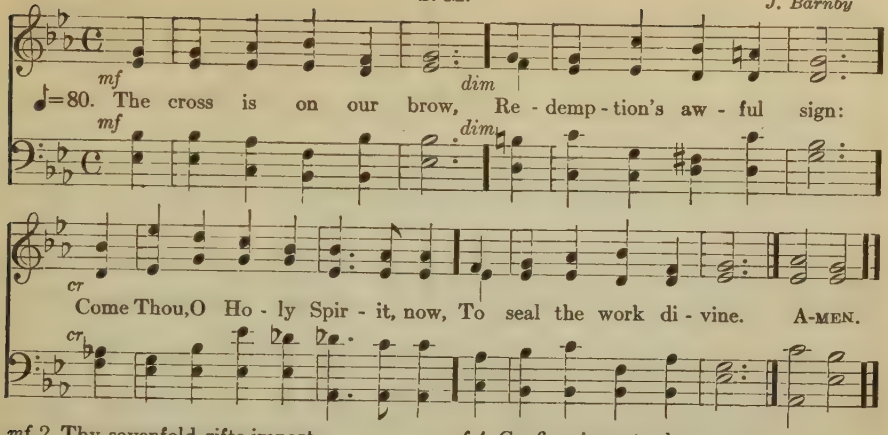
*mf* 17 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*T. B. Pollock*

## 369

S. M.

ST. ANDREW
*J. Barnby*


mf
dim
♩=80. The cross is on our brow, Re - demp - tion's aw - ful sign:
mf
dim
cr
Come Thou, O Ho - ly Spir - it, now, To seal the work di - vine. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

*mf* 3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
*cr* With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

*mf* 4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought:
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,
*dim* Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

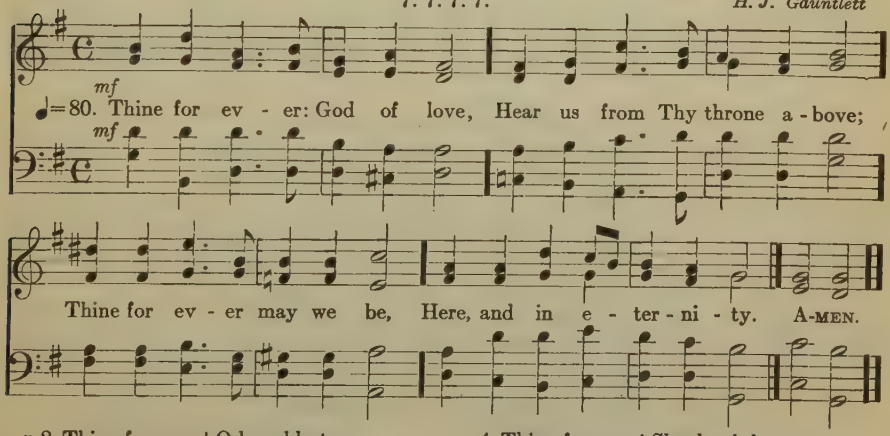
*mf* 5 No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity Divine.

*W. C. Dix*

## 370

7. 7. 7. 7.

EVERMORE
*H. J. Gauntlett*




*p* 2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
*cr* Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

*mf* 3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

*p* 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
*cr* Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.

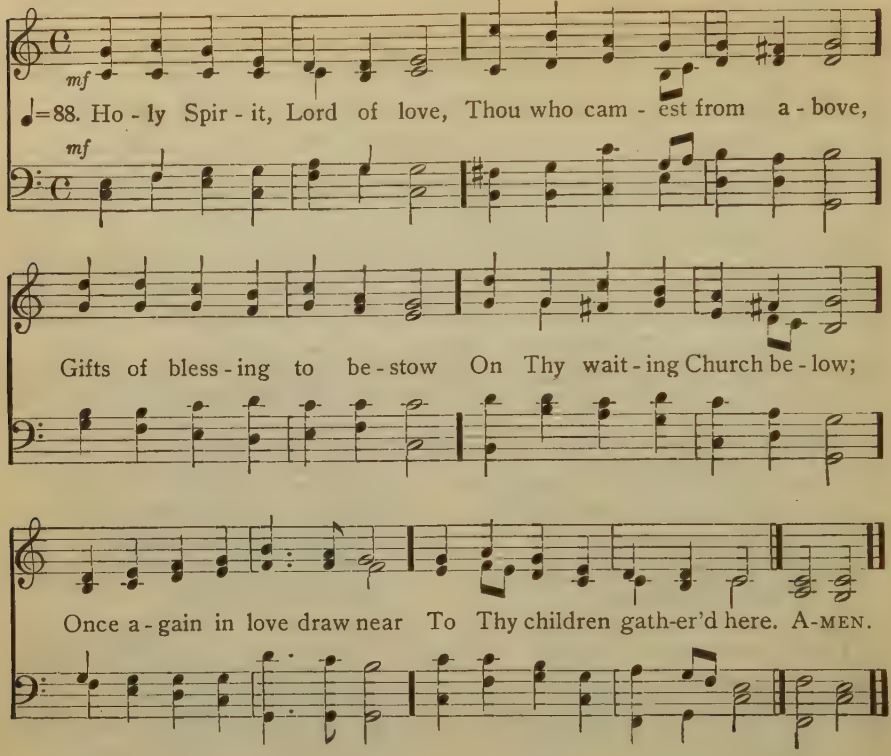
*mf* 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

*M. F. Maude*

371

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

REYNOLDSTONE
*T. R. Matthews*


mf
♩=88. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of love, Thou who cam - est from a - bove,
mf
Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow On Thy wait - ing Church be - low;
Once a - gain in love draw near To Thy children gath-er'd here. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

*mf* 3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

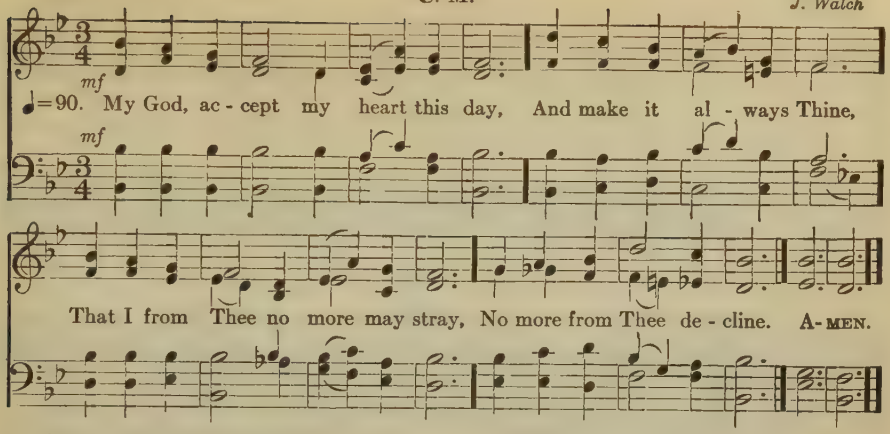
*mp* 4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
*cr* Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
*f* Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home.

*W. D. Maclagan*

## 372

C. M.

SAWLEY
*J. Walch*


mf
♩=90. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Before the cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

*mf* 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
*f* That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

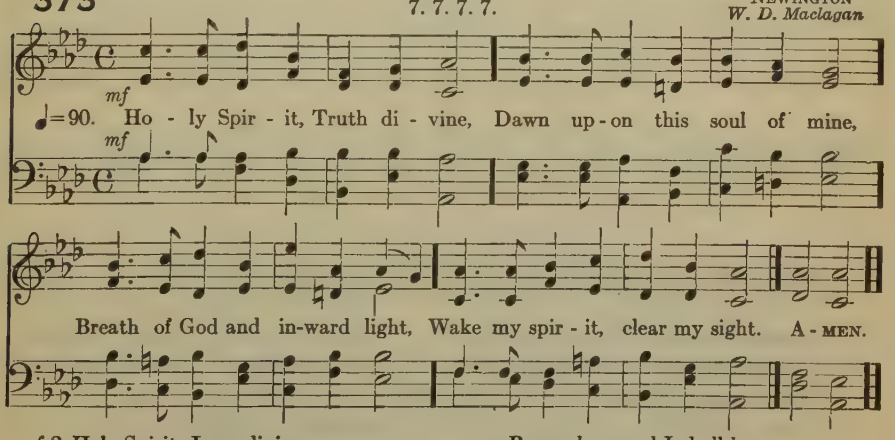
*mf* 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

*M. Bridges*

## 373

7. 7. 7. 7.

NEWINGTON
*W. D. Maclagan*


mf
♩=90. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine,
Breath of God and in-ward light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

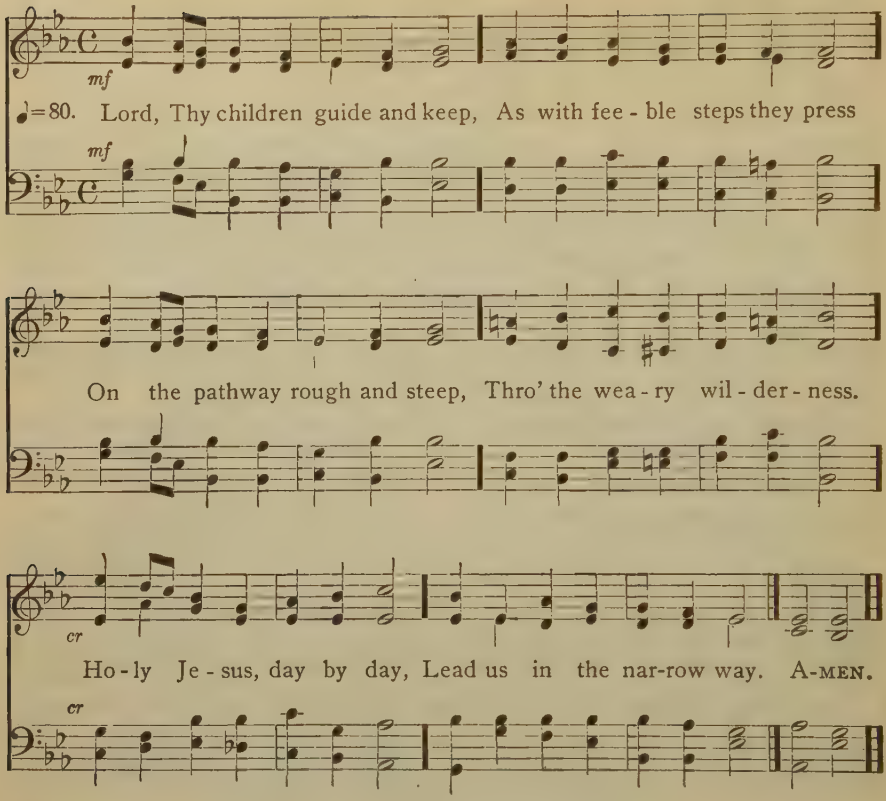
6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

*S. Longfellow*

## 374

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

BREAD OF HEAVEN
*W. D. Maclagan*


mf
♩=80. Lord, Thy children guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press
mf
On the pathway rough and steep, Thro' the wea - ry wil - der - ness.
cr
Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day, Lead us in the nar-row way. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

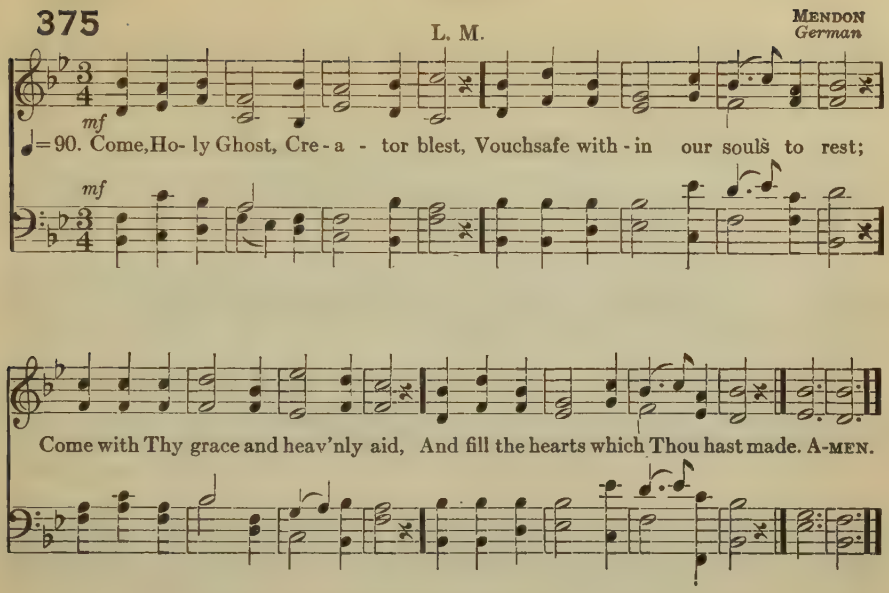
*p* 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
*mf* Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

*mf* 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease,
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

*cr* 5 Upward still to purer heights!
Onward yet to scenes more blest.
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.



*W. W. How*


375
L. M.
MENDON
German
mf
♩=90. Come, Ho- ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouchsafe with - in our souls to rest;
mf
Come with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-MEN.

*p* 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The Fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

*mf* 3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

*mf* 4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

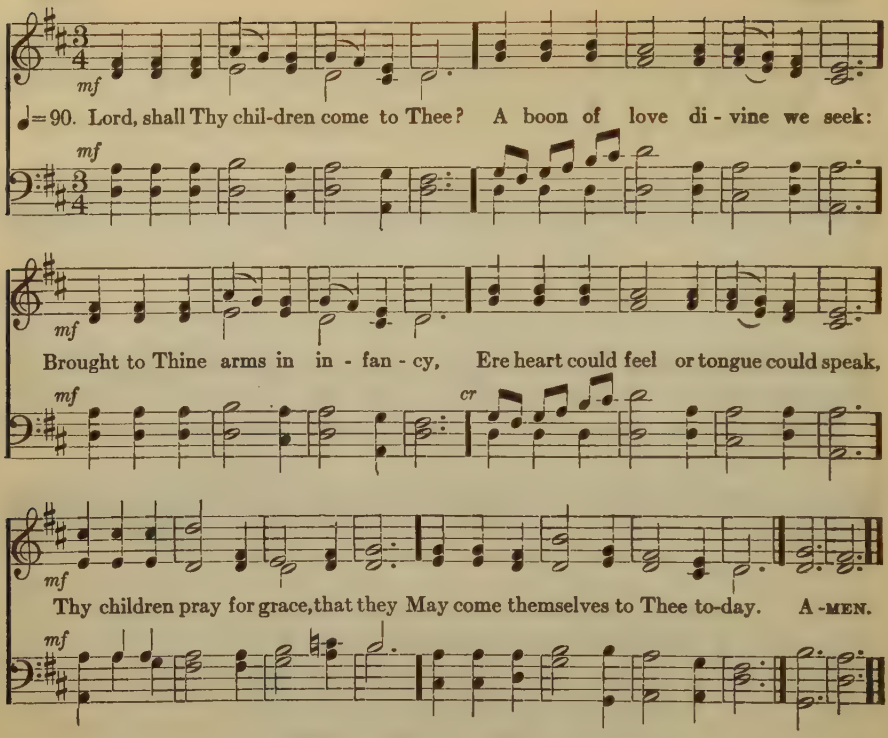
5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

LATIN; TR. *E. Caswall*

376

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

WAVERTREE
*W. Shore*


mf
♩=90. Lord, shall Thy chil-dren come to Thee? A boon of love di - vine we seek:
mf
mf
Brought to Thine arms in in - fan - cy, Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
mf
cr
mf
Thy children pray for grace, that they May come themselves to Thee to-day. A - MEN.
mf

*mf* 2 Lord, shall we come, and come again,
Oft as we see Thy table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread?
Bless Thou, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come—not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?

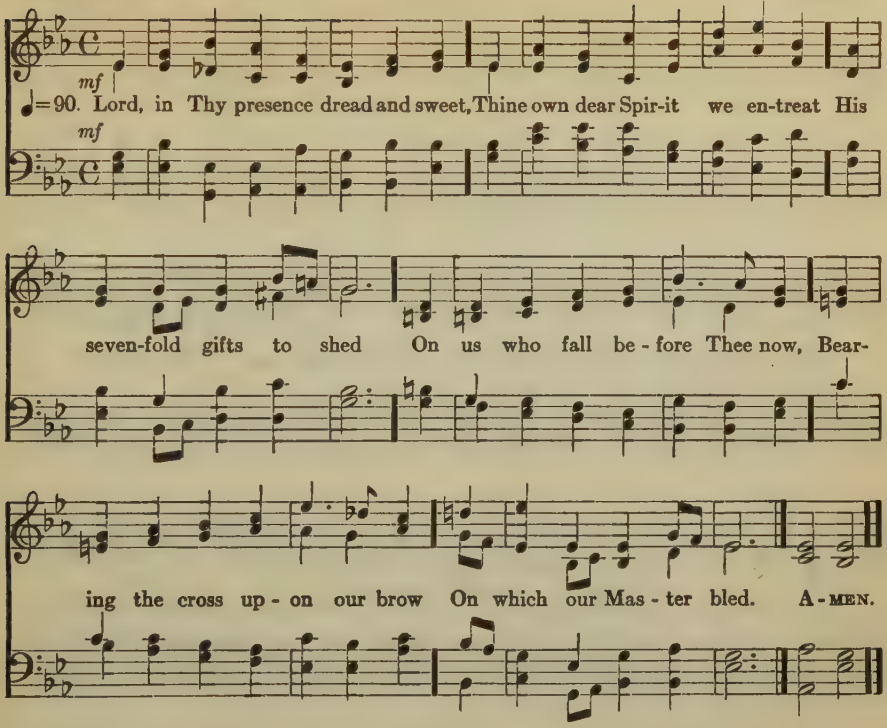
4 Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone, but then—
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

*S. Hind: v 3 H. J. Buckoll*

## 377

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

ESCA VIATORUM
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=90. Lord, in Thy presence dread and sweet, Thine own dear Spir-it we en-treat His
mf
seven-fold gifts to shed On us who fall be - fore Thee now, Bear-
ing the cross up - on our brow On which our Mas - ter bled. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities,
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true!
Our souls with holy light endue
To seek the things above.

3 Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
Teach us by earthly struggles tried
Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us free from sin.

4 Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In Thine own path secure and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where Thou our Guardian true
Spirit of gentle Piety! [shalt be,
To keep us close to God.

5 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!
In our hearts' inmost shrine:
Our souls with loving reverence fill,
To worship His most holy will,
All righteous and divine.

6 So, dearest Lord, through peace or
Lead us to everlasting life, [strife,
Where only rest may be.
*cr* What matter where our lot is cast,
If only it may end at last
In Paradise with Thee!

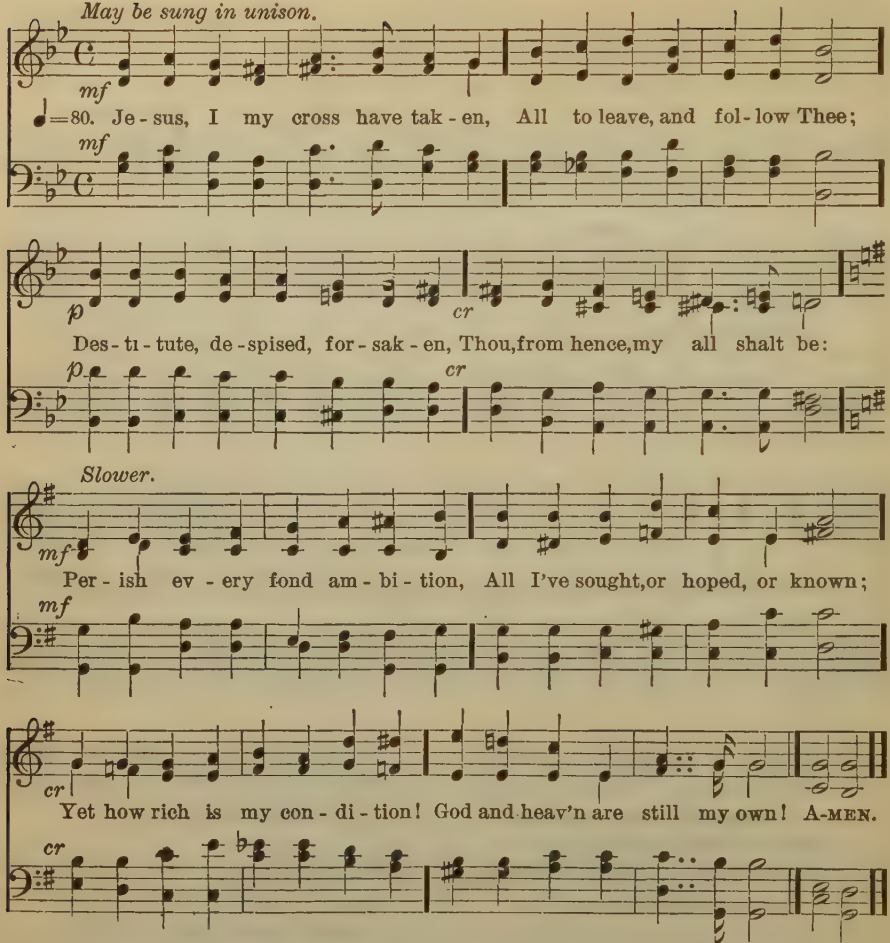
*Anon.*

## 378 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

St. Polycarp
*J. Barnby*

*May be sung in unison.*


mf
♩=80. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
p
cr
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Slower.
mf
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
cr
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own! A-MEN.

*p* 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
*cr* Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
*mf* O 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

*mf* 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
*cr* Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
*p* Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
*cr* What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

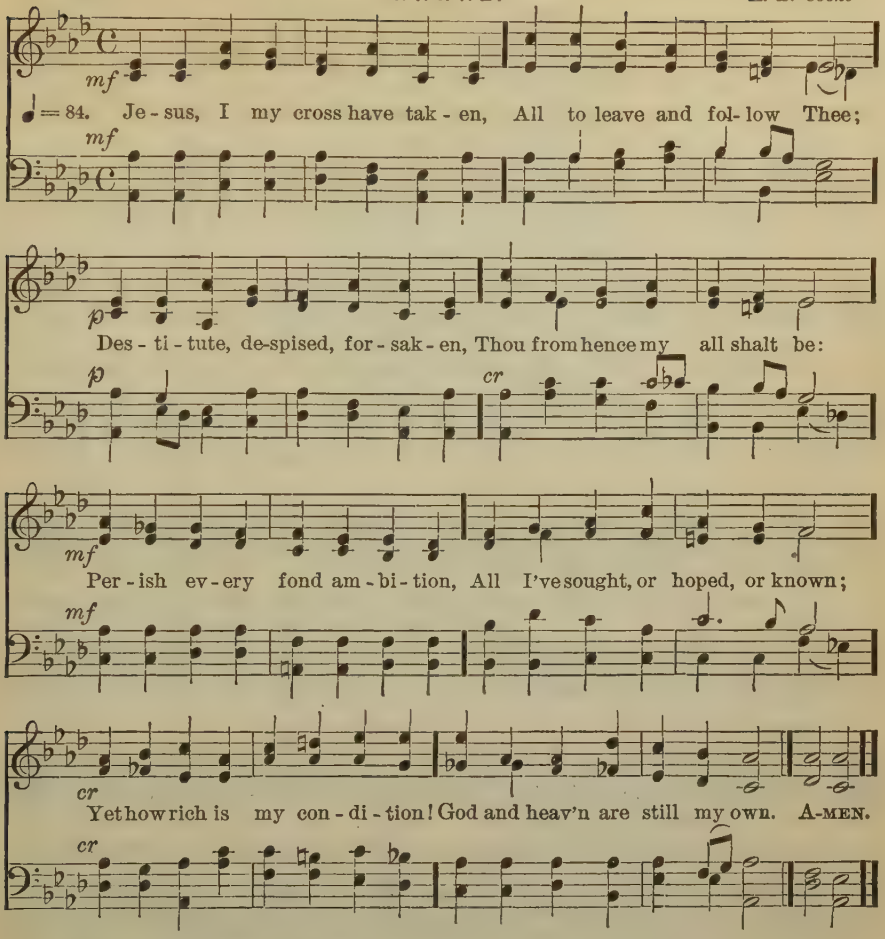
*f* 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
*mp* Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
*cr* Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*H. F. Lyte*

## 378 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. IGNATIUS
*H. E. Cooke*


mf
♩ = 84. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
mf
p
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
p
cr
mf
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
mf
cr
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
*cr* Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
*mf* O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

*mf* 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
*cr* Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
*p* Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
*cr* What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

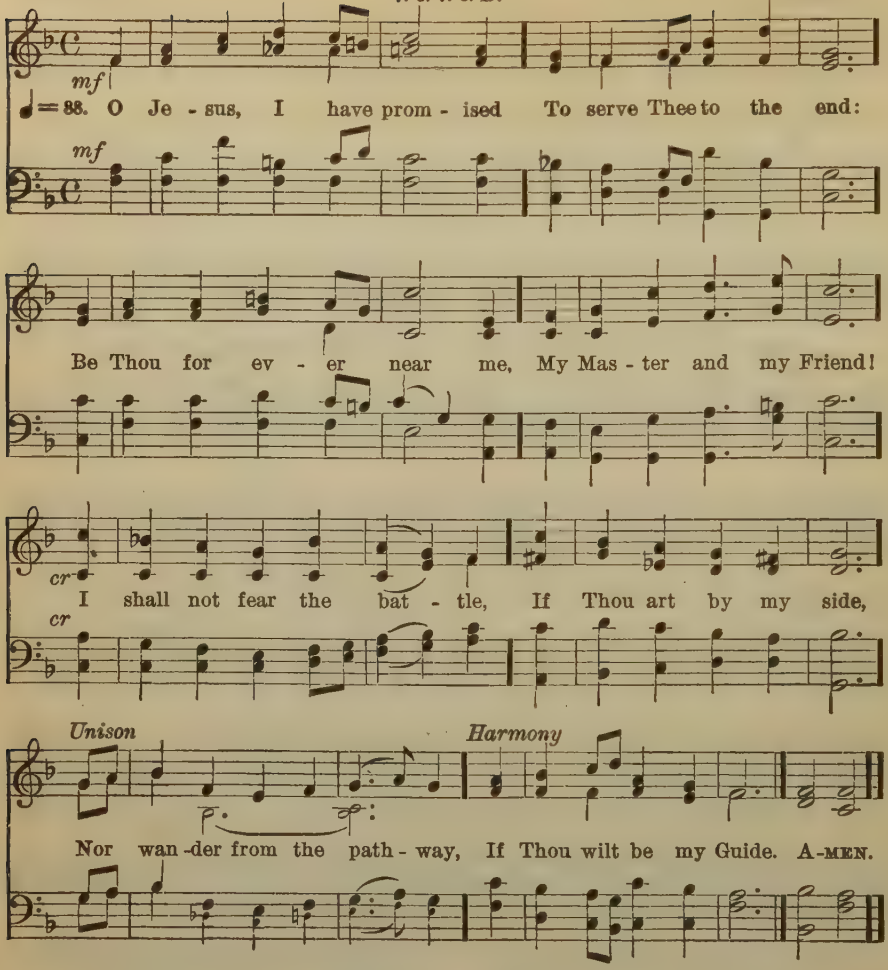
*f* 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
*mp* Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
*cr* Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*H. F. Lyte*

379

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

DAY OF REST
*J. W. Elliott*


mf
♩= 88. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end:
mf
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
cr
I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
cr
Unison
Harmony
Nor wan-der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
*p* My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
*cr* But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

*p* 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
*mf* O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
*cr* O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

*mf* 4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
*cr* And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
*p* O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

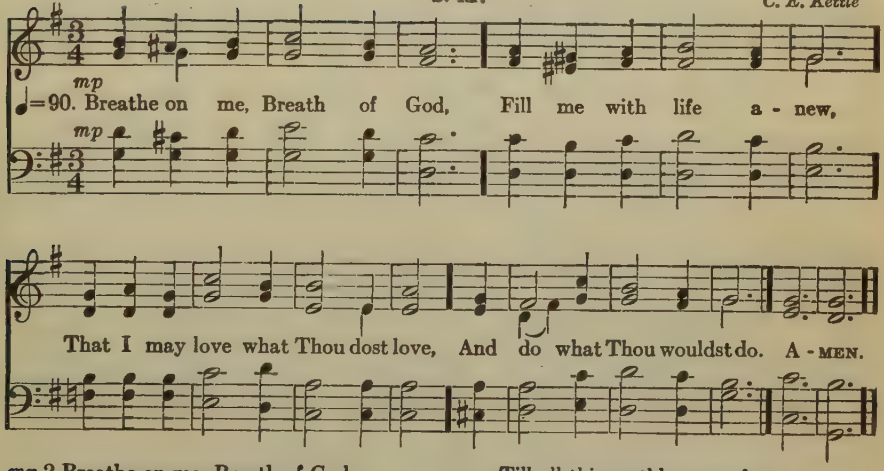
*p* 5 O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
*cr* O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
*f* At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

*John E. Bode, 1869*

## 380

S. M.

WOOLWICH
*C. E. Kettle*


mp
♩=90. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
mp
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

*mf* 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

*E. Hatch*

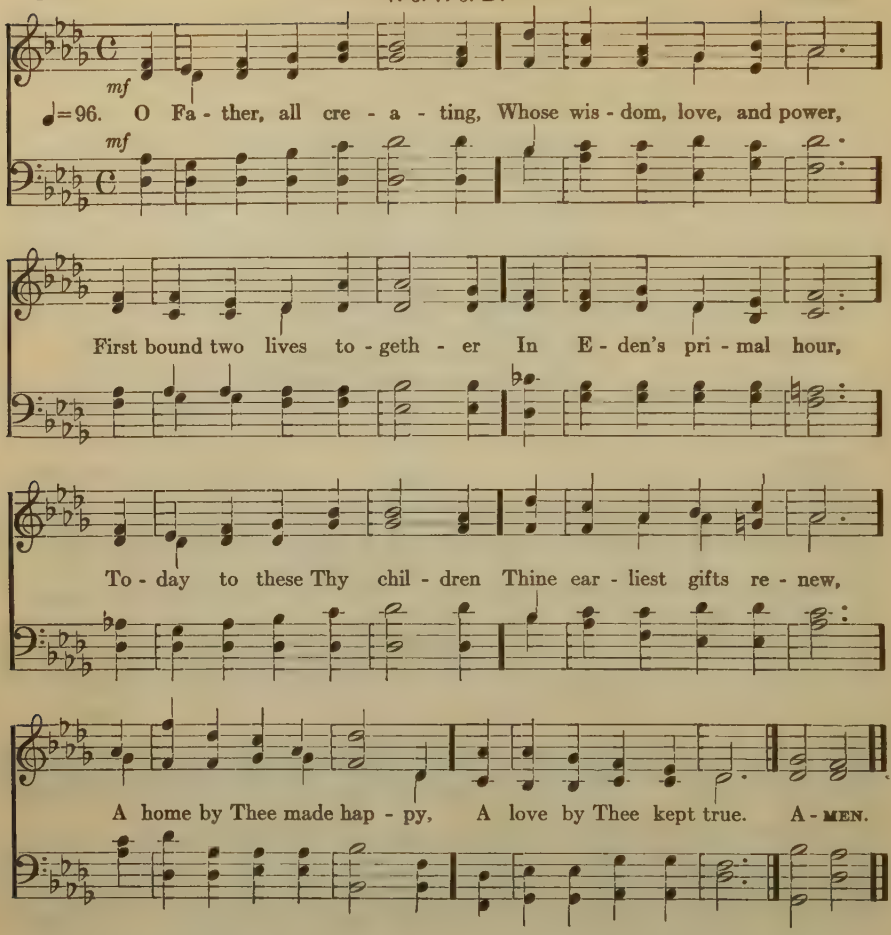
*Also the following*

117 He who would valiant be
211 My faith looks up to Thee
525 I bind unto myself to-day
535 Go forward, Christian soldier

# Holy Matrimony

**381** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

BENTLEY
*J. Hullah*


mf
♩=96. O Fa - ther, all cre - a - ting, Whose wis - dom, love, and power,
mf
First bound two lives to - geth - er In E - den's pri - mal hour,
To - day to these Thy chil - dren Thine ear - liest gifts re - new,
A home by Thee made hap - py, A love by Thee kept true. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

*mp* 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

*mf* 4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But naught can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

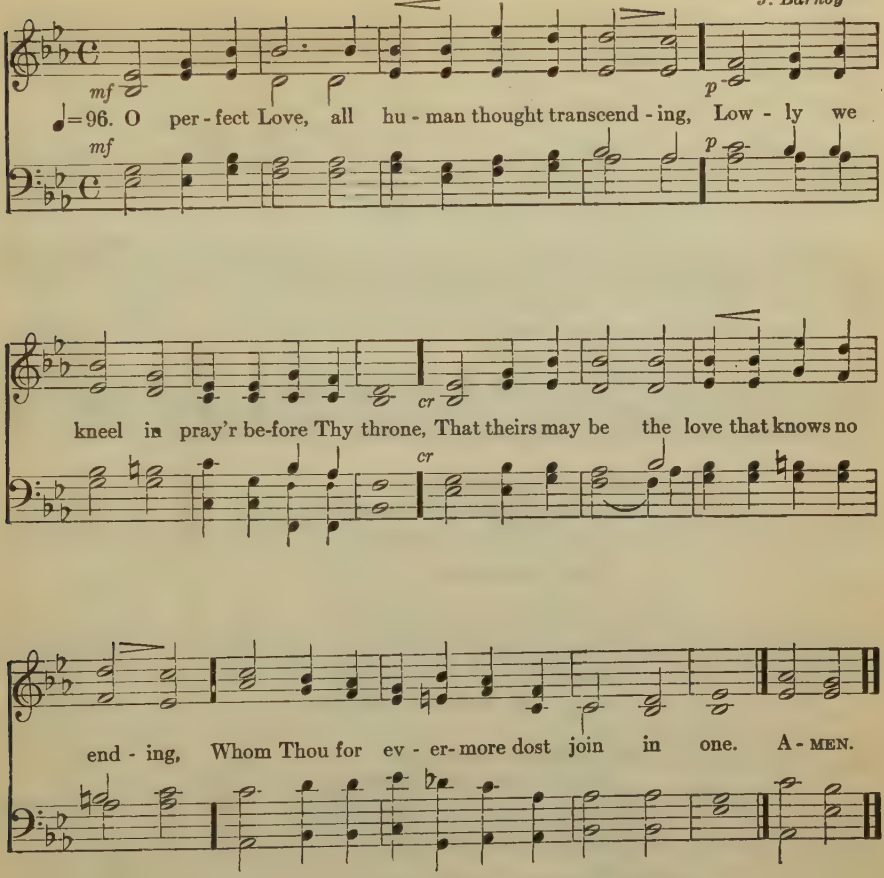


*J Ellerton*

382

11. 10. 11. 10.

SANDRINGHA
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩=96. O per-fect Love, all hu-man thought transcend-ing, Low-ly we
p
kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love that knows no
cr
end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-MEN.

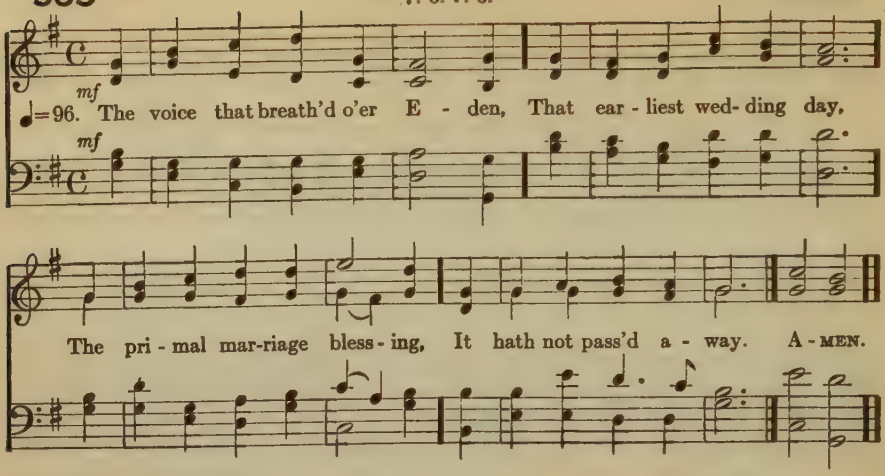
*mf* 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

*cr* 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
*p* Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife
*f* And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

*D. F. Gurney*

**383** 7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. ALPHEGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
♩=96. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed- ding day,
mf
The pri - mal mar-riage bless - ing, It hath not pass'd a - way. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, aweful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

*mp* 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

*mf* 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

*cr* 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

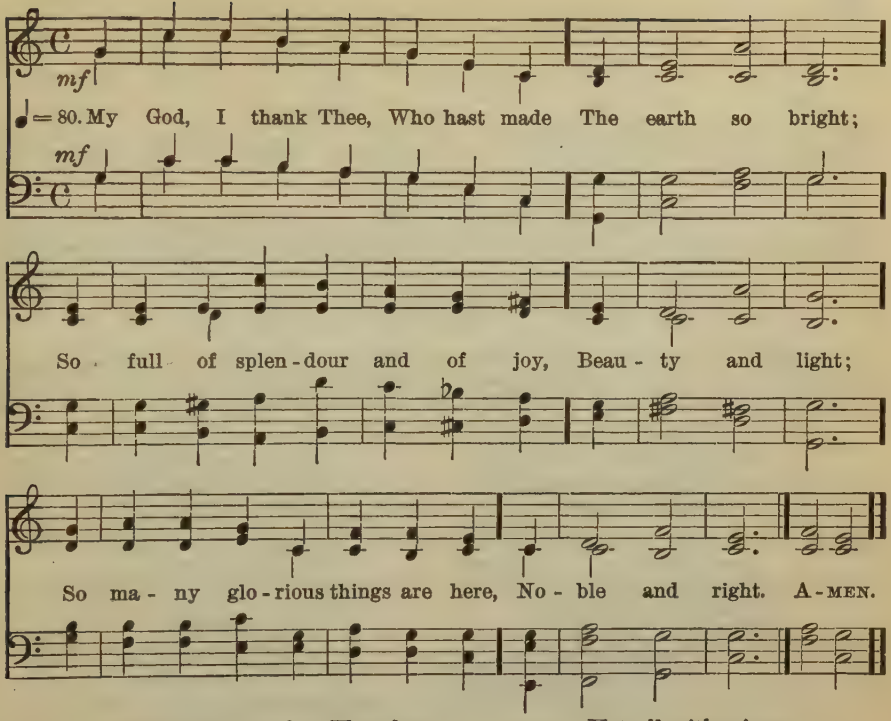
 *J. Keble*

# Visitation

384

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

WENTWORTH
*F. C. Maker*


mf
♩ = 80. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
mf
So full of splen-dour and of joy, Beau-ty and light;
So ma-ny glo-rious things are here, No-ble and right. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast
Joy to abound; [made
So many gentle thoughts and
Circling us round. [deeds
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

*mf* 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
*p* That shadows fall on brightest
That thorns remain; [hours;
*mf* So that earth's bliss may be our
And not our chain. [guide,

*p* 4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
*cr* So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

*f* 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou
The best in store; [hast kept
*mf* We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

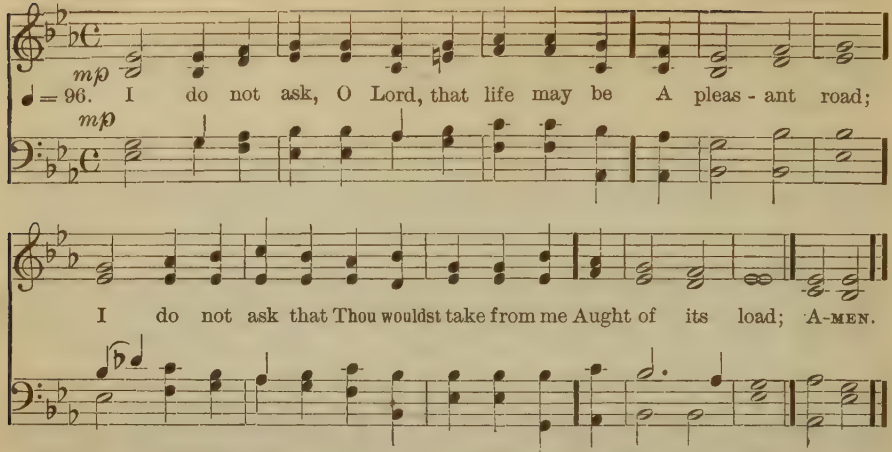
*mf* 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
Though amply blest, [souls,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
*p* Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

*A. A. Procter*

## 385 (FIRST TUNE)

10. 4. 10. 4.

SUBMISSION
*A. L. Peace*




*mf* 2 I do not ask that flowers should always
Beneath my feet; [spring
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

*mf* 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
Lead me aright, [plead:
*p* Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed,
*cr* Through peace to light.

*mf* 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
Full radiance here; [shed
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

*mp* 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
*cr* Better in darkness just to feel Thy
hand,
And follow Thee.

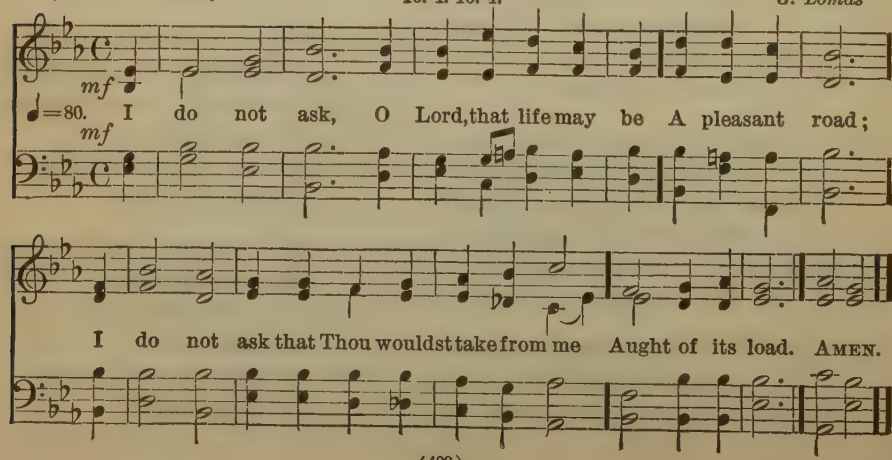
*mf* 6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
*p* Like quiet night.
*cr* Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

*A. A. Procter*

(SECOND TUNE)

10. 4. 10. 4.

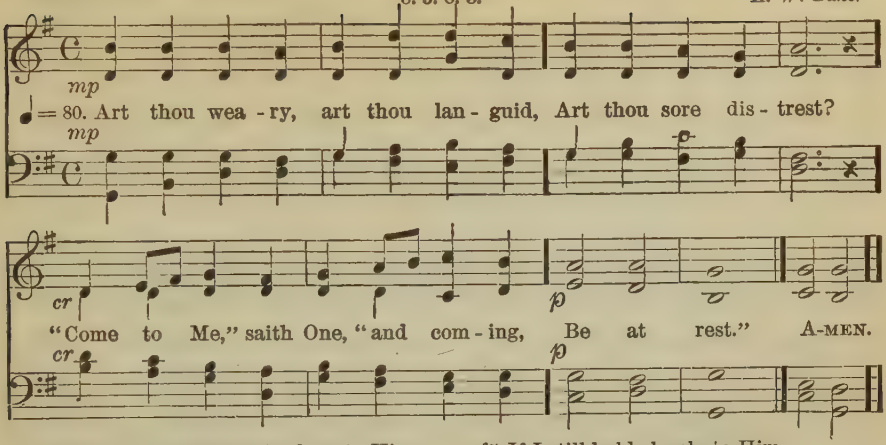
SUBMISSION
*G. Lomas*



## 386 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 5. 8. 3.

STEPHANOS
*H. W. Baker*




*mf* 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
*p* "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

*mf* 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
*p* But of thorns."

*mf* 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
*p* "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

*mf* 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
*cr* "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

*mf* 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
*cr* "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

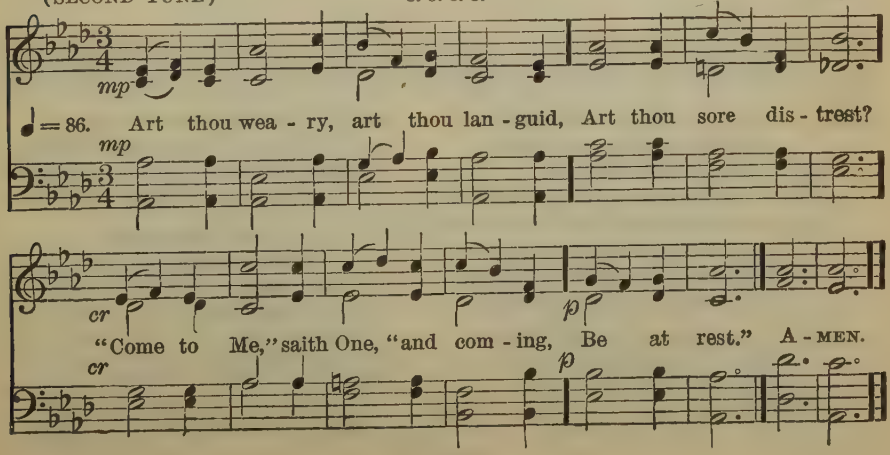
*mf* 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
*cr* Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, "Yes."

*J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 5. 8. 3.

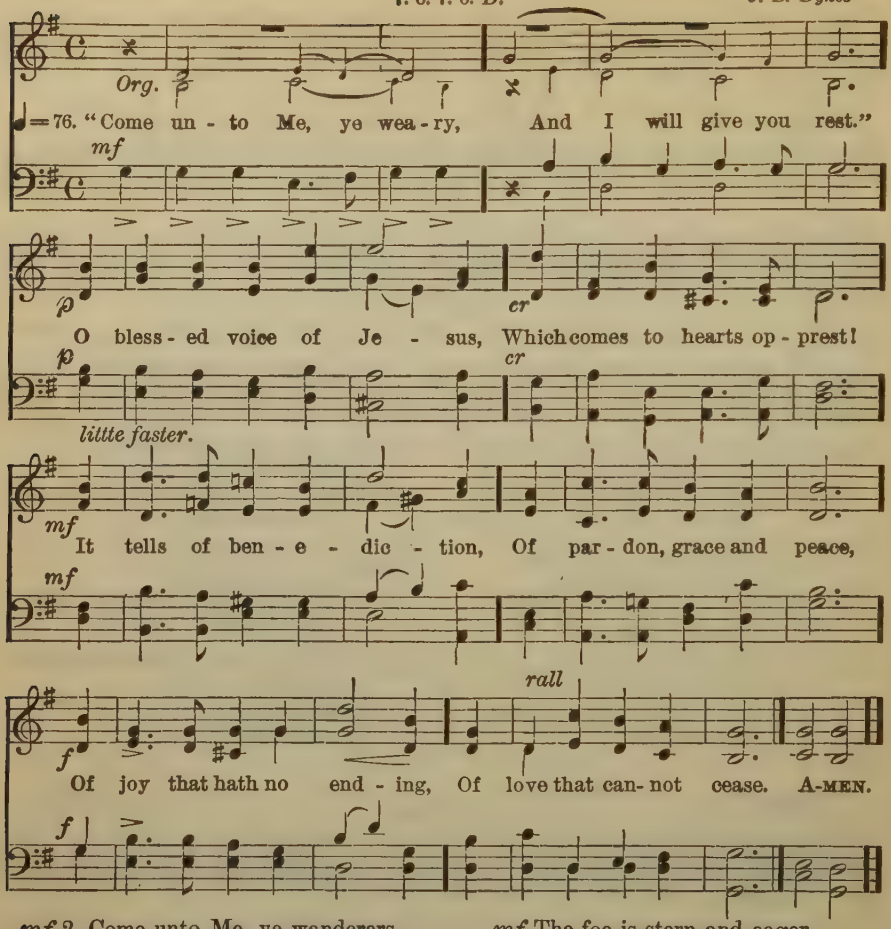
GENEVA
*E. W. Bullinger*



## 387 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

COME UNTO ME
*J. B. Dykes*


Org.
♩=76. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
mf
p
cr
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
p
cr
little faster.
mf
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
mf
rall
f
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can- not cease. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
*p* O loving voice of Jesus,
*cr* Which comes to cheer the night!
*p* Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
*f* But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

*mf* 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
*cr* Which comes to aid our strife!
*mf* The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
*f* But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

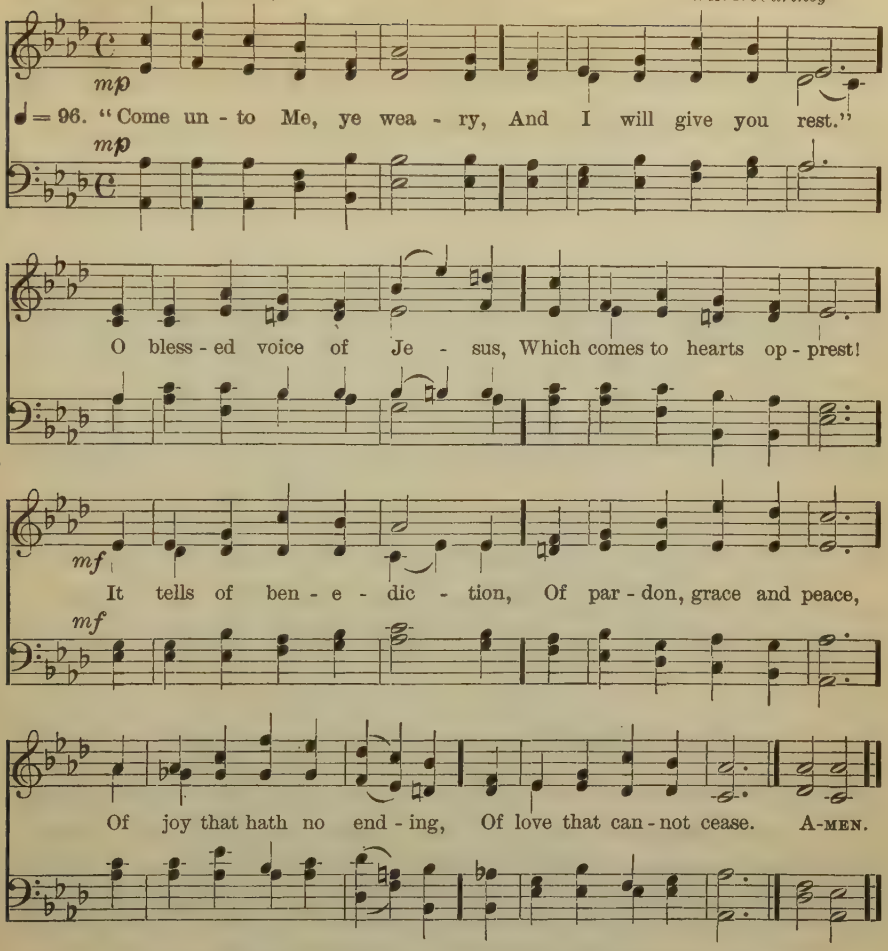
*mf* 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
*cr* Which drives away our doubt!
*mf* Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
*cr* Of love so free and boundless,
*p* To come, O Lord, to Thee.

*W. C. Dix*

## 387 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

JESU DILECTISSIME
*R. H. McCartney*


mp
♩ = 96. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
mp
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
mf
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
mf
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
*mf* But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

*mp* 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
*mf* But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

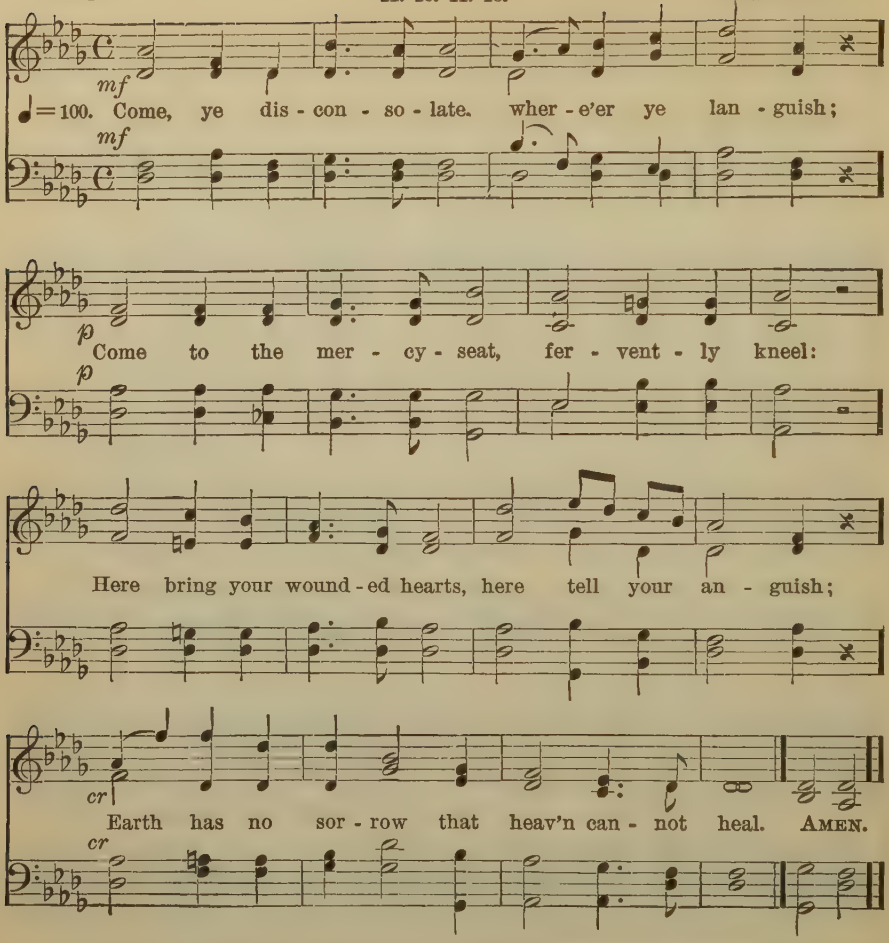
4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
*cr* Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

*W. C. Dix*

388

11. 10. 11. 10.

CONSOLATION
*S. Webbe*

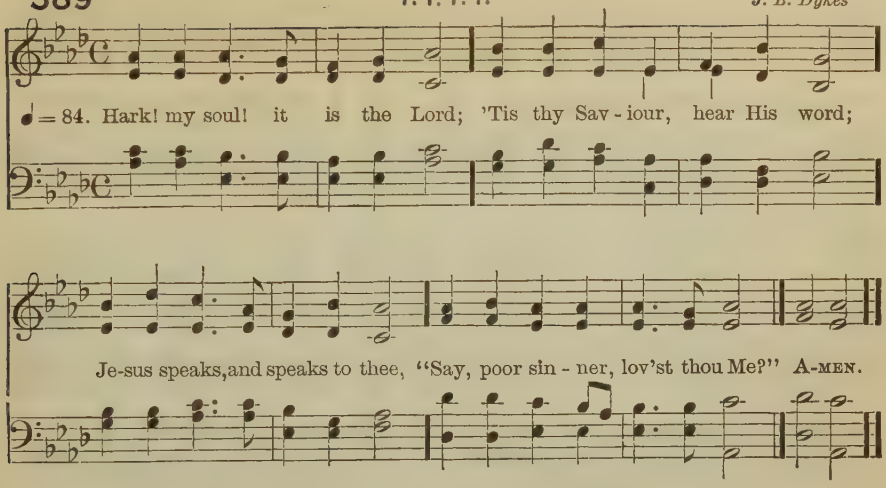

mf
♩=100. Come, ye dis - con - so - late. wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
mf
p
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:
p
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
cr
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. AMEN.
cr

*f* 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
*p* Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
*cr* "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

*mf* 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
*cr* Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

*T. Moore*

389 7.7.7.7. ST. BEES J. B. Dykes


♩ = 84. Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;
Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?" A-MEN.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

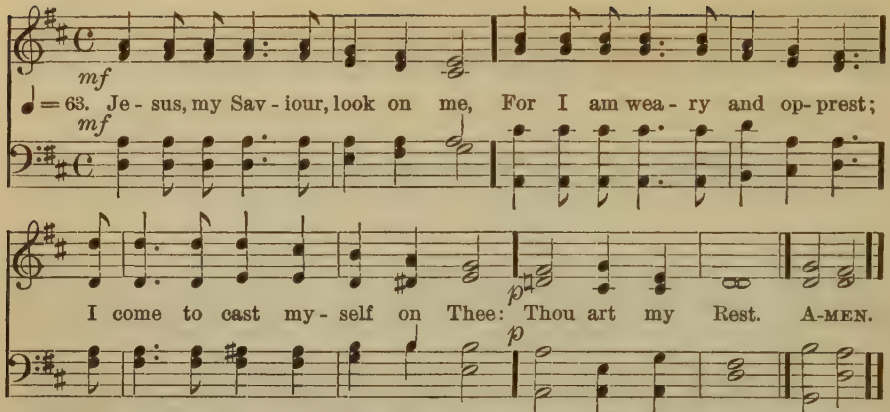
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

*William Cowper*

## 390 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

HANFORD
*A. S. Sullivan*




*mf* 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
*cr* Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

*p* 3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
*cr* O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

*p* 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; (*cr*) my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
*p* Thou art my Peace.

*p* 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
*f* Thou art my Life.

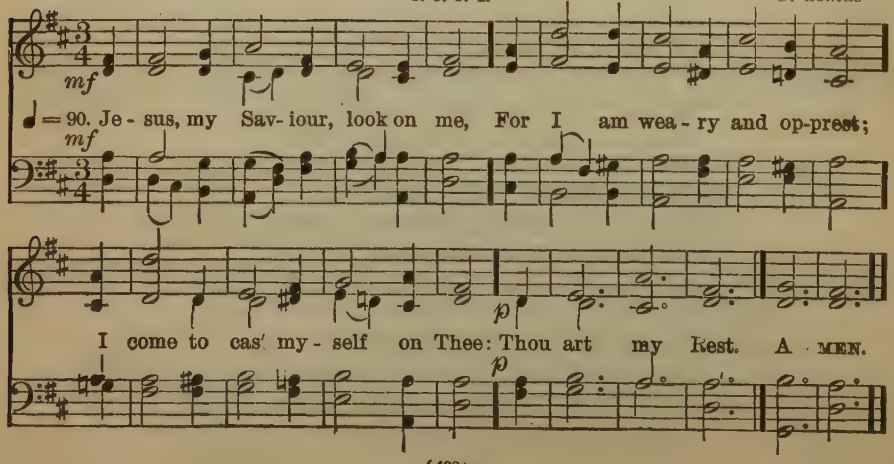
*mf* 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
*f* Thou art my All.

*C. Elliott*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

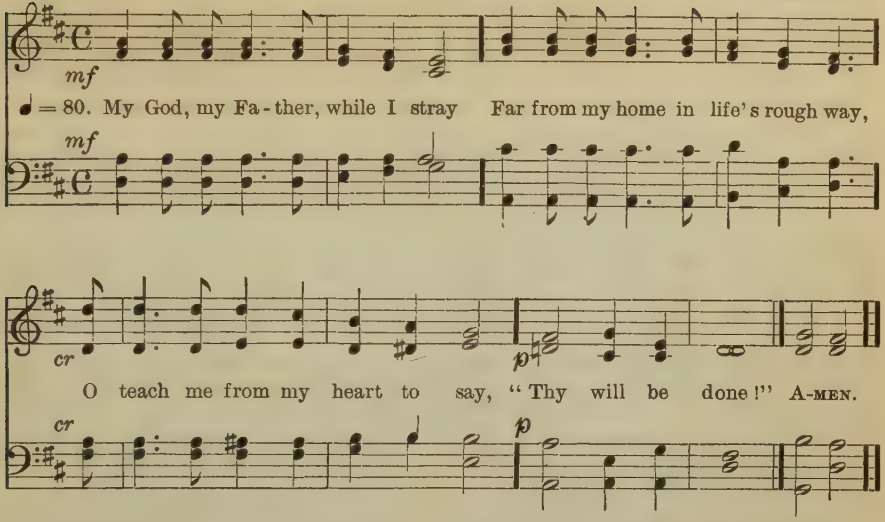
SOUTHPORT
*G. Lomas*



## 391 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

HANFORD
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩ = 80. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
mf
cr
p
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.
cr
p

*p* 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
*cr* Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
*p* "Thy will be done!"

*p* 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

*p* 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

*mp* 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
*p* "Thy will be done!"

*mf* 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
*p* "Thy will be done!"

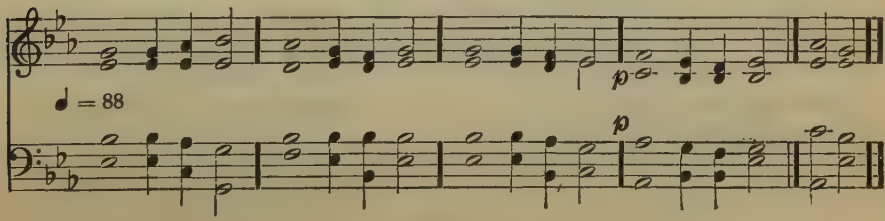
*mp* 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
*cr* I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

*C. Elliott*

(SECOND TUNE)

CHANT

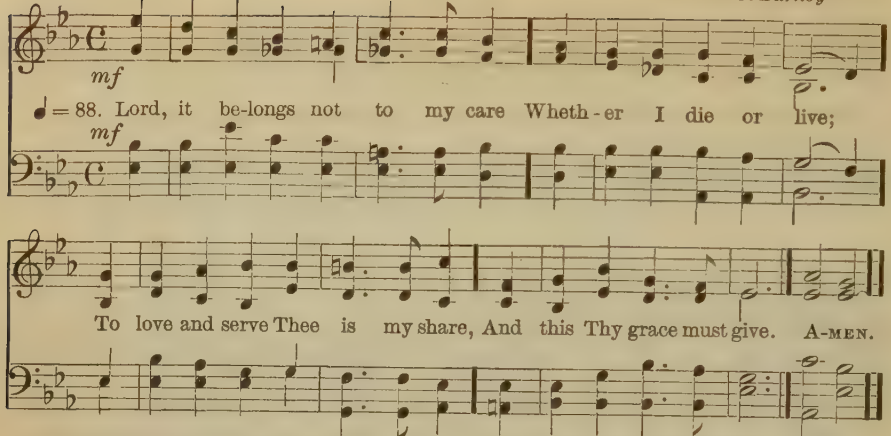
TROYTE
*A. H. D. Troyte*



## 392

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY
*J. Barnby*




*mf* 2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
*mp* If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

*mp* 3 Christ leads me thro' no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

*mf* 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see: [meet
*cr* For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

*mf* 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
*f* And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

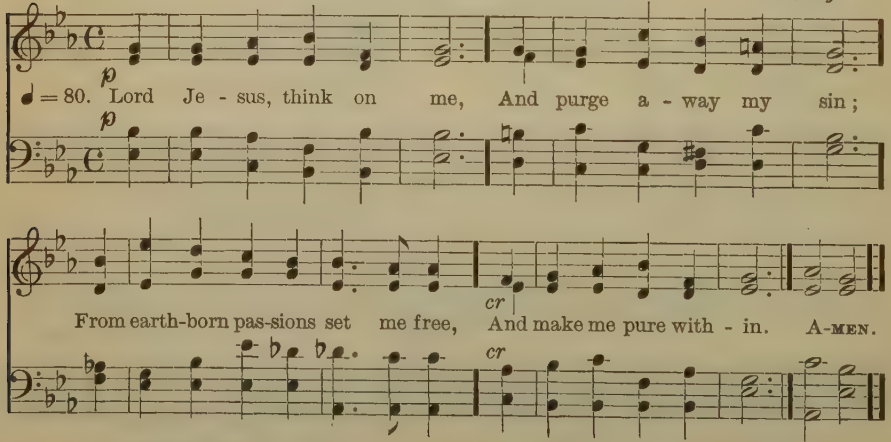
*p* 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
*cr* But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
*f* And I shall be with Him.

*R. Baxter*

## 393

S. M.

ST. ANDREW
*J. Barnby*




*mf* 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

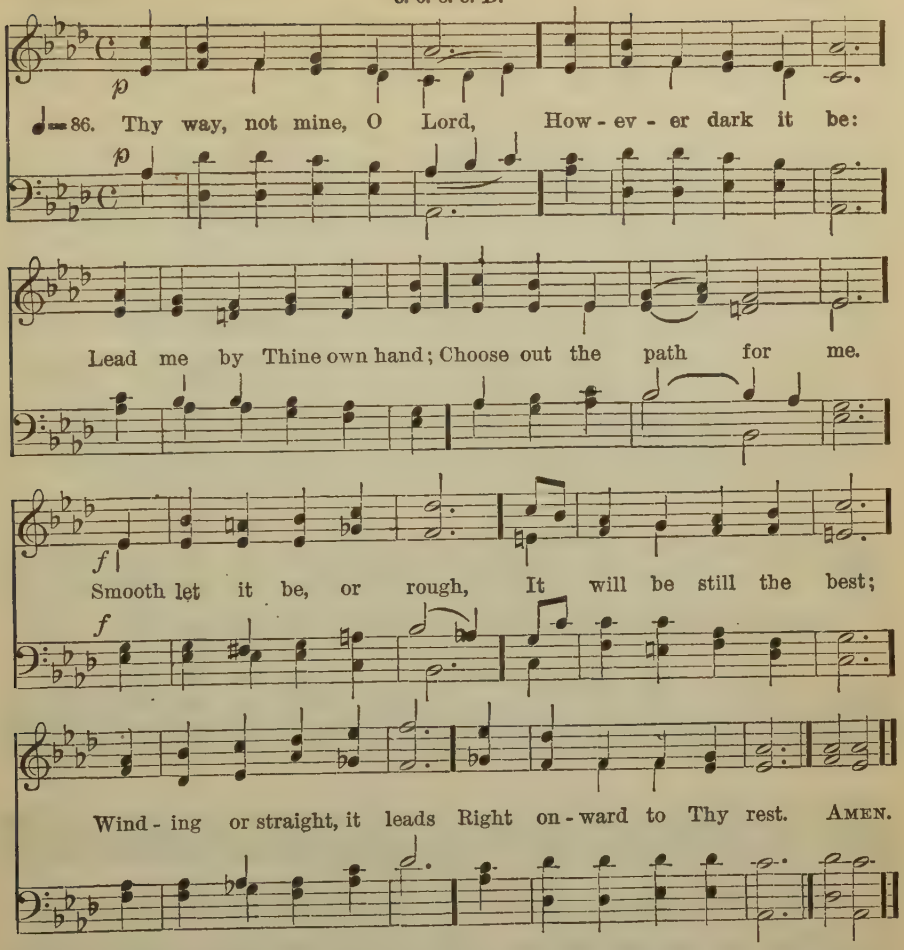
4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
*cr* I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

*Synesius.* TR. *A. W. Chatfield*

394

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BLESSED HOME
*J. Stainer*


p
♩= 86. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be:
p
Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
f
Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;
f
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. AMEN.

*p* 2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
*mf* Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

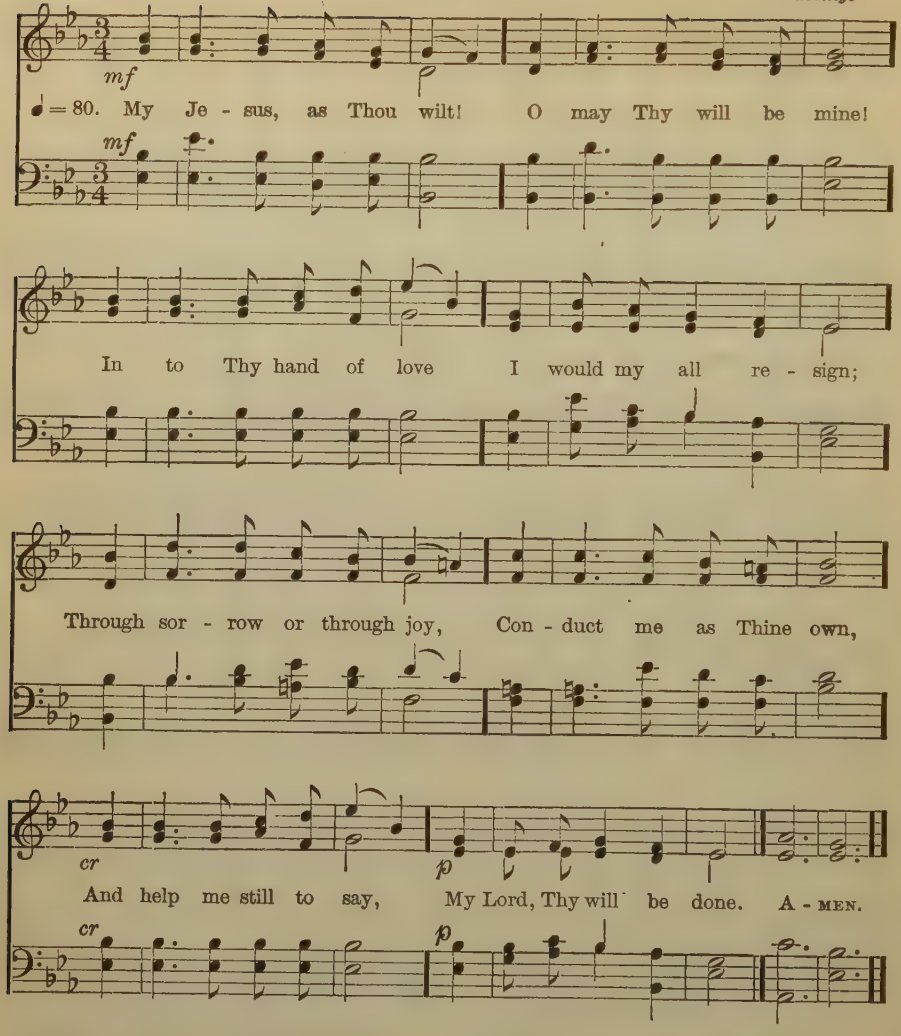
*mf* 3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
*p* Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
*mf* Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
*cr* Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
*f* My Wisdom, and my All.

*H. Bonar*

395

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BROUGHTON
*T. Hastings*


mf
♩ = 80. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine!
In to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
cr
p
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Tho' seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
*p* Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

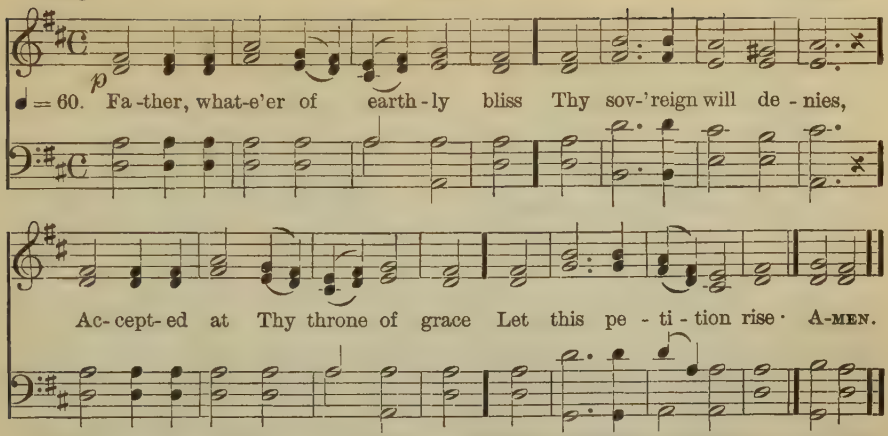
*mf* 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
*cr* All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

*B. Schmolck:* TR. *J. Borthwick*

## 396

C. M.

NAOMI
*L. Mason*


p
♩ = 60. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe-ti-tion rise· A-MEN.

*p* 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
*cr* The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

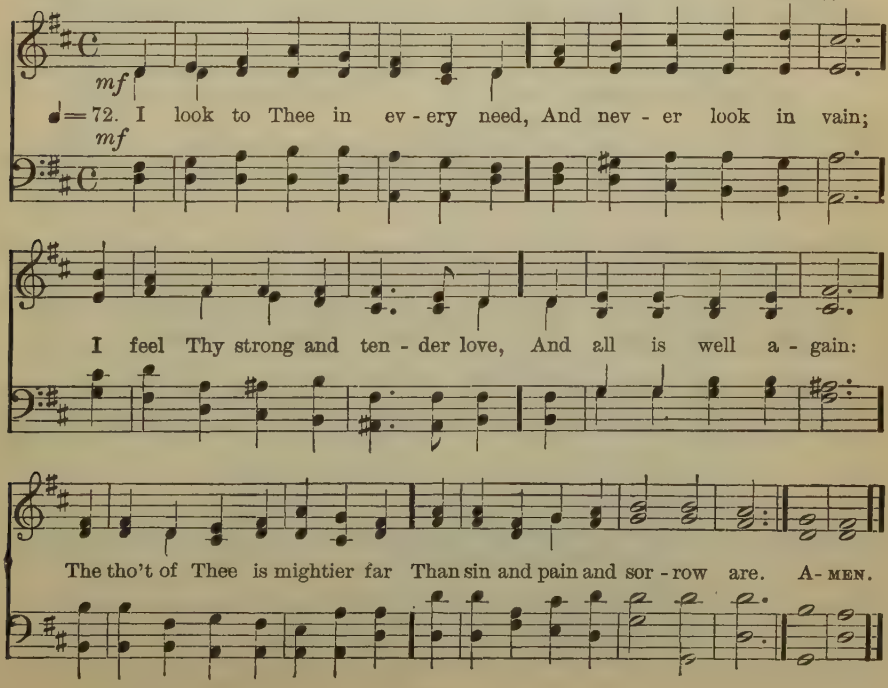
*mf* 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
*cr* Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

*A. Steele*

## 397

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

PALMYRA
*J. Summers*


mf
♩ = 72. I look to Thee in ev-ery need, And nev-er look in vain;
mf
I feel Thy strong and ten-der love, And all is well a-gain:
The tho't of Thee is mightier far Than sin and pain and sor-row are. A-MEN.

## 397 (Cont.)

*mp* 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

*mf* 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still:
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

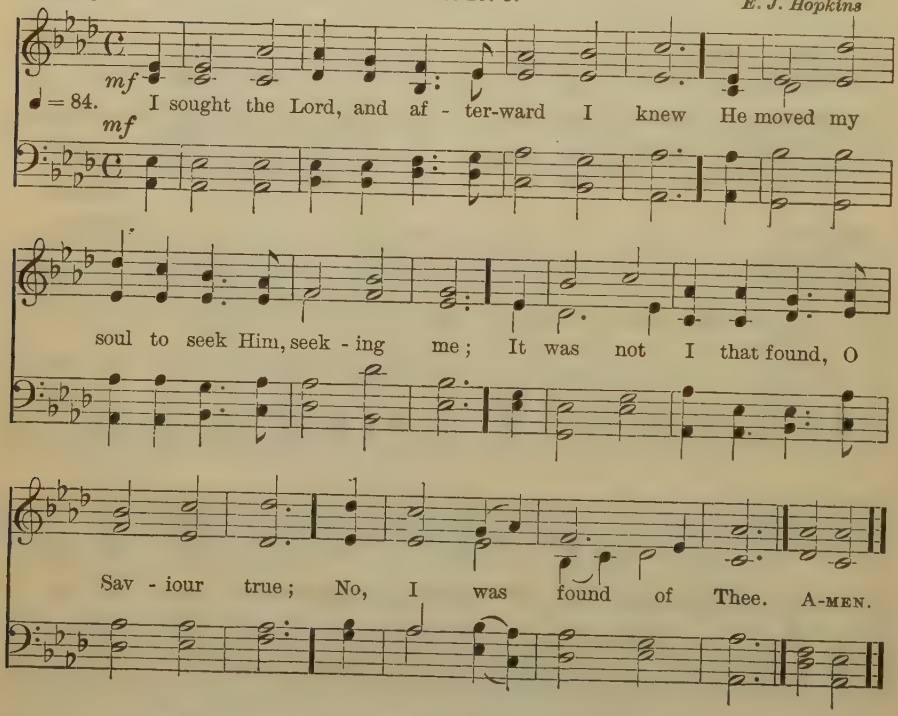
4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

*S. Longfellow*

## 398

10. 10. 10. 6.

ARTAVIA
*E. J. Hopkins*


mf
♩ = 84.
I sought the Lord, and af - ter-ward I knew He moved my
mf
soul to seek Him, seek - ing me; It was not I that found, O
Sav - iour true; No, I was found of Thee. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea—
'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

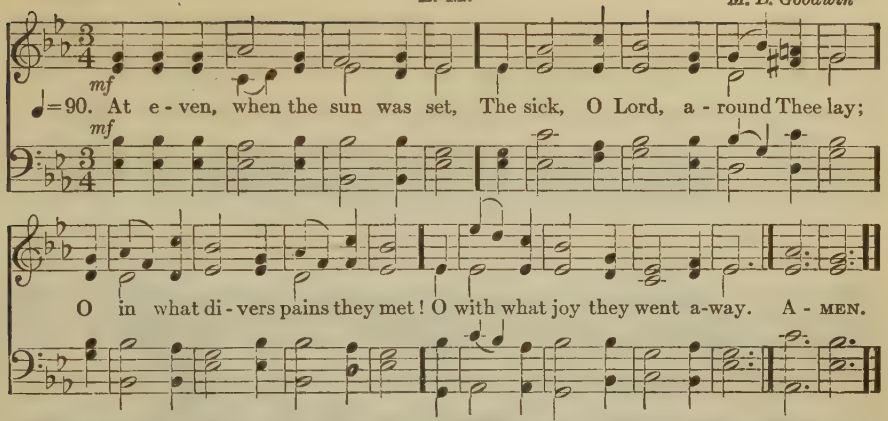
3 I find, I walk, I love, but O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always Thou lovedst me.

*Anon.*

## 399

L. M.

HEALING
*M. L. Goodwin*


mf
♩=90. At e - ven, when the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Once more 't is eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
*cr* We know and feel that Thou art here.

*mf* 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad.
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

*mf* 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

*mf* 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

*mf* 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

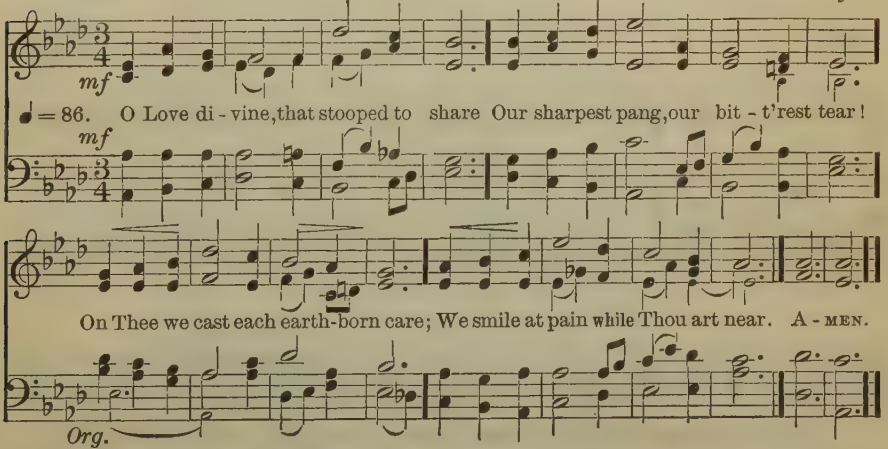
*f* 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
*p* Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
*cr* And in Thy mercy heal us all.

*H. Twells*

## 400

L. M.

ABENDS
*H. S. Oakeley*


mf
♩= 86. O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit - t'rest tear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - MEN.
Org.

*p* 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
*cr* No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

*p* 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

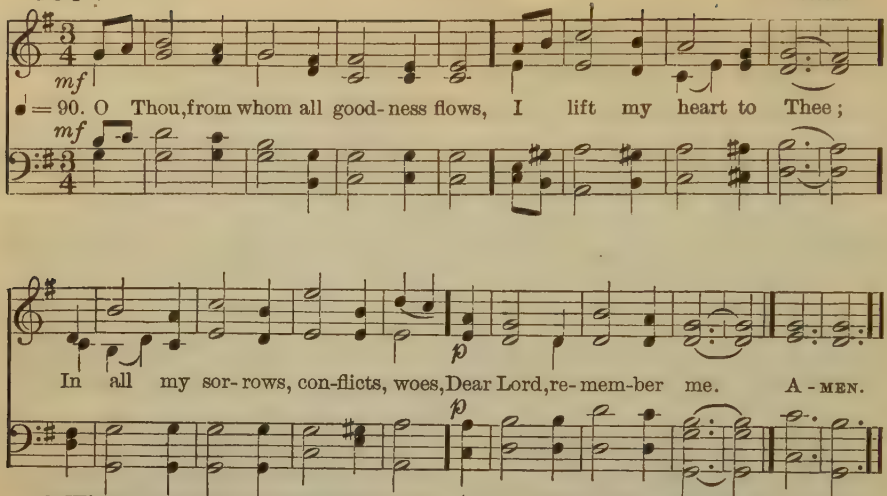
*mf* 4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
*p* Content to suffer (*cr*) while we know,
Living and dying, (*f*) Thou art near.

*O. W. Holmes*

## 401

C. M.

MANOAH
*From Rossini*


mf
♩ = 90. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
mf
In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me. A-MEN.

*p* 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
*cr* Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
*p* In love, remember me.

*p* 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
*mf* O let my strength be as my day!
*p* For good, remember me.

*p* 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
*cr* Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
*p* Hear and remember me.

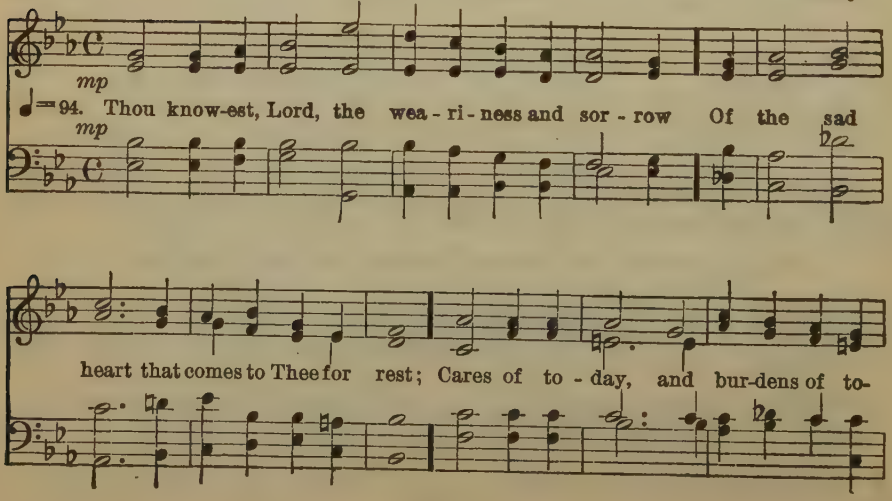
*p* 5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
*ff* Dear Lord, remember me!

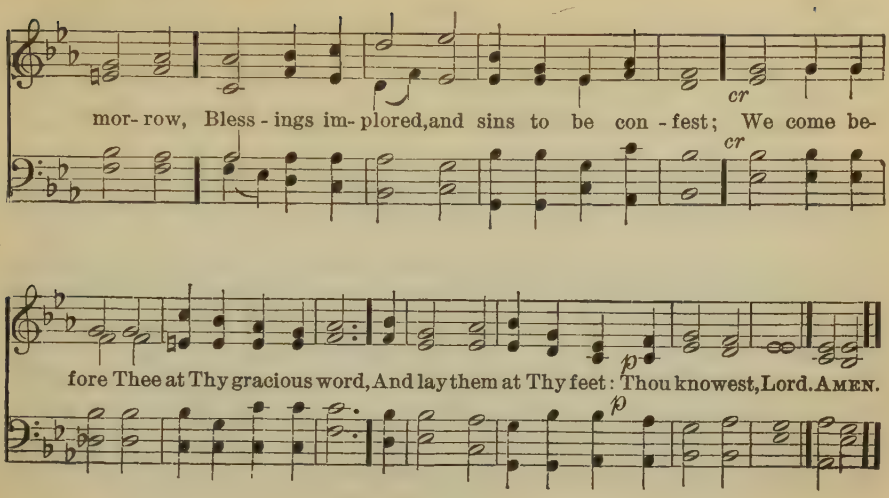
*T. Haweis*

## 402

11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

GRASMERE
*J. Barnby*


mp
♩ = 94. Thou know-est, Lord, the wea-ri-ness and sor-row Of the sad
mp
heart that comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and bur-dens of to-


mor- row, Bless - ings im- plored, and sins to be con - fest; We come be-
cr
cr
fore Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord. AMEN.
p
p

*mp* 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
*p* And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
*cr* And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

*mf* 3 Thon knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
*p* All pensive mem'ries, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

*mf* 4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
*pp* And the dark river to be crossed at last.
*cr* O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

*mf* 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
*p* O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
*cr* And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

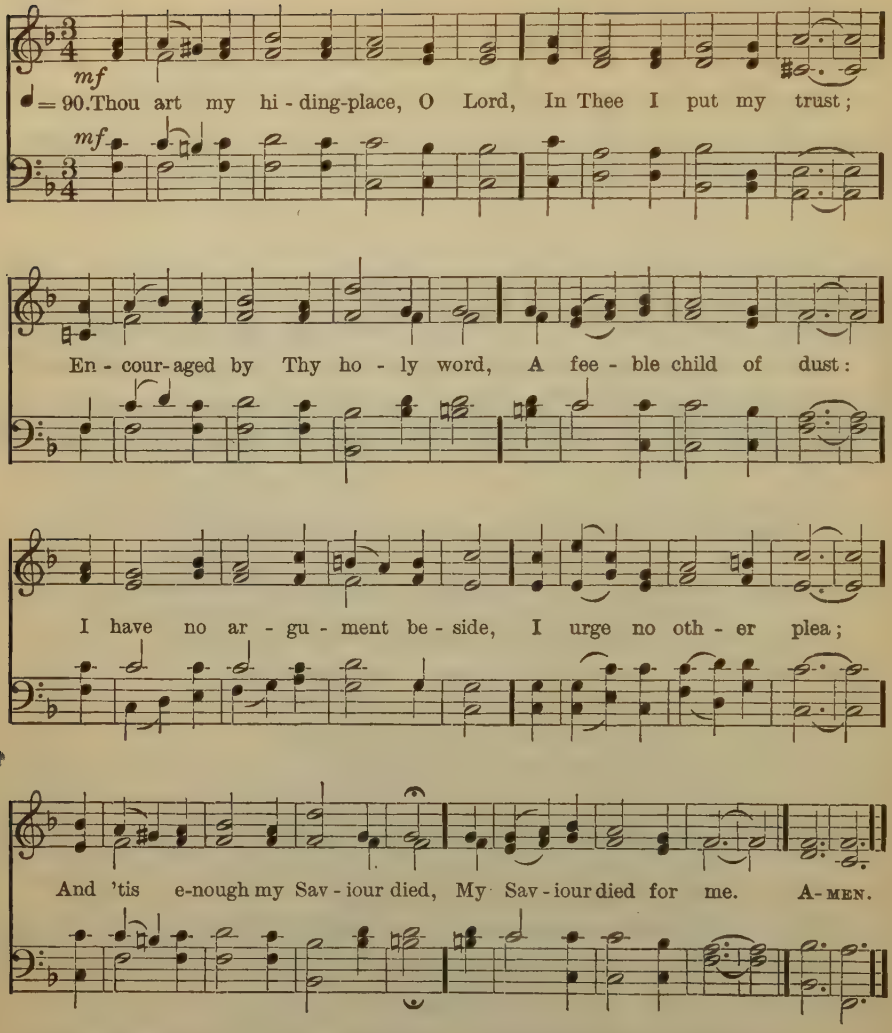
*mf* 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
*cr* Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
*f* And follow on to know as we are known.

*J. Borthwick*

## 403

C. M. D.

CHESTER
*"Oratory Hymns"*


mf
♩ = 90. Thou art my hi - ding-place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;
mf
En - cour-aged by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:
I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea;
And 'tis e-nough my Sav - iour died, My Sav - iour died for me. A-MEN.

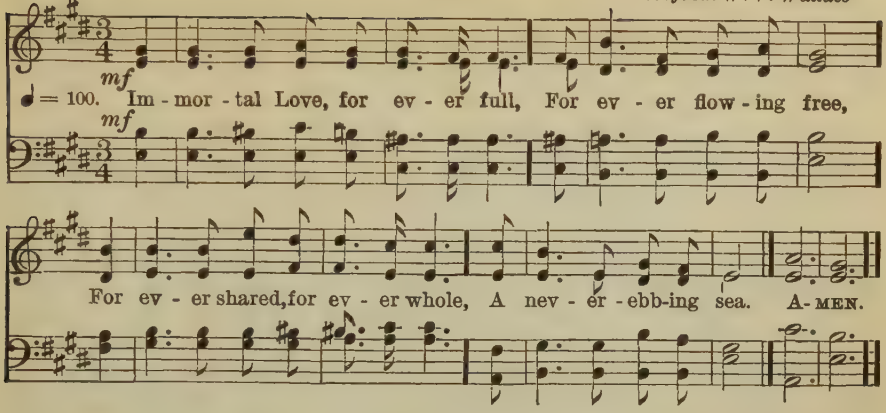
*p* 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain,
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

*T. Raffles*

404 C. M.

SERENITY
*Arr. from W. V. Wallace*




*mf* 2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

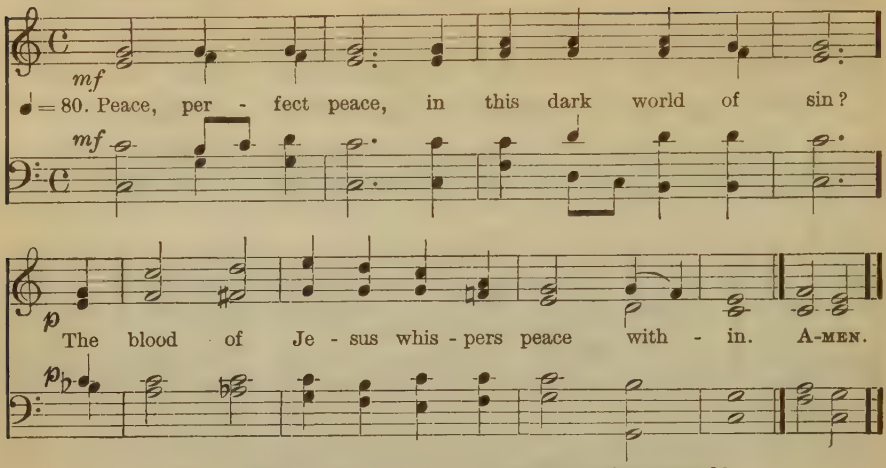
7 O Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

*J. G. Whittier*

## 405 (FIRST TUNE)

10. 10.

PAX TECUM
*G. T. Caldbeck*




*mf* 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
*p* To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

*mf* 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
*p* On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

*mf* 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
*cr* In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

*mf* 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
*cr* Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

*p* 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
*f* Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

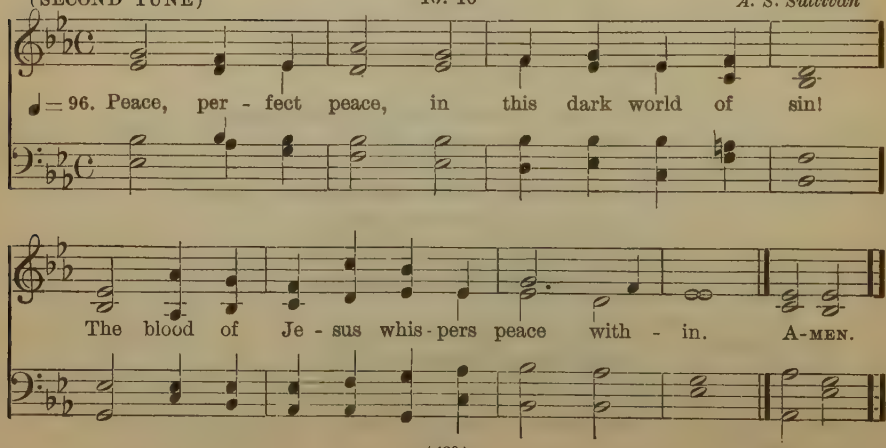
*p* 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
*cr* And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

*E. H. Bickersteth*

(SECOND TUNE)

10. 10

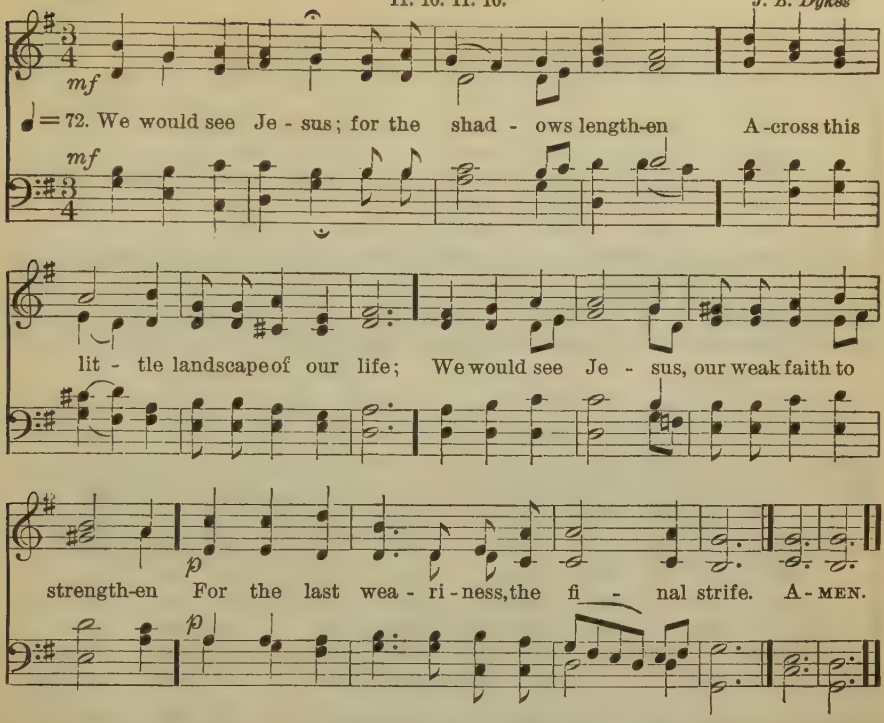
COENA DOMINI
*A. S. Sullivan*



## 406

11. 10. 11. 10.

VISIO DOMINI
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 72. We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A-cross this
mf
lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
p
strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - MEN.
p

*f* 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

*mp* 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
*p* The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
*cr* We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

*p* 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
*cr* Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

*p* 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
*cr* We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
*p* What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

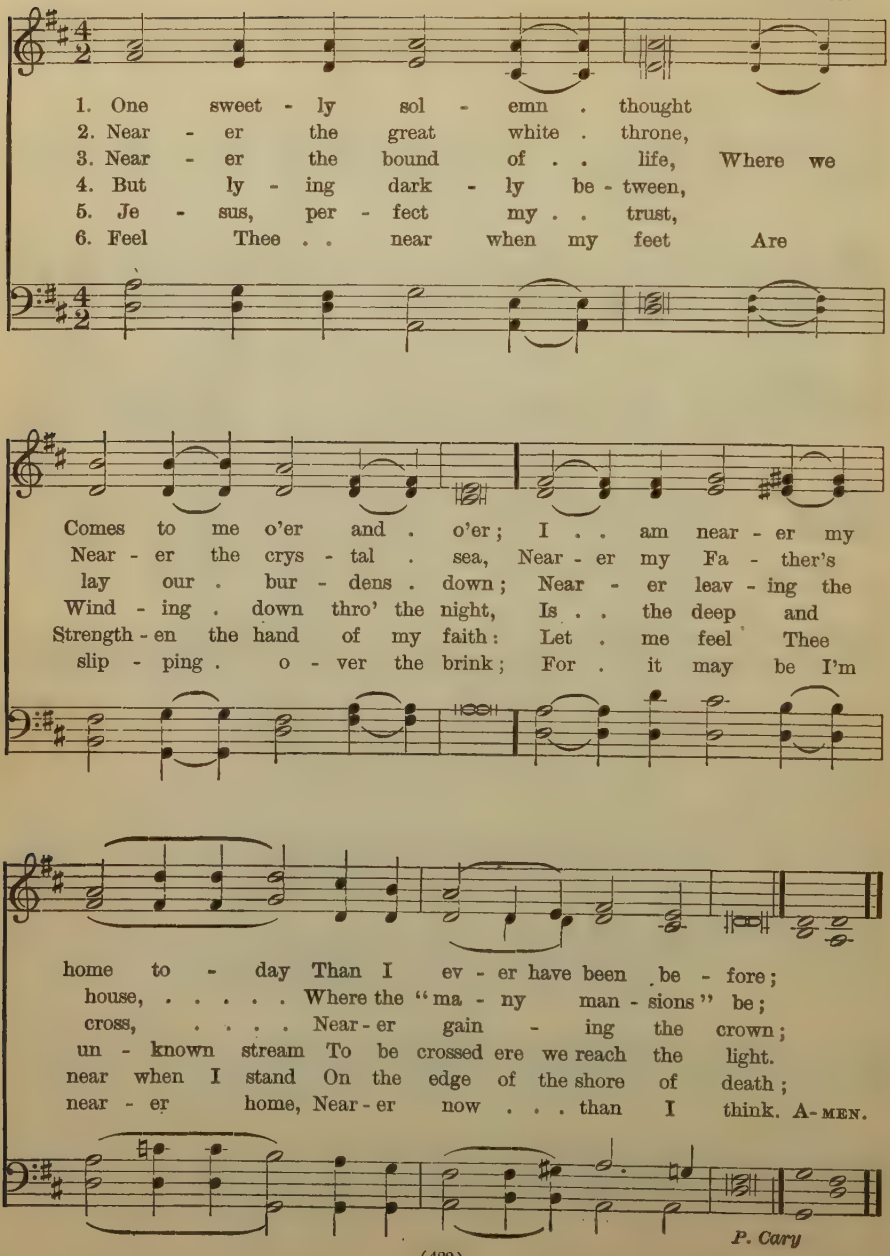
*f* 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
*ff* Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

*E. Ellis*

## 407

P. M.

AMBROSE
*R. S. Ambrose*

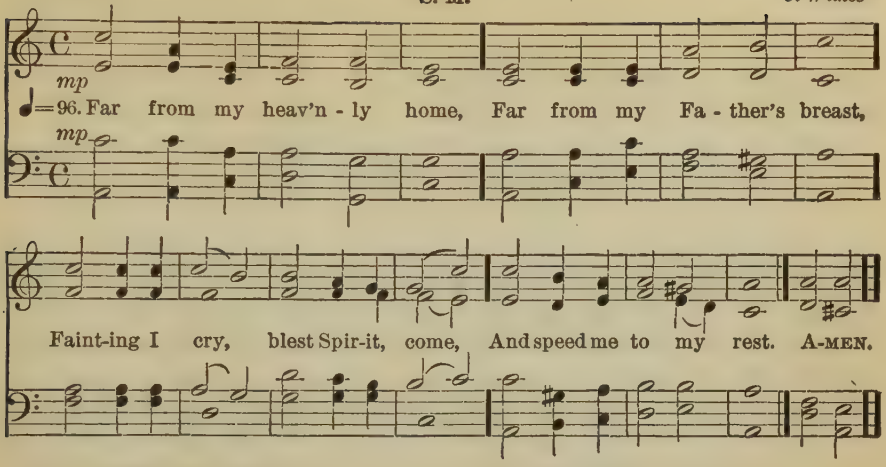

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn . thought
2. Near - er the great white . throne,
3. Near - er the bound of . . life, Where we
4. But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween,
5. Je - sus, per - fect my . . trust,
6. Feel Thee . . near when my feet Are
Comes to me o'er and . o'er; I . . am near - er my
Near - er the crys - tal . sea, Near - er my Fa - ther's
lay our . bur - dens . down; Near - er leav - ing the
Wind - ing . down thro' the night, Is . . the deep and
Strength - en the hand of my faith: Let . me feel Thee
slip - ping . o - ver the brink; For . it may be I'm
home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore;
house, . . . . . Where the "ma - ny man - sions" be;
cross, . . . . Near - er gain - ing the crown;
un - known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death;
near - er home, Near - er now . . . than I think. A - MEN.

*P. Cary*

## 408 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

LYTE
*J. Wilkes*




*p* 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

*cr* 3 To thee, to thee I press,
*p* A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode.

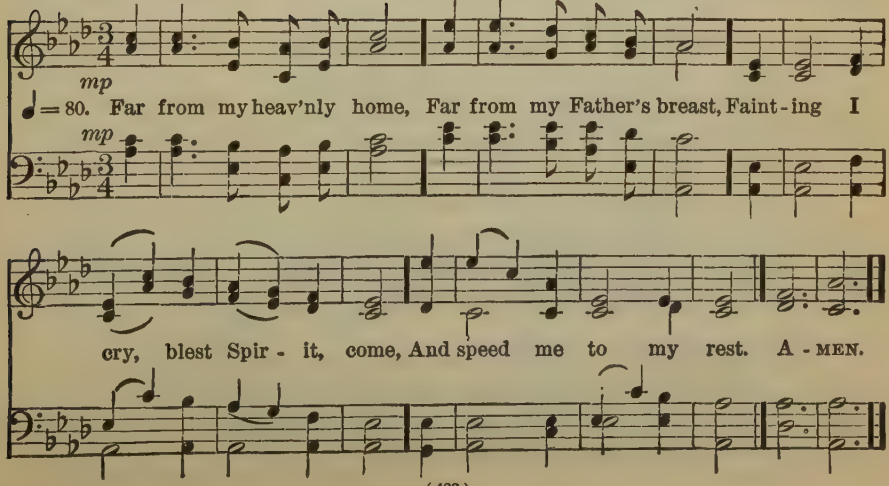
*mf* 4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

*H. F. Lyte*

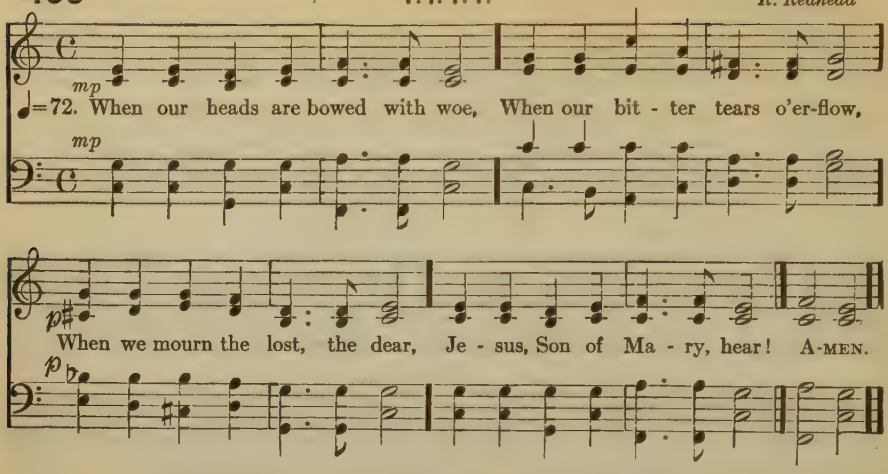
(SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

LEIGHTON
*H. W. Greatorex*



409 7.7.7.7. REDHEAD 47
*R. Redhead*


mp
♩=72. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
mp
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A-MEN.
p

*p* 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

*pp* 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

*p* 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

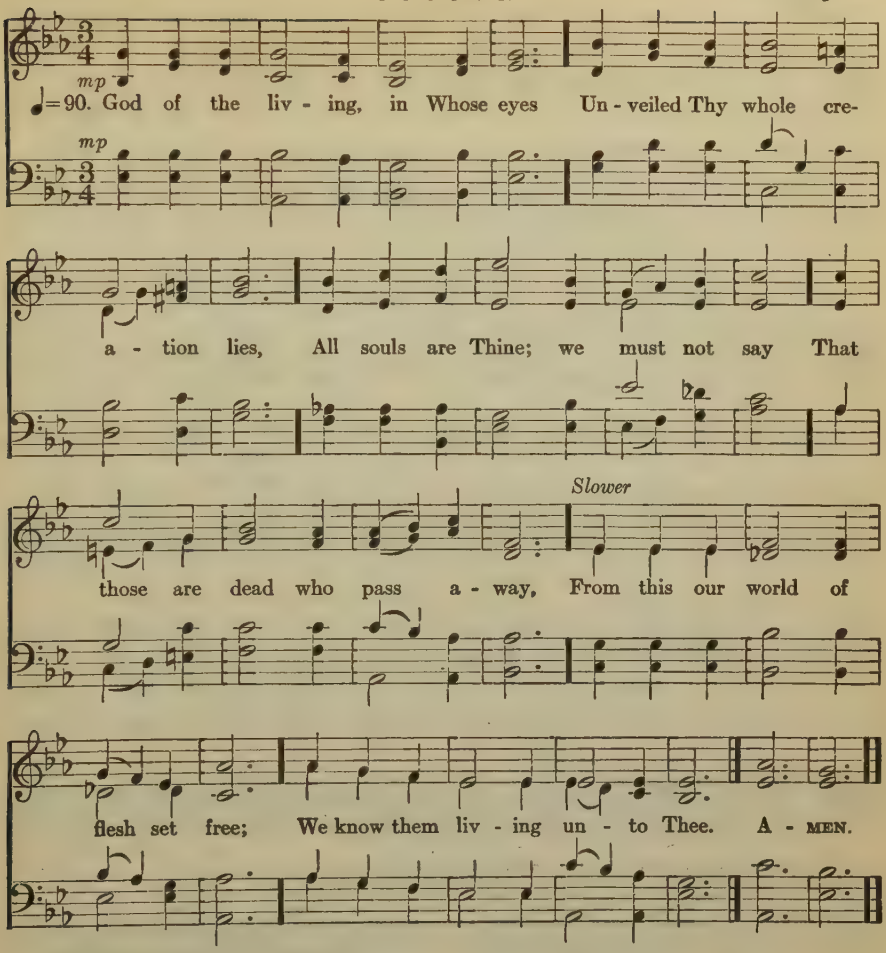
*p* 6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

*H. H. Milman*

410

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM
*J. Barnby*


mp
♩=90. God of the liv - ing, in Whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre-
a - tion lies, All souls are Thine; we must not say That
Slower
those are dead who pass a - way, From this our world of
flesh set free; We know them liv - ing un - to Thee. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

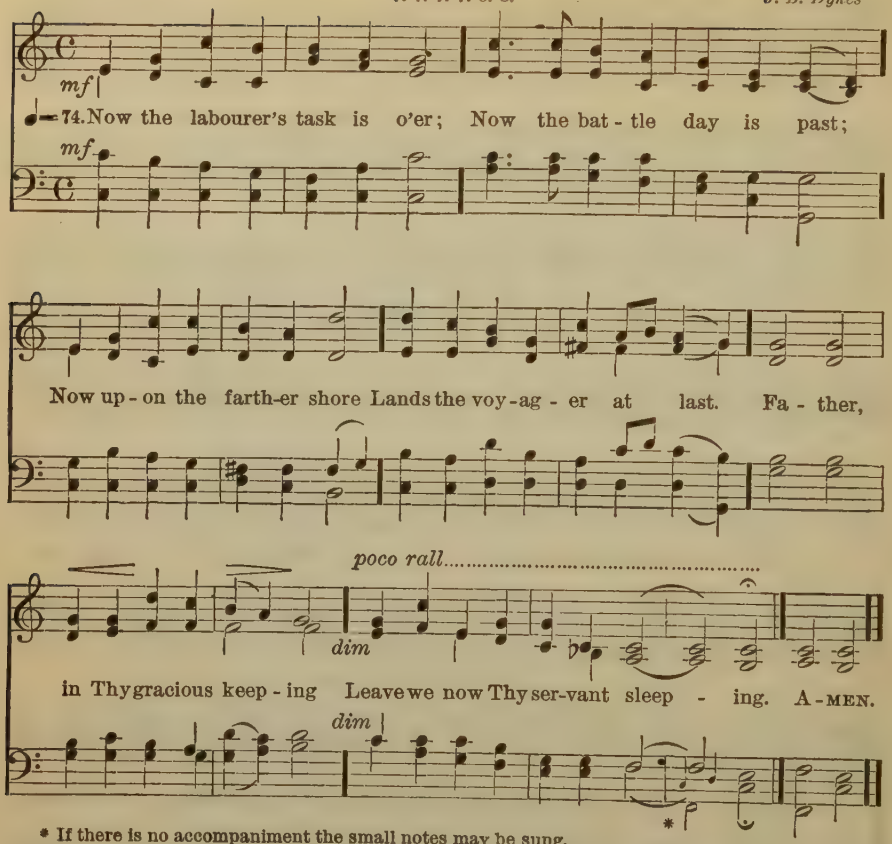
*p* 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
*mf* For ever living unto Thee!

*J. Ellerton*

## 411

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

REQUIESCAT
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
74. Now the labourer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle day is past;
mf
Now up - on the farth-er shore Lands the voy-ag - er at last. Fa - ther,
poco rall.....
dim
in Thy gracious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing. A - MEN.
dim

* If there is no accompaniment the small notes may be sung.

*mf* 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
*dim* Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*p* 3 There the penitents, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
*cr* All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
*mf* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
*dim* Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf* 4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
*cr* Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
*dim* He Who died for their release.
*cr* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
*dim* Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

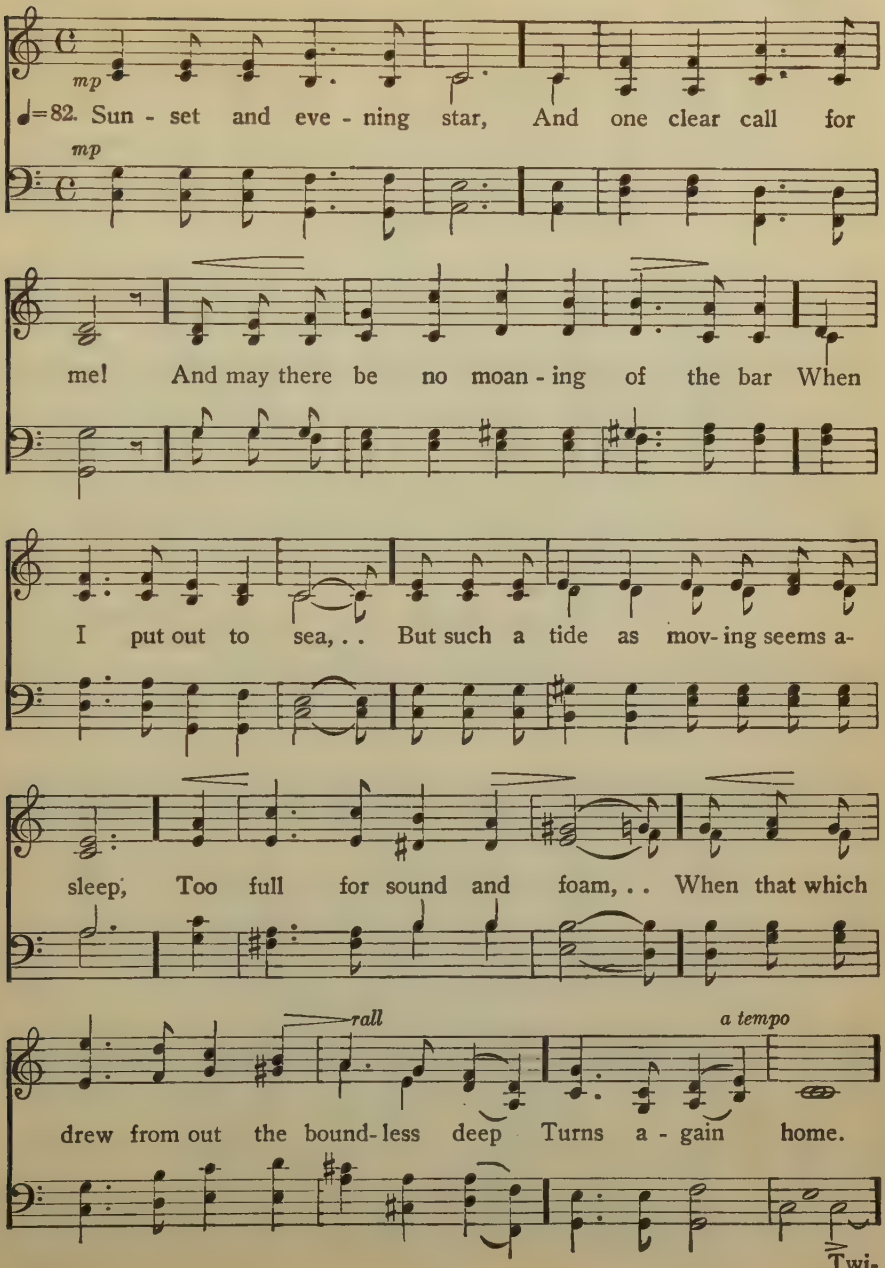
*p* 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
*cr* For the resurrection-day.
*p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
*pp* Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

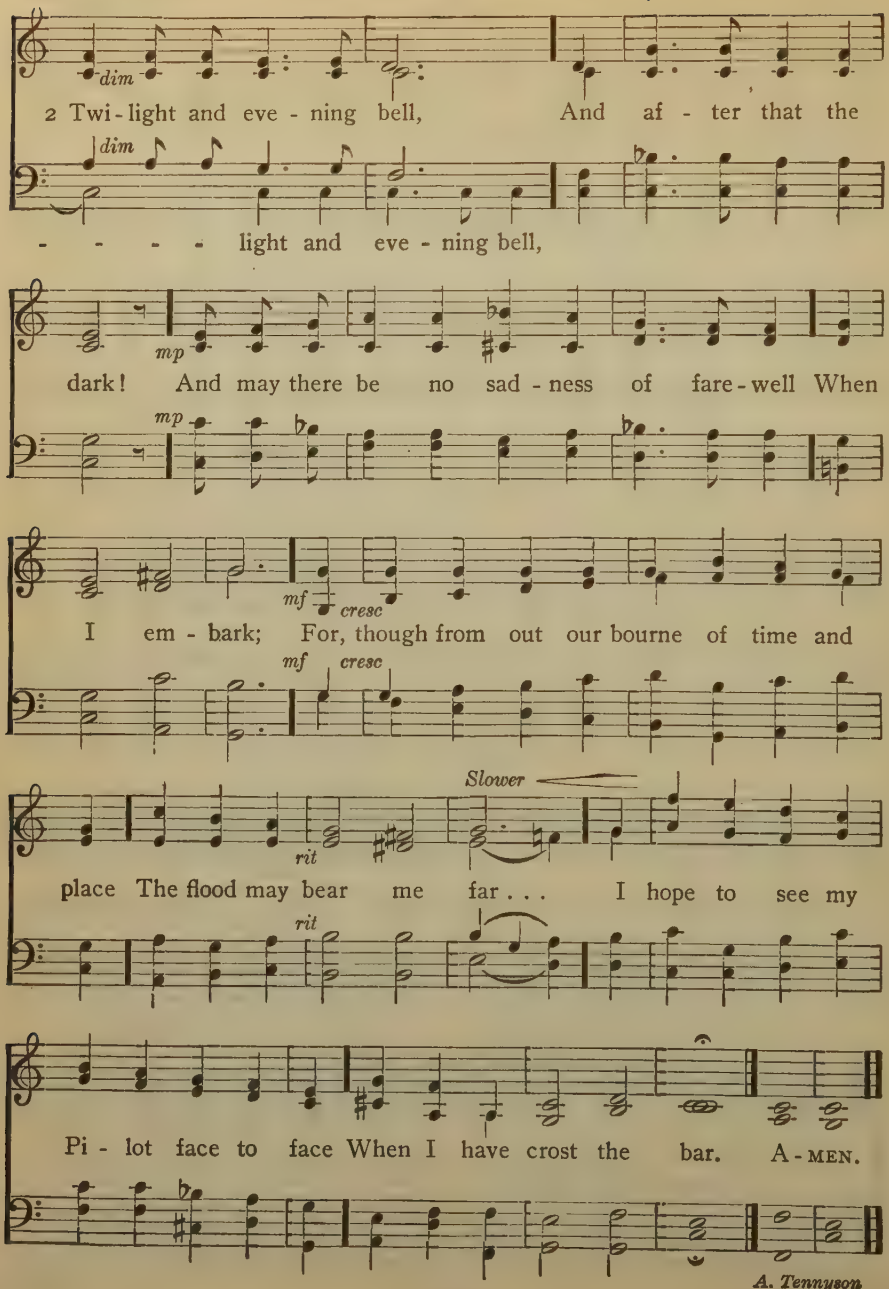
*J. Ellerton*

412

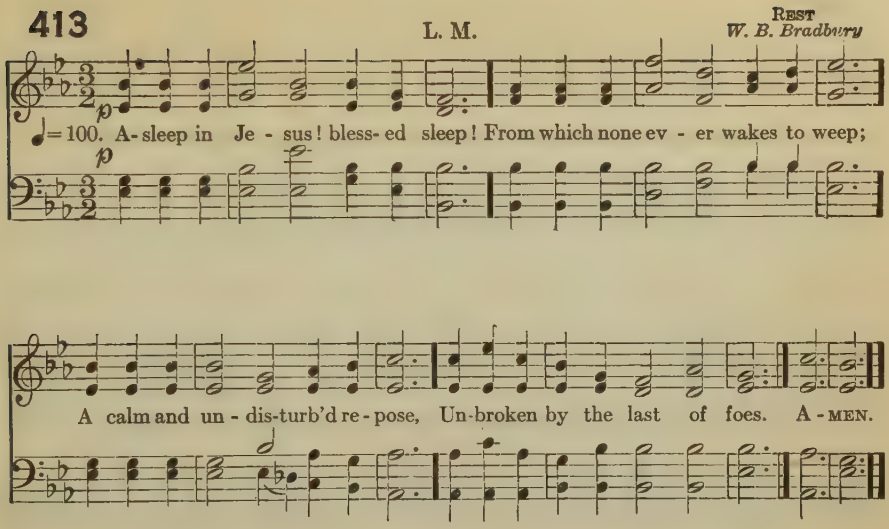
P. M.

CROSSING THE BAR
*J. Barnby*


mp
♩=82. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for
mp
me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar When
I put out to sea, . . But such a tide as mov- ing seems a-
sleep, Too full for sound and foam, . . When that which
rall
a tempo
drew from out the bound- less deep Turns a - gain home.
Twi-


dim
2 Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the
dim
- - - - light and eve - ning bell,
mp
dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well When
mp
mf cresc
I em - bark; For, though from out our bourne of time and
mf cresc
Slower
rit
place The flood may bear me far . . . I hope to see my
rit
Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - MEN.

A. Tennyson


413
L. M.
REST
W. B. Bradbury
♩= 100. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-broken by the last of foes. A-MEN.

*p* 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
*cr* With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

*p* 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
*cr* Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

*p* 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
*cr* May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

*p* 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
*cr* But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

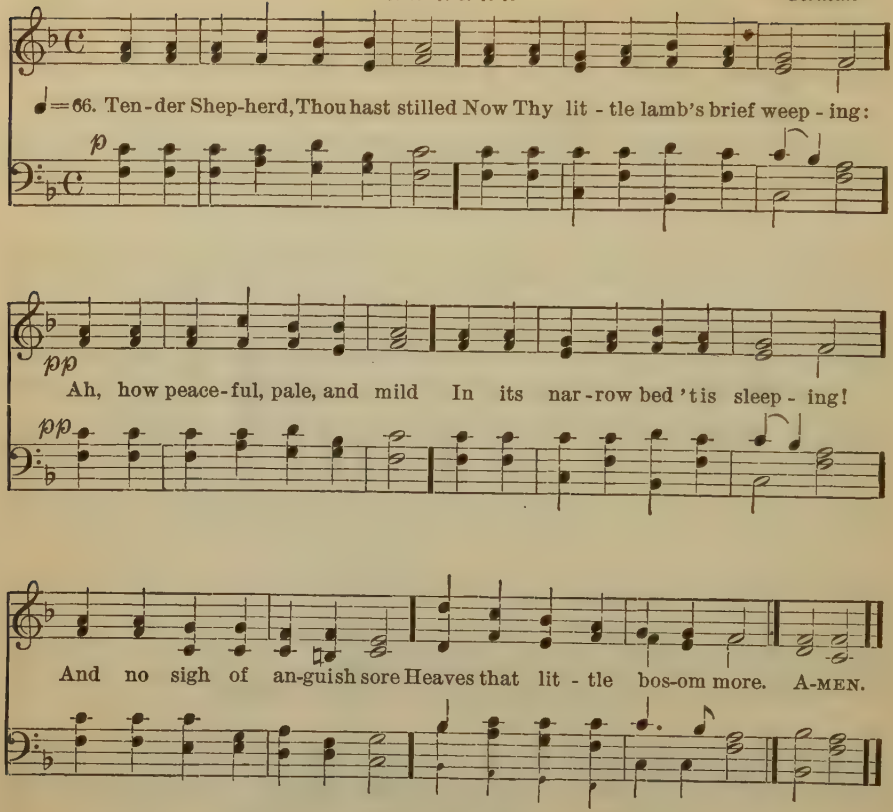
*M. Mackay*

FOR CHILDREN

**414**

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

MEINHOLD
*German*


♩=66. Ten-der Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle lamb's brief weep-ing:
p
pp
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing!
pp
And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bos-om more. A-MEN.

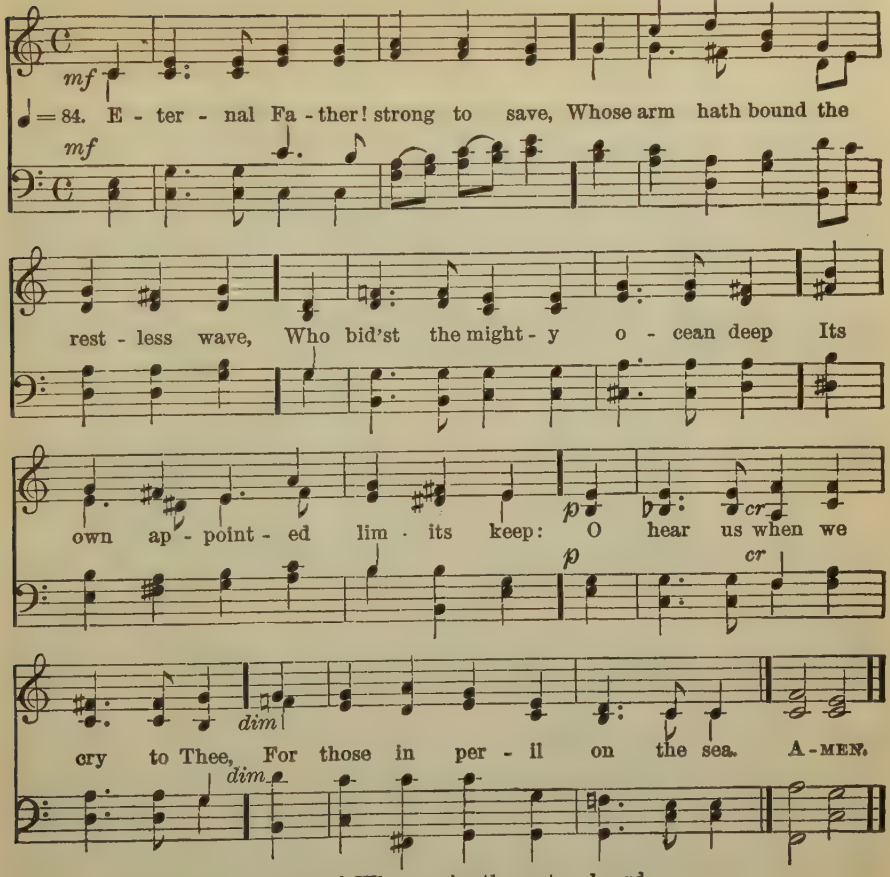
*mp* 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
*cr* To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
*mf* Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

*mf* 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
*cr* Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
*dim* Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

*J. N. Meinhold*: TR. *C. Winkworth*

# Travellers by Sea or Land

**415** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. MELITA *J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 84. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
mf
rest - less wave, Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
p
cr
p
cr
dim
cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A - MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
*p* And hushed their raging at Thy word,
*cr* Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
*p* And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee
*p* For those in peril on the sea!

*mf* 3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, (*p*) peace;
*p* O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee
*p* For those in peril on the sea!

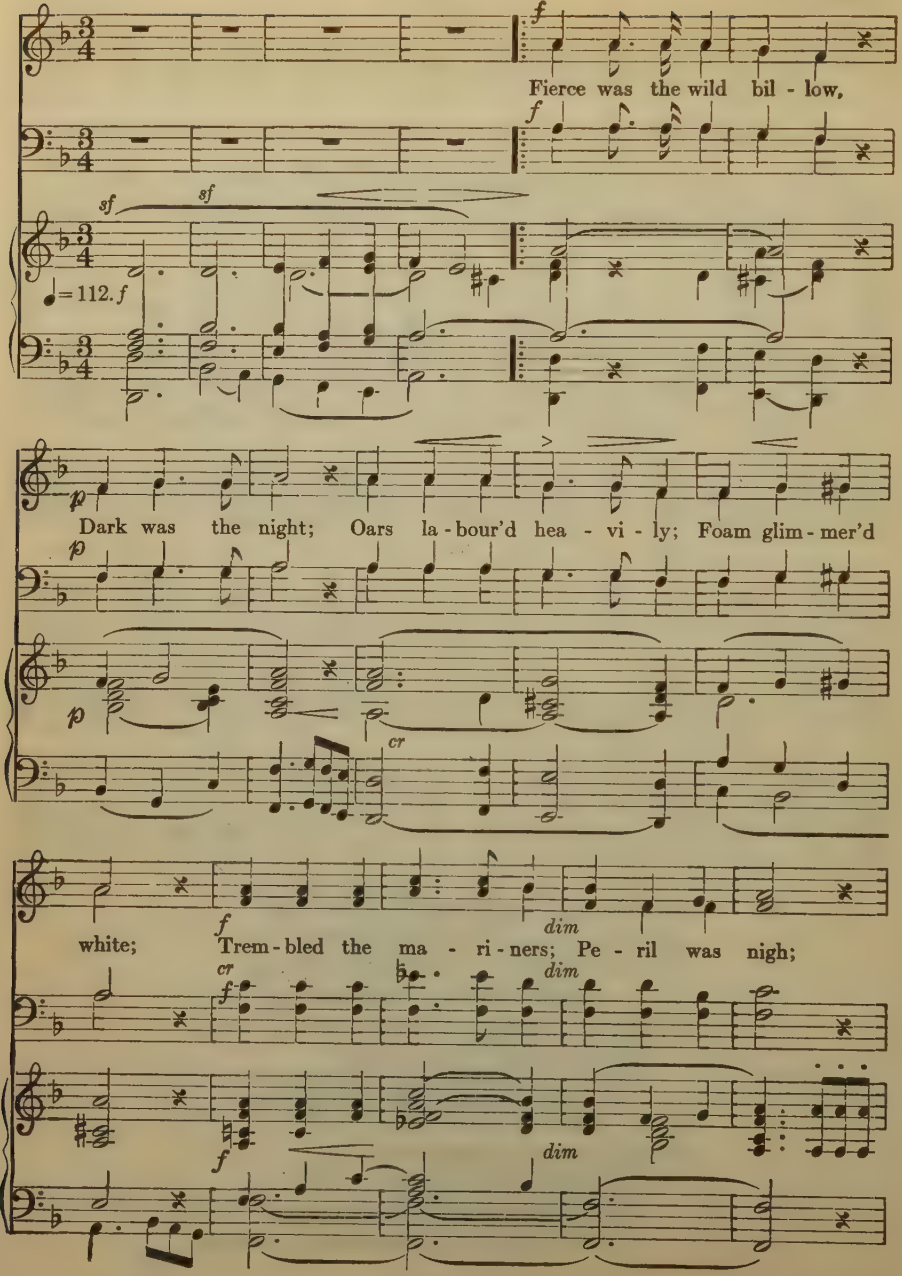
*mf* 4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
*cr* Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
*f* Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

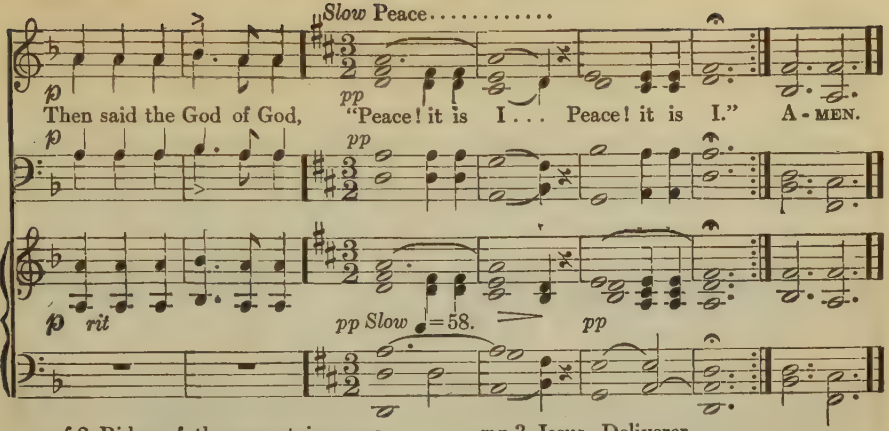
*W. Whiting*

416

6. 4. 6. 4. D.

EUROCLYDON
*G. W. Torrance*






*mf* 2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be Thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
*p* "Peace! It is I."

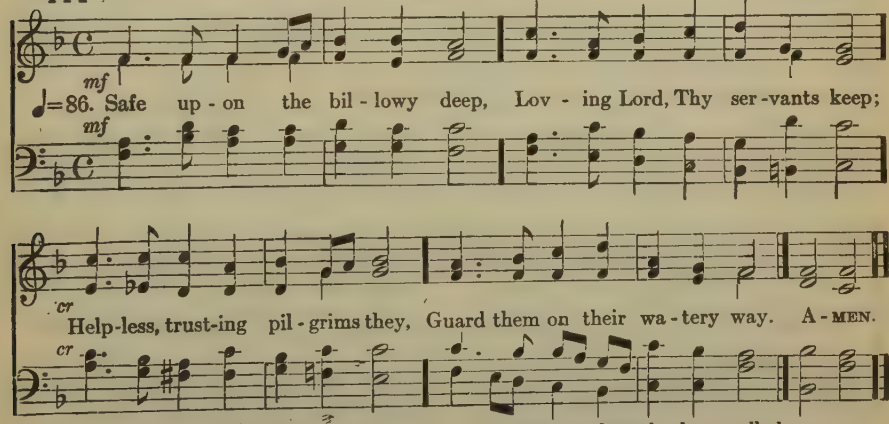
*mp* 3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
*p* "Peace! It is I."

*St. Anatolius* (?); Tr. *J. M. Neale*

## 417

7. 7. 7. 7.

GLEBE FIELD
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩=86. Safe up - on the bil - lowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy ser - vants keep;
mf
cr
Help-less, trust-ing pil - grims they, Guard them on their wa - tery way. A - MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 In the morning fill their sails,
'Mid the dark send favouring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

*mf* 3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

*mf* 4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

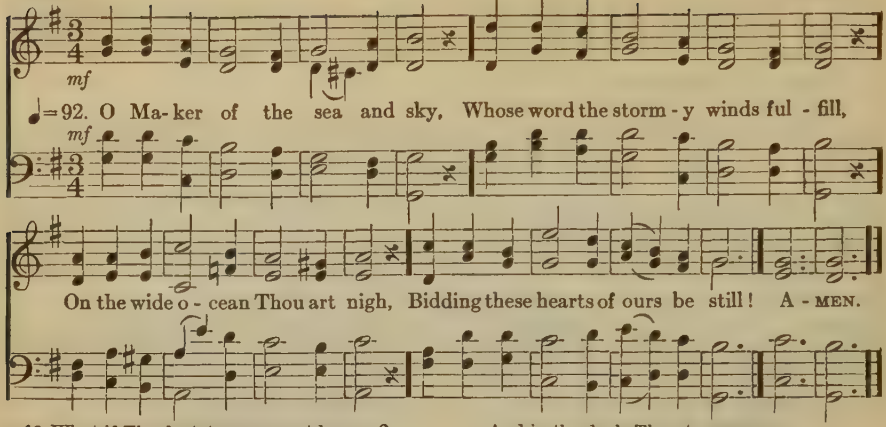
*p* 5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
*cr* Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
Where there shall be "no more sea."

*H. Coppe*

## 418

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH
*I. J. Pleyel*


mf
♩=92. O Ma-ker of the sea and sky, Whose word the storm-y winds ful-fill,
mf
On the wide o-cean Thou art nigh, Bidding these hearts of ours be still! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 What if Thy footsteps are not known?
We know Thy way is in the sea;
We trace the shadow of Thy throne,
Constant amid inconstancy.

3 Thou bidd'st the north or south wind blow;
The lonely sea-bird is Thy care;
And in the clouds which come and go,
We see Thy chariots everywhere.

4 The sun that lights the home-land dear
Spreads the new morning o'er the deep;
And in the dark Thy stars appear,
Keeping their watches while we sleep.

5 Our friends seem near when Thou art nigh;
And homeless on the ocean foam,
Beneath an ever-changing sky,
With Thee we are at rest, at home.

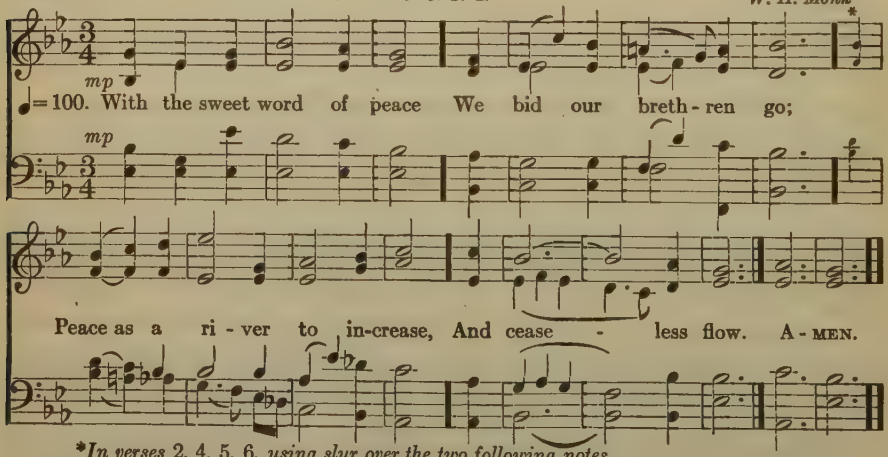
6 And so, secure from all alarms,
Thy seas beneath, Thy skies above,
Clasped in the everlasting arms,
We rest in Thine unslumbering love.

*H. Burton*

## 419

6. 6. 8. 4.

VERBUM PACIS
*W. H. Monk*




**In verses* 2, 4, 5, 6, *using slur over the two following notes.*

*mp* 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

*mf* 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be;

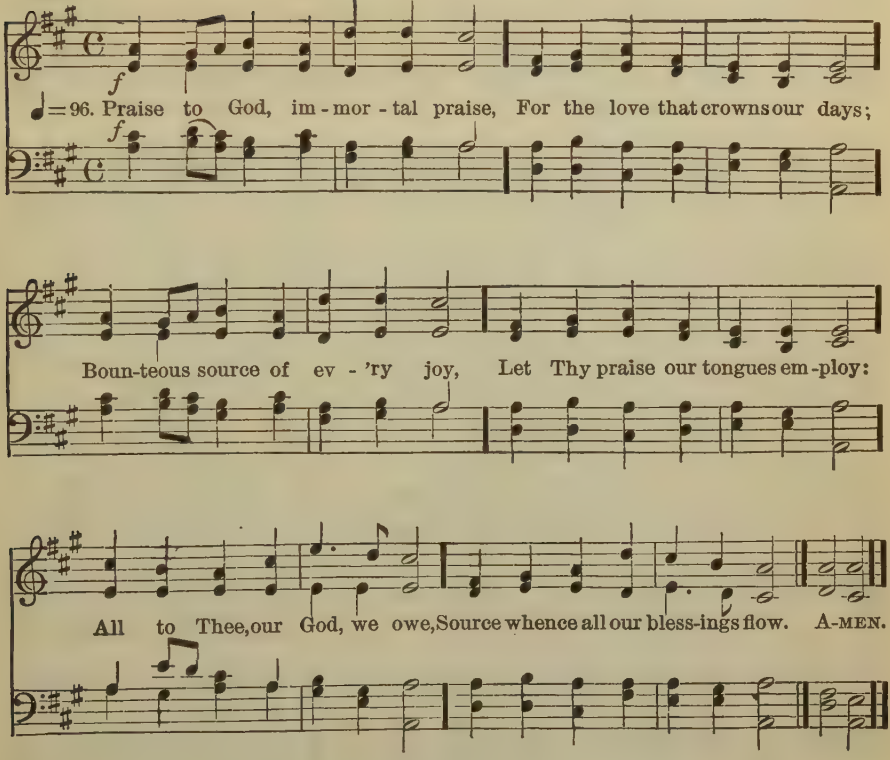
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
*cr* Till He Whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

*G. Watson*

## Thanksgiving Day

**420** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. DIX *C. Kocher*


f
♩=96. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy:
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
*cr* Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

*mp* 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
*cr* Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

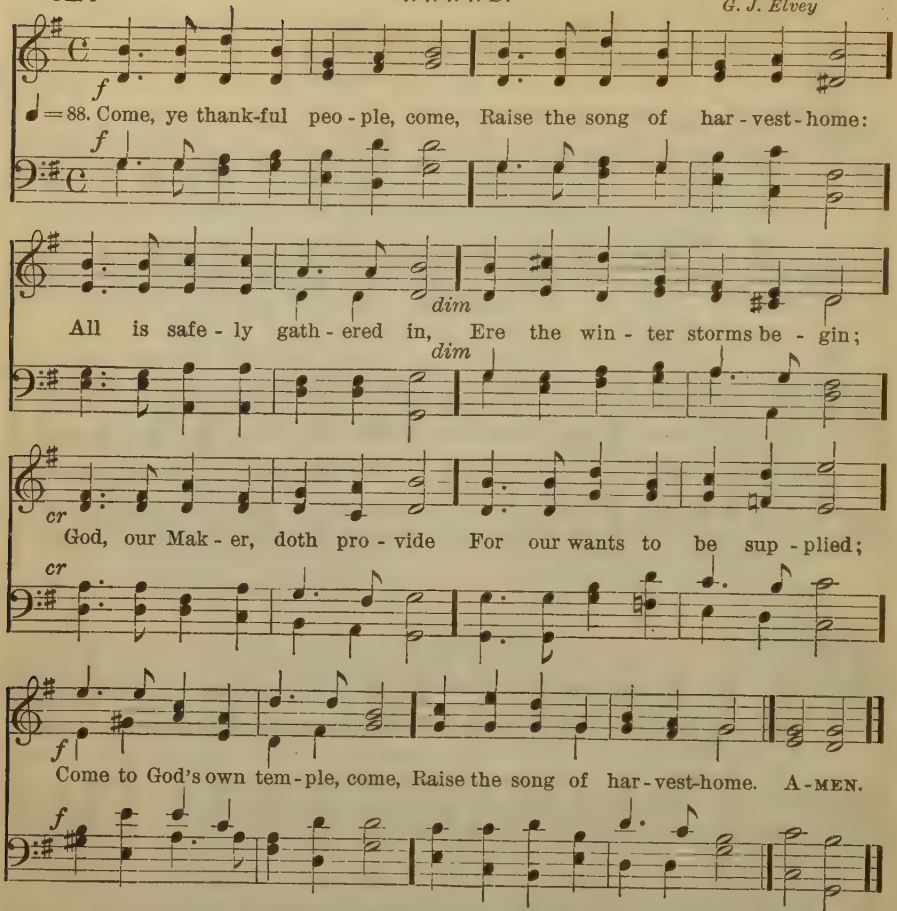
*mf* 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
*f* Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

*L. Barbauld*

## 421

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR
*G. J. Elvey*


f
♩ = 88. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
f
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
dim
dim
cr
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
cr
f
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
*p* Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

*mf* 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
*p* Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
*f* But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

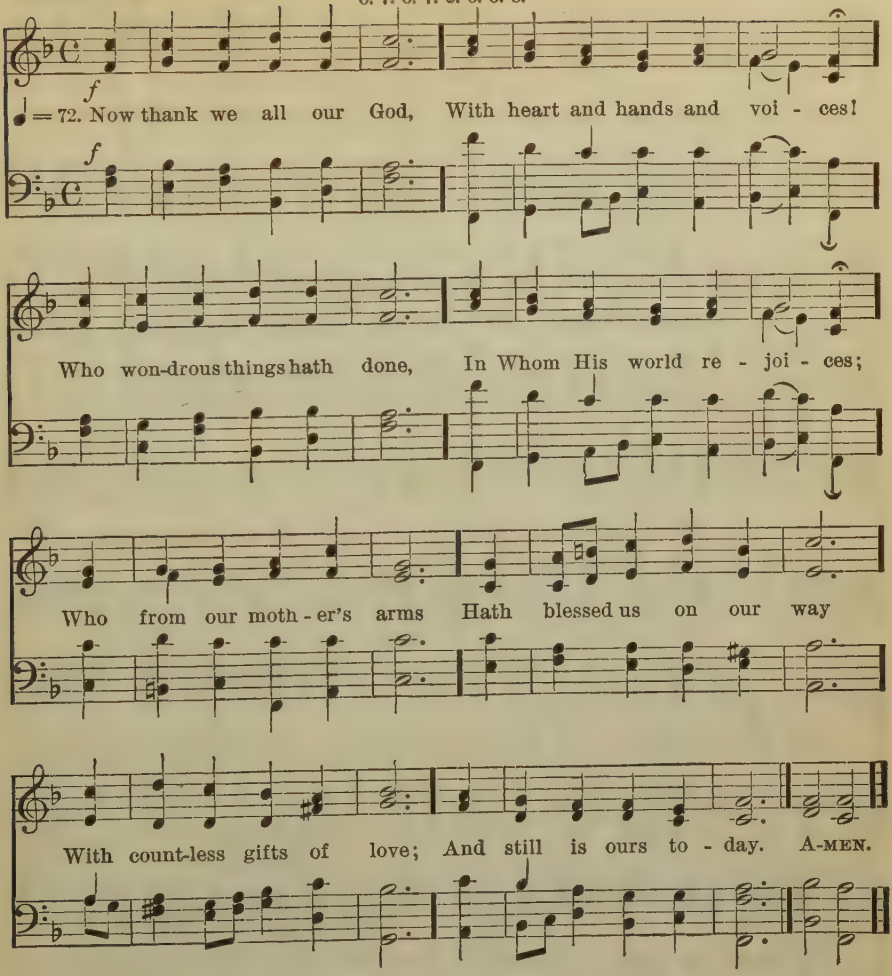
*mf* 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
*cr* Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
*f* There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

*H. Alford*

422

NUN DANKET
*J. Cruger*

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.


f
♩ = 72. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces!
Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
With count-less gifts of love; And still is ours to - day. A-MEN.

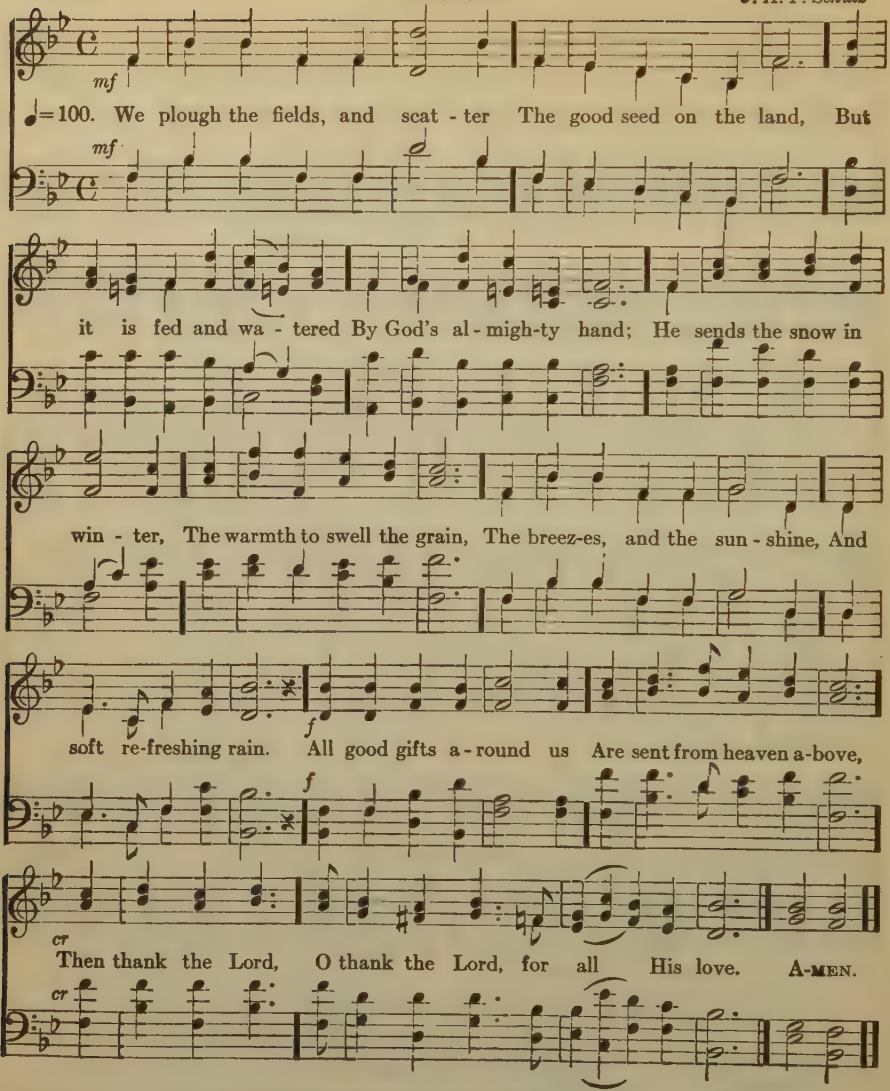
*mf* 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
*p* And blessèd peace to cheer us;
*mf* And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
*cr* And free us from all ills
*f* In this world and the next.

*M. Rinkart:* TR. *C. Winkworth*

# 423

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

CLAUDIUS
*J. A. P. Schulz*


mf
♩=100. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
mf
it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - migh-ty hand; He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es, and the sun - shine, And
f
soft re-freshing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a-bove,
f
cr
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
*f* All good gifts, etc.

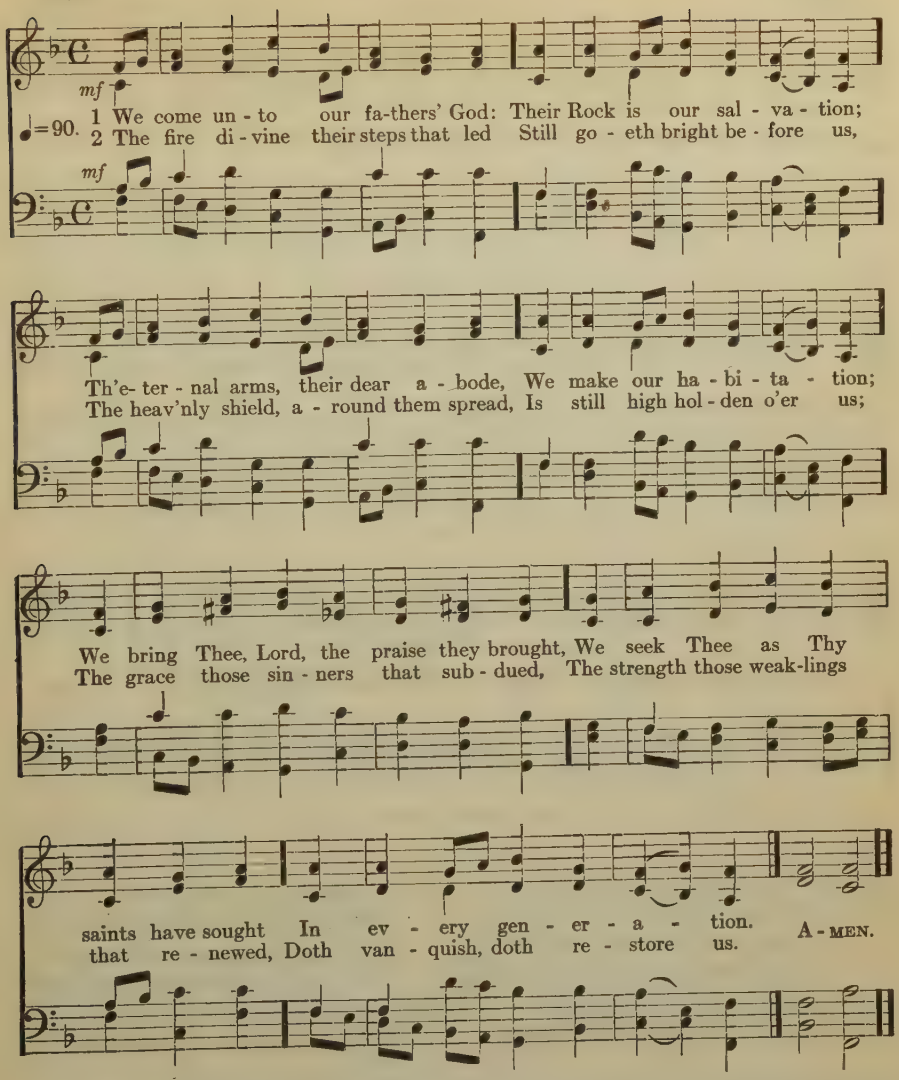
*mf* 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

*M. Claudius;* TR. *R. Campbell*

## THANKSGIVING DAY

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

HALLE
*H. Kugelmann*


mf
♩=90.
1 We come un - to our fa-thers' God: Their Rock is our sal - va - tion;
2 The fire di - vine their steps that led Still go - eth bright be - fore us,
mf
Th'e- ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our ha - bi - ta - tion;
The heav'nly shield, a - round them spread, Is still high hol - den o'er us;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek Thee as Thy
The grace those sin - ners that sub - dued, The strength those weak-lings
saints have sought In ev - ery gen - er - a - tion. A - MEN.
that re - newed, Doth van - quish, doth re - store us.

*f* 3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth.

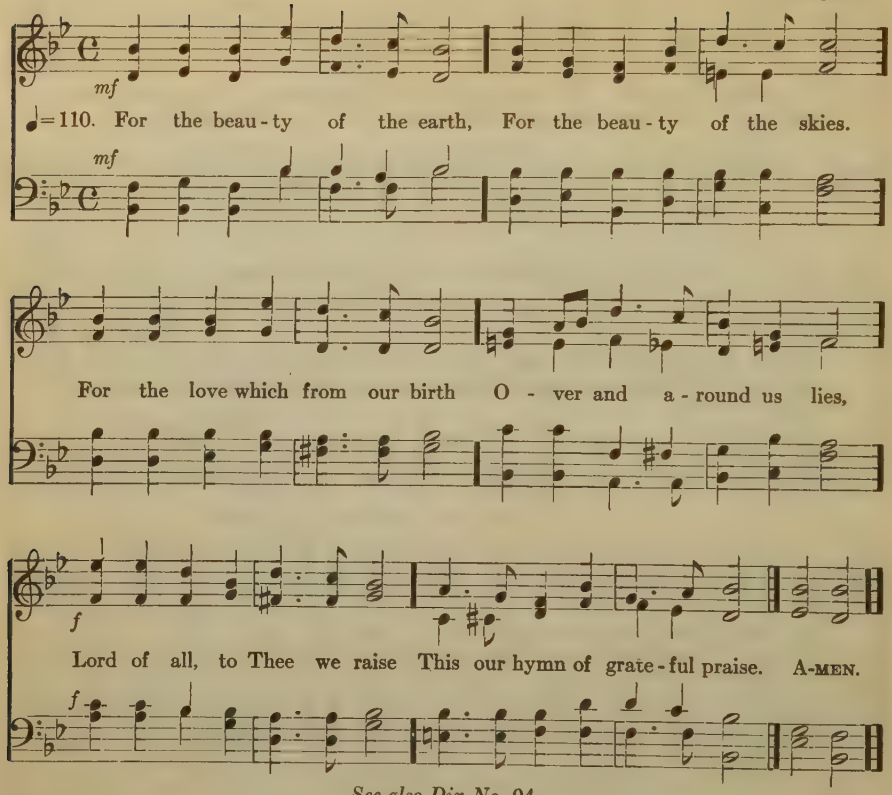
*f* 4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

*T. H. Gill*

## 425

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

PRAISE
*E. J. Hopkins*


mf
♩=110. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies.
mf
For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,
f
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.
f

*See also Dix No. 94*

*mf* 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

*mf* 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

*mf* 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

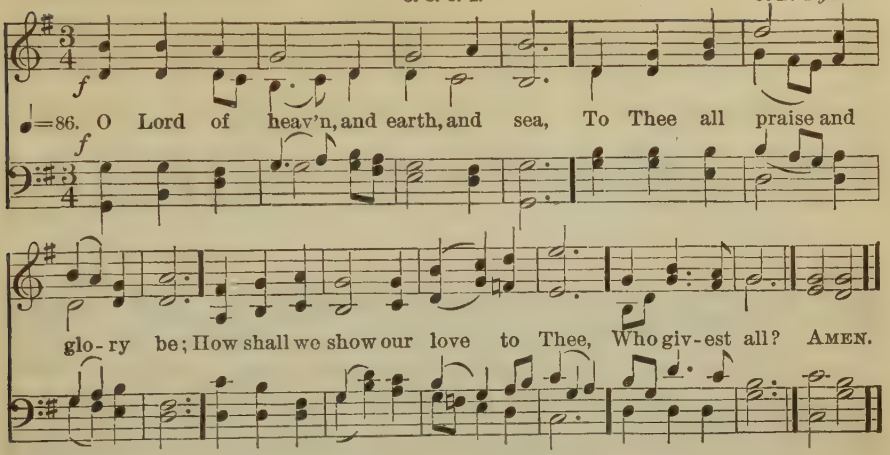
*mf* 5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine, [heaven;
Flowers of earth and buds of
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

*F. S. Pierpont*

## 426 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

ALMSGIVING
*J. B. Dykes*




*mf* 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all!

*mf* 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

*p* 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
*cr* And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

*mf* 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

*mp* 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

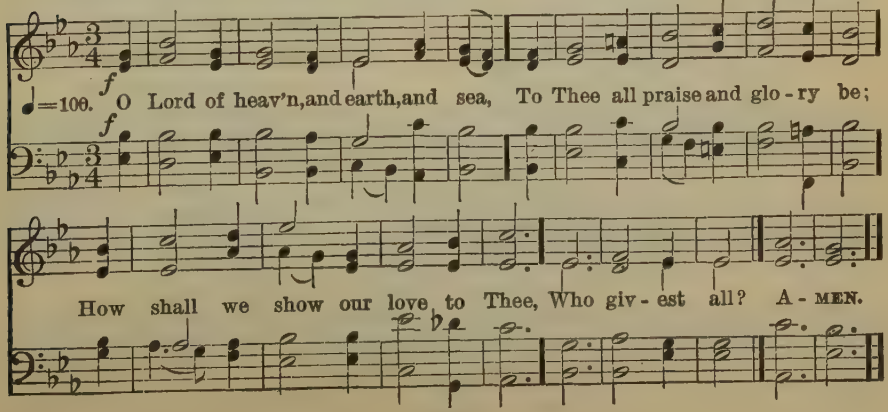
*f* 7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
*p* O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

*C. Wordsworth*

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

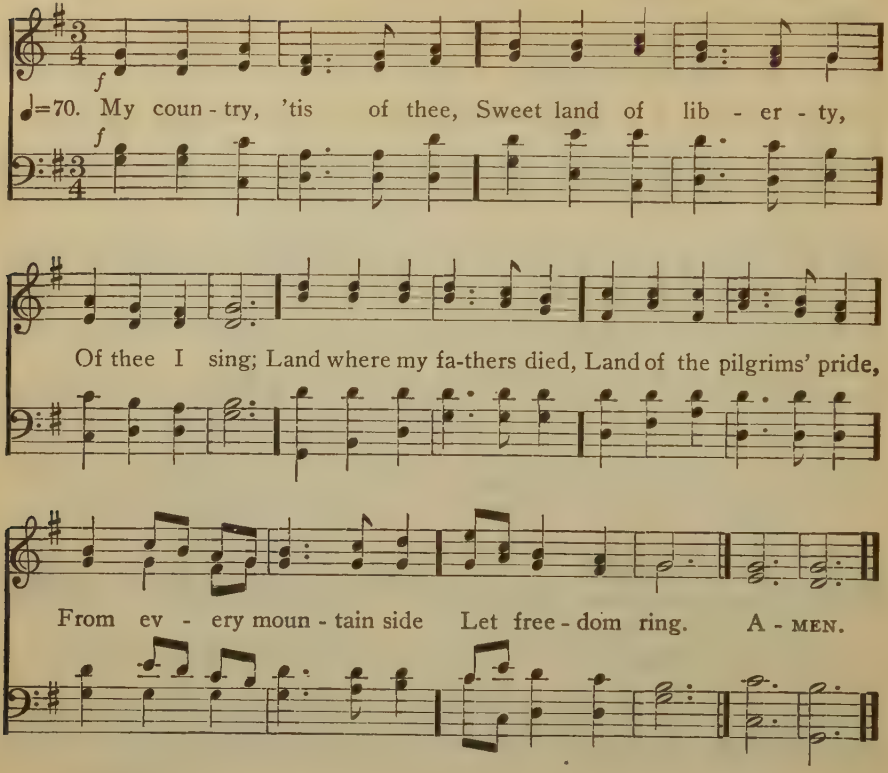
GRATITUDE
*S. S. Wesley*



427

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

AMERICA
*Harmonia Angelicana, c.* 1742


♩=70. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

*mf* 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
*cr* Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

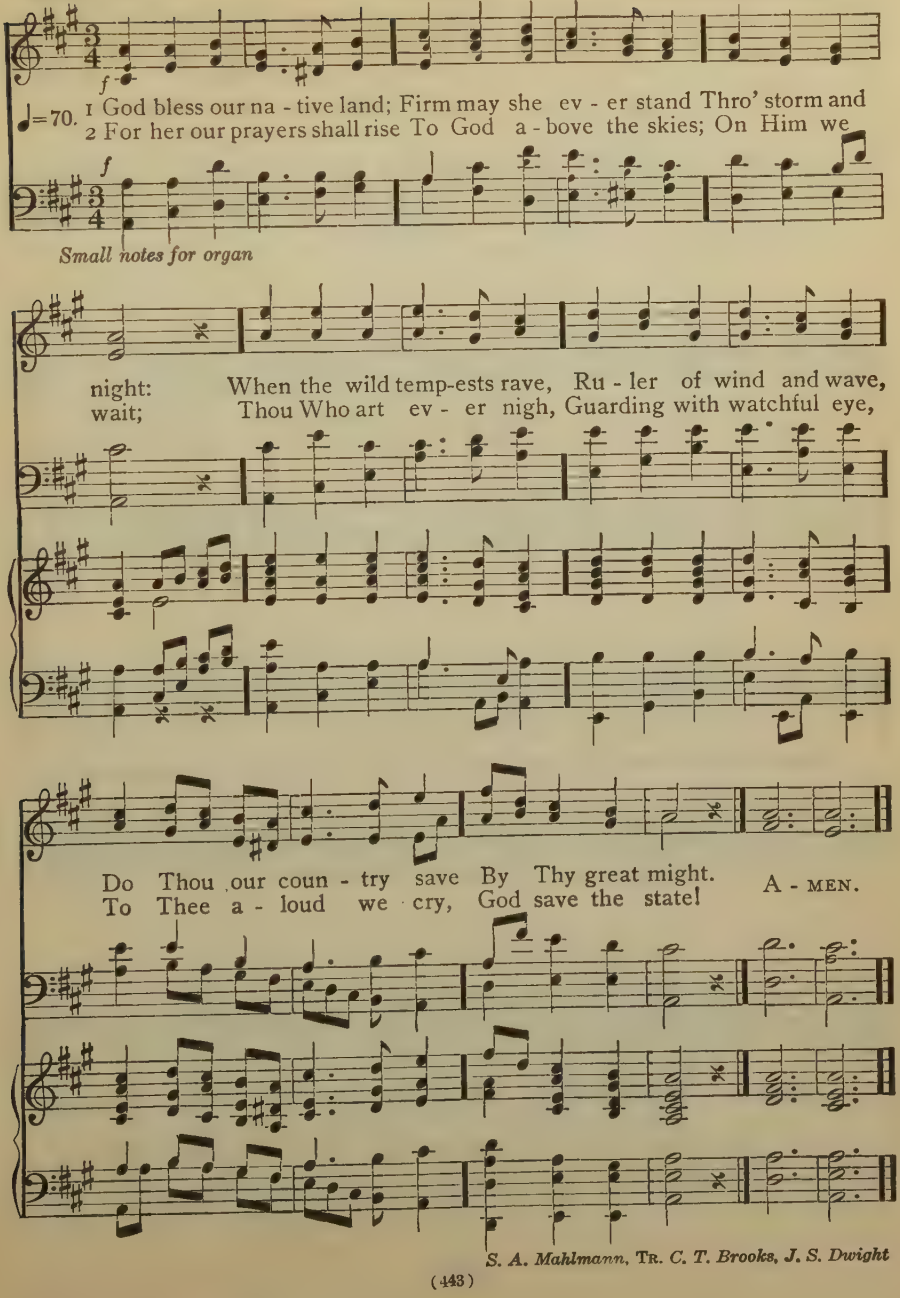
*f* 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

*S. F. Smith*

## 428

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

AMERICA
*Harmonia Anglicana*, 1742

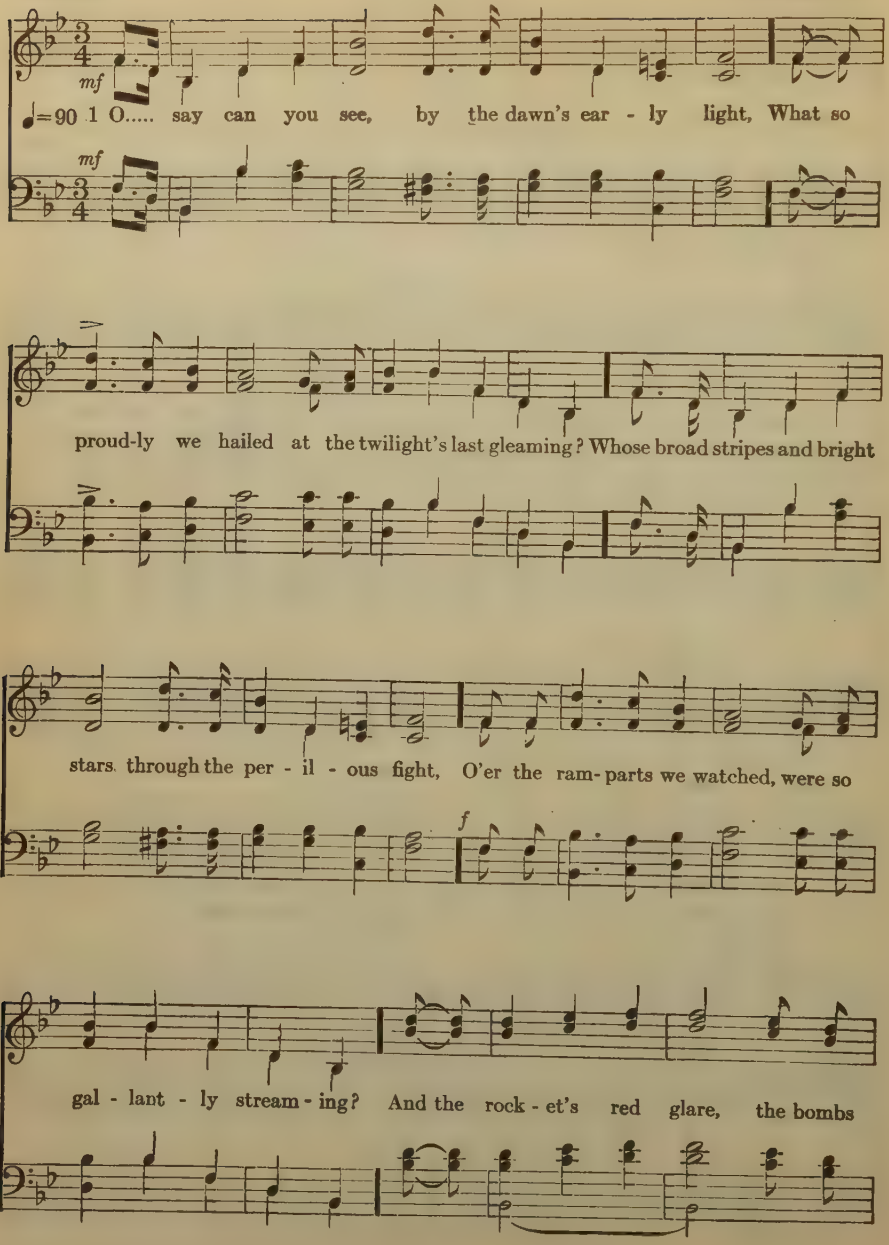

♩=70.
1 God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and
2 For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we
Small notes for organ
night: When the wild temp-ests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave,
wait; Thou Who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye,
Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state!
A - MEN.

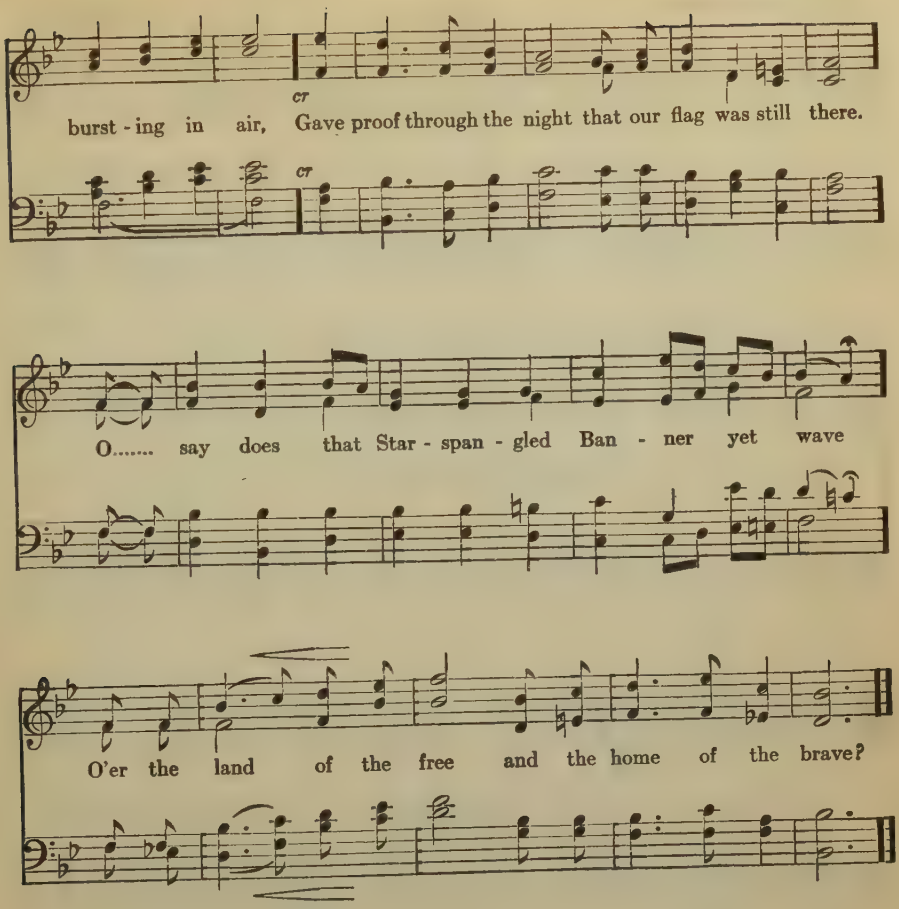
*S. A. Mahlmann*, TR. *C. T. Brooks, J. S. Dwight*

## 429

P. M.

NATIONAL ANTHEM
*J. S. Smith*

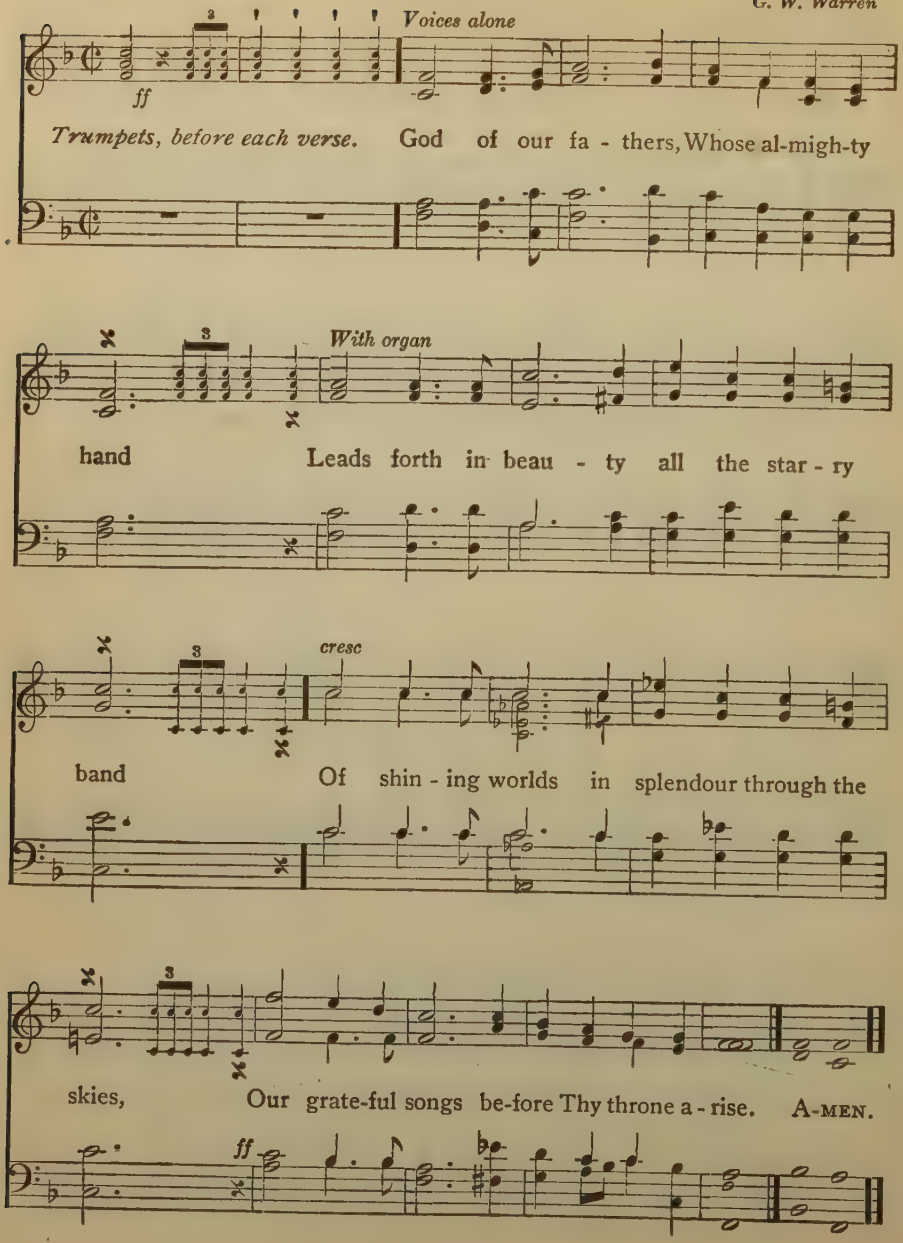

mf
♩=90 1 O..... say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
mf
proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright
stars through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so
f
gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs


burst - ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O..... say does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2 O thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
*f* And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*F. S. Key*

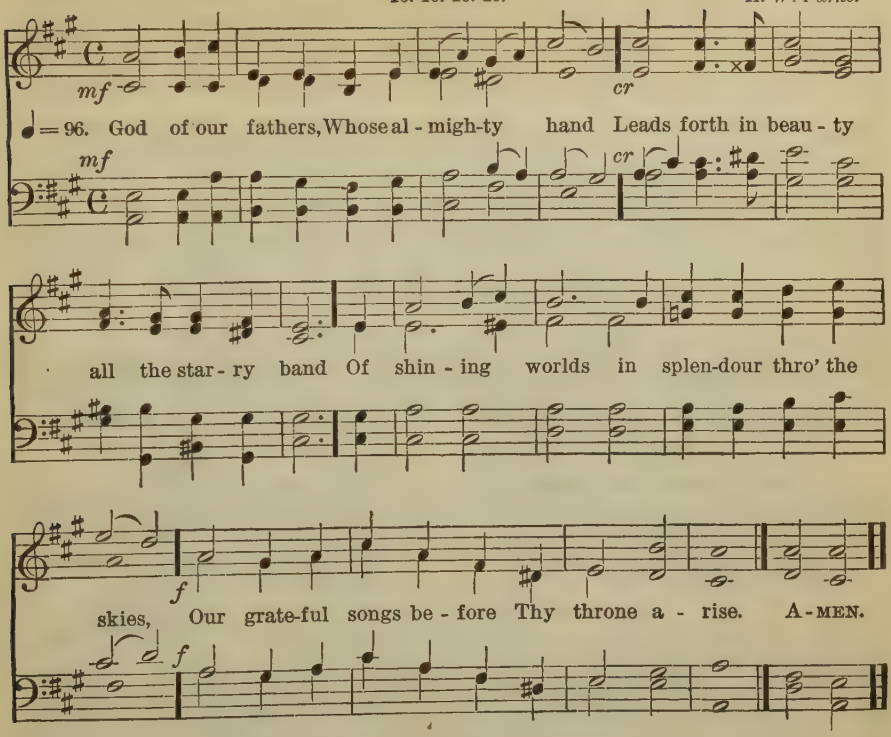
**430** (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. PRO PATRIA *G. W. Warren*



## 430 (SECOND TUNE)

10. 10. 10. 10.

PRO PATRIA
*H. W. Parker*


mf
cr
♩ = 96. God of our fathers, Whose al - migh-ty hand Leads forth in beau - ty
mf
cr
all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dour thro' the
f
skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - MEN.
f

*mf* 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

*mp* 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
*cr* Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

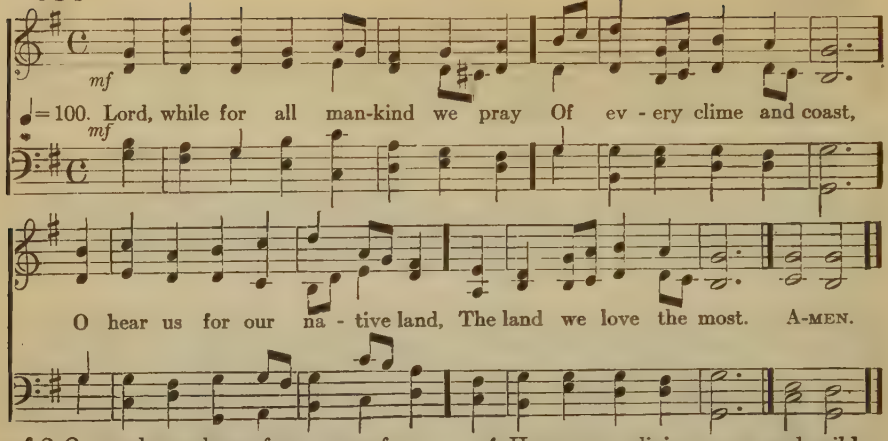
*mf* 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
*cr* Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
*f* And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

*D. C. Roberts*

## 431

C. M.

ST. STEPHEN
*W. Jones*


mf
♩= 100. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray Of ev - ery clime and coast,
mf
O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

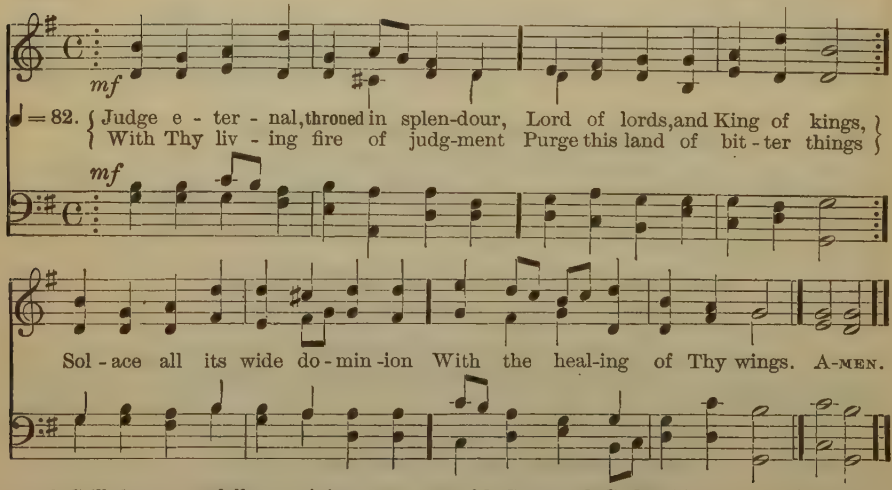
5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

*J. R. Wreford*

## 432

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

BAMBERG
Har. by *J. C. Bach*


mf
♩= 82. { Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dour, Lord of lords, and King of kings, }
{ With Thy liv - ing fire of judg-ment Purge this land of bit - ter things }
mf
Sol - ace all its wide do - min - ion With the heal-ing of Thy wings. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace

*mf* 3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

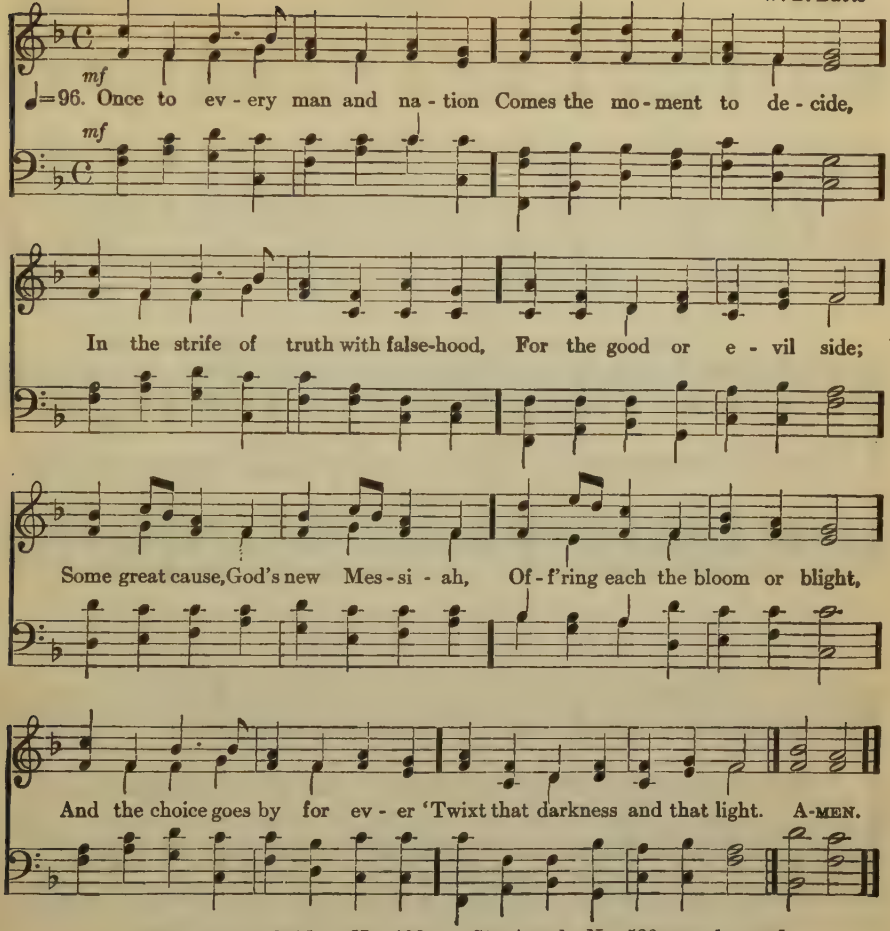
*H. S. Holland*

Alternative Tune, DULCE CARMEN, No. 247 (448)

## 433

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LOWELL
*W. B. Davis*


mf
♩=96. Once to ev - ery man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,
In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side;
Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Of - f'ring each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by for ev - er 'Twixt that darkness and that light. A-MEN.

*Tune Knightsbridge, No. 193, or St. Asaph, No. 539 may be used.*

*mf* 2 Then to side with truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

*mp* 3 By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

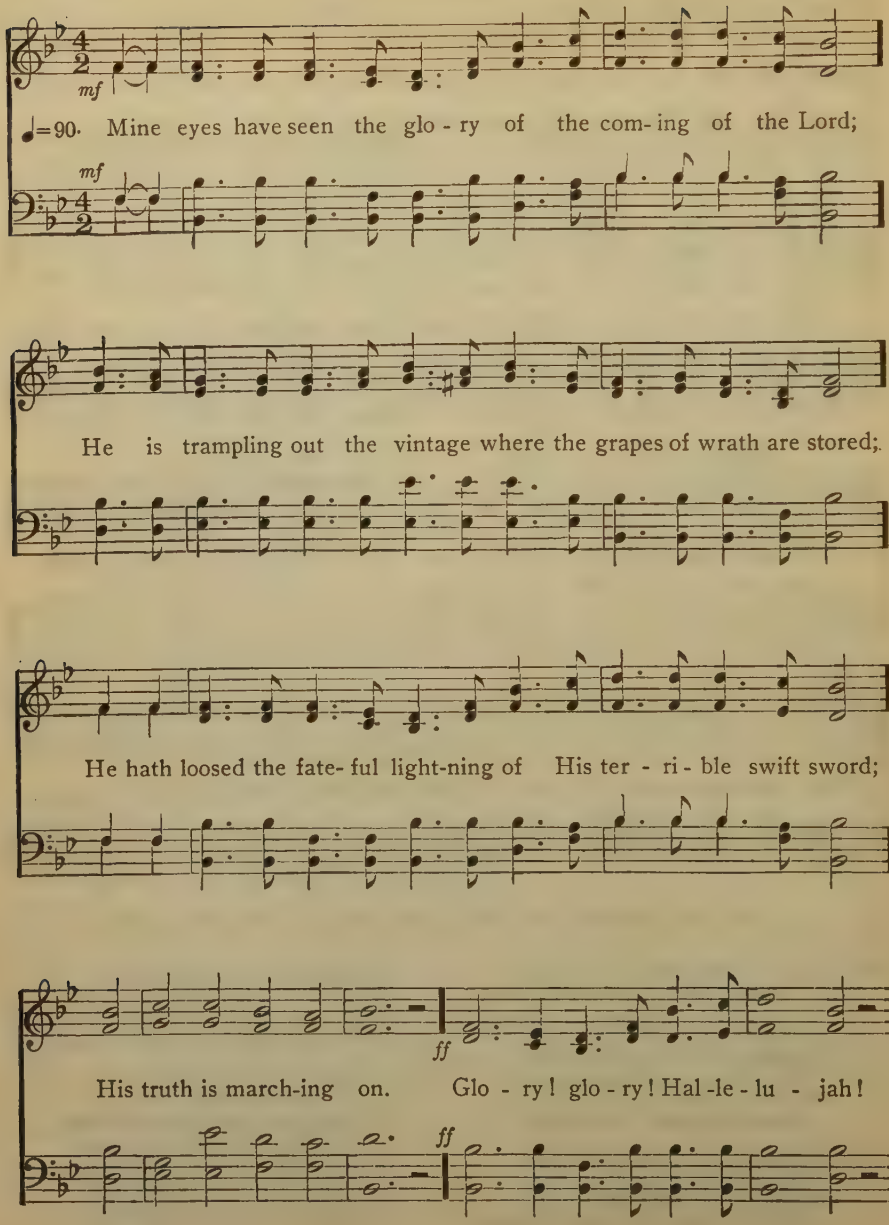
*mf* 4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

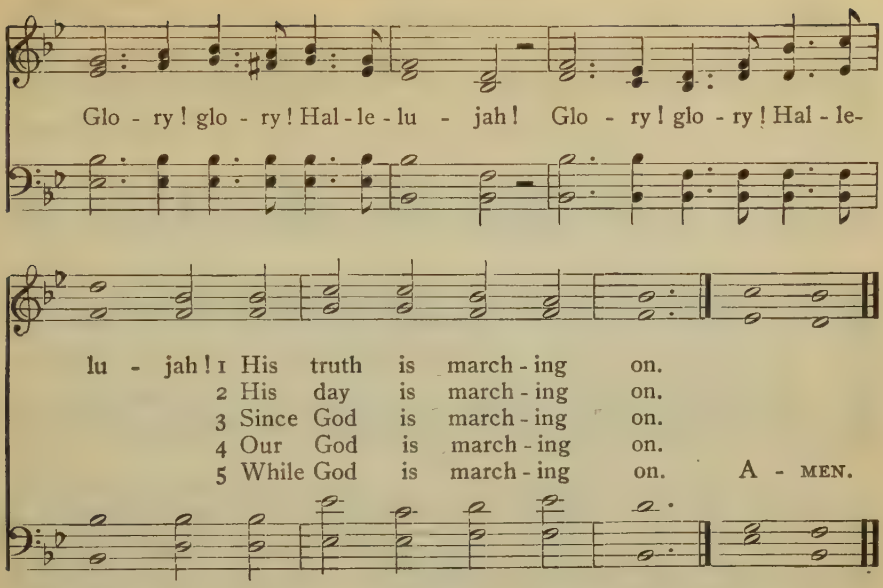
*J. R. Lowell*

## 434

15. 15. 15. 6. With Refrain.

BATTLE HYMN
*W. Steffe*


mf
♩=90. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com- ing of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fate- ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
ff
His truth is march-ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal -le - lu - jah!
ff


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le-
lu - jah! 1 His truth is march - ing on.
2 His day is march - ing on.
3 Since God is march - ing on.
4 Our God is march - ing on.
5 While God is march - ing on. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
*ff* Glory, etc.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.
*ff* Glory, etc.

4 He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
*ff* Glory, etc.

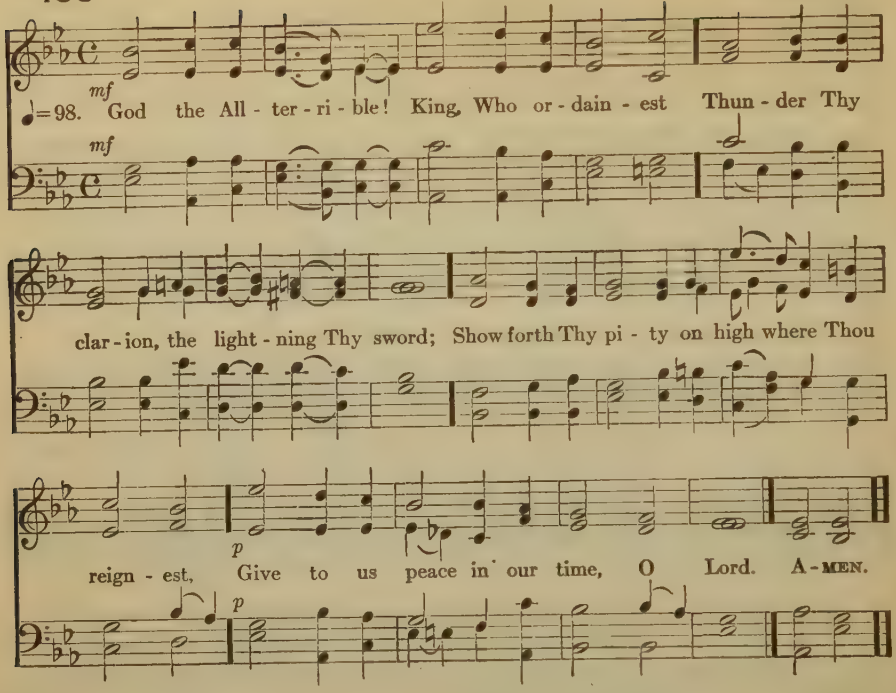
5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.
*ff* Glory, etc.

*J. W. Howe*

435

11. 10. 11. 9.

RUSSIAN HYMN
*A. Lvoff*


mf
♩=98. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, Who or - dain - est Thun - der Thy
mf
clar - ion, the light - ning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou
p
reign - est, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A - MEN.
p

*mp* 2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
*p* Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

*mp* 3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
*p* Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

*mp* 4 God the Omnipotent! wisely ordaining
Judgments unsearchable, famine and sword;
Over the tumult of war Thou art reigning:
*p* Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

*mp* 5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

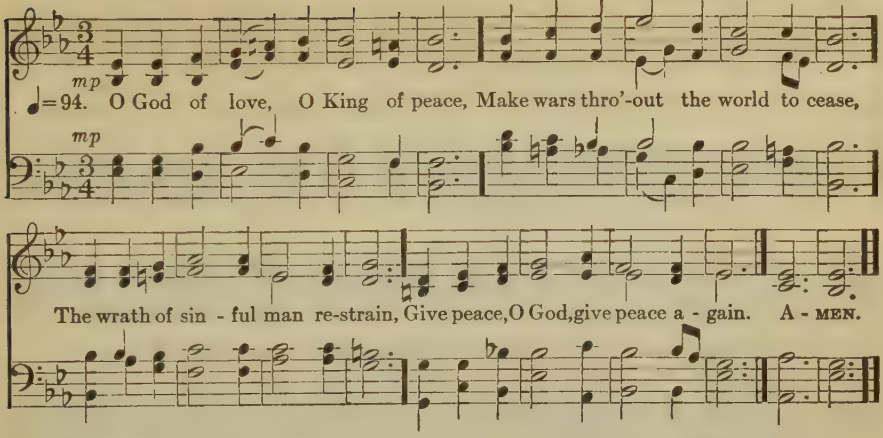
*mp* 6 So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
*cr* Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

*H. F. Chorley, J. Ellerton*

## 436

L. M.

ANGELUS
*"Cantica Spiritualia"* 1847


mp
♩=94. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease,
mp
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
*dim* Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again

*mf* 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again!

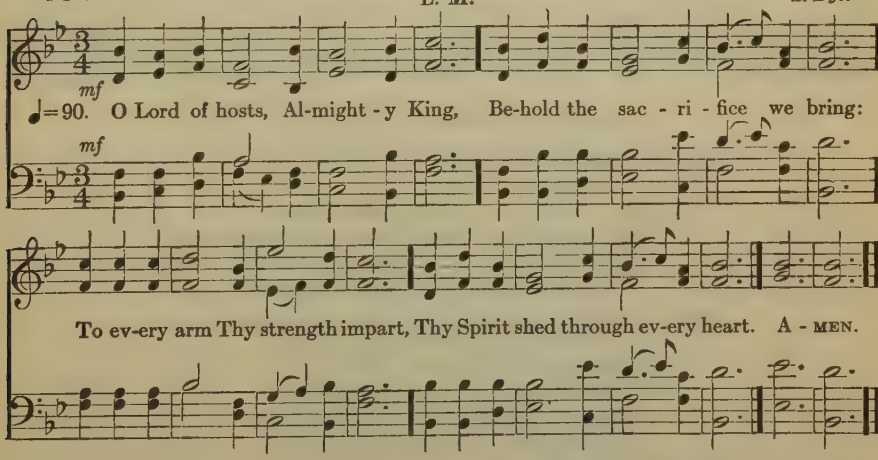
*mf* 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

*H. W. Baker*

## 437

L. M.

MENDON
*S. Dyer*


mf
♩=90. O Lord of hosts, Al-might - y King, Be-hold the sac - ri - fice we bring:
mf
To ev-ery arm Thy strength impart, Thy Spirit shed through ev-ery heart. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
*cr* We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

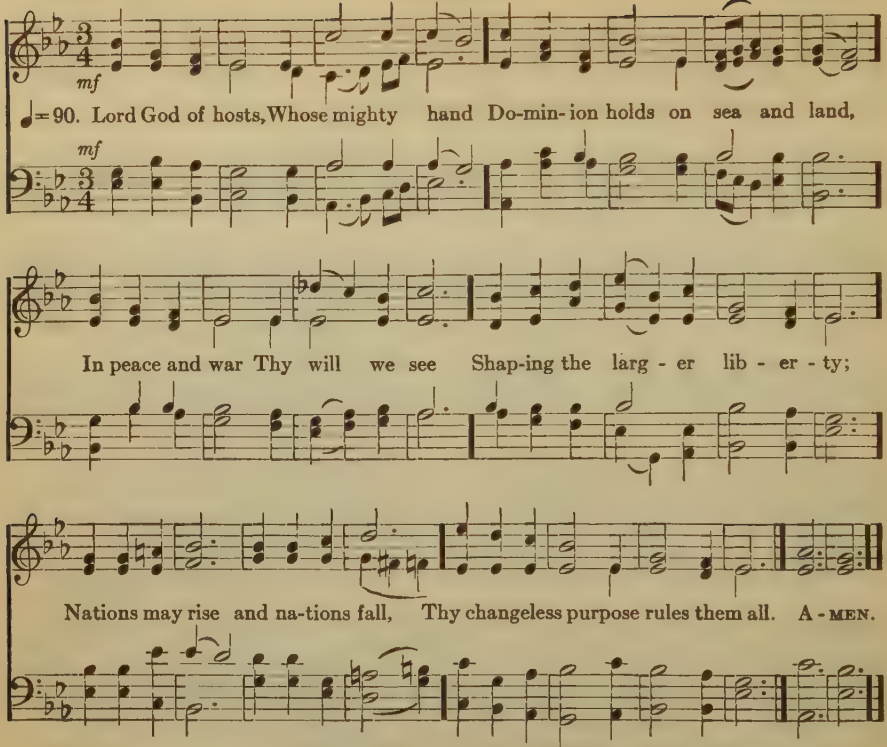
*mf* 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
*f* Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

*O. W. Holmes.*

438

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

FABER
*G. Herbert*


mf
♩= 90. Lord God of hosts, Whose mighty hand Do-min-ion holds on sea and land,
In peace and war Thy will we see Shap-ing the larg - er lib - er - ty;
Nations may rise and na-tions fall, Thy changeless purpose rules them all. A - MEN.

*Alternative Tune, Melita, No.* 415

*mp* 2 For those who weak and broken lie
In weariness and agony,
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch and make them whole again.
O hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

*mf* 3 For those to whom the call shall come,
We pray Thy tender welcome home;
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy love at last.
O hear a people's prayers for all!
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

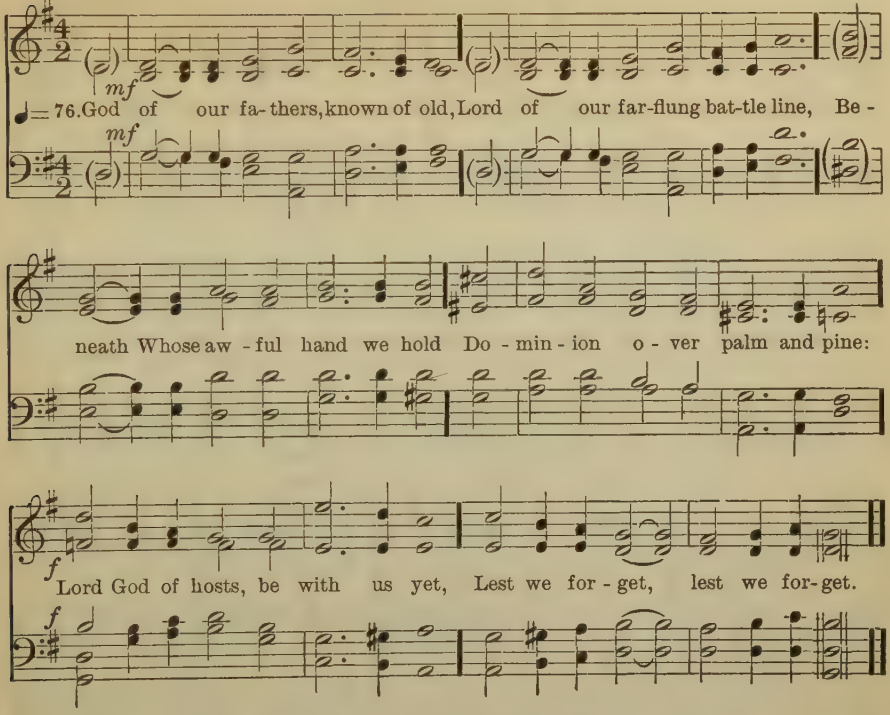
*mf* 4 For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal;
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death:
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy peace on earth till time shall end.

*J. Oxenham*

439

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

RECESSIONAL
*T. Lynes*


mf
♩= 76. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, Be-
mf
neath Whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:
f
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
f

*mp* 2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
*p* Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

*mp* 3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
*p* Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

*mp* 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
*p* Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

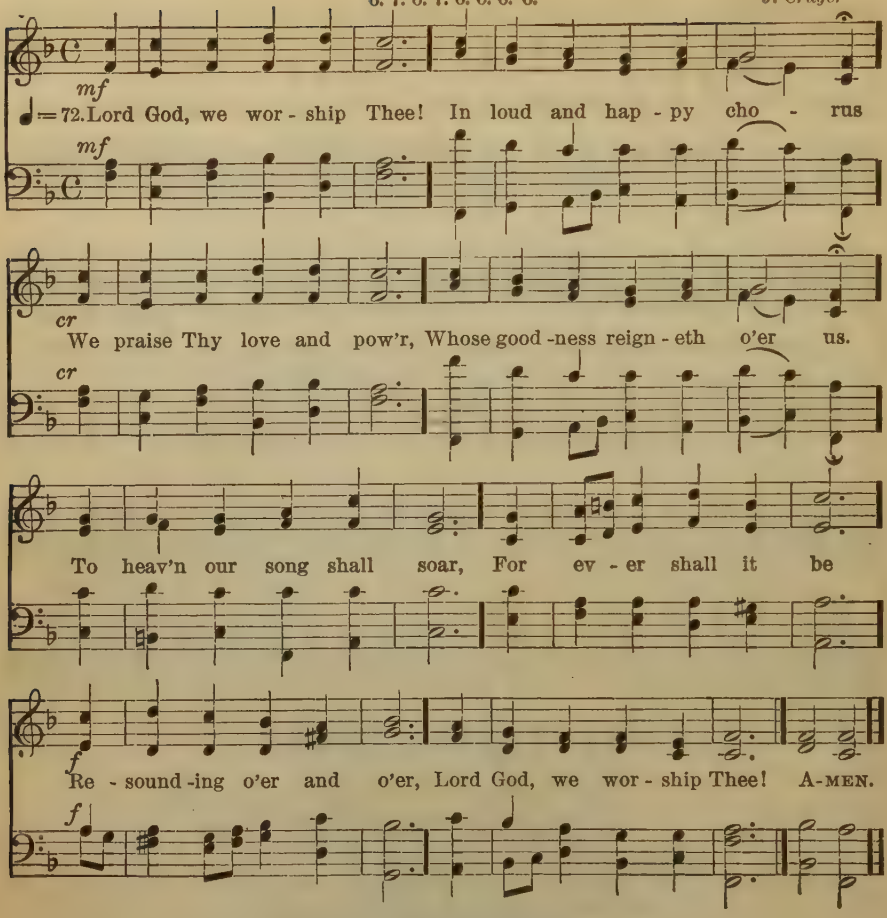
*mp* 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard:
*p* For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

*R. Kipling*

## 440

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

NUN DANKET
*J. Cruger*


mf
♩ = 72. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus
mf
cr
We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose good -ness reign - eth o'er us.
cr
To heav'n our song shall soar, For ev - er shall it be
f
Re - sound -ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
*mf* Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
*cr* Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

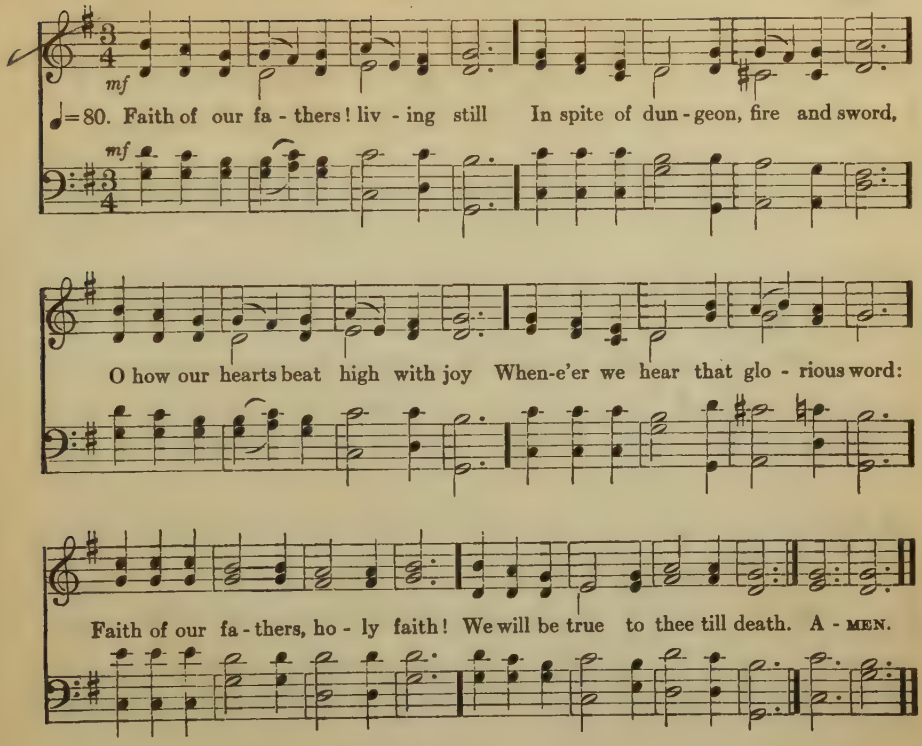
*mf* 3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
*dim* Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
*cr* Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
*f* And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!

*J. Franck:* TR. *C. Winkworth*

## 441

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ST. CATHARINE
*H. F. Hemy*


mf
♩=80. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee:
*mf* Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

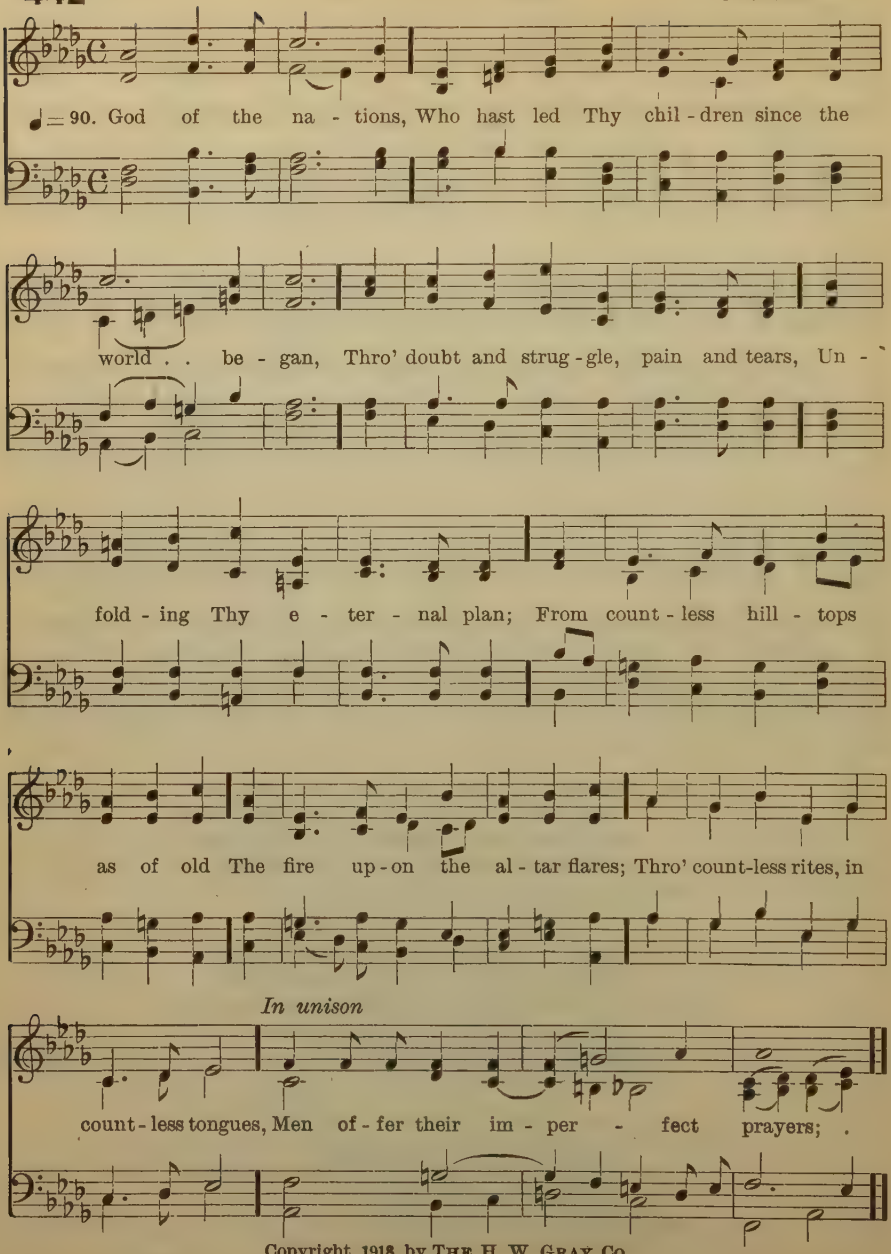
*mp* 4 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly deeds and virtuous life:
*mf* Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

*F. W. Faber*

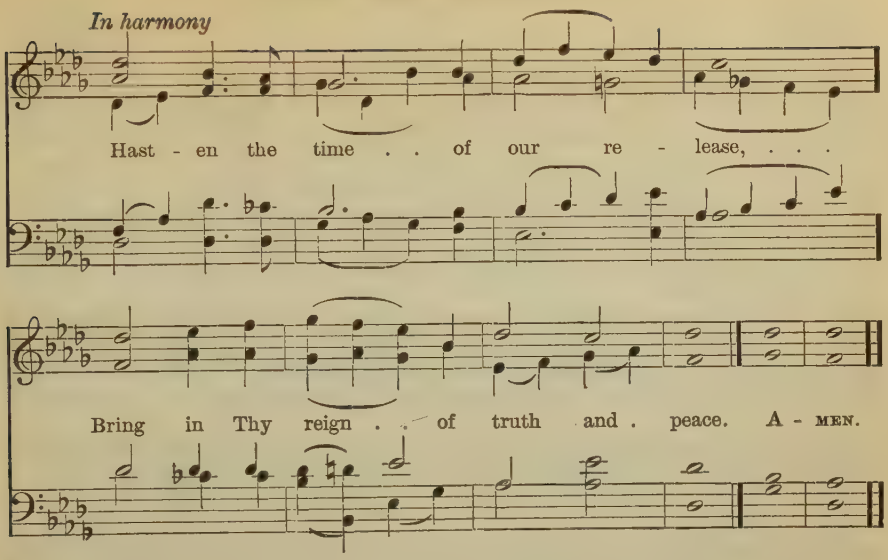
## 442

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

PAX VERITATIS
*H. Parker*


♩ = 90. God of the na - tions, Who hast led Thy chil - dren since the
world . . be - gan, Thro' doubt and strug - gle, pain and tears, Un -
fold - ing Thy e - ter - nal plan; From count - less hill - tops
as of old The fire up - on the al - tar flares; Thro' count-less rites, in
In unison
count - less tongues, Men of - fer their im - per - fect prayers; .

Copyright, 1918, by THE H. W. GRAY CO.




*mf* 2 O Jesus Christ, Incarnate Son,
Who bore our flesh that men might see
The Vision of the Perfect Life
Fashioned in their humanity;
By all Thy words of heavenly truth,
By all Thy deeds of mercy wrought,
By all the passion of Thy cross,
By the redemption Thou hast brought;
*cr* Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

*mf* 3 O Holy Spirit, who dost touch
The prophets with Thy sacred fire,
Eternal Wisdom to whose light
All seekers after truth aspire;
Behold the warring sons of men,
The helpless by the strong oppressed,
The truth with error still concealed,
The evil grudgingly confessed;
*cr* Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

*mp* 4 O God Triune, Thy Church to-day
In penitence before Thee kneels,
Mourning her years of slothful ease,
Her deafness to the world's appeals;
Divided where she should be one,
Enamoured of a lesser strife,
Tithing the mint and cummin while
Men perish for the Bread of Life;
*cr* Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

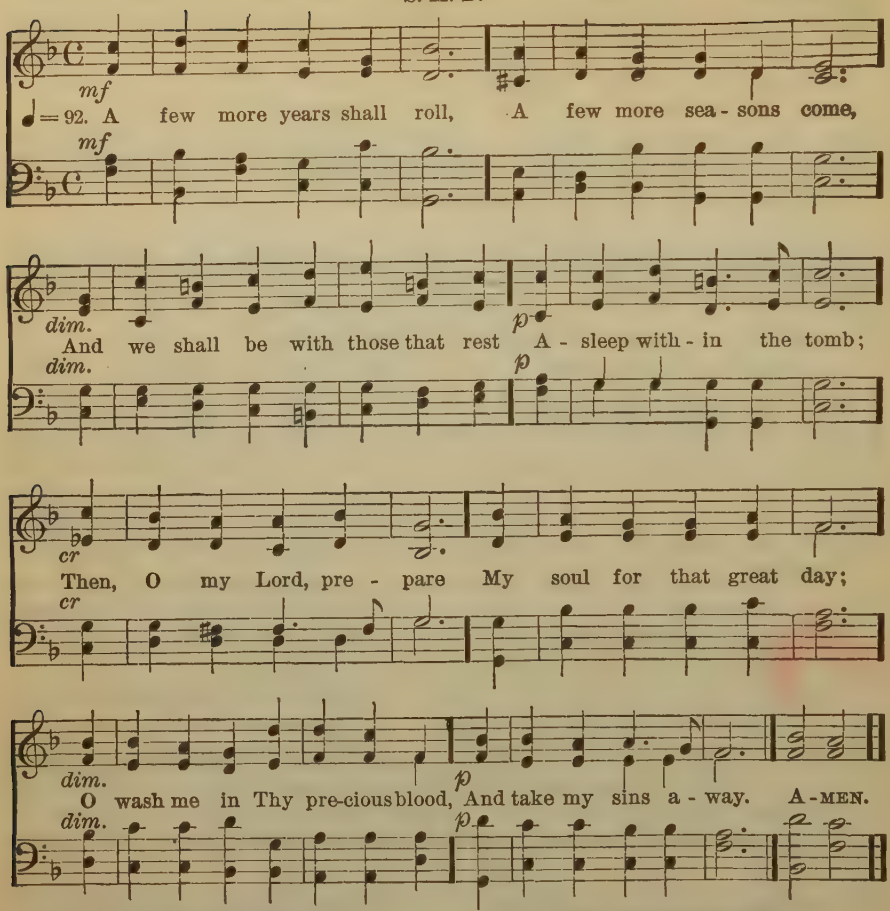
*mf* 5 Restore to us the vision, Lord,
Descend with fires of Pentecost;
Our tongues unloose, our hearts inflame,
To preach the Gospel to the lost;
Here at Thy feet our prayer is made,
Here life and wealth we dedicate;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Lord, Thy anointing we await;
*cr* Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

*F. Edwards*

443

S. M. D.

CHALVEY
*L. G. Hayne*


mf
♩ = 92. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
mf
dim.
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
dim.
p
p
cr
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
cr
dim.
O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - MEN.
dim.
p
p

*mf* 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
*cr* And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
*dim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
*p* And take my sins away.

*mf* 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
*dim* And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
*cr* Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
*dim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
*p* And take my sins away.

*p* 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
*cr* And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
*dim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
*p* And take my sins away.

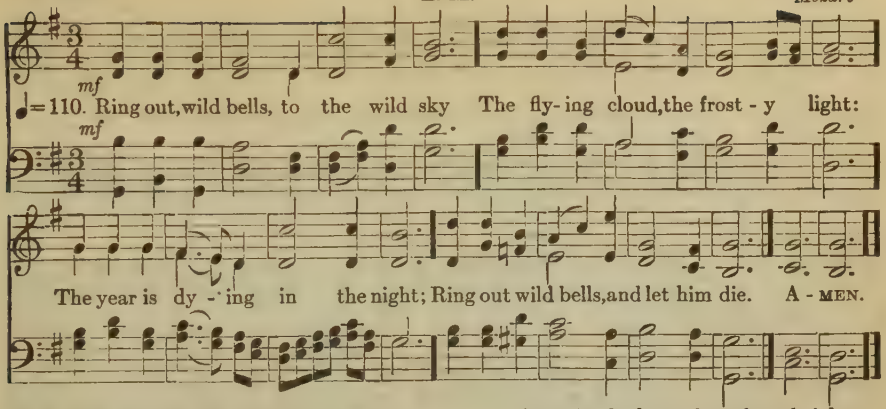
*mf* 5 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again, [lives
*cr* Who died that we might live, (*f*) Who
That we with Him may reign:
*p* Then, O my Lord, prepare
*cr* My soul for that glad day;
*dim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
*p* And take my sins away.

*H. Bonar*

## 444

L. M.

MOZART
*Mozart*


mf
♩=110. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky The fly-ing cloud, the frost-y light:
The year is dy-ing in the night; Ring out wild bells, and let him die. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

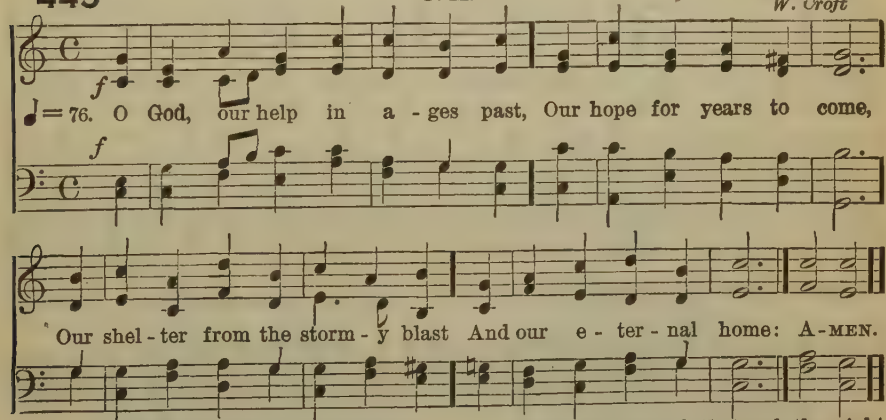
*cr* 6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*A. Tennyson*

## 445

C. M.

ST. ANNE
*W. Croft*




*mf* 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

*mf* 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
*cr* From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

*p* 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

*p* 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

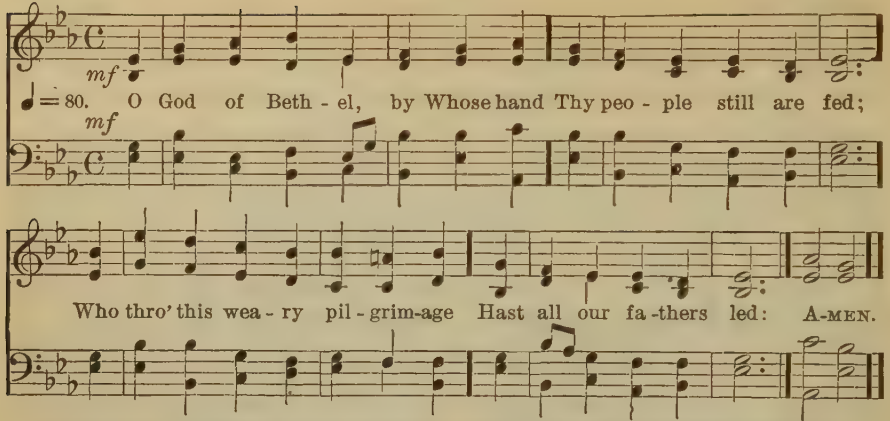
*f* 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

*I. Watts*

## 446

C. M.

DUNDEE
*Scotch Psalter*




*p* 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
*cr* God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

*p* 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
*cr* Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

*mf* 4 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
*p* Till all our wanderings cease,
*cr* And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

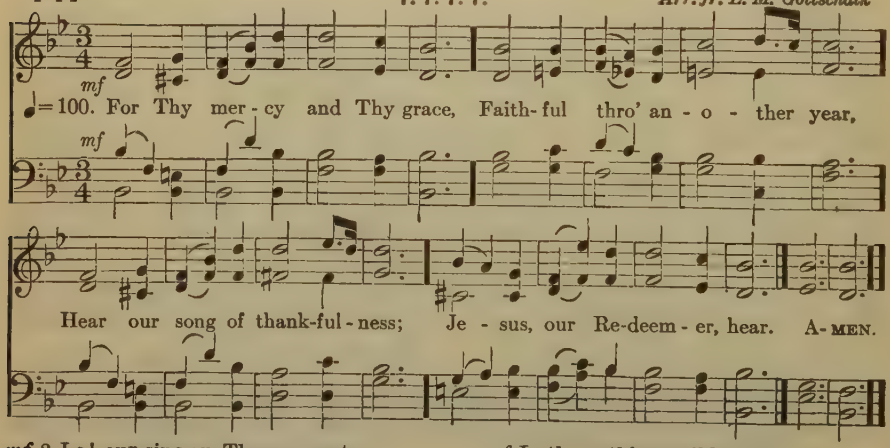
*mf* 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
*cr* And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
*f* And portion evermore.

*P. Doddridge*

## 447

7. 7. 7. 7.

MERCY
*Arr. fr. L. M. Gottschalk*




*mf* 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

*mf* 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
*cr* Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

*mf* 4 In our weakness and distress,
*cr* Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
*mf* In the pathless wilderness
*cr* Be our true and living Way.

*p* 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

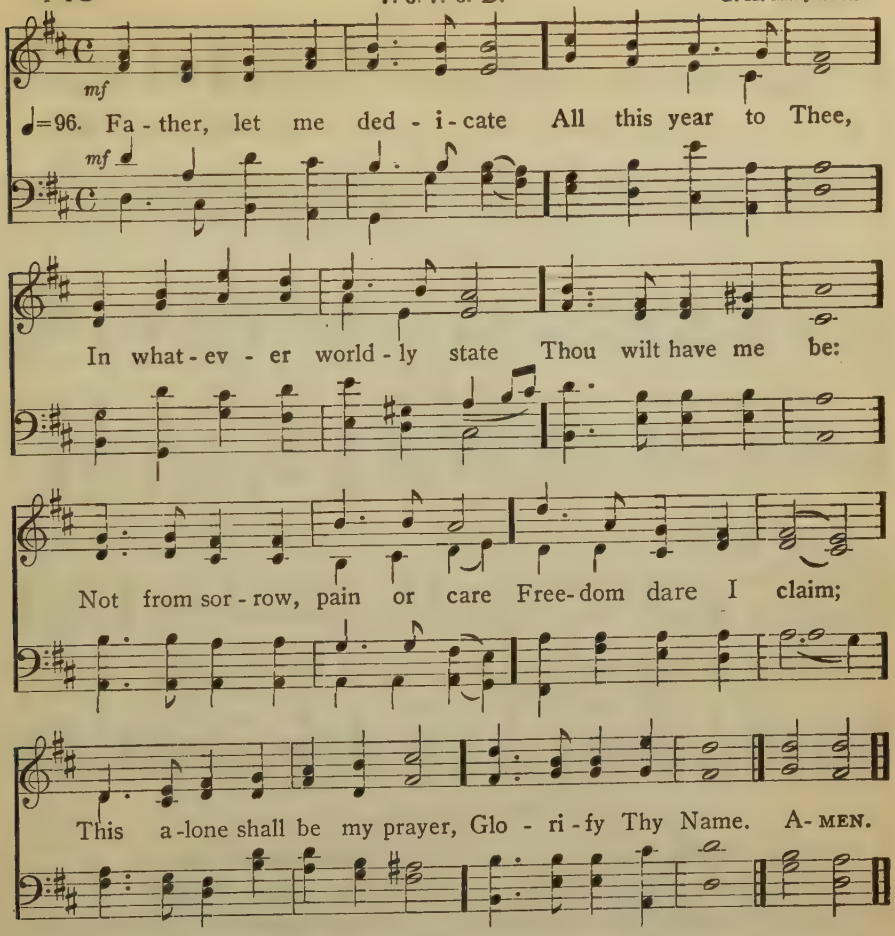
*mf* 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

*H. Downton*

448

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

DEDICATION
*G. A. Macfarren*


mf
♩=96. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,
mf
In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sor - row, pain or care Free - dom dare I claim;
This a - lone shall be my prayer, Glo - ri - fy Thy Name. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;

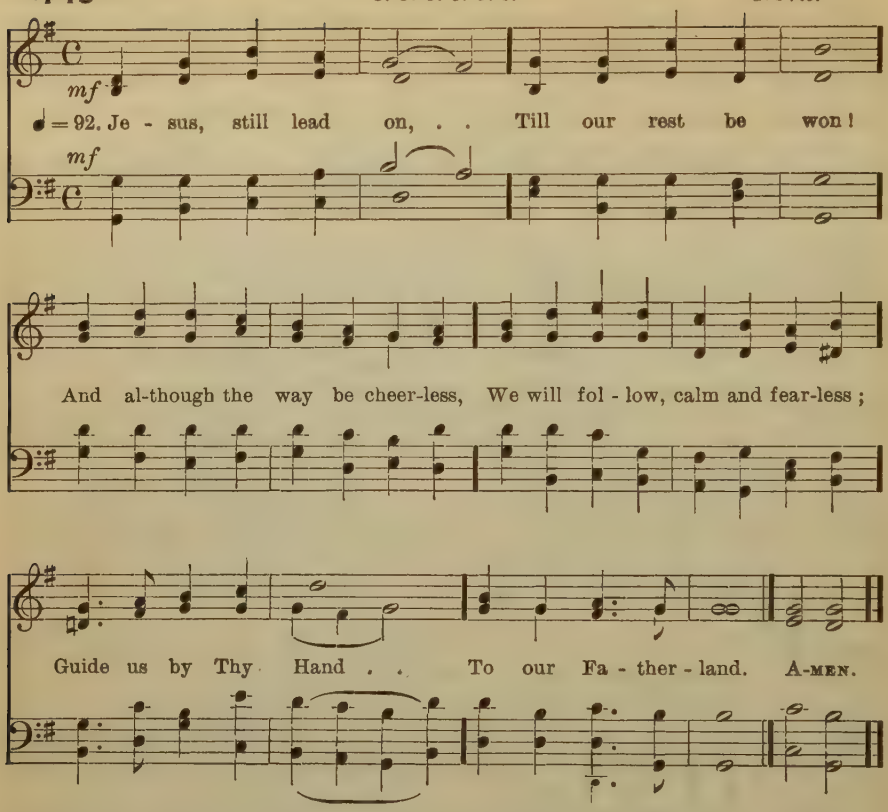
*f* Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

*mp* 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify Thy Name.

*L. Tuttiett*

**449** 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

FATHERLAND
*G. Prior*


mf
♩ = 92. Je - sus, still lead on, . . Till our rest be won!
mf
And al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol - low, calm and fear-less;
Guide us by Thy Hand . . To our Fa - ther - land. A-MEN.

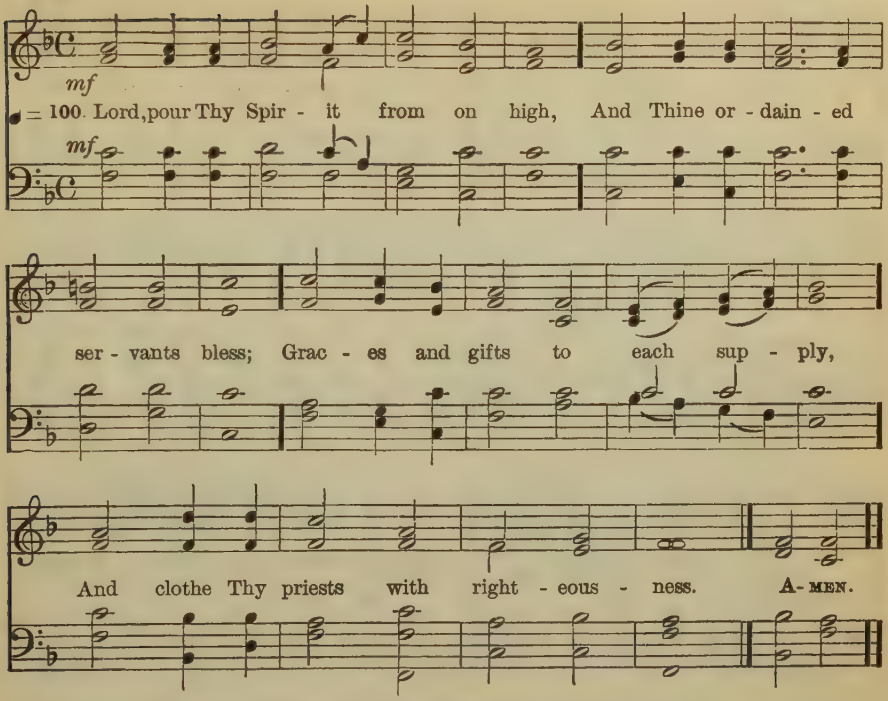
*p* 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
*cr* Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

*p* 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
*cr* Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
*f* Where we weep no more.

*mf* 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
*cr* Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

*N. L. Zinzendorf.* TR. *J. Borthwick*

450 L. M. FEDERAL STREET *H. K. Oliver*


mf
♩ = 100. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And Thine or - dain - ed
mf
ser - vants bless; Grac - es and gifts to each sup - ply,
And clothe Thy priests with right - eous - ness. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
*cr* Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

*mf* 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

*p* 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
*cr* By day and night strict guard to keep,
*mf* To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

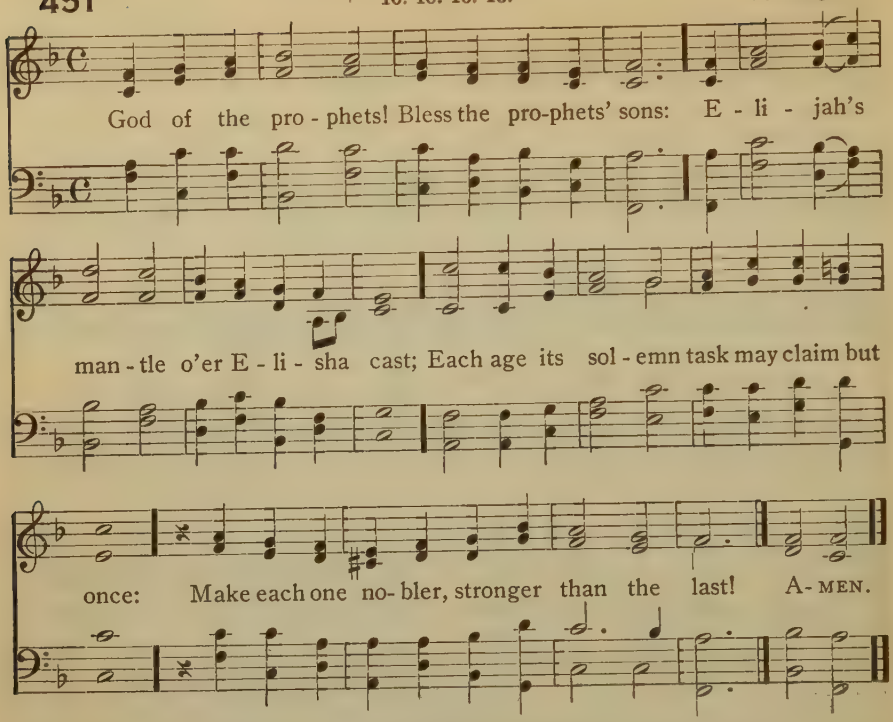
*cr* 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
*f* They may with crowns of glory shine.

 *J. Montgomery*

**451**

10. 10. 10. 10.

OLD 124TH
*L. Bourgeois*


God of the pro - phets! Bless the pro-phets' sons: E - li - jah's
man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may claim but
once: Make each one no- bler, stronger than the last! A- MEN.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! Aye, kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the Spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs not a jeweled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace:
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

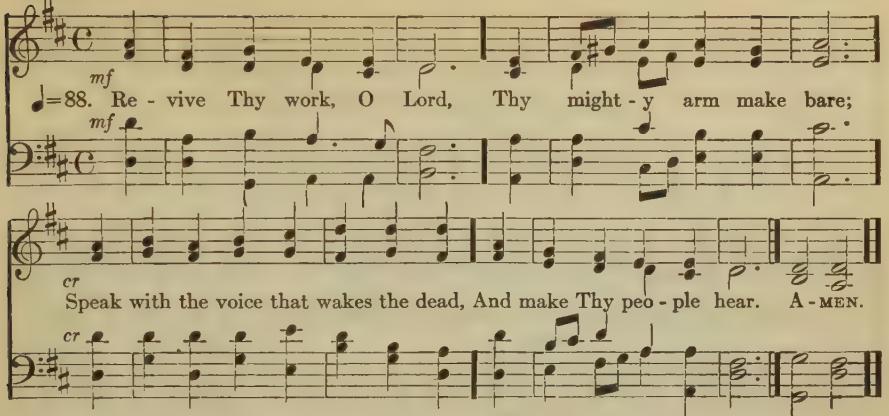
6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

*D. Wortman*

## 452

S. M.

SWABIA
*German*


mf
♩=88. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
cr
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
*cr* Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

*mf* 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

*mf* 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

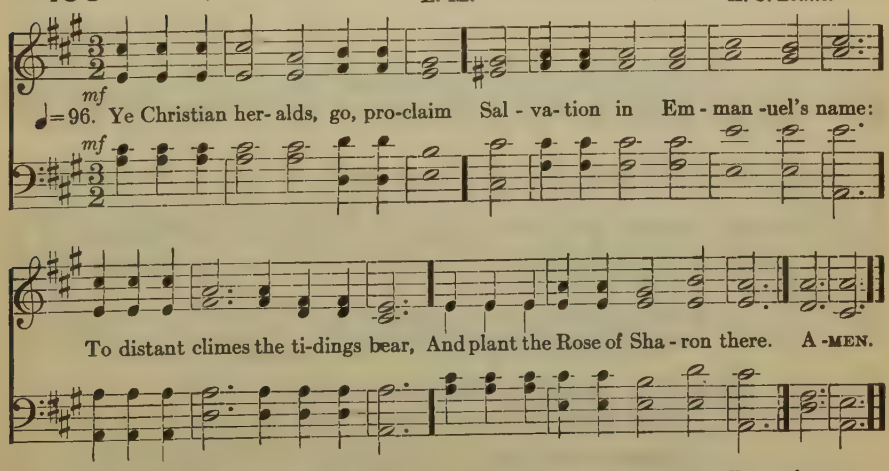
*f* 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

*A. Midlane*

## 453

L. M.

MISSIONARY CHANT
*H. C. Zeuner*


mf
♩=96. Ye Christian her- alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va- tion in Em - man -uel's name:
To distant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

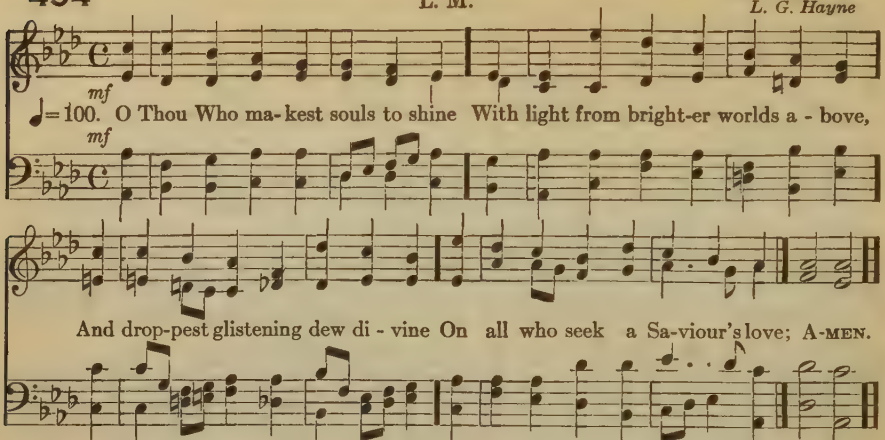
3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
*cr* Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
*f* And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

*B. H. Draper*

## 454

L. M.

ST. LAWRENCE
*L. G. Hayne*


mf
♩=100. O Thou Who ma-kest souls to shine With light from bright-er worlds a - bove,
mf
And drop-pest glistening dew di - vine On all who seek a Sa-viour's love; A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those that teach pure hearts and prayer:
wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

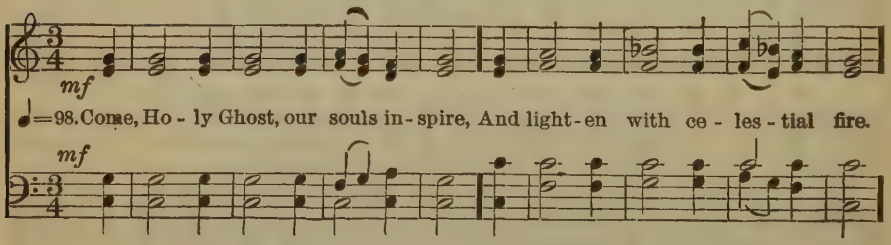
6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

*J. Armstrong.*

## 455

8. 8.

VENI CREATOR, No. 3
*J. H. Hopkins*




*mf* 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart

*mf* 3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

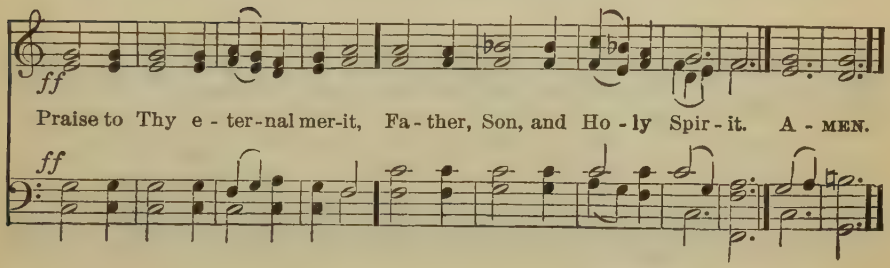
*p* 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

*mf* 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

*p* 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

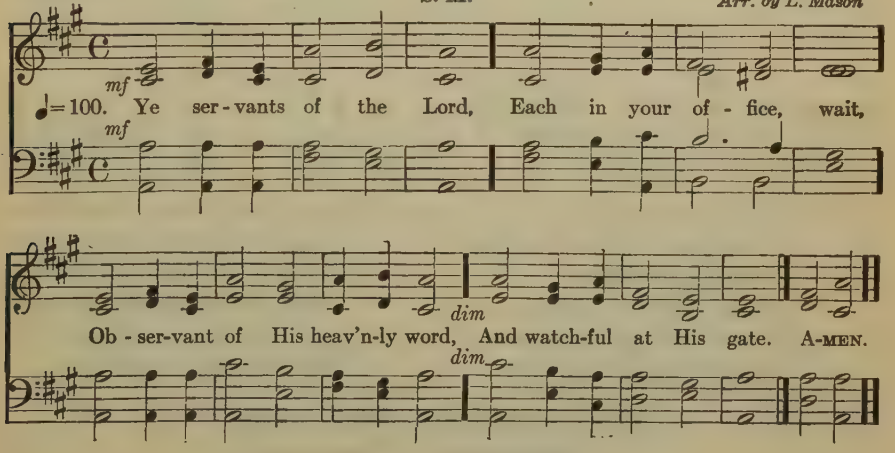
*mf* 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

*f* 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song,




*Latin:* TR. *J. Cosin*

**456** **S. M.** OLMUTZ *Arr. by L. Mason*


mf
♩= 100. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in your of - fice, wait,
mf
dim
Ob - ser-vant of His heav'n-ly word, And watch-ful at His gate. A-MEN.
dim

*mf* 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
*p* For awful is His Name.

*mf* 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
*dim* And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

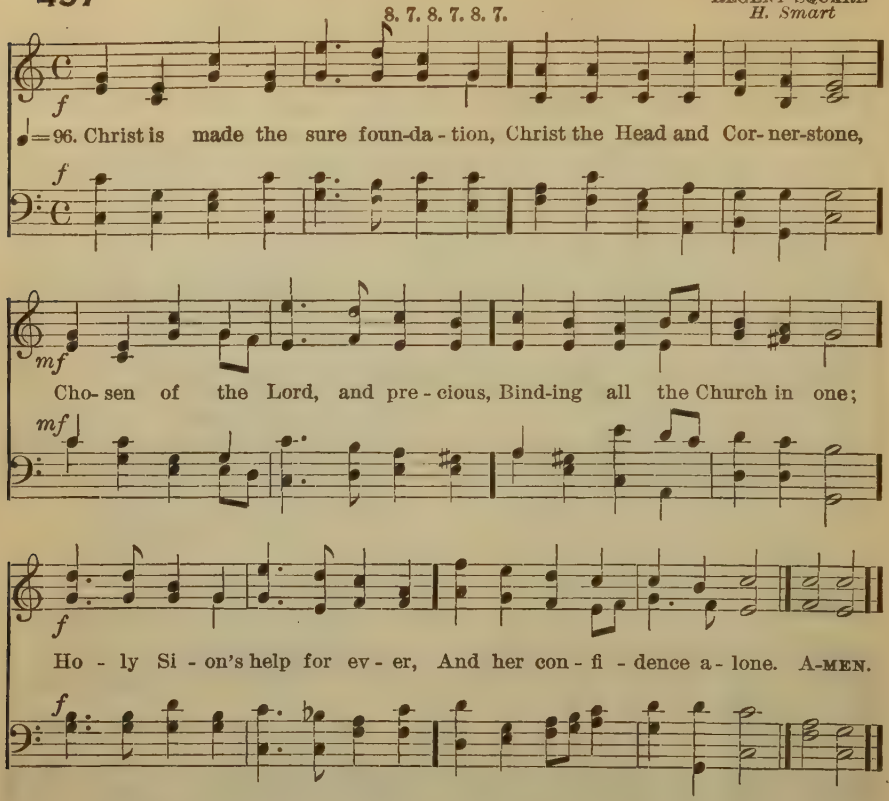
*mf* 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
*cr* He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

*P. Doddridge*

457

REGENT SQUARE
*H. Smart*

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.


f
♩=96. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the Head and Cor-ner-stone,
mf
Cho-sen of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;
f
Ho-ly Si-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
*f* In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
*p* God the One in Three adoring
*cr* In glad hymns eternally.

*mf* 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
*cr* And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

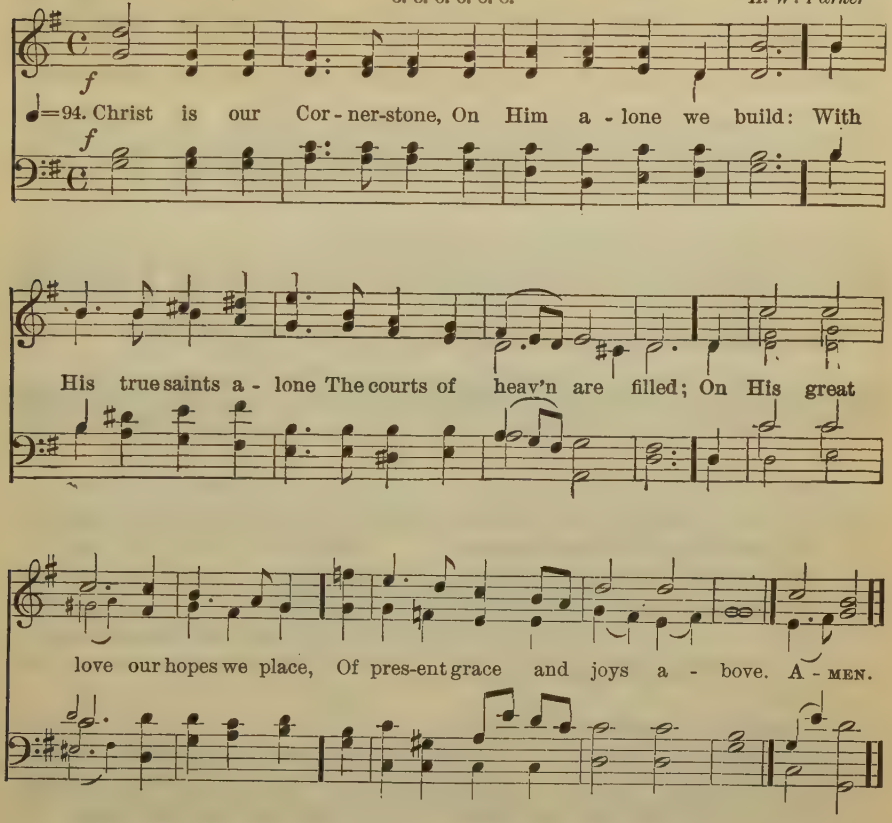
*p* 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
*cr* What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
*f* And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

*J. M. Neale*

## 458

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

AUBURNDALE
*H. W. Parker*


f
♩=94. Christ is our Cor - ner-stone, On Him a - lone we build: With
His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great
love our hopes we place, Of pres-ent grace and joys a - bove. A - MEN.

*f* 2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
*cr* Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
*ff* And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

*p* 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
*cr* In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

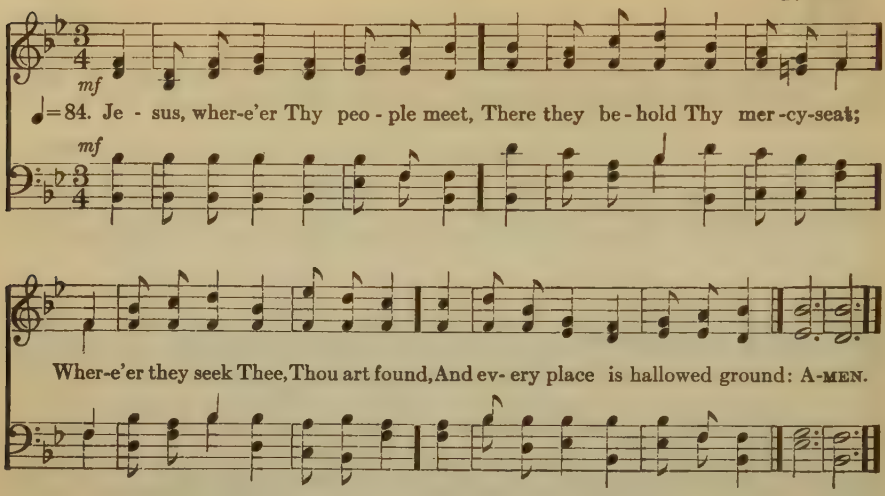
*p* 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
*cr* And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
*p* Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

TR. *John Chandler*

## 459

L. M.

HEBRON
*L. Mason*


mf
♩=84. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
mf
Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev- ery place is hallowed ground: A-MEN.

*mf* 2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

4 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
*mp* And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

*mf* 5 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

6 Here to the babe newborn on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

*mp* 7 Here to the weary, hungry soul,
*cr* Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's Flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's Blood.

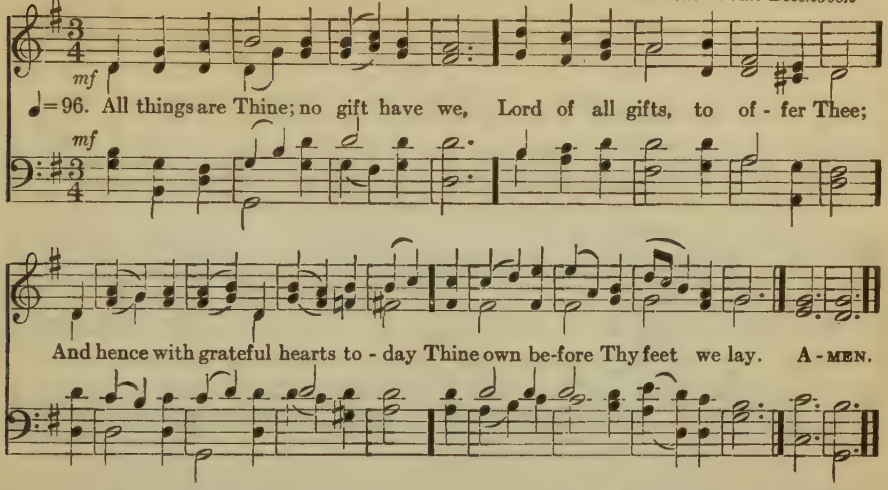
*mf* 8 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

*W. Cowper*

460

L. M.

ALSACE
*From L. van Beethoven*


mf
♩= 96. All things are Thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to of - fer Thee;
mf
And hence with grateful hearts to - day Thine own be-fore Thy feet we lay. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3 In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

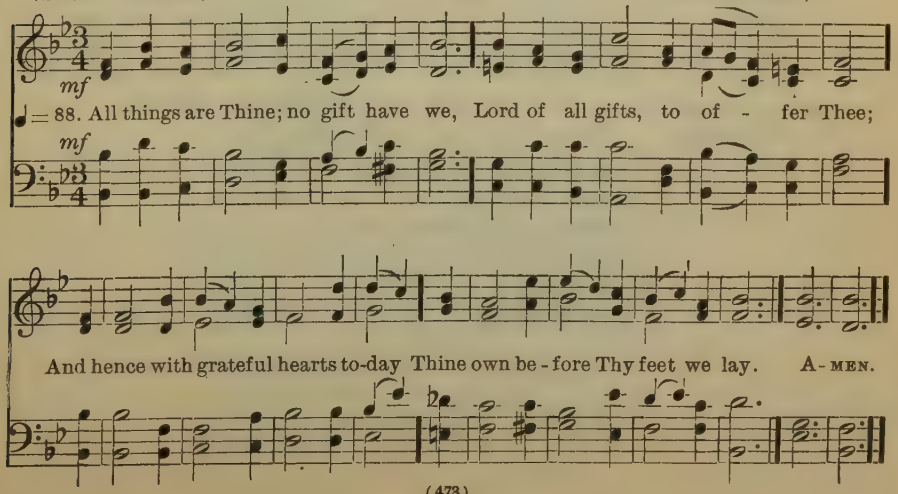
4 O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee.

*J. G. Whittier*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

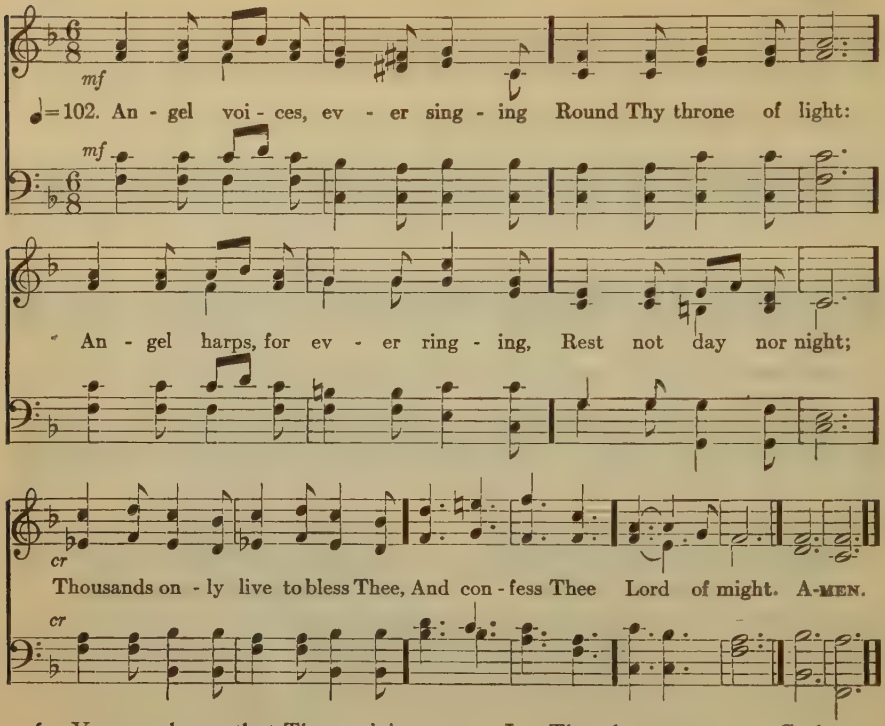
GARDINER
*Sacred Melodies, 1815*


mf
♩= 88. All things are Thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to of - fer Thee;
mf
And hence with grateful hearts to-day Thine own be - fore Thy feet we lay. A - MEN.

## 461

8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.

ANGEL VOICES
*A. Sullivan*


mf
♩=102. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light:
mf
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
cr
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

3 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

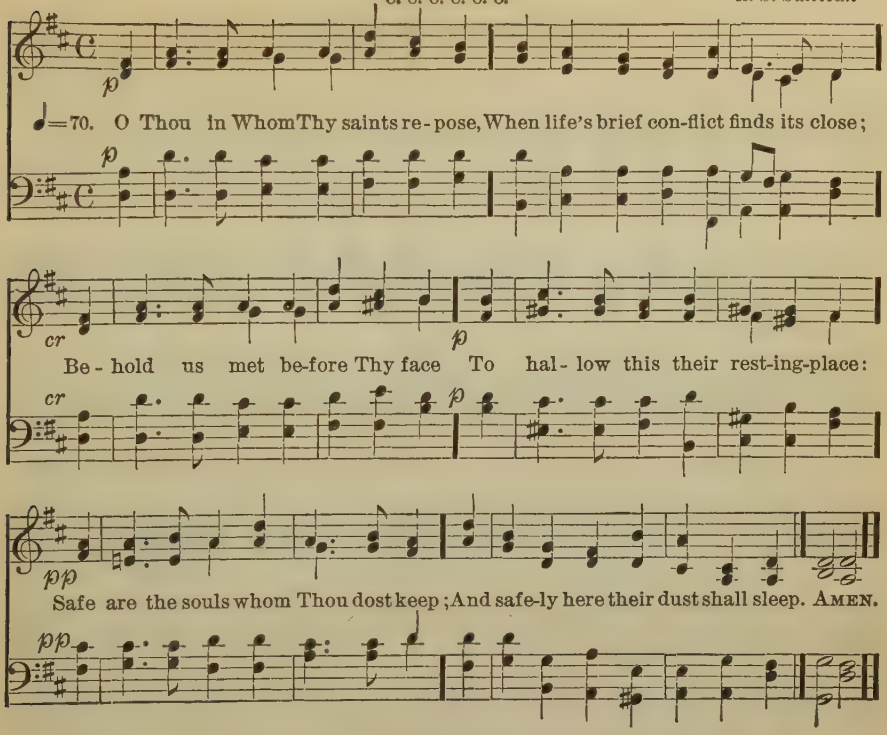
*f* 4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

*F. Pott*

462

SAINTS OF GOD
*A. S. Sullivan*

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.


♩=70. O Thou in Whom Thy saints re-pose, When life's brief con-flict finds its close;
Be-hold us met be-fore Thy face To hal-low this their rest-ing-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safe-ly here their dust shall sleep. AMEN.

*p* 2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
*pp* What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
*cr* Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,
*p* Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

*mf* 3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
*cr* And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
*p* No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

*p* 4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
*cr* Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
*f* Where safe within the guarded gate
*p* Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

*cr* 5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
*f* And in Thy golden garner store,
*p* Our fruit of tears for evermore.

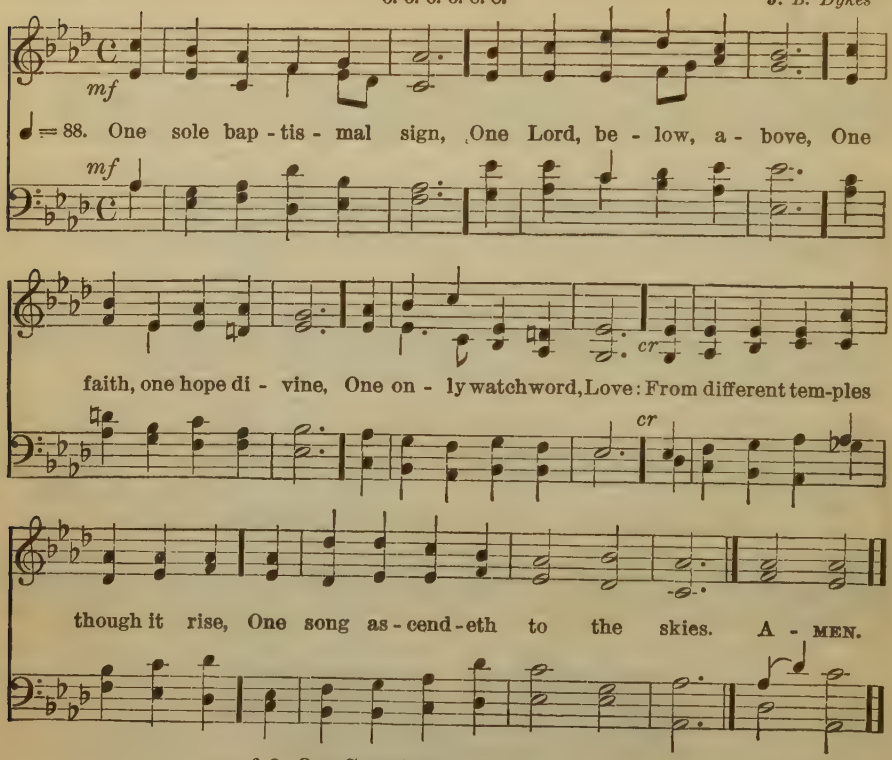
*J. Ellerton*

## The Church Militant

463

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

ST. GODRIC
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 88. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One
mf
faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watchword, Love: From different tem-ples
though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
*p* And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
*cr* Our chief, our choicest offering.

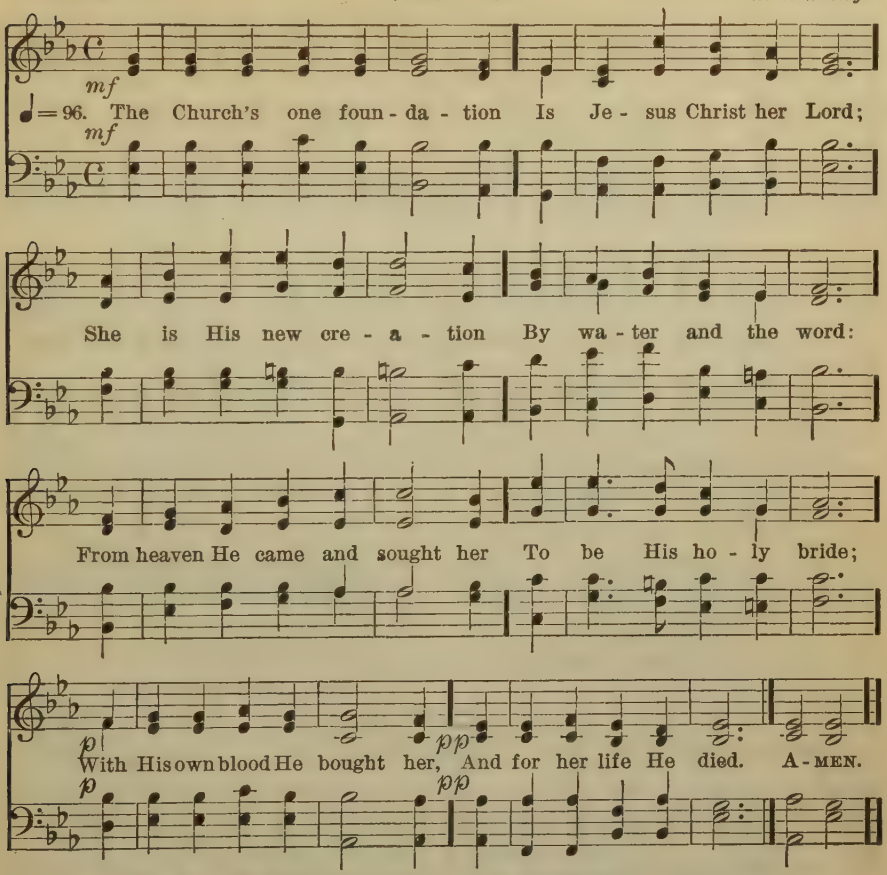
*mf* 3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
*cr* Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

*G. Robinson*

## 464

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

AURELIA
*S. S. Wesley*


mf
♩ = 96. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
p pp
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

*p* 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
*cr* Yet saints their watch are keeping,
*mf* Their cry goes up "How long?"
*cr* And soon the night of weeping
*f* Shall be the morn of song.

*p* 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
*cr* Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
*f* And the great Church victorious
*p* Shall be the Church at rest.

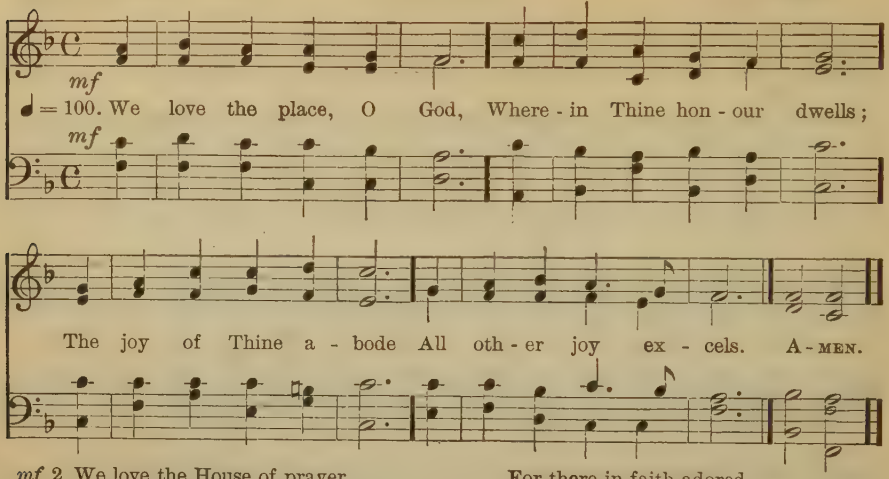
*mf* 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
*cr* And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
*f* O happy ones and holy!
*p* Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
*cr* On high may dwell with Thee.

*S. J. Stone*

## 465 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6.

QUAM DILECTA
*H. L. Jenner*




*mf* 2 We love the House of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred Font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine Altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

*mf* 5 We love Thy holy Word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

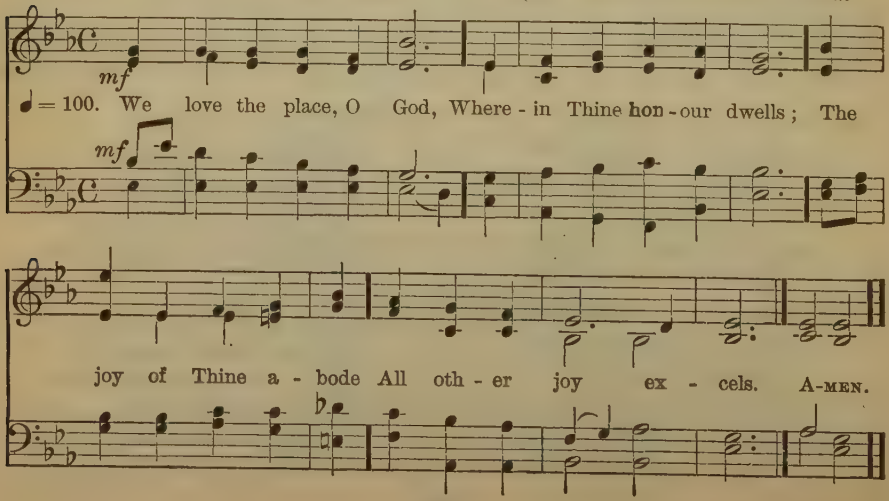
*f* 6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven!

*W. Bullock*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6.

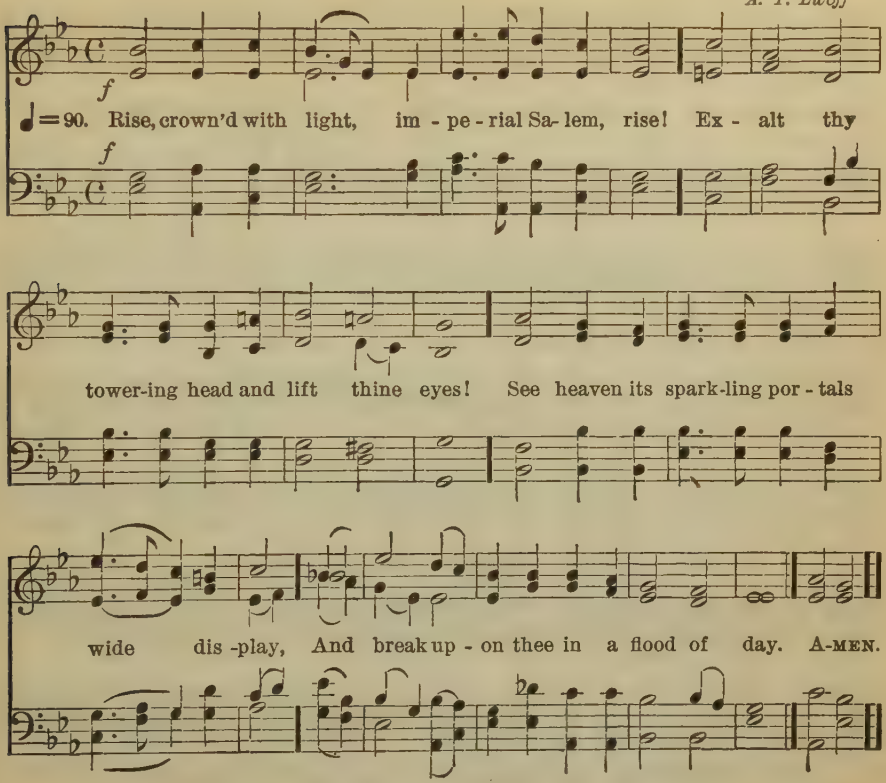
EASTON
*G. B. Nevin*



## 466

10. 10. 10. 10.

RUSSIAN HYMN
*A. T. Lwoff*


f
♩=90. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa- lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
tower-ing head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark-ling por - tals
wide dis -play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

*mf* 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

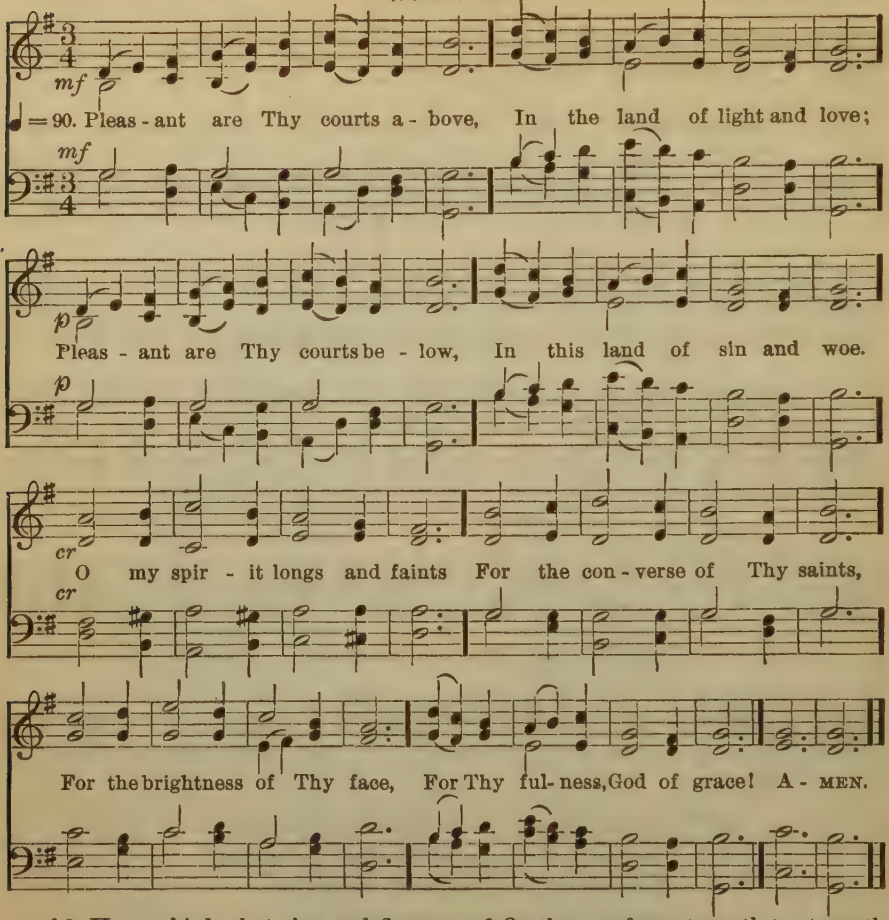
*p* 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
*cr* But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
*f* Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

*A. Pope.*

## 467 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MAIDSTONE
*W. B. Gilbert*


mf
♩ = 90. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
mf
p
Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
p
cr
O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
cr
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
*p* Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that
No repose on earth around, [found
*cr* They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

*mf* 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
*p* Ever in this vale of woe;
*cr* Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
*f* On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length.
*p* At Thy feet adoring fall,
*mf* Who hast led them safe through all.

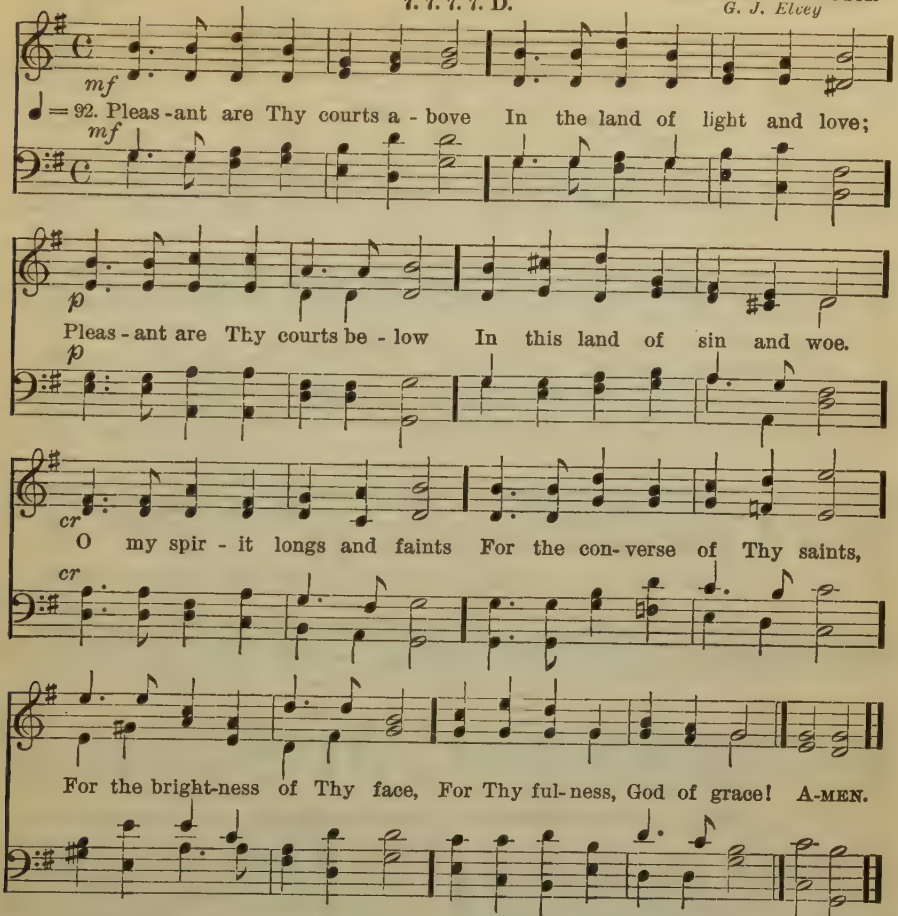
*p* 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
*mf* Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee; [me!
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on

*H. F. Lyte*

**467** (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
*G. J. Elvey*


mf
♩ = 92. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove In the land of light and love;
mf
p
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.
p
cr
O my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
cr
For the bright-ness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
*p* Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that
No repose on earth around, [found
*cr* They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

*mf* 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
*p* Ever in this vale of woe;
*cr* Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
*f* On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
*p* At Thy feet adoring fall,
*mf* Who hast led them safe through all.

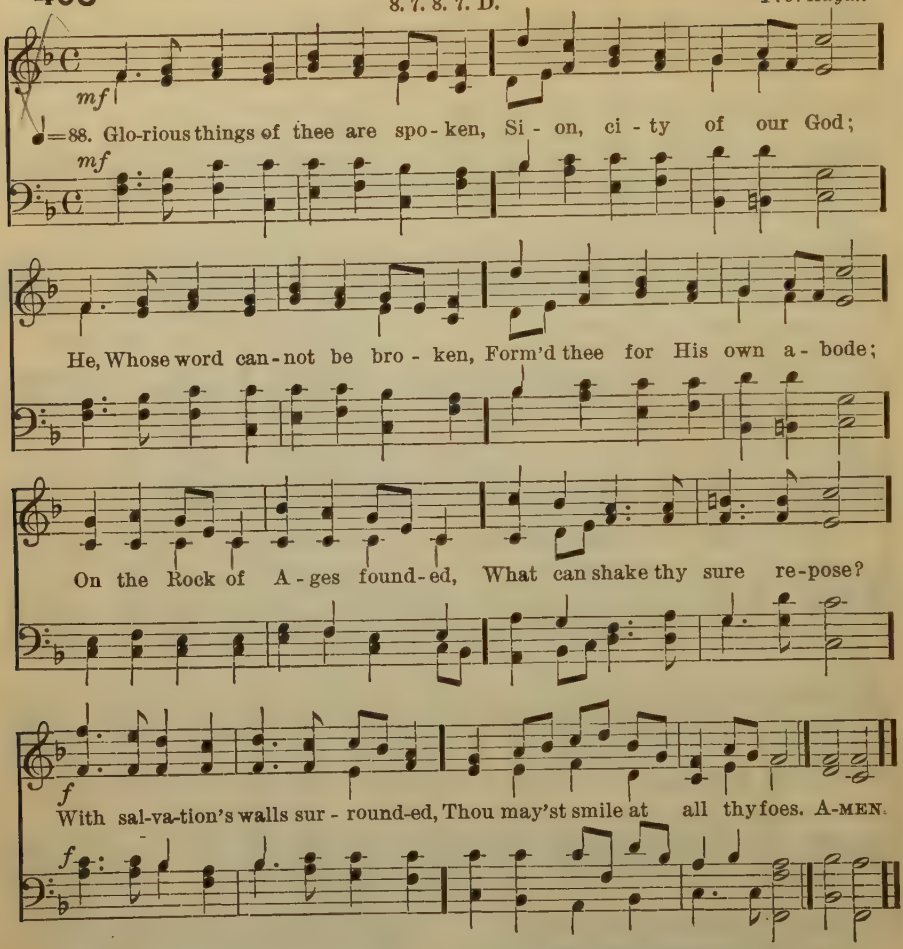
*p* 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
*mf* Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

*H. F. Lyte*

## 468

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

AUSTRIA
*F. J. Haydn*


mf
♩=88. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Si-on, ci-ty of our God;
mf
He, Whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
f
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
*cr* Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
*f* Never fails from age to age.

*mf* 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna, [pray.
Which He gives them when they

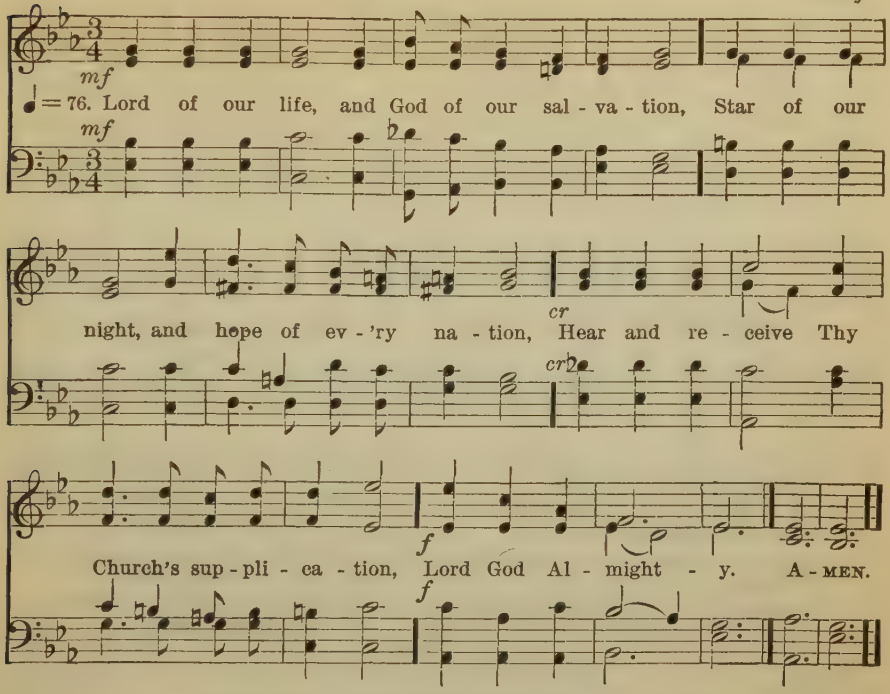
*mf* 4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

*J. Newton*

469

11. 11. 11. 5.

CLOISTERS
*J. Barnby*


mf
♩ = 76. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
mf
night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
cr
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - MEN.
f
f

*mf* 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
*cr* Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
*f* Thou canst preserve us.

*mf* 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
*cr* Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
*p* Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

*p* 4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

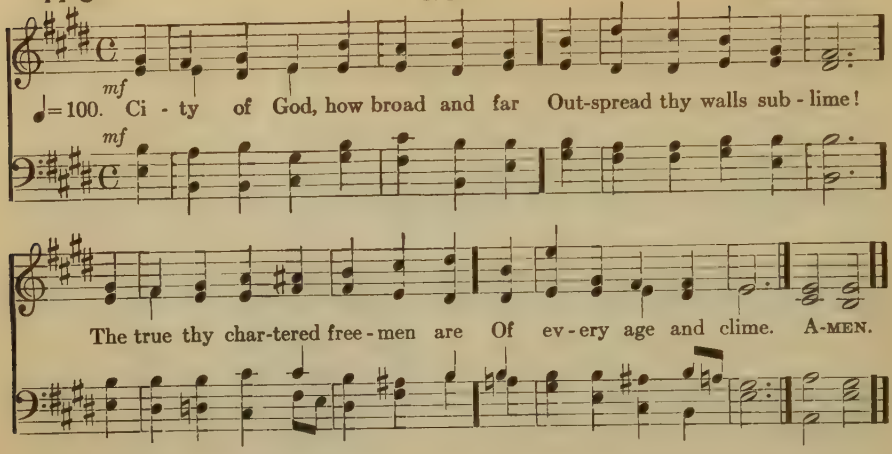
*mf* 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
*p* Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
*pp* Peace in Thy heaven.

*Lowenstern:* TR. *P. Pusey*

## 470

C. M.

BEULAH
*G. M. Garrett*


mf
♩=100. Ci - ty of God, how broad and far Out-spread thy walls sub - lime!
mf
The true thy char-tered free - men are Of ev - ery age and clime. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

*mf* 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

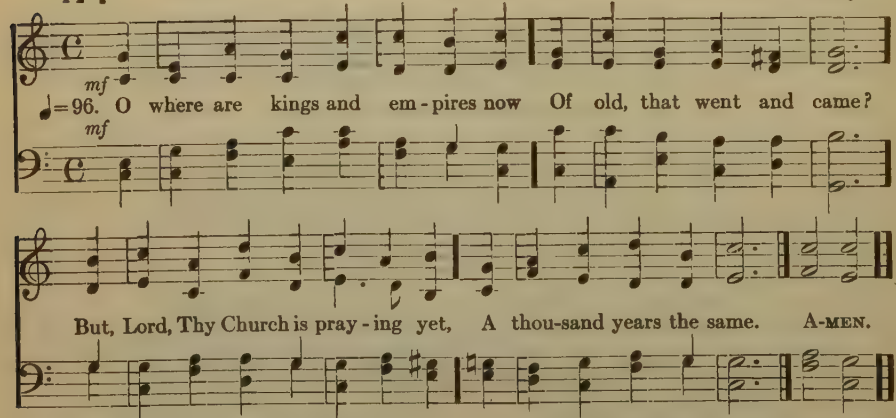
5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

*S. Johnson*

## 471

C. M.

ST. ANNE
*W. Croft*


mf
♩=96. O where are kings and em - pires now Of old, that went and came?
mf
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-MEN.

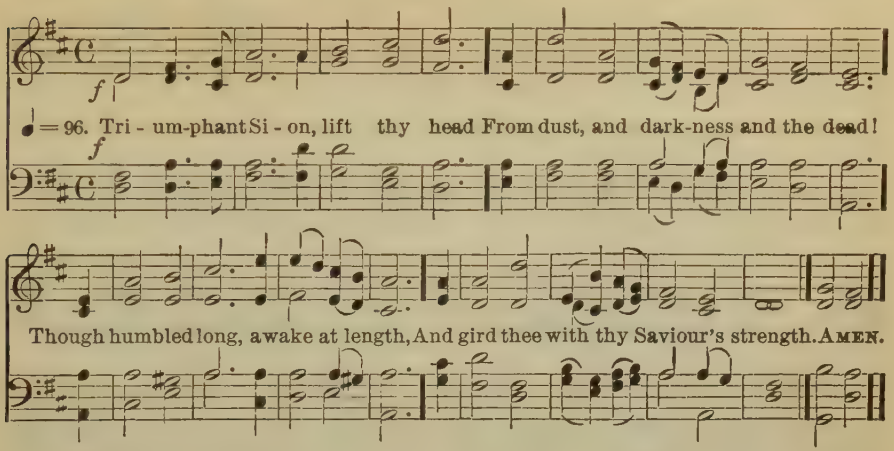
*mf* 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threat-ening her,
And tempests are abroad;

*f* 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

*A. C. Coxe*

**472** (FIRST TUNE) L. M. TRURO *C. Burney*


♩ = 96. Tri - um-phant Si - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark-ness and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. AMEN.

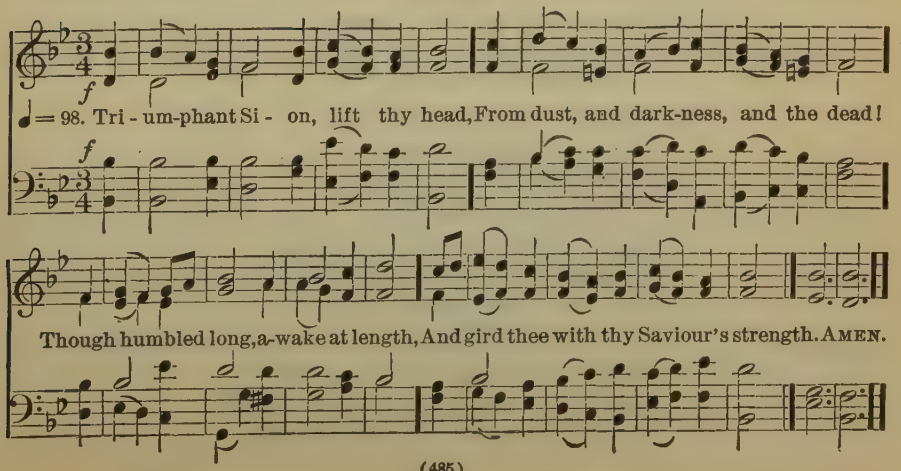
*mf* 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

*mp* 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

*f* 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

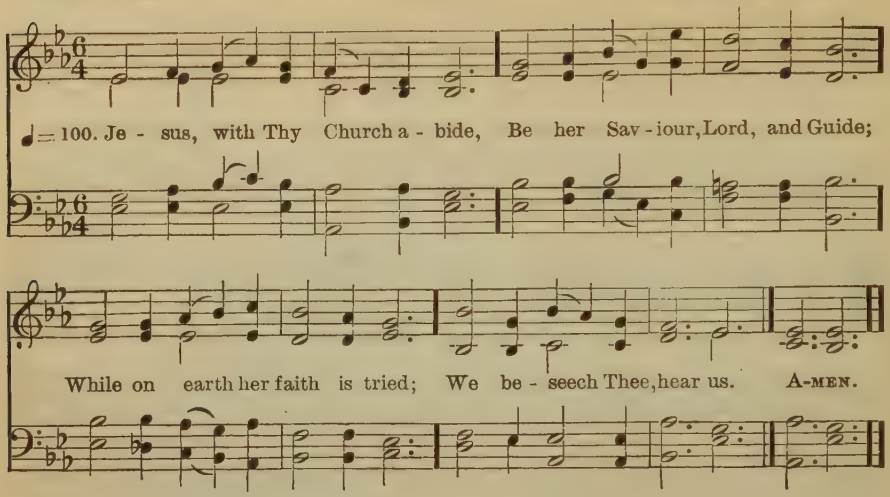
*P. Doddridge.*

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. WAREHAM *W. Knapp*


♩ = 98. Tri - um-phant Si - on, lift thy head, From dust, and dark-ness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. AMEN.

# Litany of the Church

**473** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 6. MILL LANE *St. Alban's Tune Book, No. 10*


♩= 100. Je - sus, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav - iour, Lord, and Guide;
While on earth her faith is tried; We be - seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 9 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
*cr* Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 All that she has lost, restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* 11 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Thro' the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

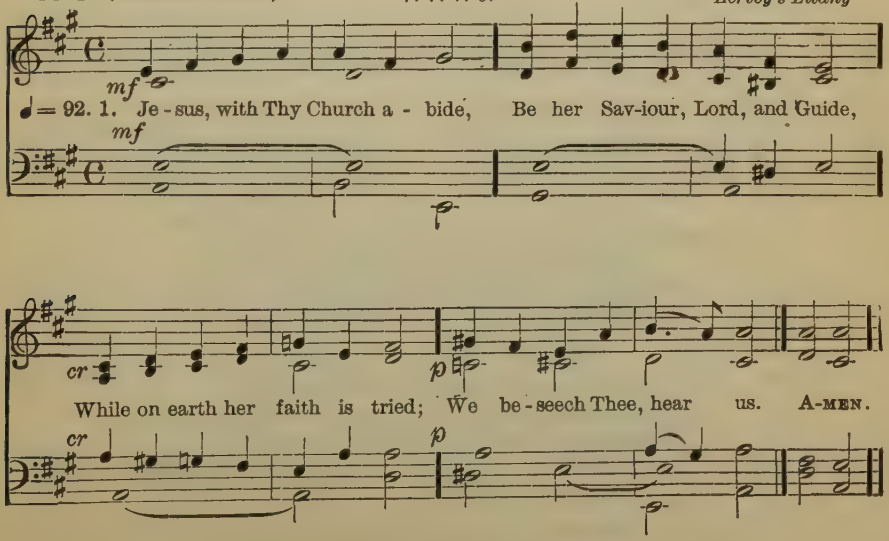
13 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*T. B. Pollock*

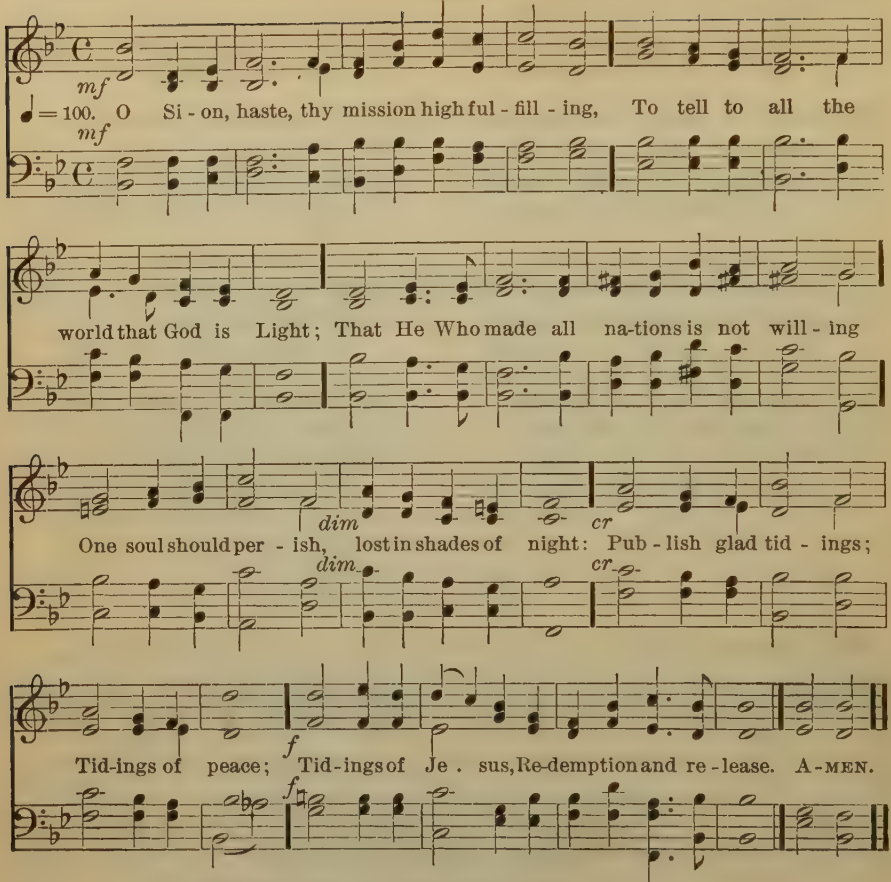
**473** (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 6. *Hervey's Litany*


mf
♩ = 92. 1. Je - sus, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav-iour, Lord, and Guide,
mf
cr
p
While on earth her faith is tried; We be - seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.
cr
p

474

P. M.

TIDINGS
*J. Walch*


mf
♩ = 100. O Si - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
mf
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing
dim
cr
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad tid - ings;
dim
cr
f
Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je . sus, Re-demption and re - lease. A - MEN.
f

*mp* 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
*cr* Publish, etc.

*mf* 3 'T is thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
*cr* Publish, etc.

*mf* 4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move is Love:

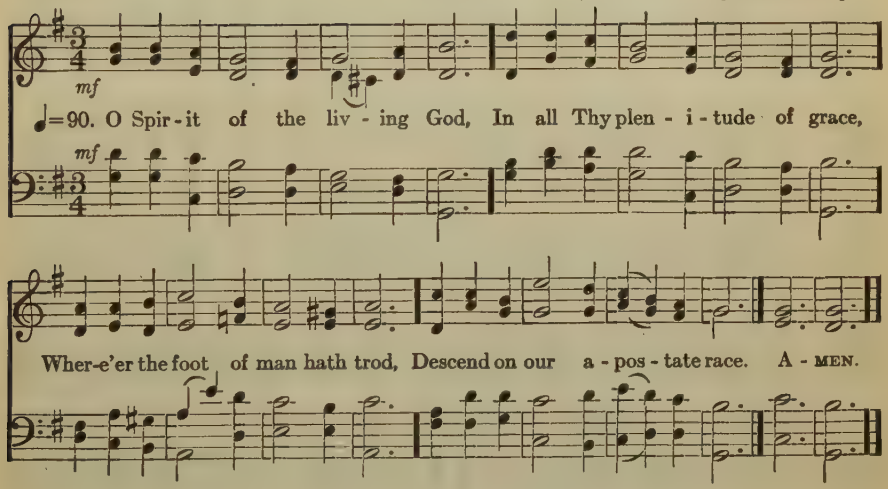
*dim* Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
*p* And died on earth that man might live above.
*cr* Publish, etc.

*mf* 5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
*cr* Publish, etc.

*p* 6 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
*cr* Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
*f* Publish, etc.

*M. A. Thomson*

**475** L. M. GRACE CHURCH *From I. J. Pleyel*


mf
♩=90. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
mf
Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
*cr* Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
*cr* Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

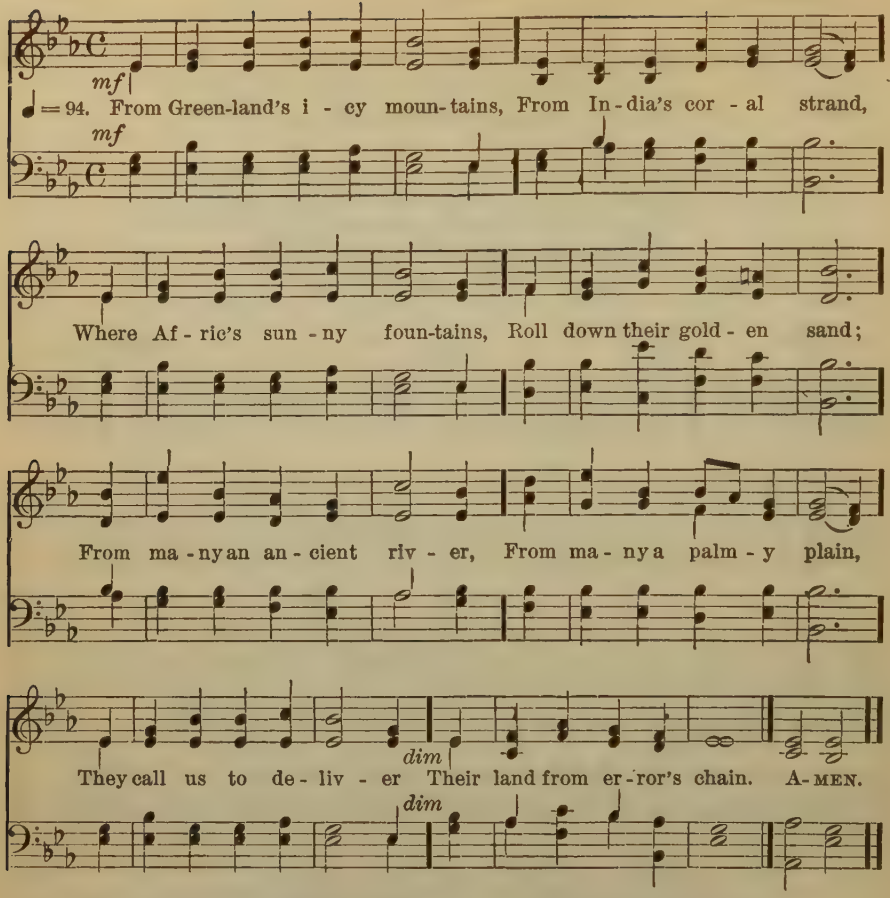
4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
*cr* The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord.

*J. Montgomery*

476

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MISSIONARY HYMN
*L. Mason*


mf
♩ = 94. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
mf
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains, Roll down their gold - en sand;
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.
dim
dim

*mf* 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
*dim* And only man is vile:
*p* In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

*mf* 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
*cr* Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
*f* Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

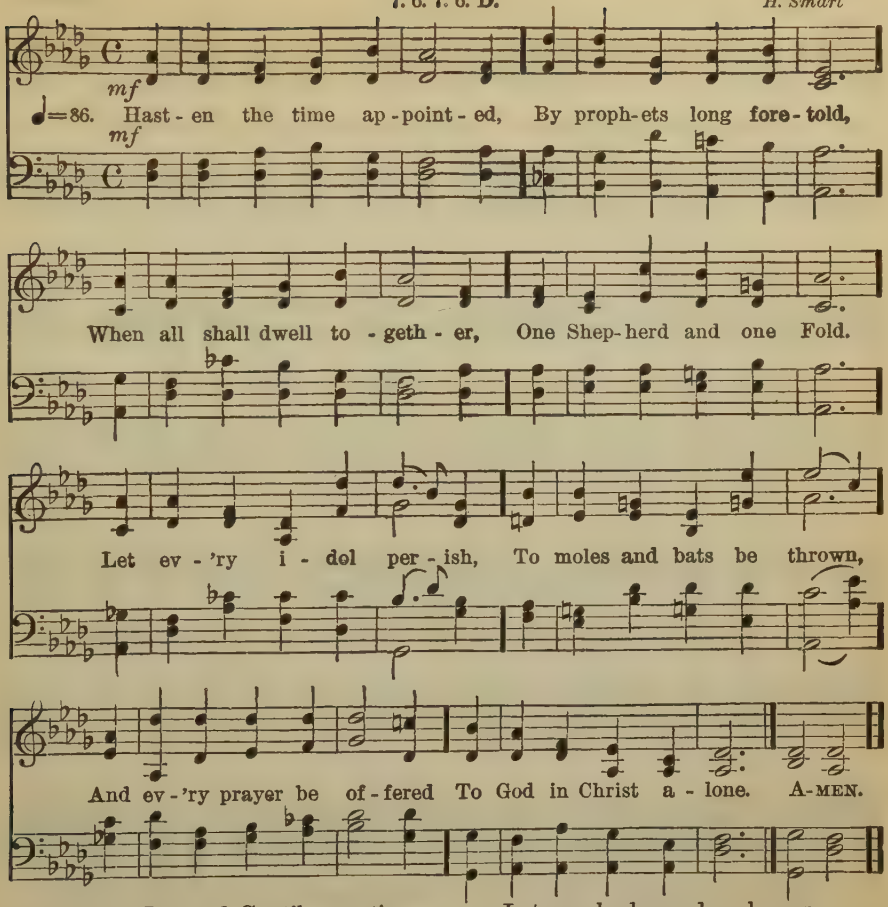
*ff* 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

*R. Heber*

## 477

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

LANCASHIRE
*H. Smart*


mf
♩=86. Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By proph - ets long fore - told,
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one Fold.
Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
*dim* Around one altar kneeling,
*cr* One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

*mf* 3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

*p* Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
*cr* All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace

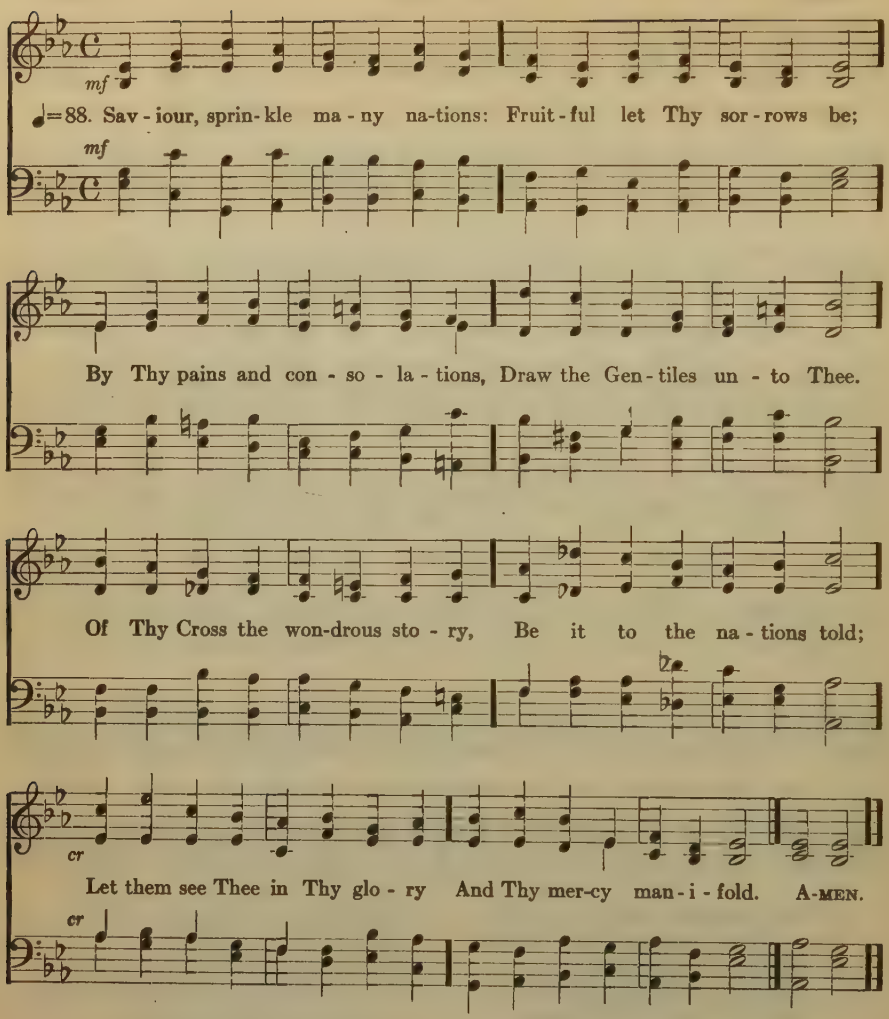
*f* 4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

*J. Borthwick (?)*

478

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

IONA
*J. Stainer*


mf
♩=88. Sav - iour, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions: Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;
mf
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee.
Of Thy Cross the won-drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
cr
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer-cy man - i - fold. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
*dim* Human tears for Thee are flowing,
*p* Human hearts in Thee would rest.

*mf* 4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
*dim* Thee as Man for sinners slain.

*mf* 5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the [sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

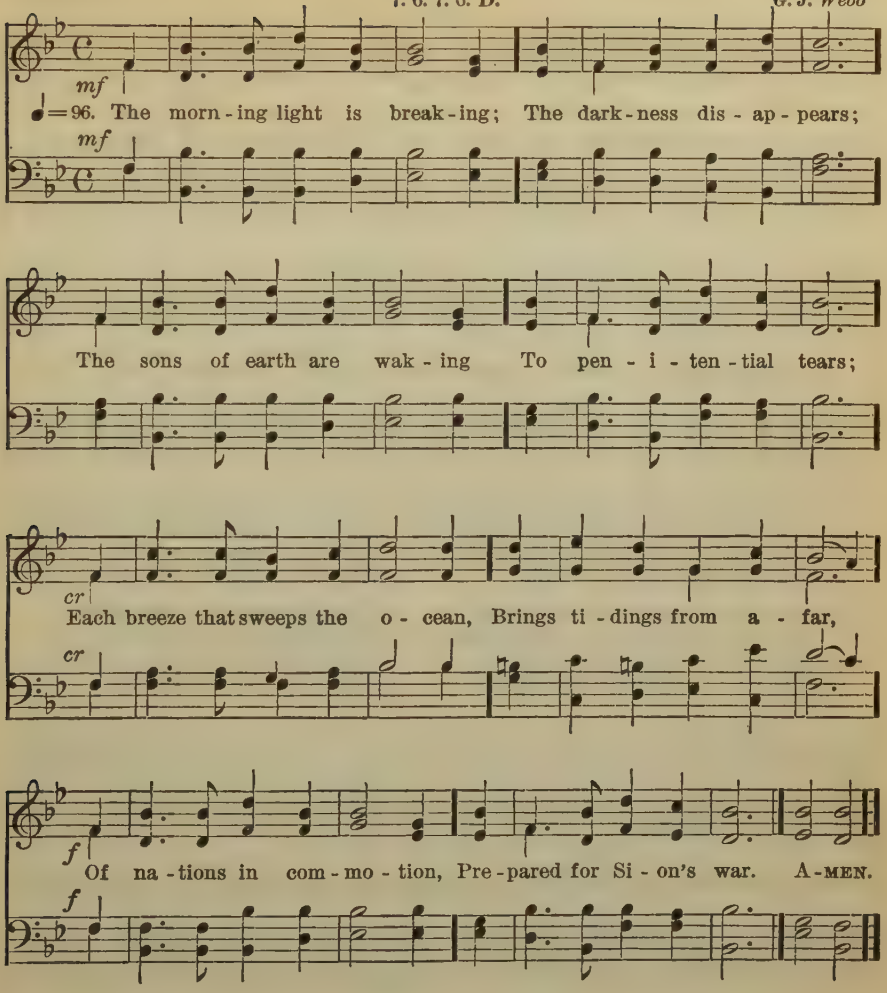
*f* 6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

*A. C. Coxe*

## 479

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

WEBB
*G. J. Webb*


mf
♩=96. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
cr
Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean, Brings ti-dings from a-far,
f
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Si-on's war. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
*p* While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

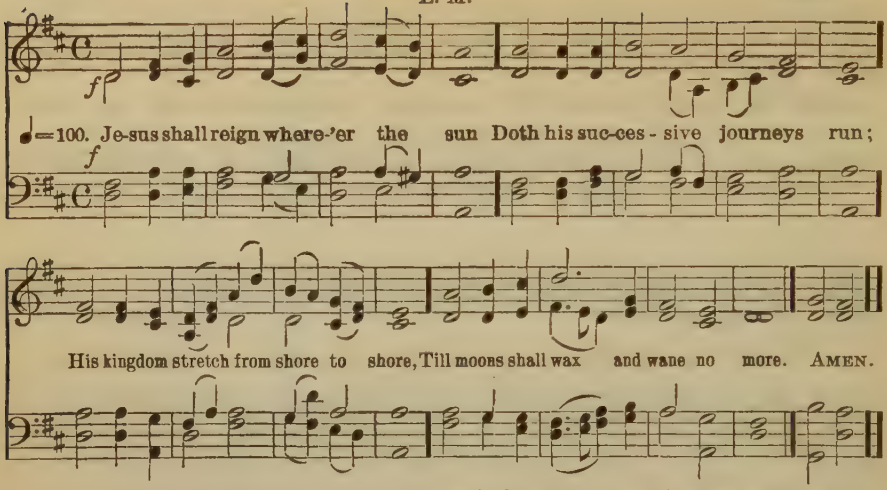
*mf* 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
*cr* Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
*f* Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

*S. F. Smith*

## 480 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

DUKE STREET
*J. Hatton*


♩=100. Je-sus shall reign where-'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

*f* 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

*f* 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
*mf* And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

*mf* 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

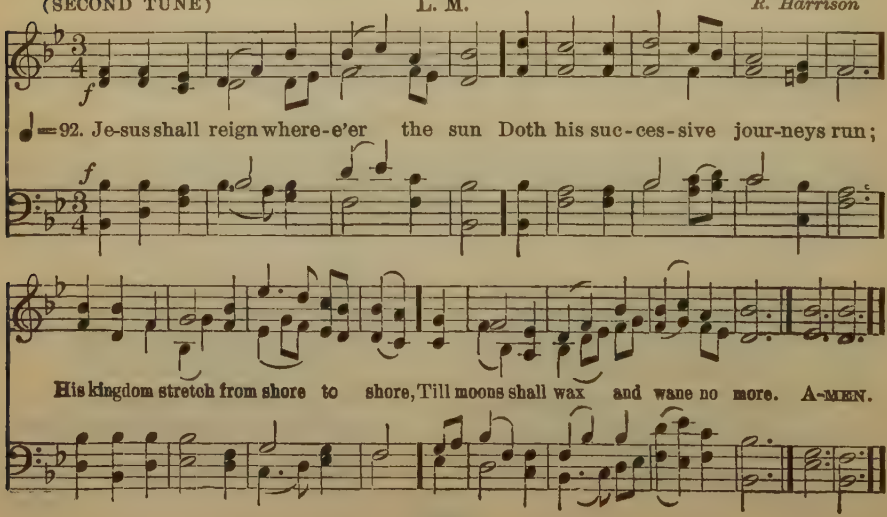
*f* 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*I. Watts*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

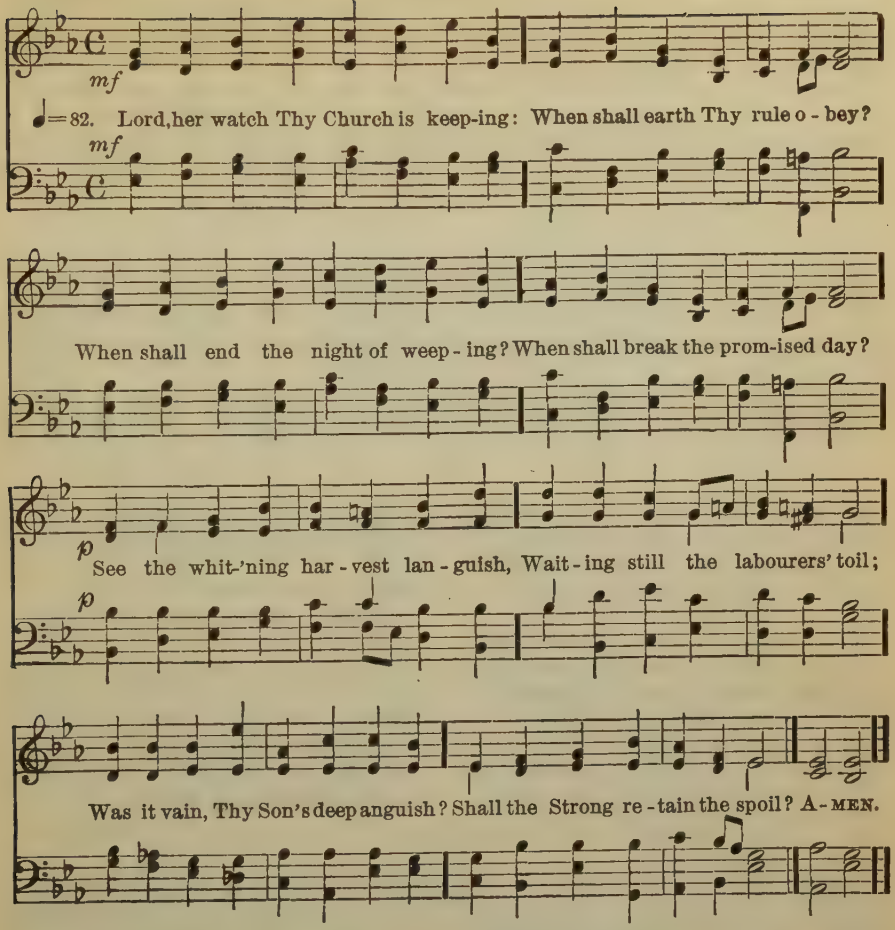
WARRINGTON
*R. Harrison*


♩=92. Je-sus shall reign where-e'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

481

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

EVERTON
*H. Smart*


mf
♩=82. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keep-ing: When shall earth Thy rule o-bey?
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?
p
See the whit-'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the Strong re-tain the spoil? A-MEN.

*p* 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
*cr* Lord Almighty, give the word!
*f* Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

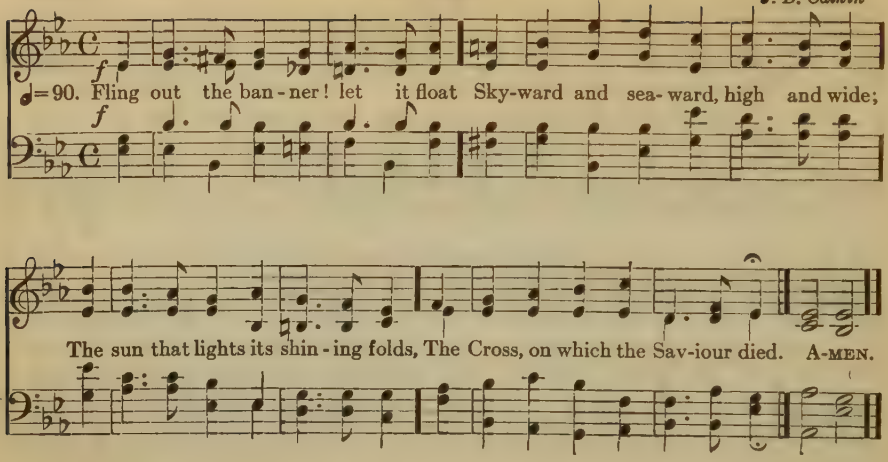
*f* 3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
*mf* Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
*cr* Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

*H. Downton*

## 482

L. M.

WALTHAM
*J. B. Calkin*


f
♩=90. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea- ward, high and wide;
f
The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav-iour died. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Fling out the banner! (*dim*) angels bend
*p* In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

*f* 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

*mf* 4 Fling out the banner! (*p*) sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
*cr* Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
*f* And spring immortal into life.

*f* 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

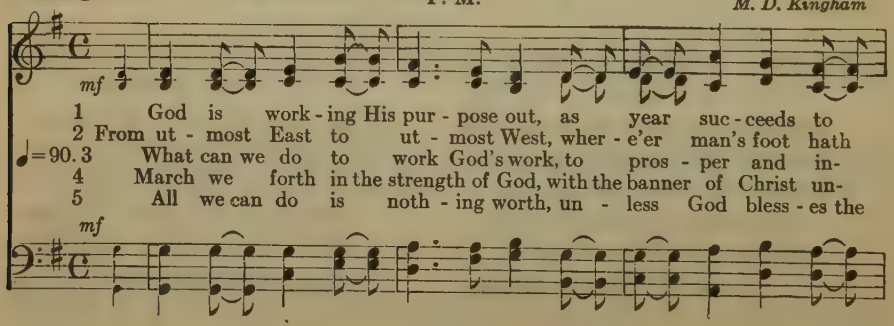
*f* 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

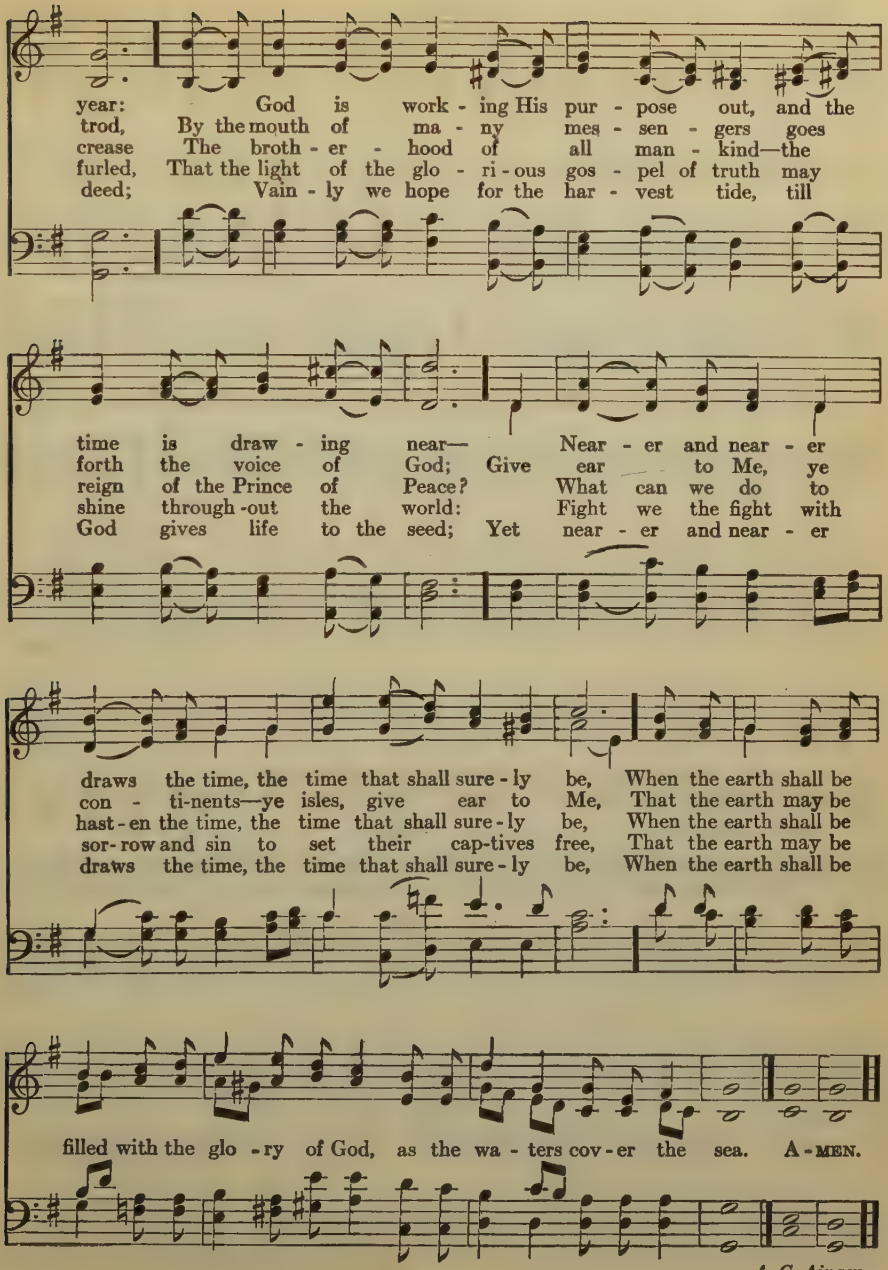
*G. W. Doane*

## 483

P. M.

AINGER
*M. D. Kingham*


mf
1 God is work - ing His pur - pose out, as year suc - ceeds to
2 From ut - most East to ut - most West, wher - e'er man's foot hath
♩=90. 3 What can we do to work God's work, to pros - per and in-
4 March we forth in the strength of God, with the banner of Christ un-
5 All we can do is noth - ing worth, un - less God bless - es the
mf

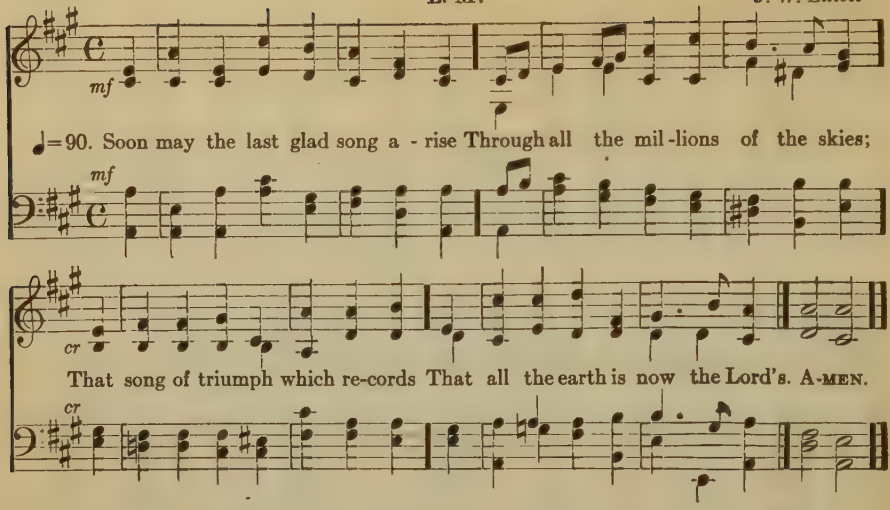

year: God is work - ing His pur - pose out, and the
trod, By the mouth of ma - ny mes - sen - gers goes
crease The broth - er - hood of all man - kind—the
furled, That the light of the glo - ri - ous gos - pel of truth may
deed; Vain - ly we hope for the har - vest tide, till
time is draw - ing near— Near - er and near - er
forth the voice of God; Give ear to Me, ye
reign of the Prince of Peace? What can we do to
shine through-out the world: Fight we the fight with
God gives life to the seed; Yet near - er and near - er
draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, When the earth shall be
con - ti-nents—ye isles, give ear to Me, That the earth may be
hast - en the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, When the earth shall be
sor - row and sin to set their cap-tives free, That the earth may be
draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, When the earth shall be
filled with the glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea. A - MEN.

*A. C. Ainger*

## 484

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT
*J. W. Elliott*


mf
♩=90. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mil-lions of the skies;
mf
cr
That song of triumph which re-cords That all the earth is now the Lord's. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

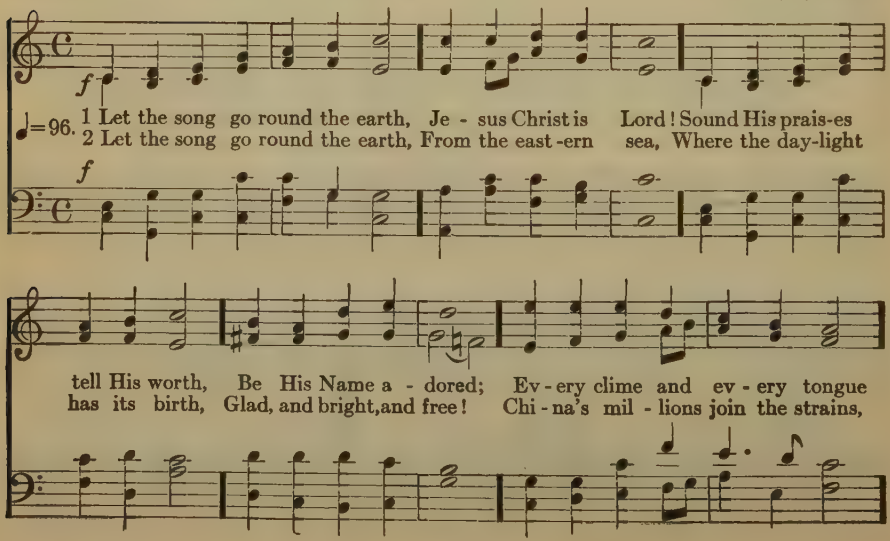
*f* 3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

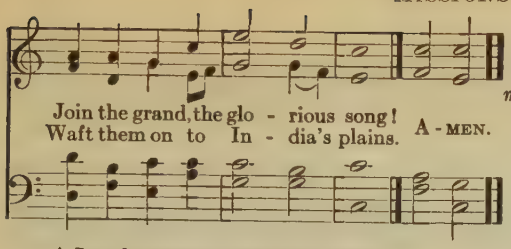
ASCRIBED TO *Mrs. Vokes*

## 485

7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 7.

MOEL LLYS
*S. G. Stock*


f
♩=96. 1 Let the song go round the earth, Je - sus Christ is Lord! Sound His prais-es
2 Let the song go round the earth, From the east-ern sea, Where the day-light
f
tell His worth, Be His Name a - dored; Ev - ery clime and ev - ery tongue
has its birth, Glad, and bright, and free! Chi - na's mil - lions join the strains,




*mf* 3 Let the song go round the earth!
Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away!
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.

4 Let the song go round the earth!
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles!
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Icebound coasts give back the hymn.

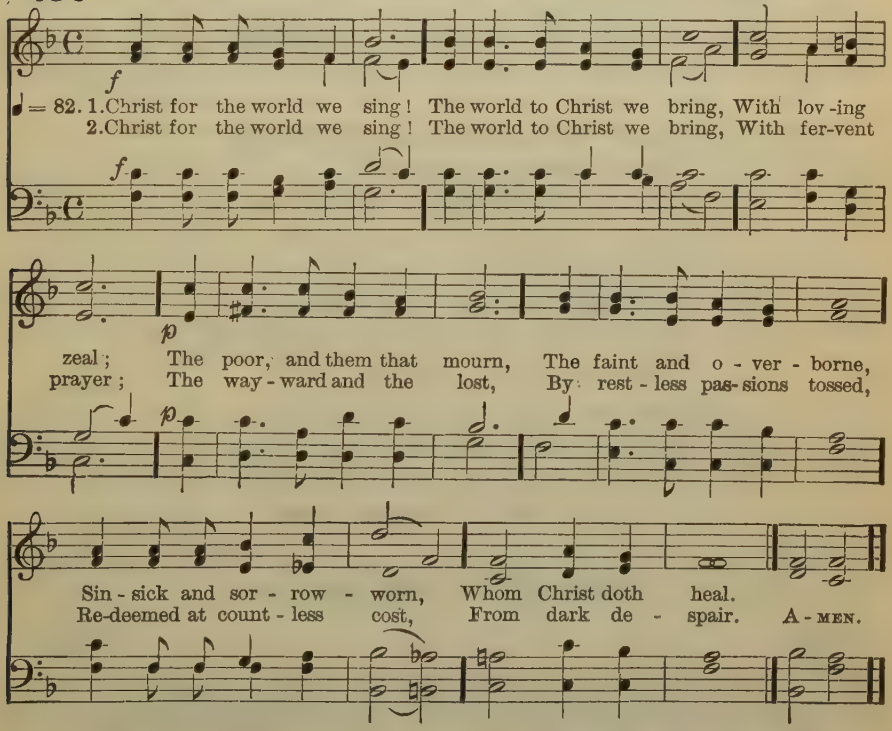
5 Let the song go round the earth,
Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of His worth
*cr* Let the whole world ring!
*f* Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore.

*S. G. Stock*

## 486

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

KIRBY BEDON
*E. Bunnett*

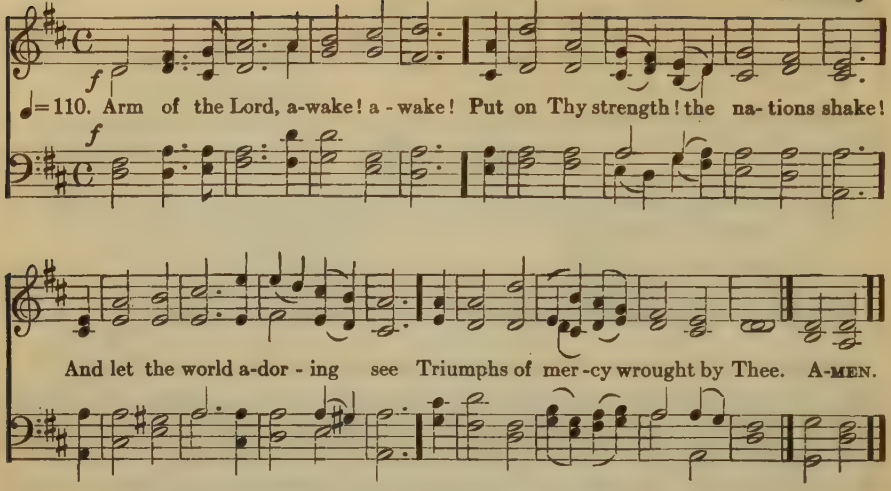

f
♩ = 82. 1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing
2. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With fer - vent
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,
prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less pas - sions tossed,
Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
Re-deemed at count - less cost, From dark de - spair. A - MEN.

*f* 3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
*mf* With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

*f* 4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

*S. Wolcott*

**487** L. M. TRURO *C. Burney*


f
♩=110. Arm of the Lord, a-wake! a-wake! Put on Thy strength! the na-tions shake!
f
And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

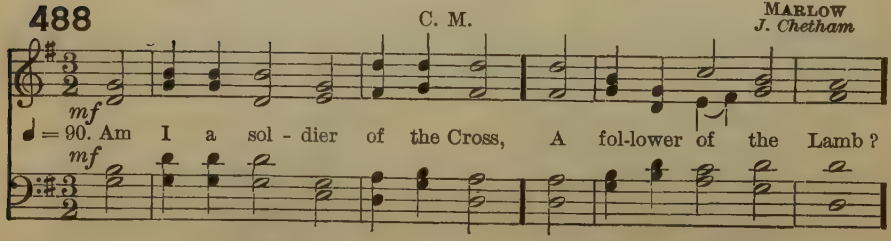
3 Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

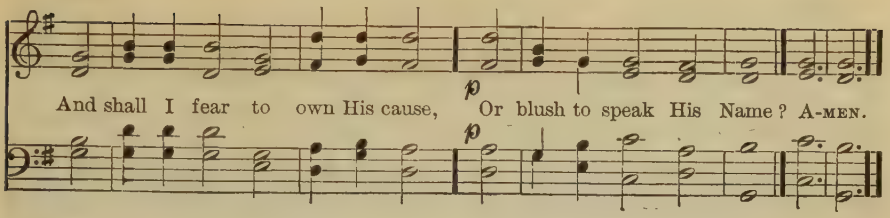
*f* 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

*W. Shrubsole*

## Brotherhood and Service

**488** C. M. MARLOW *J. Chetham*






*mf* 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

*mf* 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

*f* 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

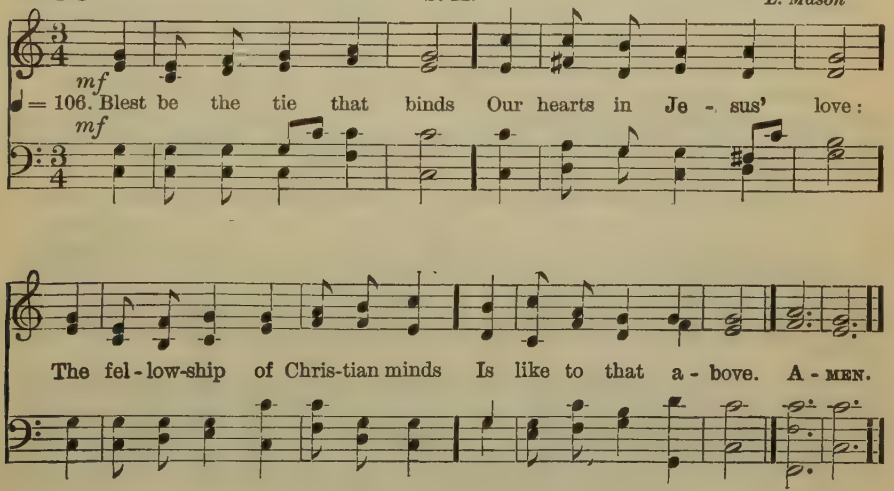
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

*I. Watts*

## 489

S. M.

BOYLSTON
*L. Mason*




*mf* 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

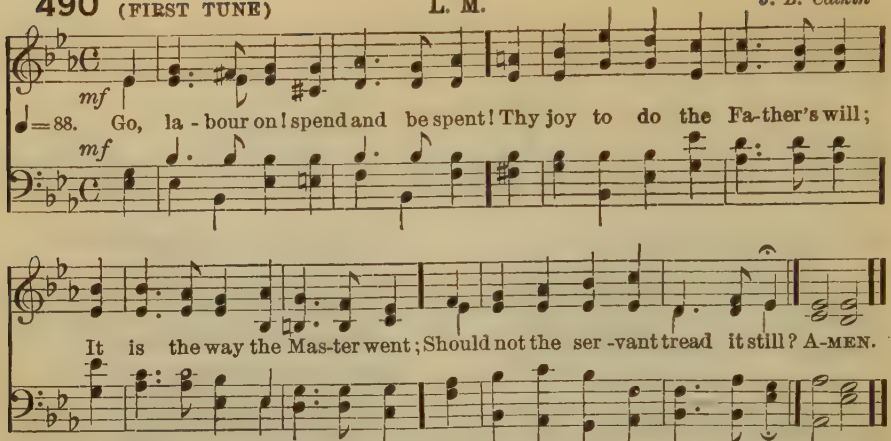
*p* 4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
*cr* But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

*mf* 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
*cr* And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

*J. Fawcett*

## 490 (FIRST TUNE) L. M.

CAMDEN
*J. B. Calkin*


mf
♩=88. Go, la - bour on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
mf
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
*cr* The Master praises: what are men?

*mf* 3 Go, labour on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

*mf* 4 Go, labour on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hast'ning on:
*cr* Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
*p* It is not thus that souls are won.

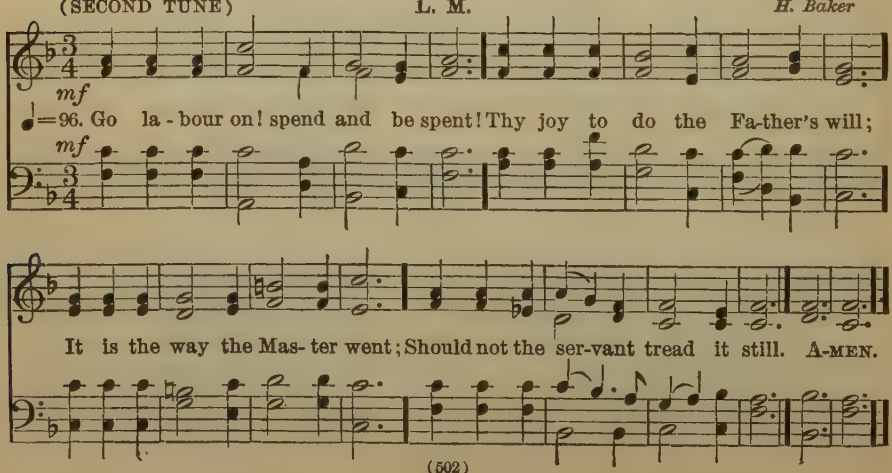
*mf* 5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

*mf* 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
*cr* Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
*f* The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

*H. Bonar*

(SECOND TUNE) L. M.

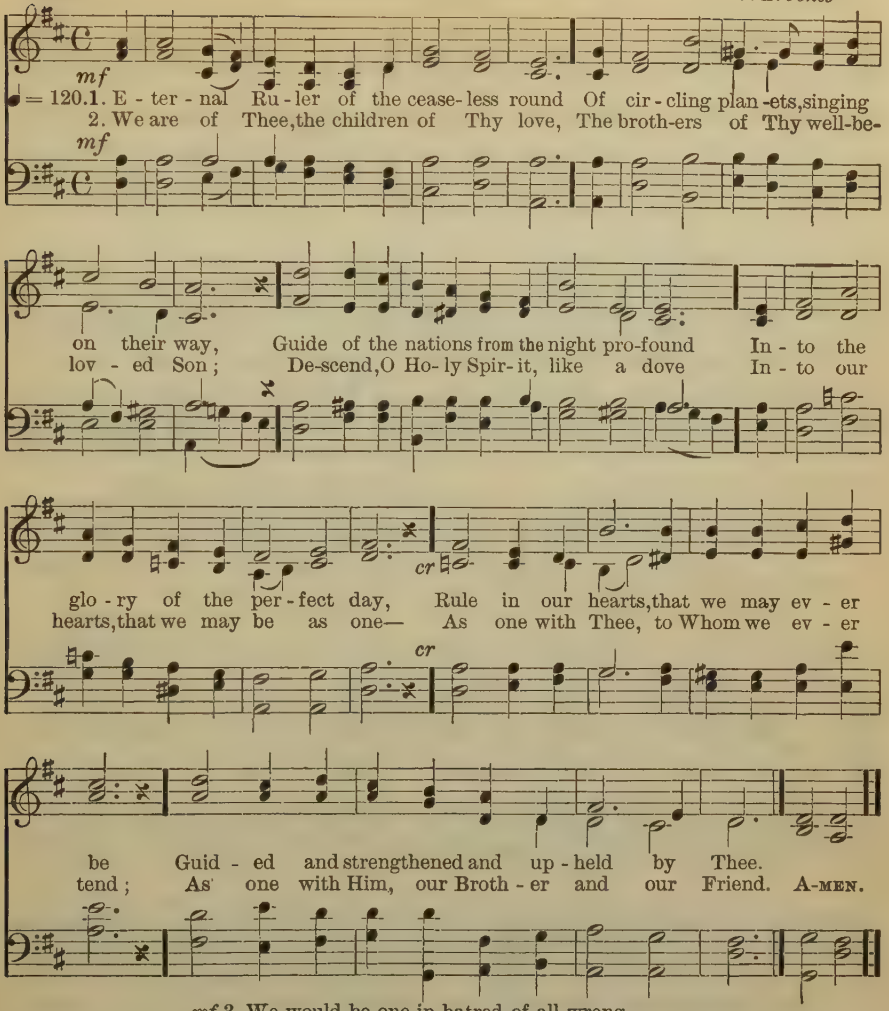
HESPERUS
*H. Baker*


mf
♩=96. Go la - bour on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
mf
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still. A-MEN.

## 491

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

LANGEMARCK
*J. E. Jones*


mf
♩ = 120. 1. E - ter - nal Ru - ler of the cease - less round Of cir - cling plan - ets, singing
2. We are of Thee, the children of Thy love, The broth-ers of Thy well-be-
on their way, Guide of the nations from the night pro-found In - to the
lov - ed Son; De-scend, O Ho - ly Spir - it, like a dove In - to our
cr
glo - ry of the per - fect day, Rule in our hearts, that we may ev - er
hearts, that we may be as one— As one with Thee, to Whom we ev - er
be Guid - ed and strengthened and up - held by Thee.
tend; As one with Him, our Broth - er and our Friend. A-MEN.

*mf* 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

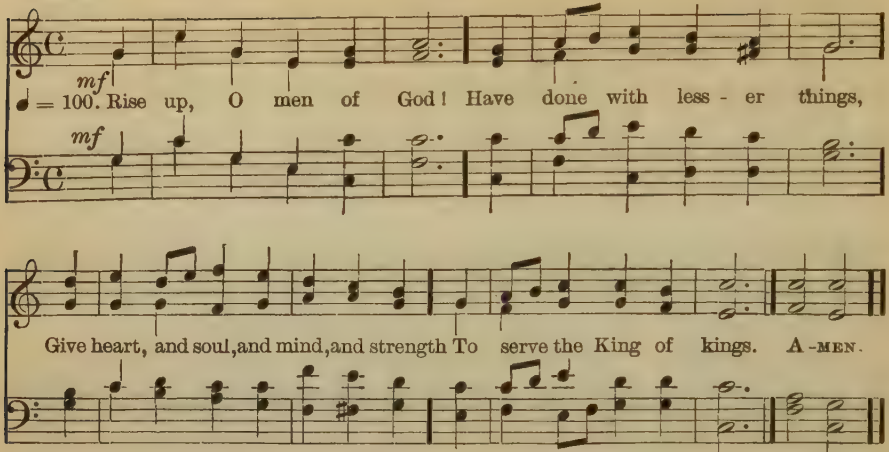
4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine:
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

*J. W. Chadwick*

## 492

S. M.

FESTAL SONG
*W. H. Walter*


mf
♩ = 100. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less - er things,
mf
Give heart, and soul, and mind, and strength To serve the King of kings. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

*f* 3 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod.
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

*W. P. Merrill*

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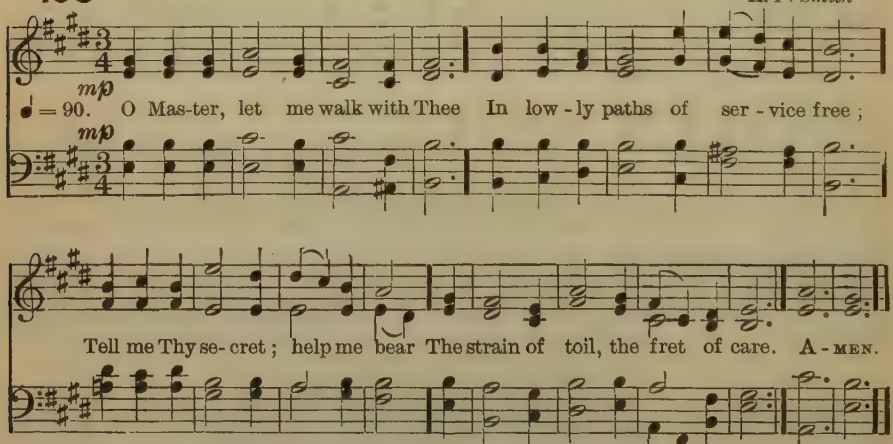
## 493

L. M.

MARYTON
*H. P. Smith*


mp
♩ = 90. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
mp
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

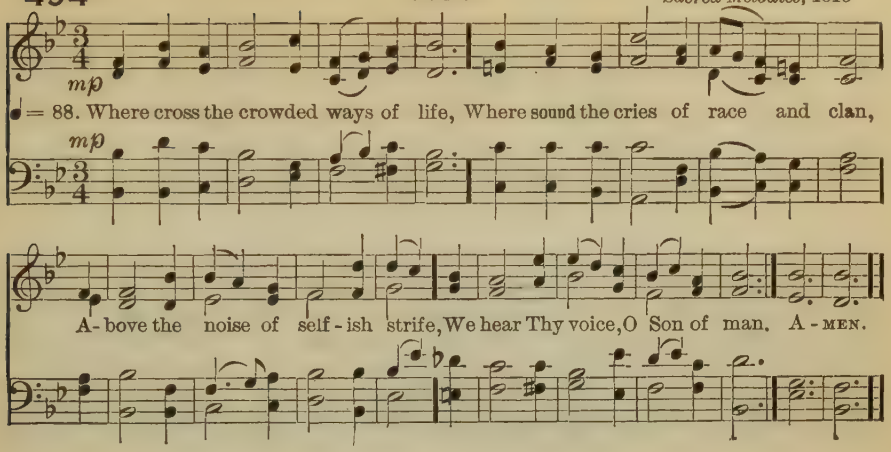
4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

*W. Gladden*

## 494

L. M.

GARDINER
*Sacred Melodies, 1815*


mp
♩ = 88. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
mp
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man. A - MEN.

*mp* 2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart hath never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

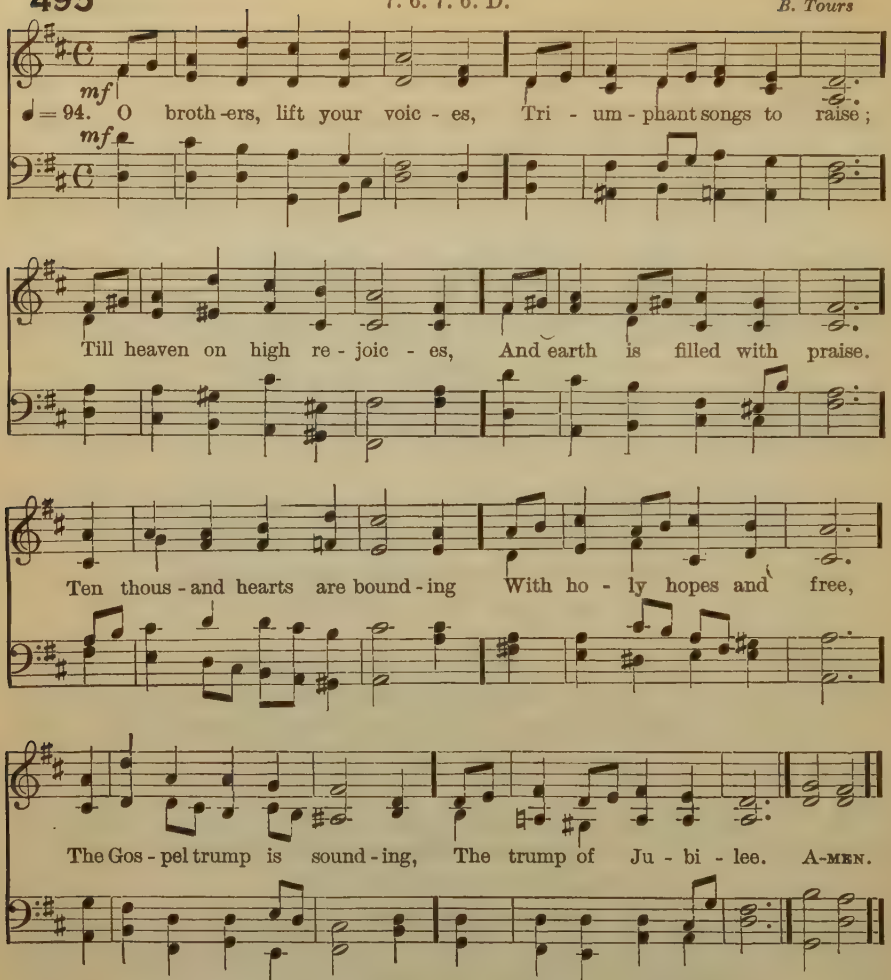
6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
*cr* Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

*F. M. North*

## 495

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

TOURS
*B. Tours*


mf
♩ = 94. O broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Tri - um - phant songs to raise;
mf
Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thous - and hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free,
The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A-MEN.

*f* 2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
*mf* Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

*mf* 3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
*cr* Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

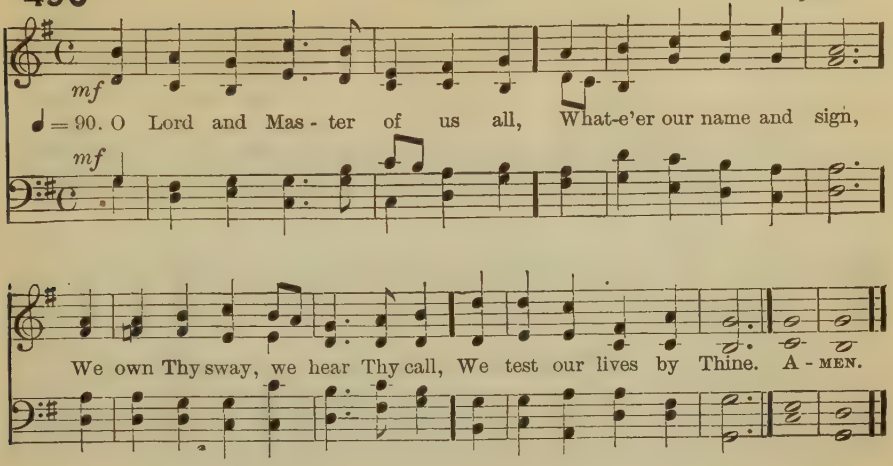
*mf* 4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
*cr* Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
*f* Thee, crowning Lord of all.

*E. H. Bickersteth*

## 496

C. M.

BONE PASTOR
*J. B. Dykes*




*mf* 2 Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them;

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

*mp* 4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

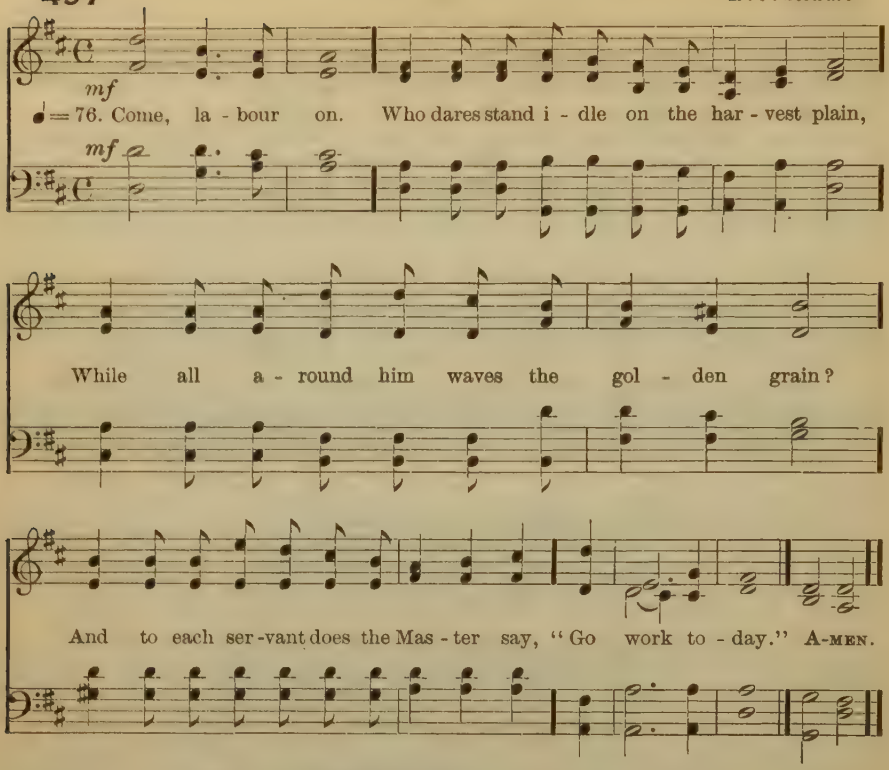
*mf* 5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6 Who hates, hates Thee; who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

7 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun.

*J. G. Whittier*

**497** 4. 10. 10. 10. 4. ORA LABORA *R. P. Stewart*


mf
♩= 76. Come, la - bour on. Who dares stand i - dle on the har - vest plain,
mf
While all a - round him waves the gol - den grain?
And to each ser-vant does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day." A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel gladness bear:
*dim* Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

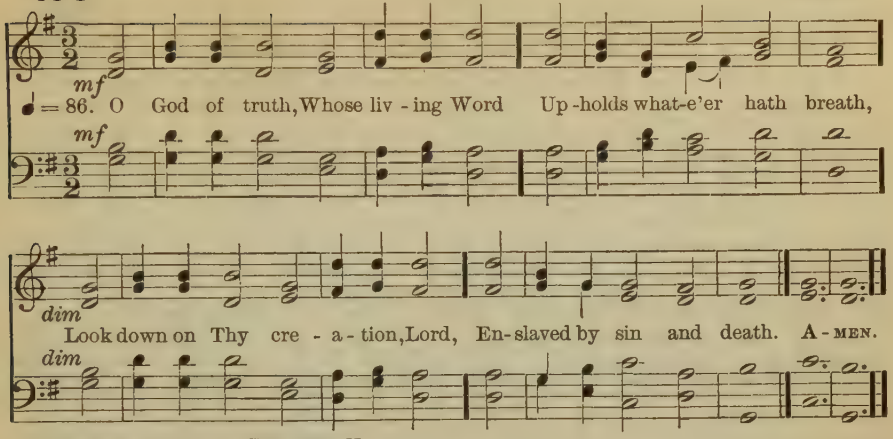
*mf* 3 Come, labour on.
The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

4 Come, labour on,
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents may our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
*cr* While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

*J. Borthwick*

**498** C. M. MARLOW *J. Chetham*


mf
♩ = 86. O God of truth, Whose liv - ing Word Up - holds what-e'er hath breath,
mf
dim
Look down on Thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En - slaved by sin and death. A - MEN.
dim

Alternative Tune, ST. FULBERT, No. 302.

*mf* 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth for Whom we long,
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

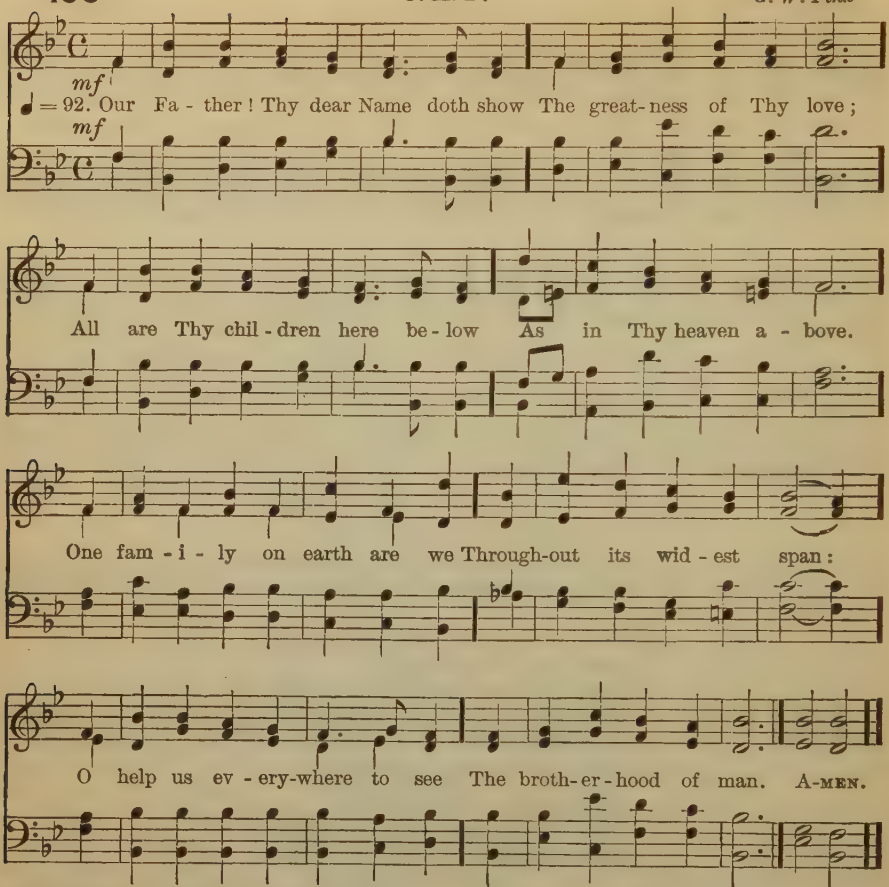
7 Yea, come; then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

*T. Hughes*

499

C. M. D.

GABRIEL
*G. W. Fink*


mf
♩ = 92. Our Fa - ther! Thy dear Name doth show The great-ness of Thy love;
mf
All are Thy chil - dren here be - low As in Thy heaven a - bove.
One fam - i - ly on earth are we Through-out its wid - est span:
O help us ev - ery-where to see The broth-er-hood of man. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Alike we share Thy tender care;
We trust one heavenly Friend;
Before one mercy-seat in prayer
In confidence we bend;
Alike we hear Thy loving call;
One heavenly vision scan,
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,
The brotherhood of man.

3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day
When battle cries are stilled;
When bitter strife is swept away
And hearts with love are filled.
O help us banish pride and wrong,
Which since the world began
Have marred its peace; help us make
The brotherhood of man. [strong

4 Close knit the warm fraternal tie
That makes the whole world one;
Our discords change to harmony
Like angel-songs begun:
*cr* At last, upon that brighter shore
Complete Thy glorious plan,
And heaven shall crown for evermore
The brotherhood of man.

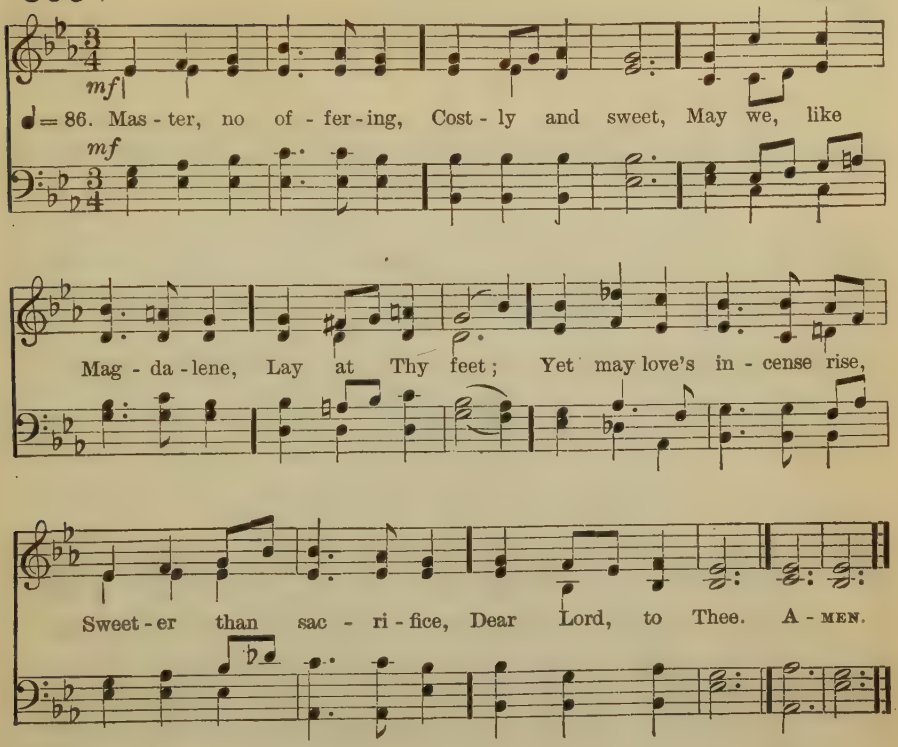


*C. H. Richards*

## 500

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

HORBURY
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩= 86. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing, Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like
mf
Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise,
Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears:
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

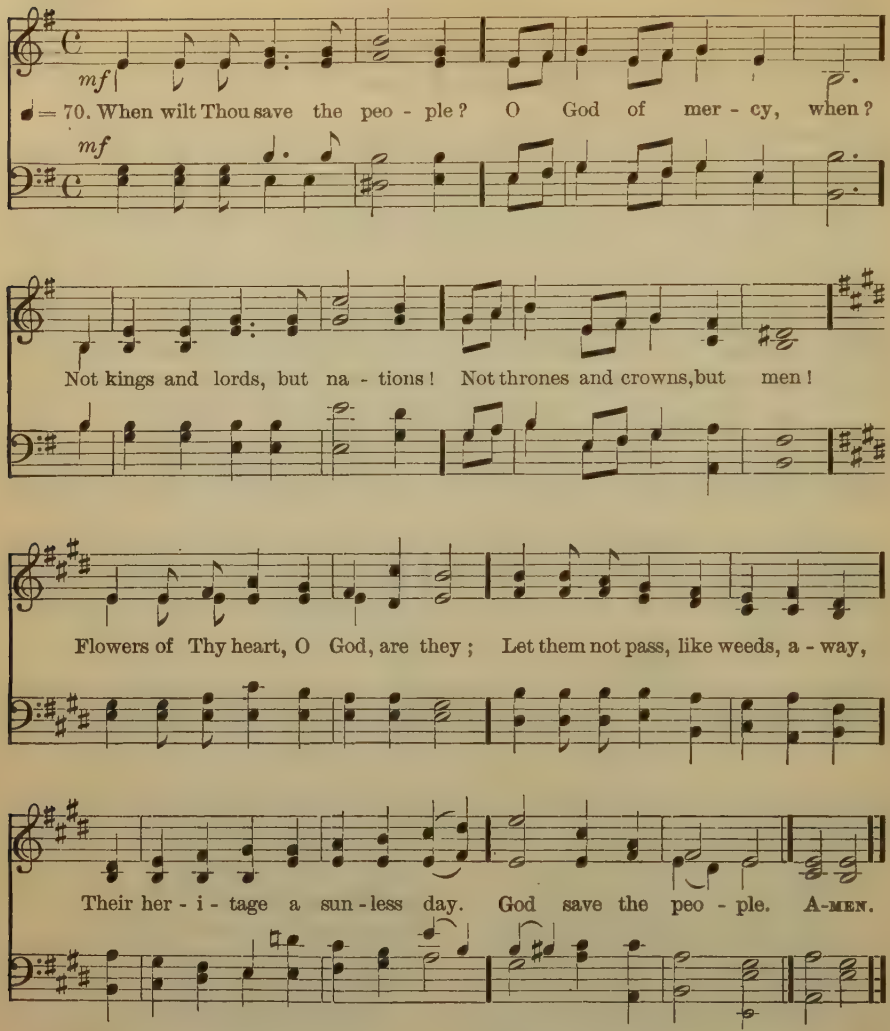
4 Thus in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labours cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

*E. P. Parker*

## 501

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

COMMONWEALTH
*J. Booth*


mf
♩ = 70. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
mf
Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong? [skies;
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

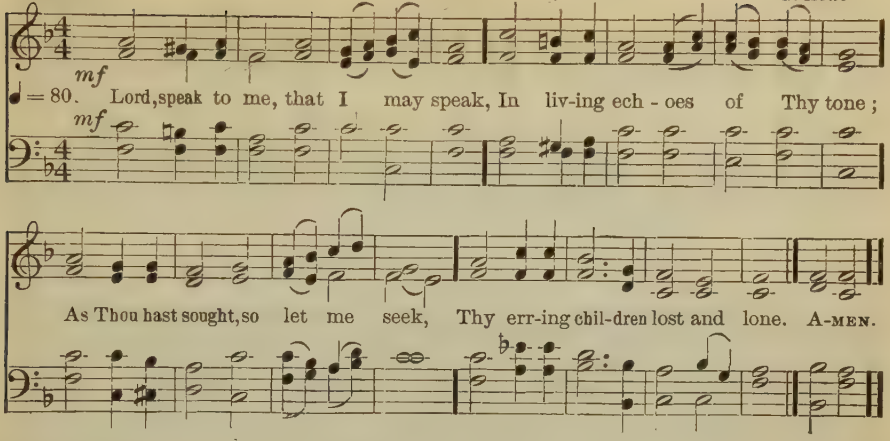
3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

*E. Elliott*

## 502

L. M.

HOLLEY
*G. Hews*


mf
♩ = 80. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
mf
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing chil-dren lost and lone. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

*cr* 6 O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

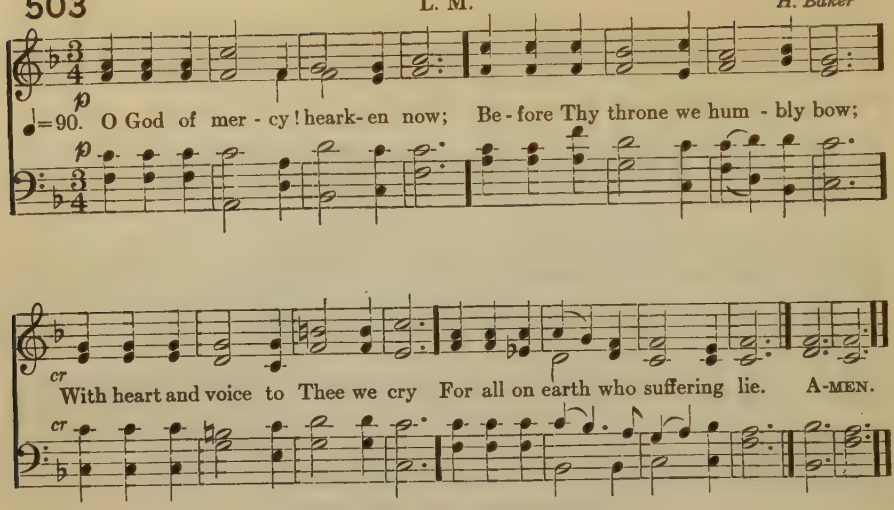
*mf* 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
*f* Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

*F. R. Havergal*

## 503

L. M.

HESPERUS
*H. Baker*


p
♩=90. O God of mer - cy! heark - en now; Be - fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow;
p
cr
With heart and voice to Thee we cry For all on earth who suffering lie. A-MEN.
cr

*mp* 2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on
Beyond the glittering, starry sky: [high,
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below
Beside the beds of want and woe.

*mf* 3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
*cr* Bid dying souls arise and live.

*mp* 4 O let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing;
*cr* With quickening power new strength im-
To palsied will, to withered heart. [part

*p* 5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
*cr* Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

*mf* 6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo Thy praise from every shore
For ever and for evermore.

*E. S. Clark*

*Also the following*

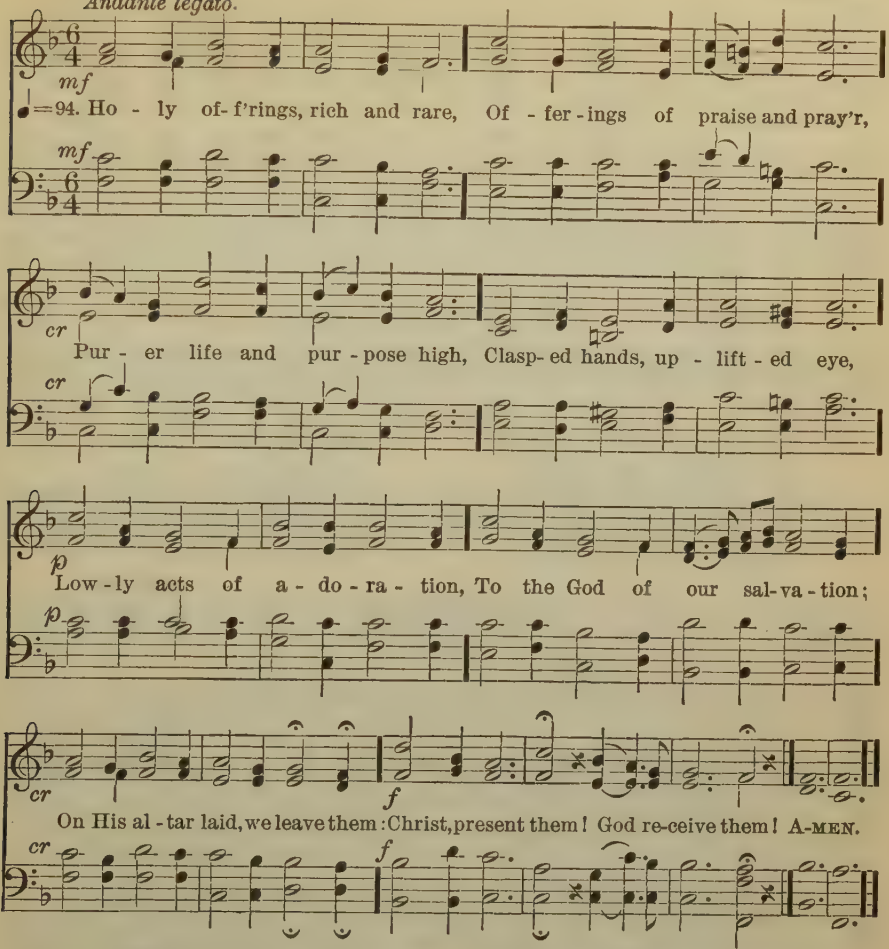
99 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
105 Thy kingdom come, O God
115 Soldiers of the cross, arise
125 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
181 O Jesus, crowned with all renown
268 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
280 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation
300 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
307 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
312 God of mercy, God of grace
337 Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray
538 Stand up, stand up for Jesus
539 Through the night of doubt and sorrow

# 504

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. 8. 8.

HOLY OFFERINGS
*R. Redhead*

*Andante legato.*

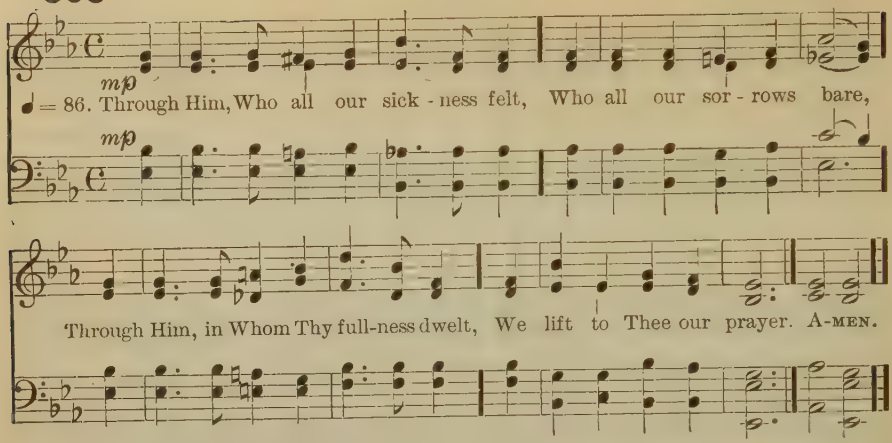

mf
♩=94. Ho - ly of- f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and pray'r,
mf
cr
Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp- ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,
cr
p
Low - ly acts of a - do - ra - tion, To the God of our sal-va - tion;
p
cr
f
On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God re-ceive them! A-MEN.
cr
f

*mf* 2 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
*cr* Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
*mf* All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
*cr* On Thine altar laid, we leave them;
*f* Christ, present them! God, receive them!

*f* 3 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
*mf* Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
*p* Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
*cr* On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
*f* Christ, present them! God, receive them!

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

505 C. M. CONCORD


mp
♩ = 86. Through Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,
mp
Through Him, in Whom Thy full-ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

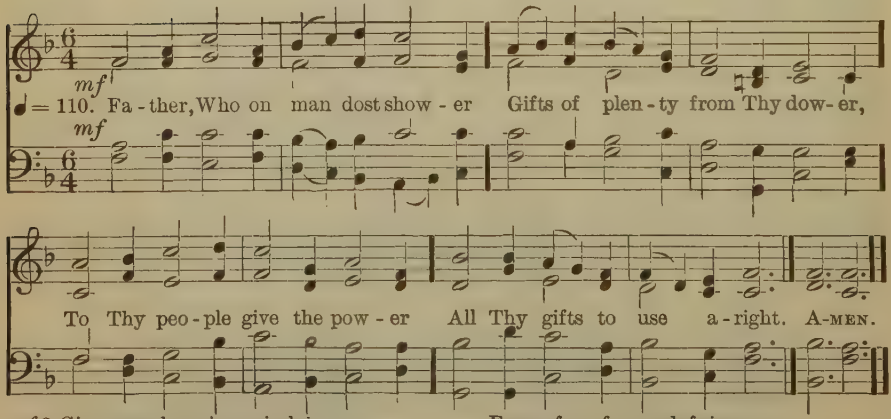
3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

*C. Wesley*

## Temperance

506 8. 8. 8. 7. DEARMER *15th Cent.*


mf
♩ = 110. Fa - ther, Who on man dost show - er Gifts of plen - ty from Thy dow - er,
mf
To Thy peo - ple give the pow - er All Thy gifts to use a - right. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
Bodies clear and spirits bright.

3 Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
Put Thine enemies to flight.

*cr* 4 Be with us, Thy strength supplying,
That with energy undying,
Every foe of man defying,
We may rally to the fight.

5 Thou Who art our Captain, ever
Lead us on to great endeavour;
May Thy Church the world deliver,
Give us wisdom, courage, might.

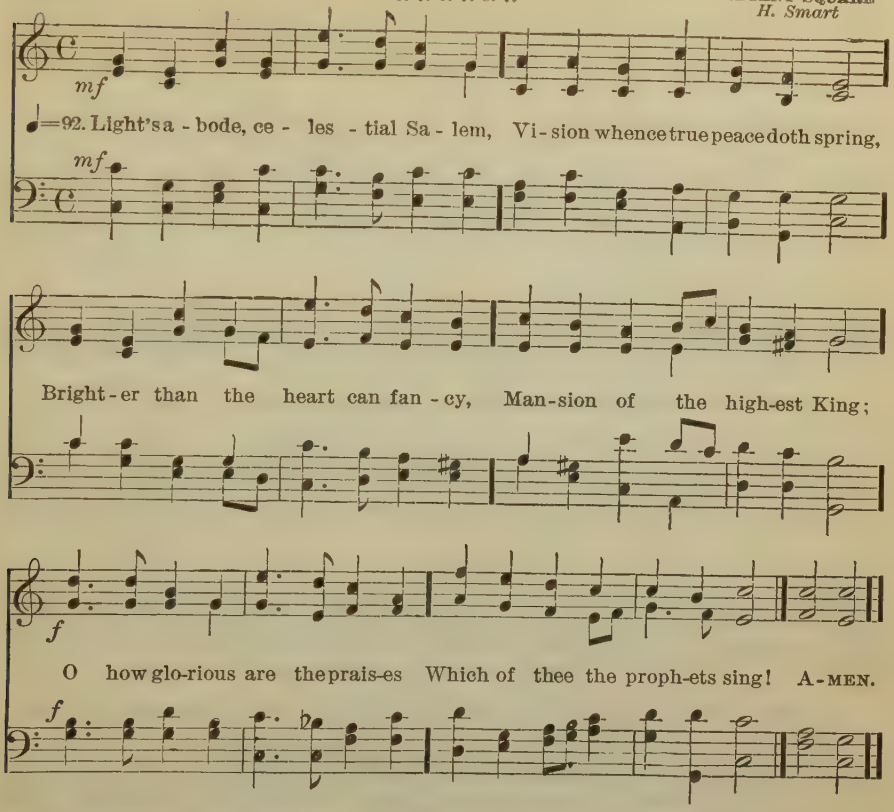
6 Father, Who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, Whose love has bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
Hear us, Godhead infinite.

*P. Dearmer*

## 507

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

REGENT SQUARE
*H. Smart*


mf
♩=92. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vi - sion whence true peace doth spring,
mf
Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high-est King;
f
O how glo-rious are the prais-es Which of thee the proph-ets sing! A-MEN.
f

*mf* 2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
*p* All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

*p* 3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
*cr* Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

*f* 4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

*mf* 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
*p* That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
*cr* And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

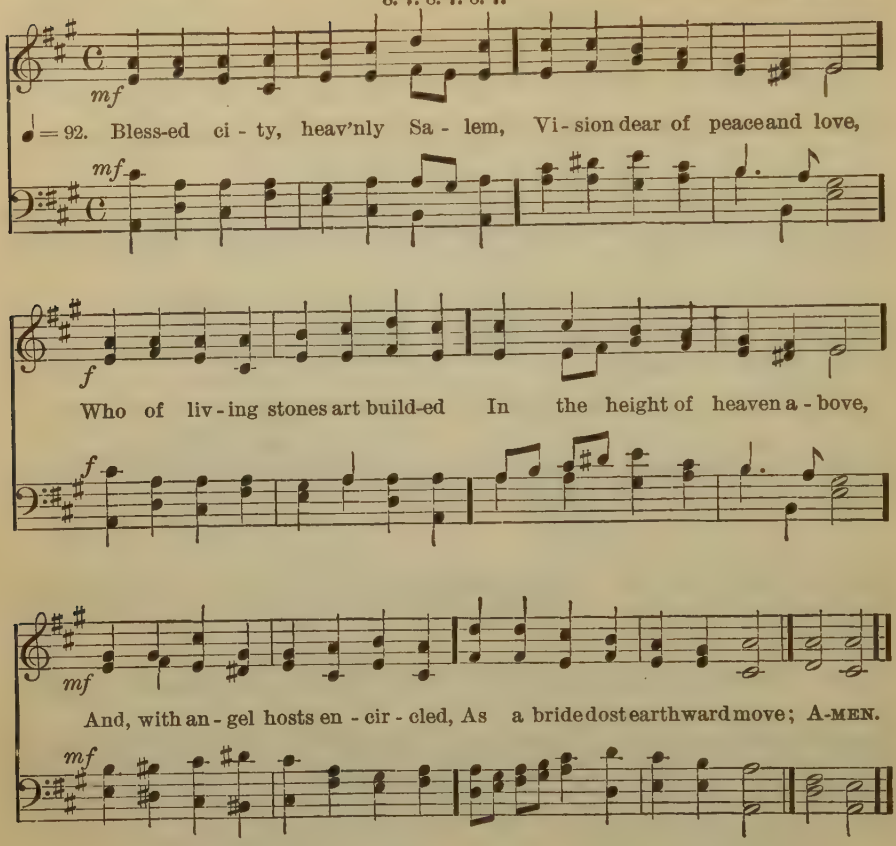


TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 508 (FIRST TUNE)

ORIEL
*Tantum ergo*

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.


mf
♩ = 92. Bless-ed ci - ty, heav'nly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of peace and love,
f
Who of liv - ing stones art build-ed In the height of heaven a - bove,
mf
And, with an - gel hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earthward move; A-MEN.

*cr* 2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,
*p* Meet for Him Whose love espoused
*cr* To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

*mf* 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
*cr* And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar.
*p* Who for Christ's dear Name, in this
Pain and tribulation bore. [world

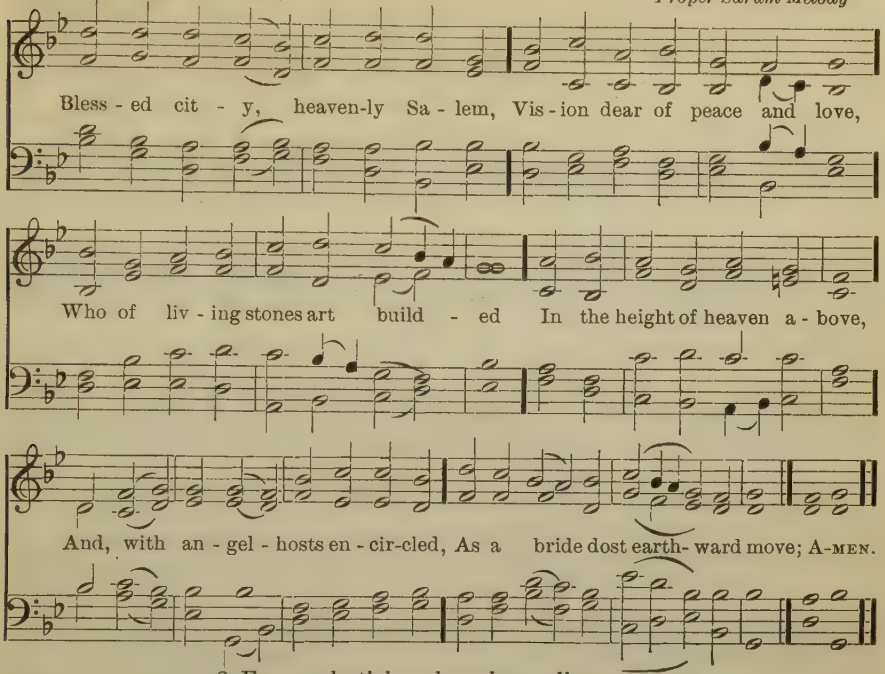
*p* 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
*cr* In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

*f* 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

**508** (SECOND TUNE)

URBS BEATA
*Proper Sarum Melody*


Bless - ed cit - y, heaven-ly Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear of peace and love,
Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed In the height of heaven a - bove,
And, with an - gel - hosts en - cir-cled, As a bride dost earth- ward move; A-MEN.

*cr* 2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
*p* Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
*cr* To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

*mf* 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
*cr* And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar.
*p* Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

*p* 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
*cr* In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

*f* 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

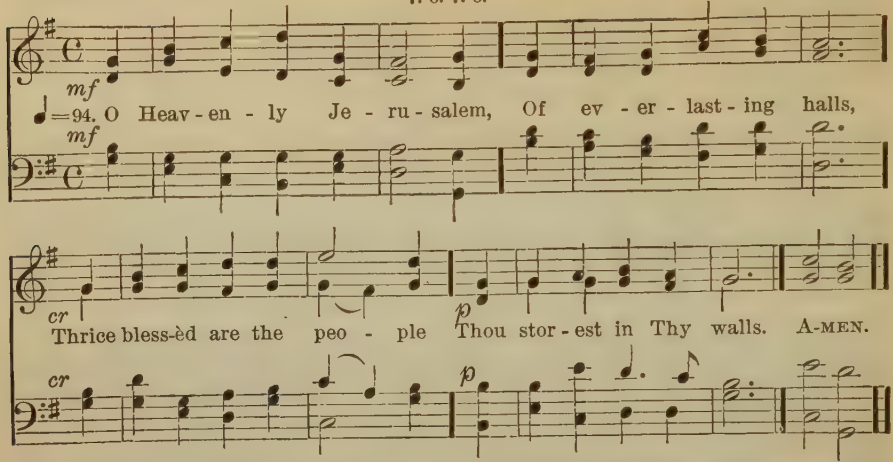


TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 509 (FIRST TUNE.)

7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. ALPHEGE
*H. J. Gauntlett*




*f* 2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

*p* 3 There God for ever sitteth,
*cr* Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

*p* 4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
*f* They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

*mf* 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
*cr* May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

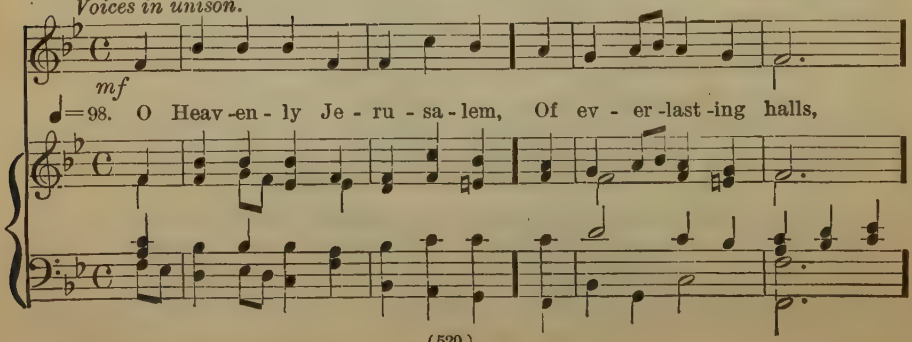
*f* 6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

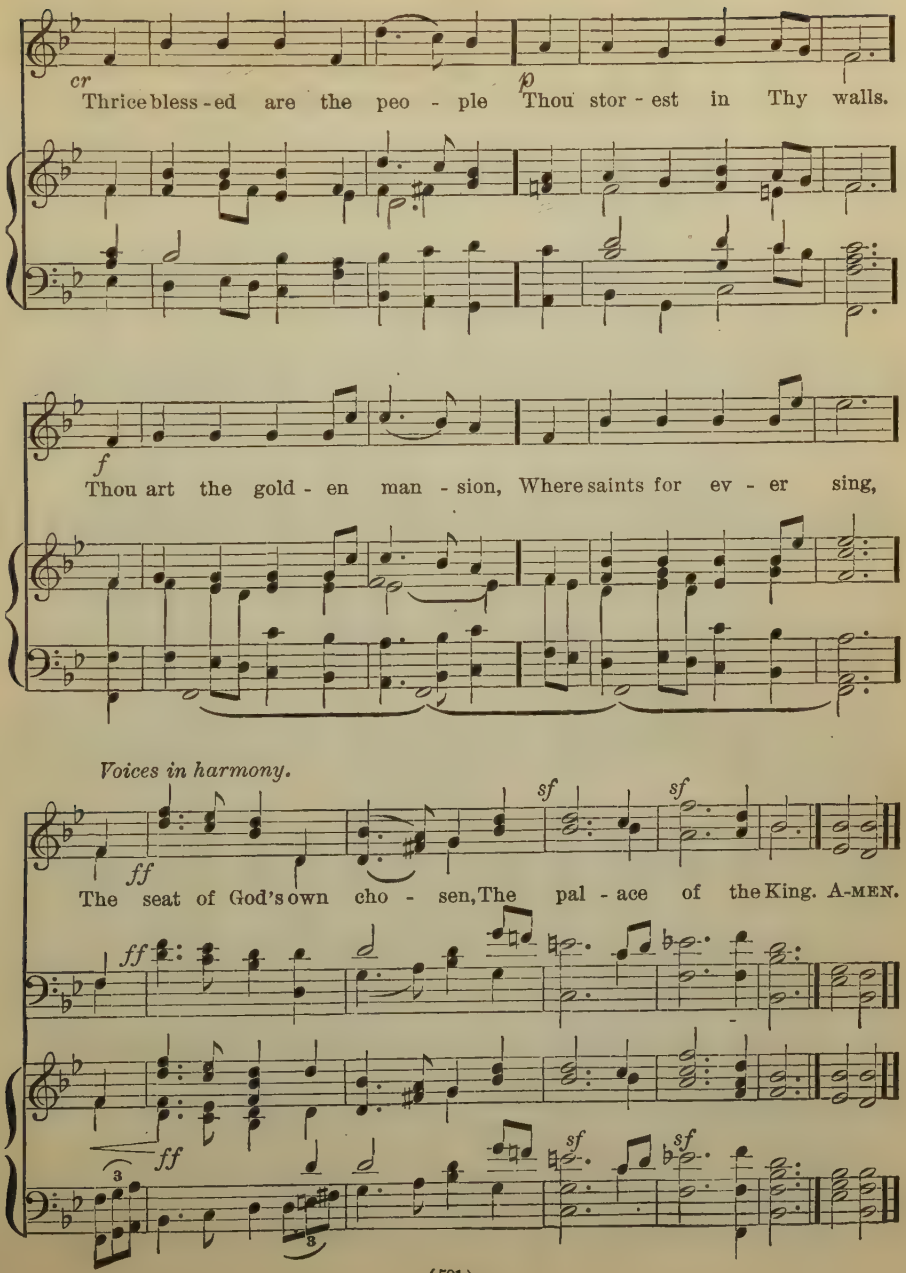
(SECOND TUNE)
*Voices in unison.*

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ALL HALLOWS
*G. C. Martin*

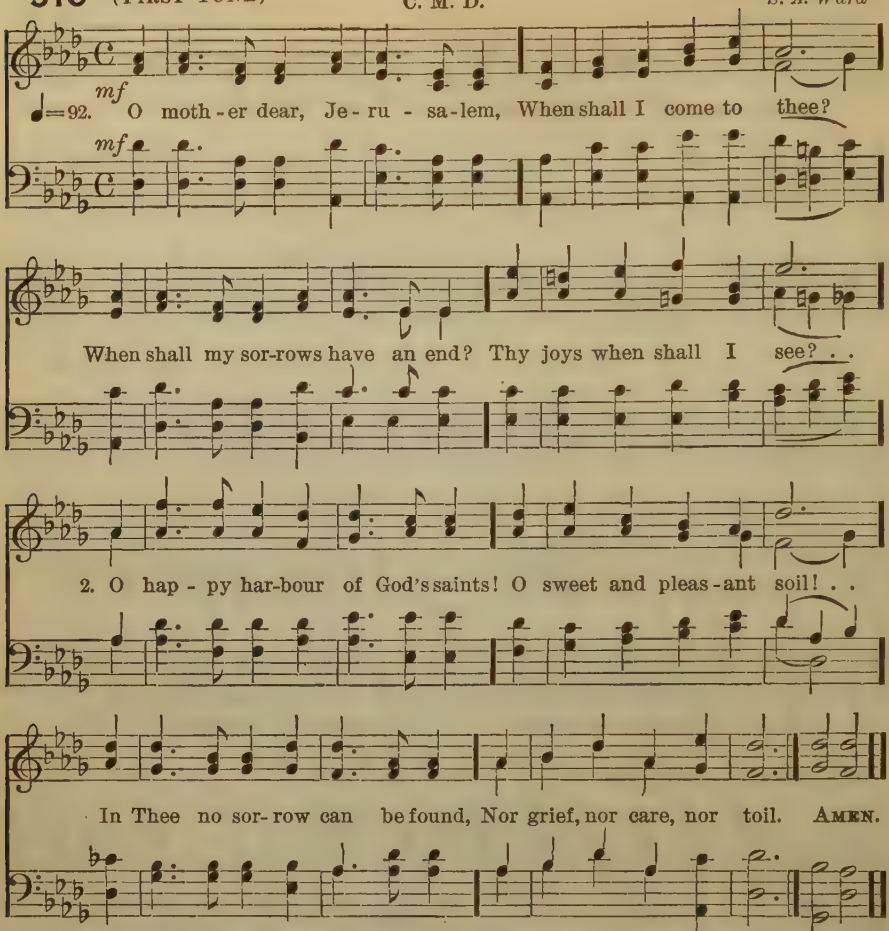


**509** (Cont.)


cr
Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple
p
Thou stor - est in Thy walls.
f
Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for ev - er sing,
Voices in harmony.
ff
sf
sf
The seat of God's own cho - sen, The pal - ace of the King. A-MEN.
ff
ff
sf
sf

## 510 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D.

MATERNA
*S. A. Ward*


mf
♩=92. O moth-er dear, Je-ru-sa-lem, When shall I come to thee?
mf
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
2. O hap-py har-bour of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! . .
In Thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. AMEN.

*p* 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

*mf* 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

*mf* 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

*mf* 6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

*mf* 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

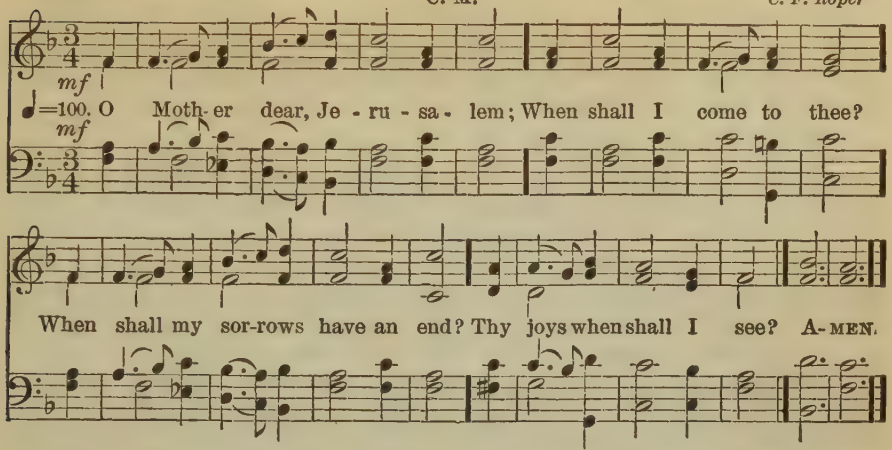
*f* 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

*D. Dickson*

## 510 (SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

JERUSALEM
*C. F. Roper*




*mf* 2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

*p* 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
*cr* But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

*mf* 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

*mf* 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

*mf* 6 Right through thy streets with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

*mf* 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

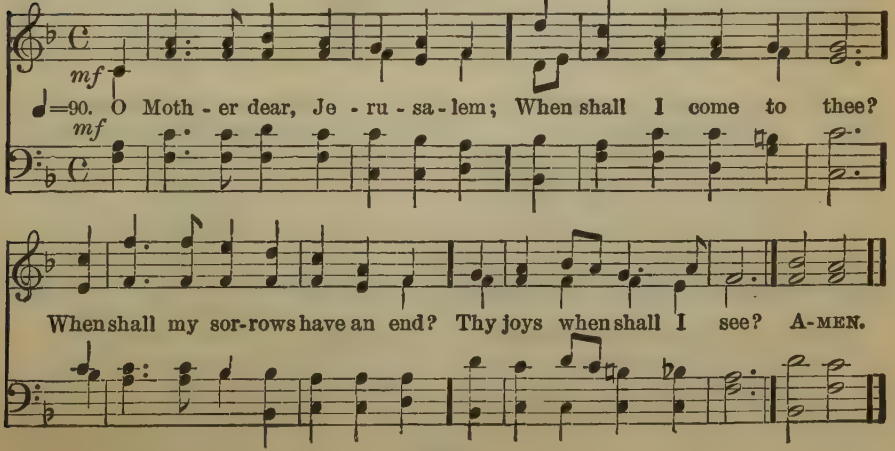
*f* 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

*D. Dickson*

(THIRD TUNE)

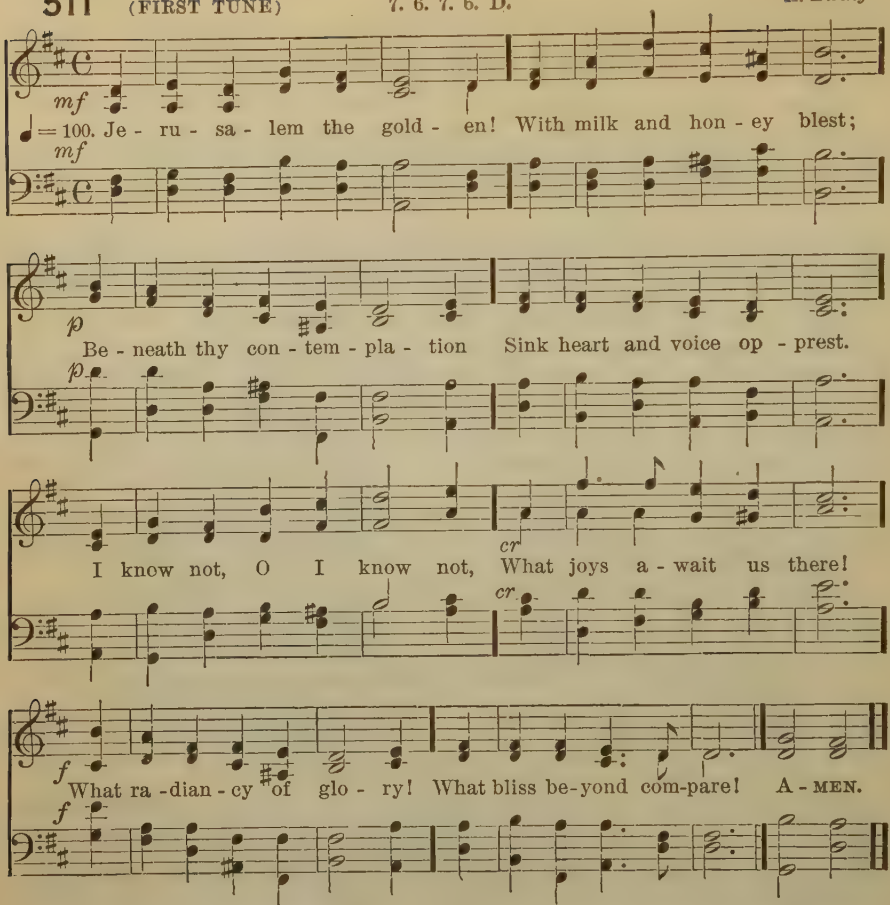
C. M.

STANIFORTH
*T. W. Staniforth*



**511** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

EWING
*A. Ewing*


mf
♩ = 100. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
mf
p
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
p
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
cr
cr
f
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - MEN.
f

*f* 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
*cr* All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

*p* 3 There is the throne of David;
*cr* And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
*ff* The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
*p* For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

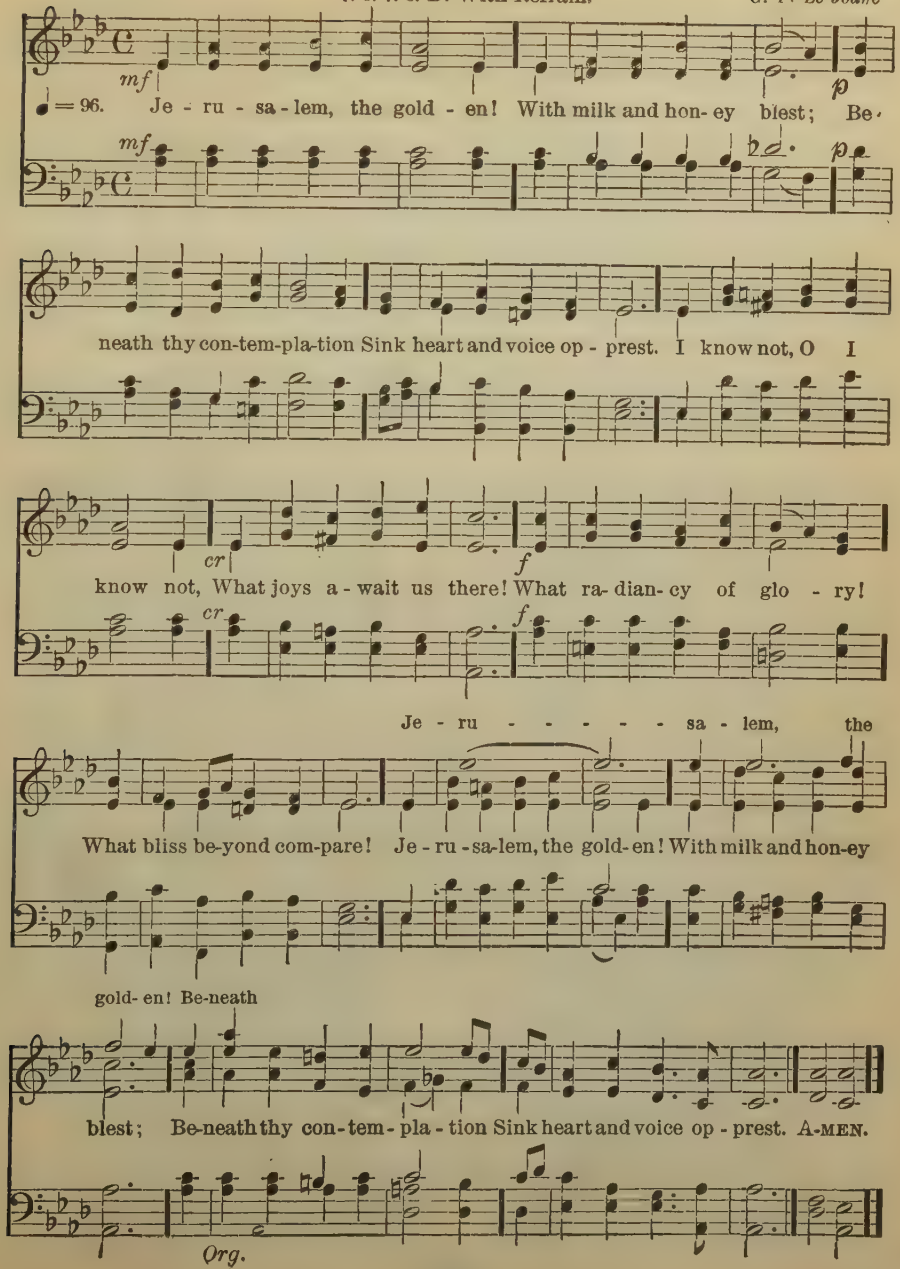
*mf* 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
*cr* Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale.*

## 511 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

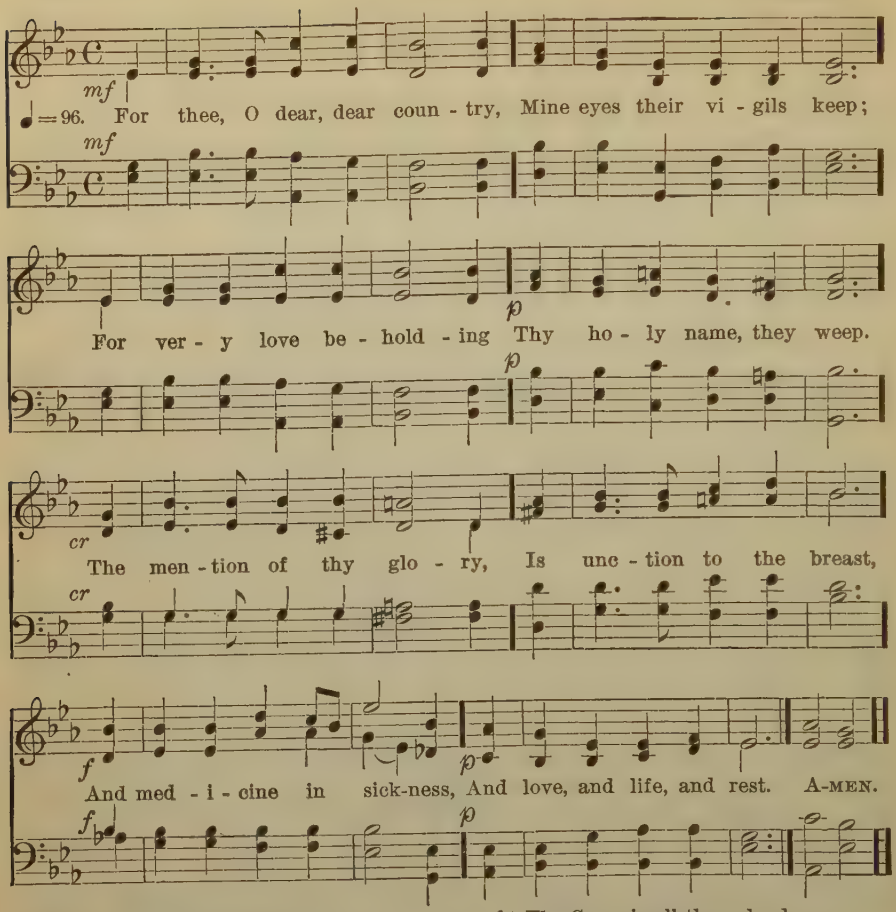
URBS BEATA
*G. F. Le Jeune*


mf
♩ = 96. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon- ey blest; Be-
mf
p
neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I
cr
f
know not, What joys a - wait us there! What ra- dian- cy of glo - ry!
cr
f
Je - ru - - - - - sa - lem, the
What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey
gold- en! Be-neath
blest; Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A-MEN.
Org.

## 512

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

O BONA PATRIA
*A. S. Sullivan*


mf
♩ = 96. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;
mf
p
For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep.
p
cr
The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,
cr
f
And med - i - cine in sick-ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-MEN.
f
p

*mf* 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

*mf* 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

*f* 4 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

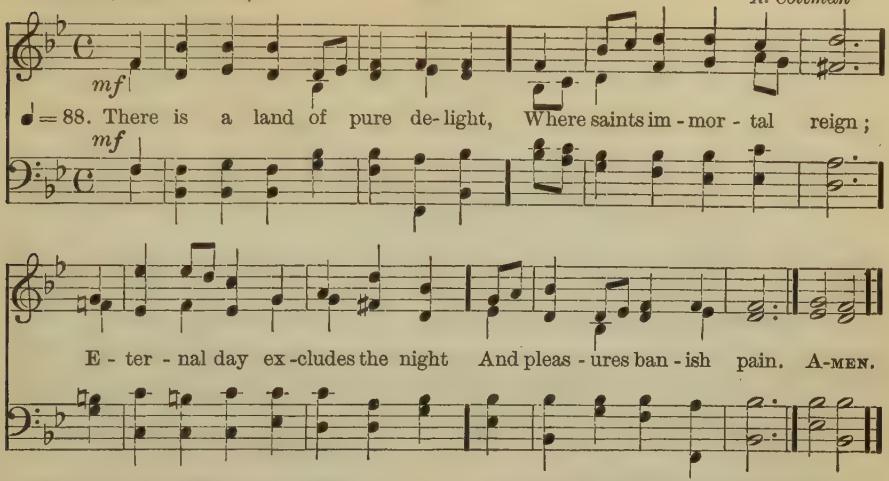
*mf* 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
*mf* Who art, with God the Father,
*p* And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 513 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

MIRFIELD
*A. Cottman*


mf
♩ = 88. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
mf
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

*cr* 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

*p* 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

*mf* 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

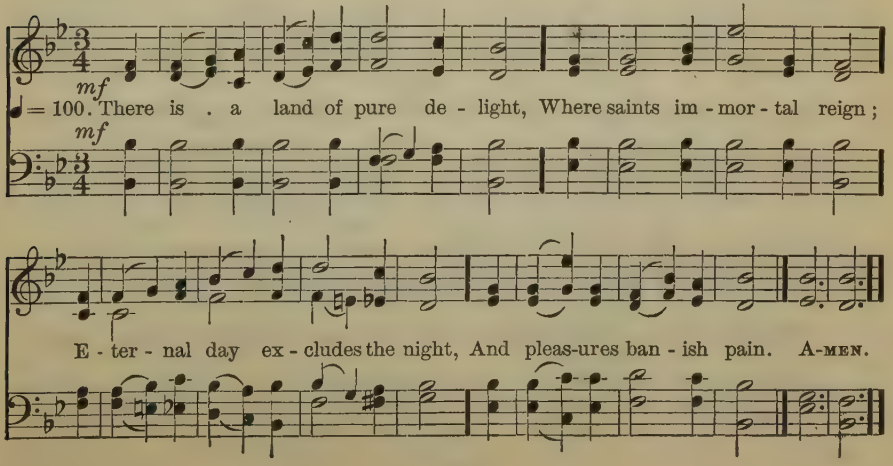
*cr* 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

*I. Watts*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

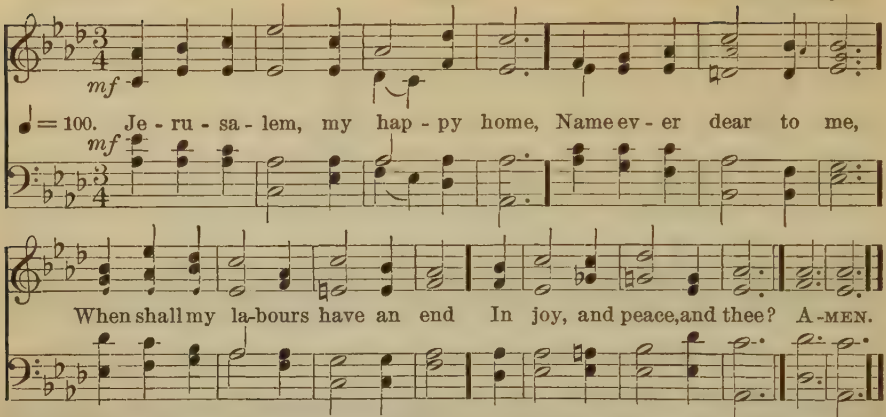
EAGLEY
*J. Walch*


mf
♩ = 100. There is . a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
mf
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-MEN.

## 514 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BEATITUDO
*J. B. Dykes*




*mf* 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
*cr* Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

*f* 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes
Blest seats! (*p*) through rude and stormy
*cr* I onward press to you.

*p* 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
*cr* I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day

*mf* 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

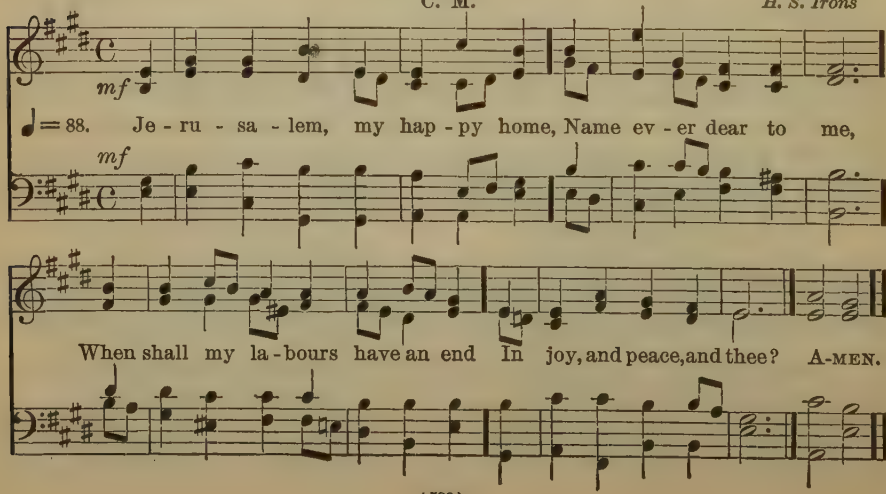
*f* 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

*J. Montgomery*

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

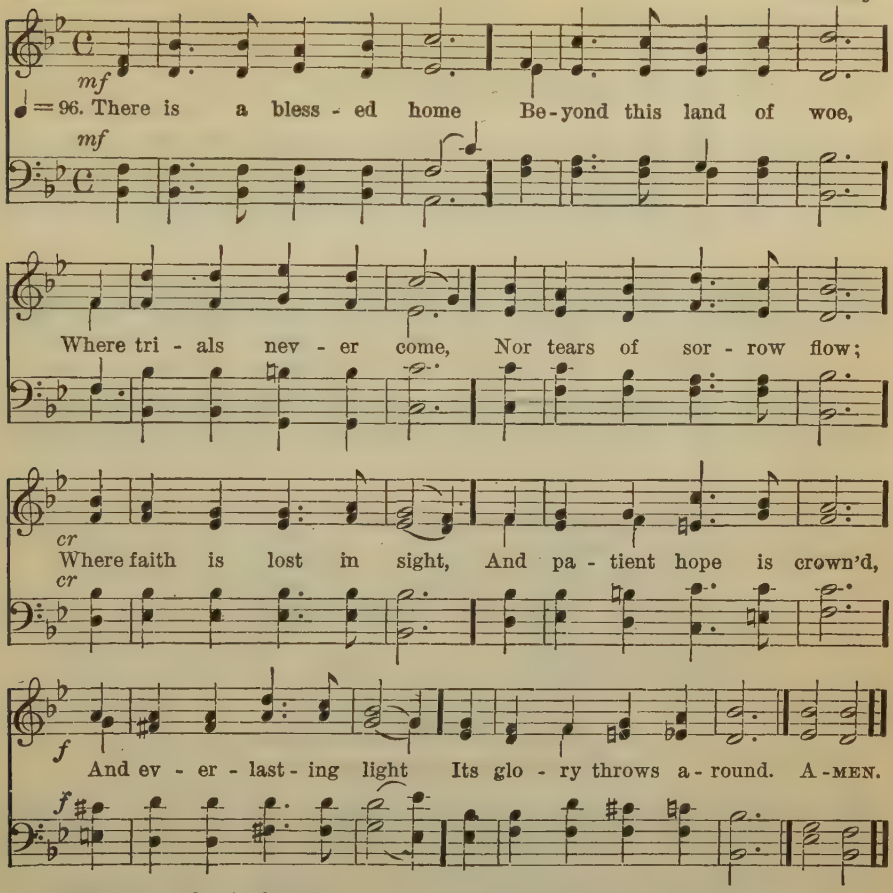
SOUTHWELL
*H. S. Irons*



515

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BEULAH
*H. F. Hemy*


mf
♩ = 96. There is a bless - ed home Be-yond this land of woe,
mf
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
cr
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
cr
f
And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - MEN.
f

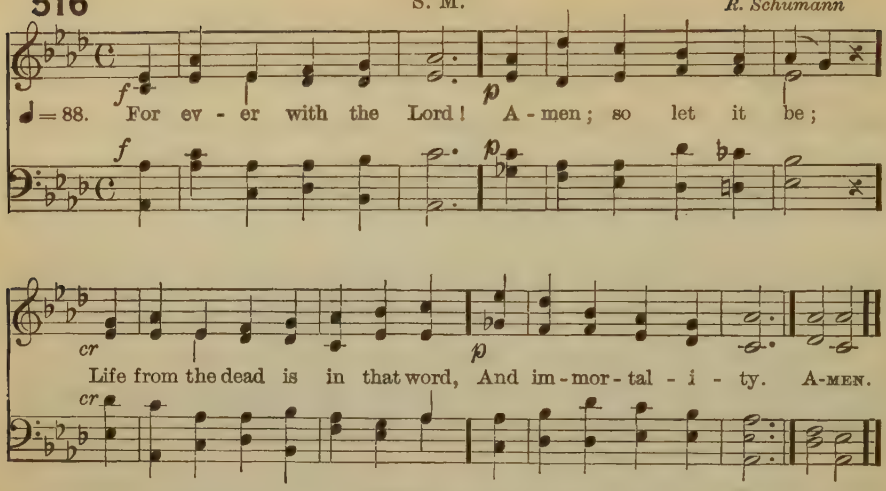
*p* 2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
*cr* Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
*mf* Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

*f* 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
*p* And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
*mf* To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
*cr* And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

*mf* 4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
*p* Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
*mf* His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

*H. W. Baker*

**516** S. M. HEATH *R. Schumann*




*p* 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
*cr* Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

*mf* 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

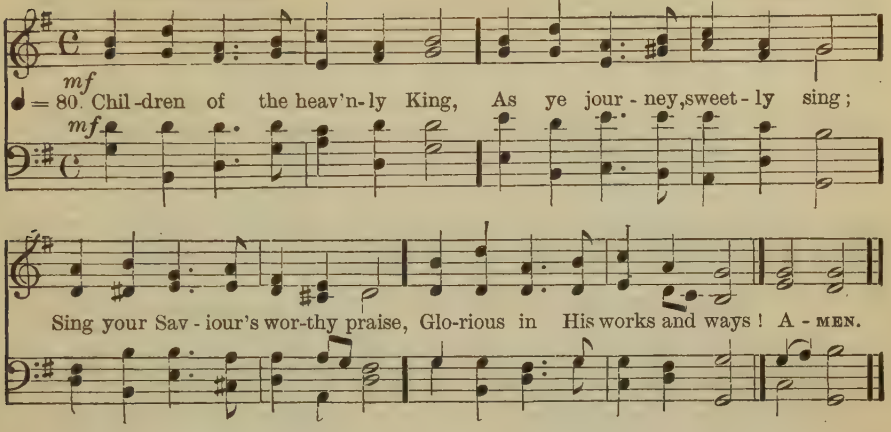
5 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

*p* 6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
*cr* By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

*J. Montgomery*

## 517 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7.

PLEYEL'S HYMN
*I. Pleyel*


mf
♩ = 80. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
mf
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

*f* 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

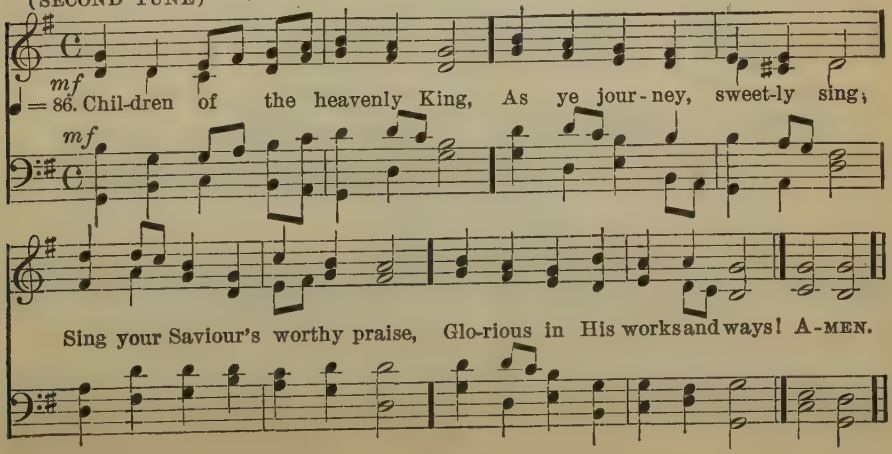
*f* 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

*mf* 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we will still follow Thee.

*J. Cennick*

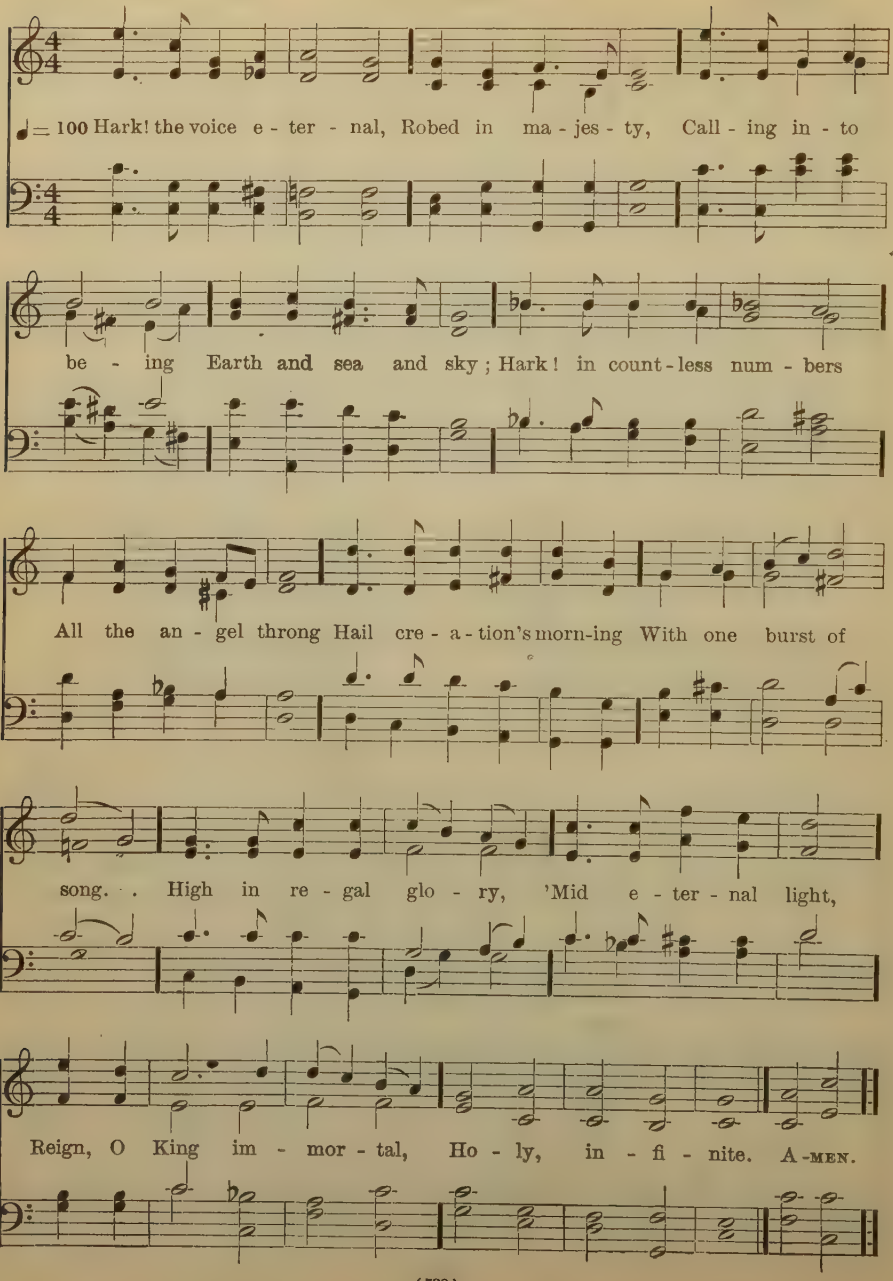
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7.

BRASTED
*P. Weimer*


mf
♩ = 86. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing,
mf
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A-MEN.

**518** (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. with Refrain

VOX ÆTERNA
*H. Parker*


♩ = 100 Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in ma - jes - ty, Call - ing in - to
be - ing Earth and sea and sky; Hark! in count - less num - bers
All the an - gel throng Hail cre - a - tion's morn-ing With one burst of
song. . High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light,
Reign, O King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fi - nite. A-MEN.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, infinite.

*mf* 3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
For the promised light.
*cr* Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
*f* Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
*ff* Whilst in regal splendour
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

*f* 4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
*pp* Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
*ff* Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

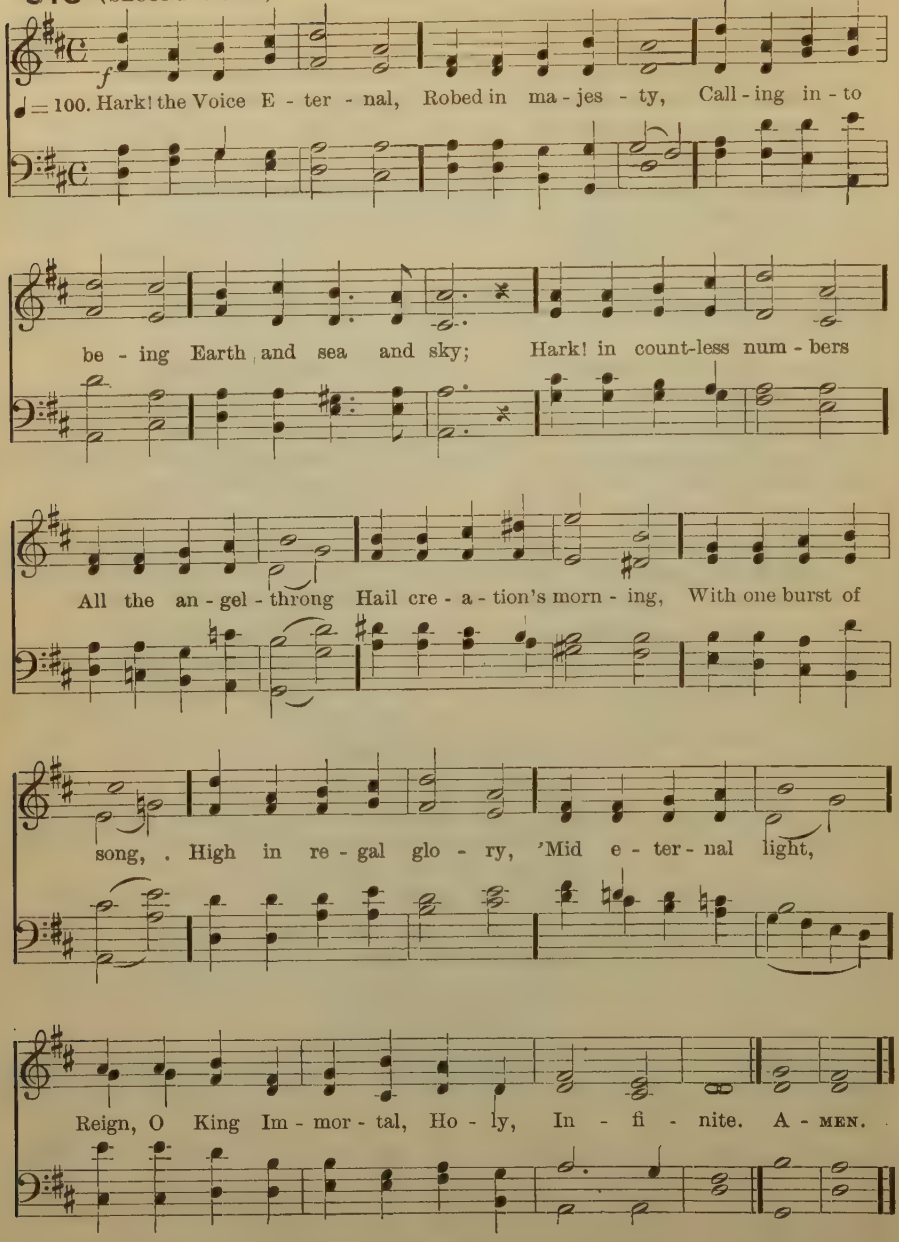
*f* 5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be,
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
*ff* Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

*f* 6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
*p* Thine the pain and weeping,
*cr* Thine the victory,
*ff* Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, infinite.

*J. Julian*

**518** (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

TADCASTER
*E. J. Hopkins*


f
♩ = 100. Hark! the Voice E - ter - nal, Robed in ma - jes - ty, Call - ing in - to
be - ing Earth and sea and sky; Hark! in count-less num - bers
All the an - gel - throng Hail cre - a - tion's morn - ing, With one burst of
song, . High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light,
Reign, O King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite. A - MEN.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, infinite.

*mf* 3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
For the promised light.
*cr* Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
*f* Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
*ff* Whilst in regal splendour
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

*f* 4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
*pp* Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
*ff* Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

*f* 5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be,
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
*ff* Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

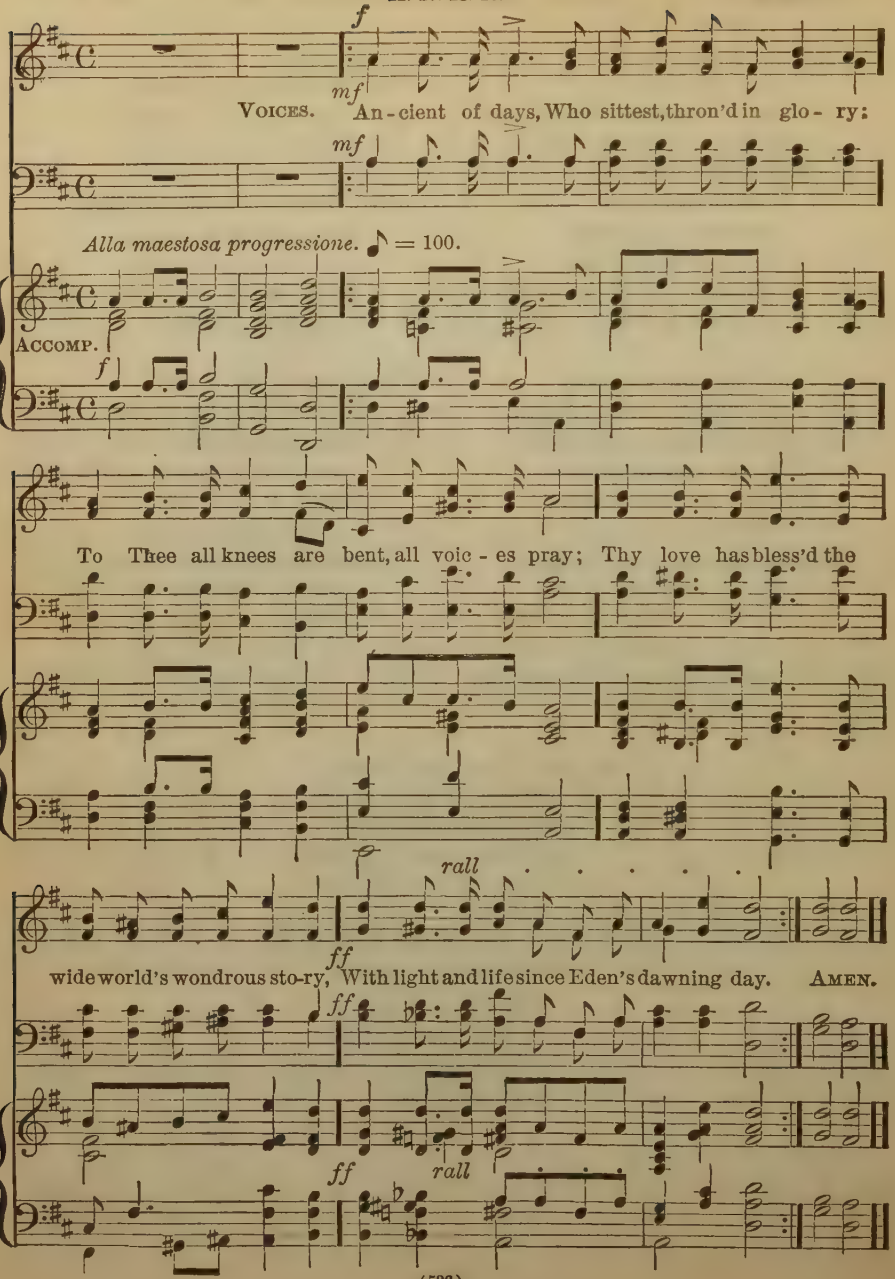
*f* 6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
*p* Thine the pain and weeping,
*cr* Thine the victory,
*ff* Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, infinite.

*J. Julian*

519 (FIRST TUNE)

ANCIENT OF DAYS
*T. A. Jeffery*

11. 10. 11. 10.



*mf* 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
*p* To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

*mf* 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
*p* Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

*mf* 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

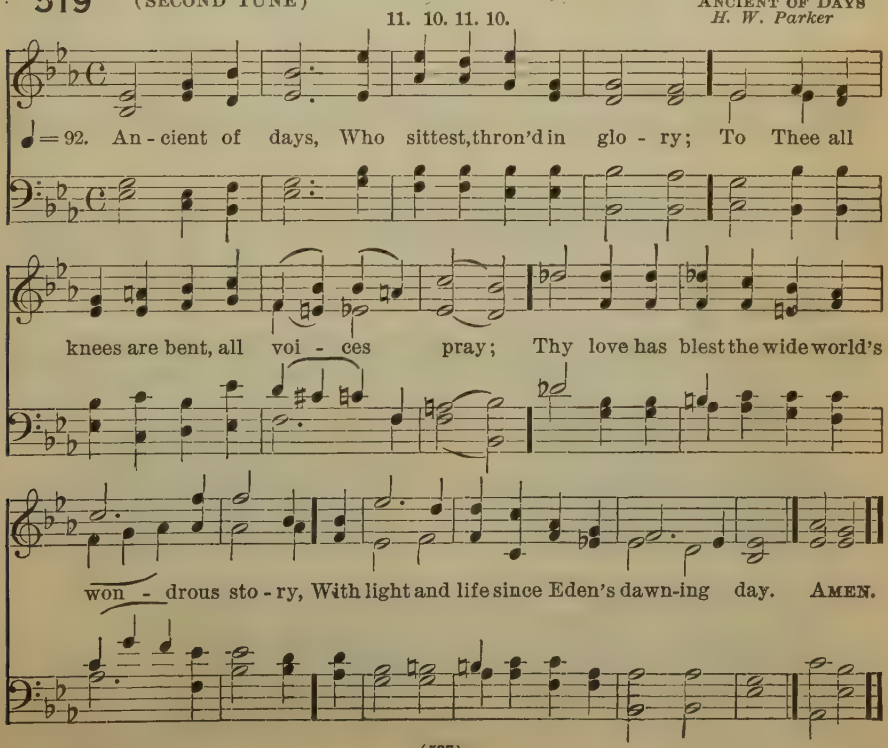
*f* 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days:
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

*W. C. Doane*

**519** (SECOND TUNE)

ANCIENT OF DAYS
*H. W. Parker*

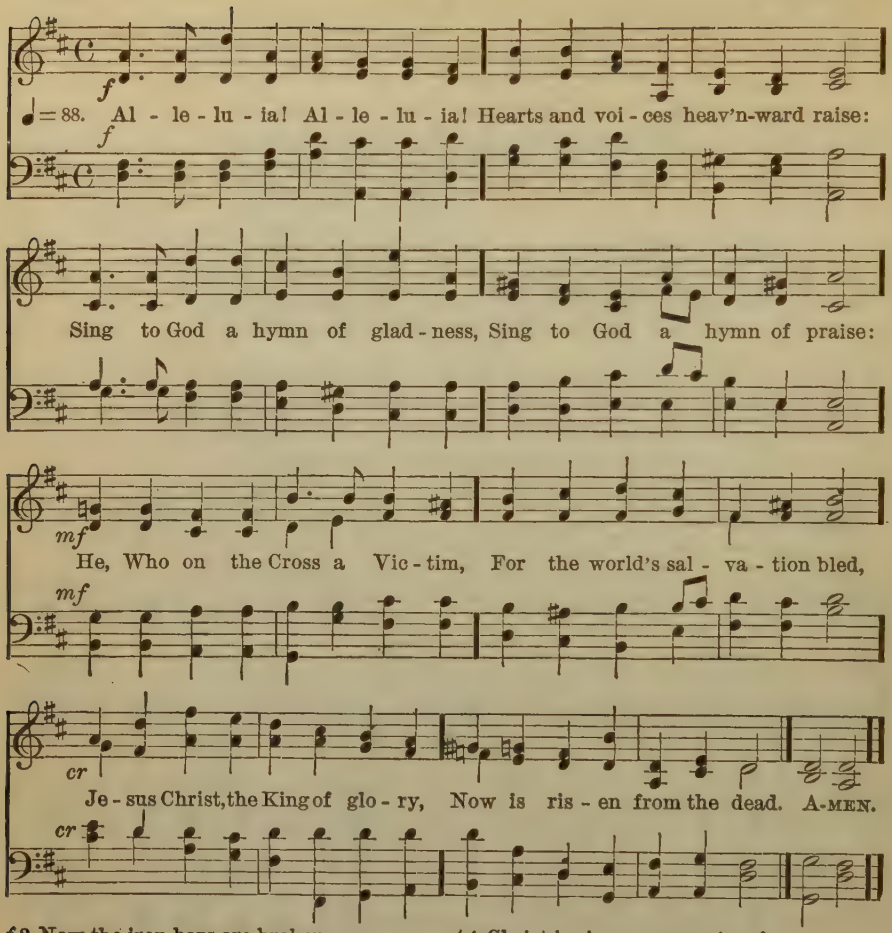
11. 10. 11. 10.


♩ = 92. An - cient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all
knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blest the wide world's
won - drous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawn-ing day. AMEN.

520

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LUX EOI
*A. S. Sullivan*


f
♩= 88. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heav'n-ward raise:
f
Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
mf
He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
mf
cr
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A-MEN.
cr

*f* 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed. and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

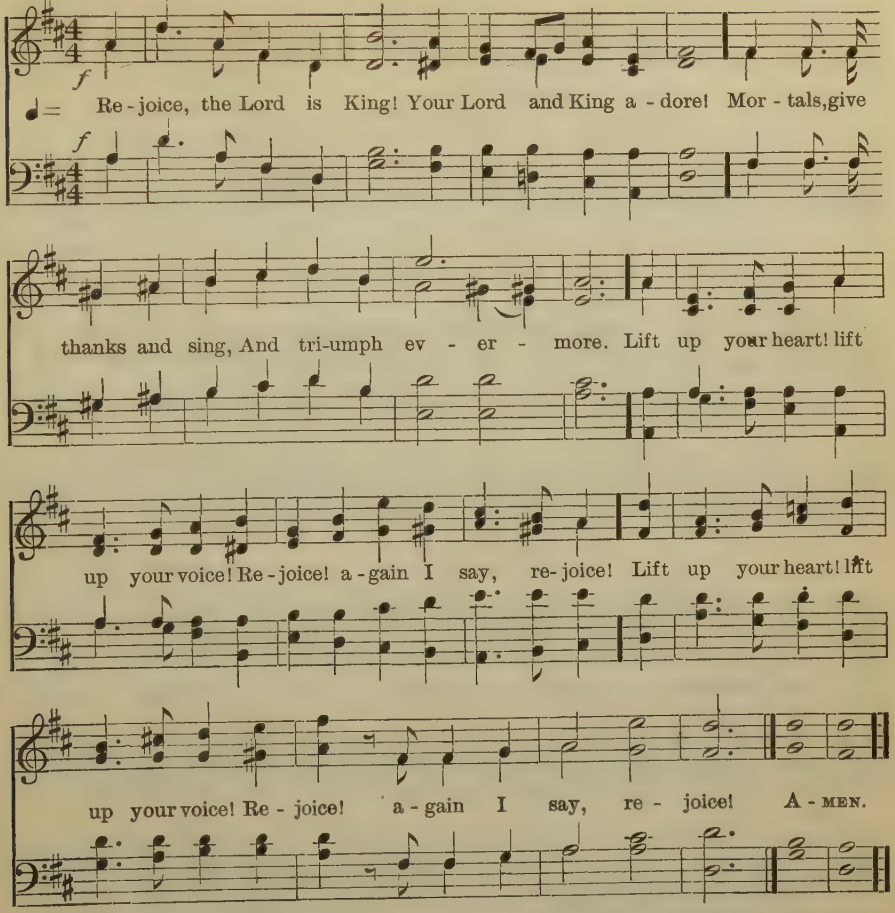
*f* 3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

*f* 4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

*f* 5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

*C. Wordsworth*

**521** (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. JUBILATE *H. Parker*


f
Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore! Mor - tals, give
thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more. Lift up your heart! lift
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! Lift up your heart! lift
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A - MEN.

*f* 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
*mf* When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
*ff* Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

*mf* 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
*ff* Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

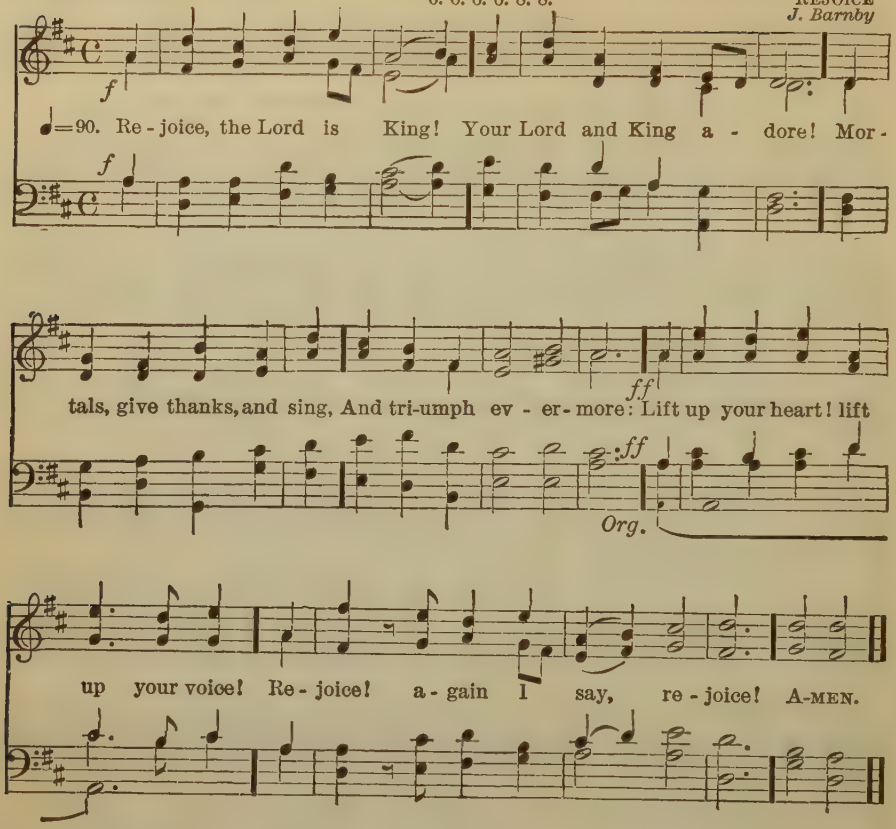
*f* 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
*ff* We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

*C. Wesley and J. Taylor*

## 521 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

REJOICE
*J. Barnby*


f
♩=90. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore! Mor -
f
ff
tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart! lift
ff
Org.
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A-MEN.

*f* 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
*mf* When He had purged our stains,
*cr* He took His seat above.
*ff* Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

*mf* 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
*ff* Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

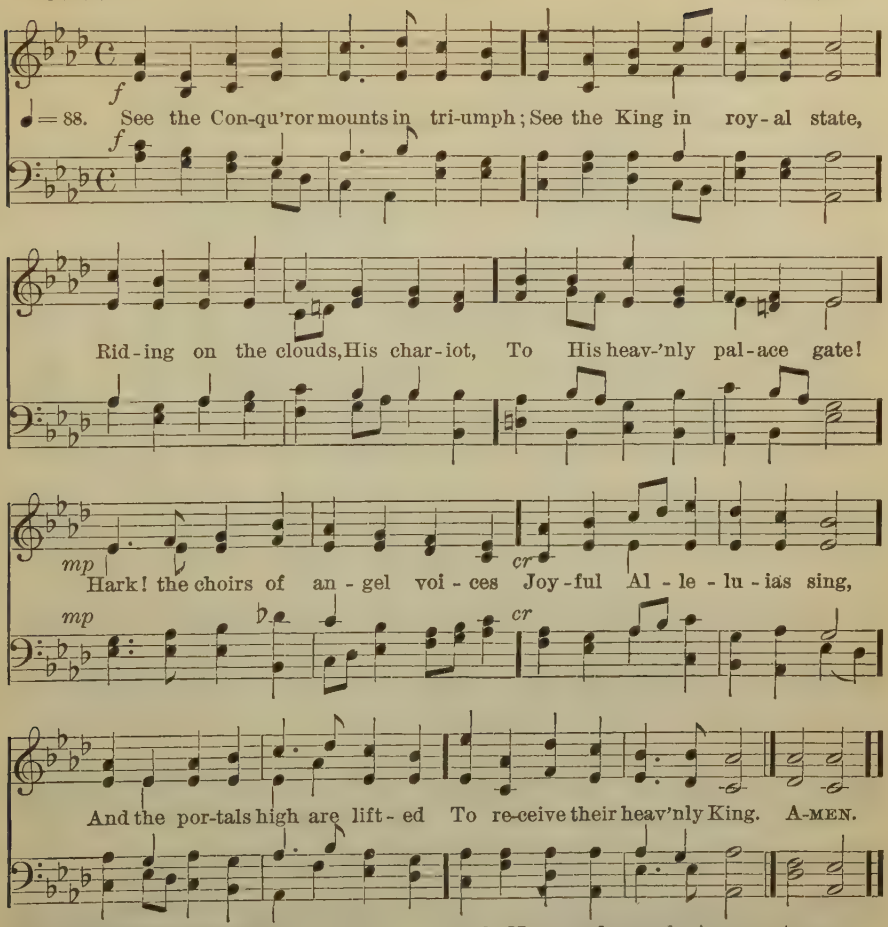
*f* 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
*ff* We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

*C. Wesley* and *J. Taylor*

## 522

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

REX GLORIAE
*H. Smart*


f
♩ = 88. See the Con-qu'ror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,
Rid-ing on the clouds, His char-iot, To His heav-'nly pal-ace gate!
mp
Hark! the choirs of an-gel voi-ces
cr
Joy-ful Al-le-lu-ias sing,
And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
*p* He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
*cr* He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

*mf* 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,
He Who walked with God and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

*mf* 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

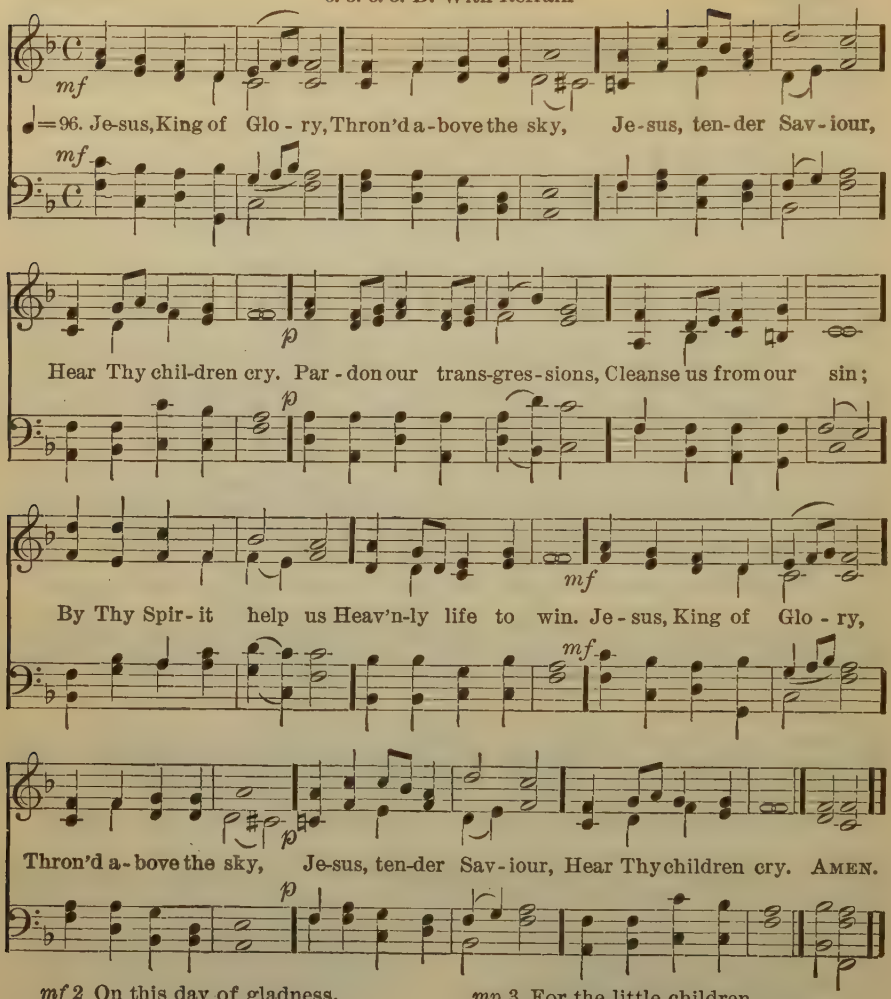
*cr* 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
*f* Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

*C. Wordsworth*

## 523 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

AMBLESIDE
*A. Lowe*


mf
♩=96. Je-sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour,
mf
p
Hear Thy chil-dren cry. Par - don our trans-gres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin;
p
mf
By Thy Spir-it help us Heav'n-ly life to win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
mf
p
Thron'd a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear Thy children cry. AMEN.
p

*mf* 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
*cr* Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
*f* Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
*p* Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

*mp* 3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
*p* For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
*cr* For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
*f* Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
*p* Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

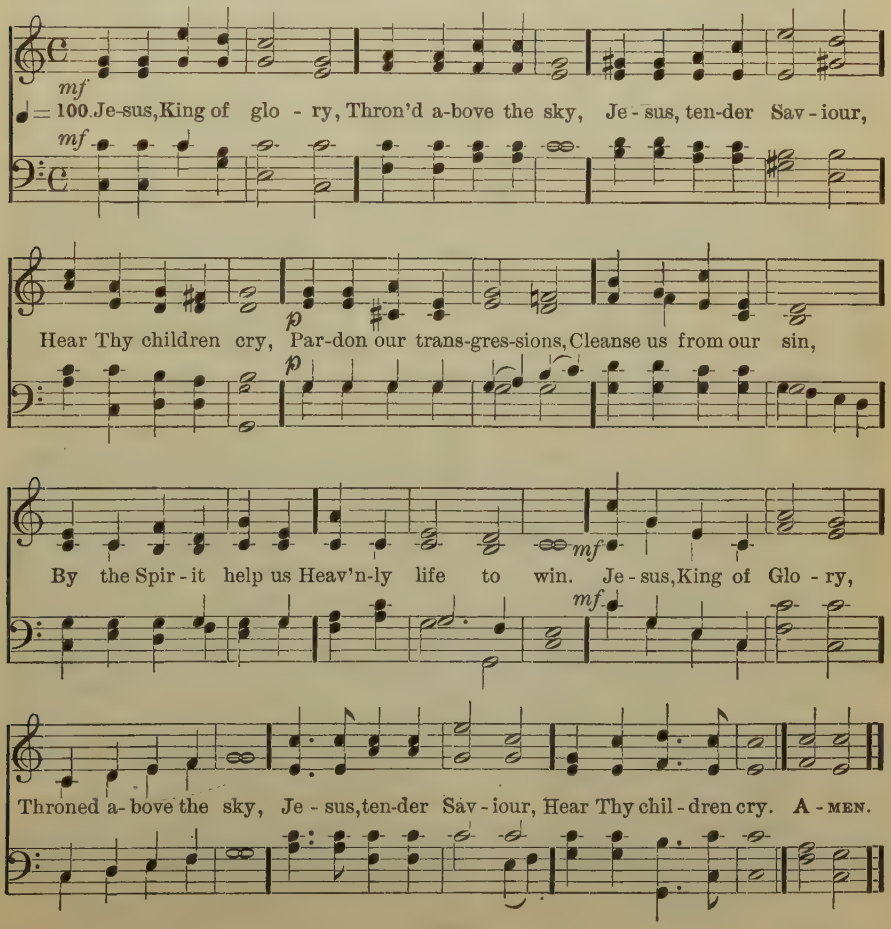
4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.

*W. H. Davison*

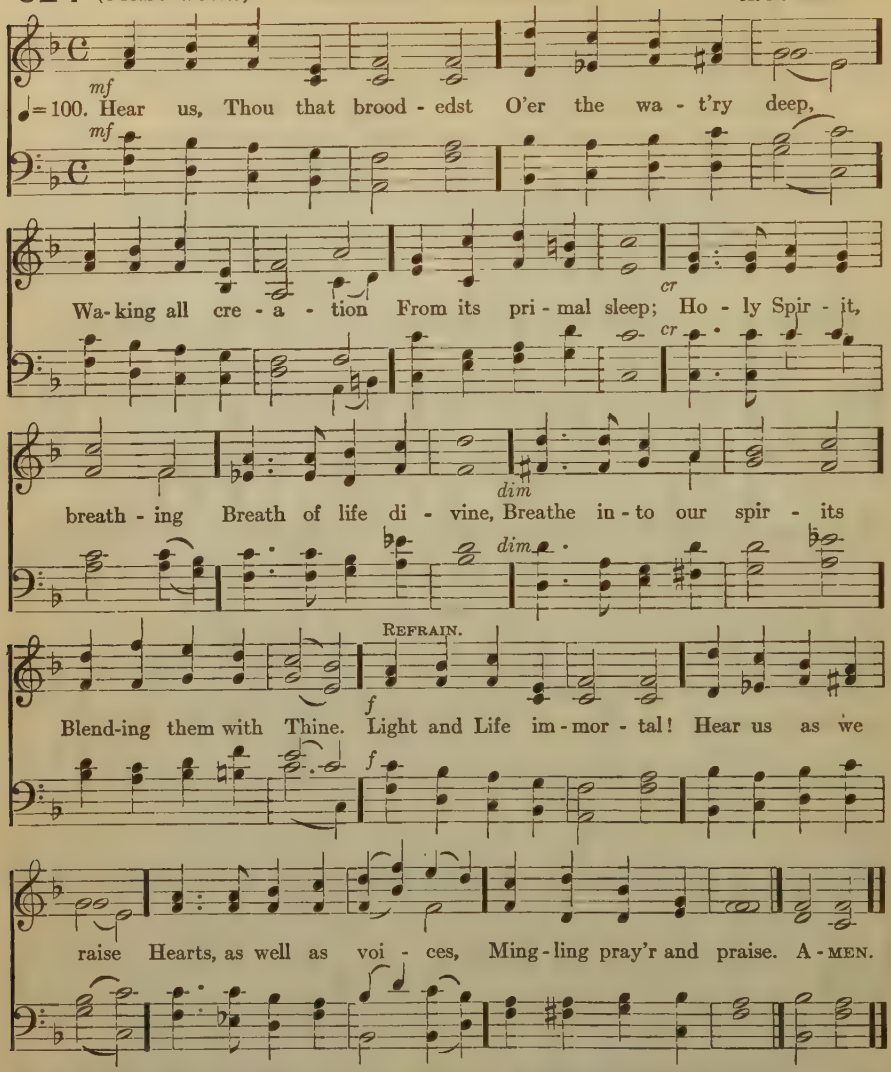
**523** (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

ARMAGEDDON
*Arr. by J. Goss*


mf
♩ = 100 Je-sus, King of glo - ry, Thron'd a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour,
Hear Thy children cry, Par-don our trans-gres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin,
By the Spir - it help us Heav'n-ly life to win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
Throned a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. A - MEN.

## 524 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

KING'S COLLEGE
*A. H. Mann*


mf
♩=100. Hear us, Thou that brood - edst O'er the wa - t'ry deep,
Wa-king all cre - a - tion From its pri - mal sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it,
cr
breath - ing Breath of life di - vine, Breathe in - to our spir - its
dim
REFRAIN.
f
Blend-ing them with Thine. Light and Life im - mor - tal! Hear us as we
raise Hearts, as well as voi - ces, Ming - ling pray'r and praise. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
*f* Light and Life immortal! etc.

*f* 3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
*dim* Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
*mf* There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
*cr* There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
*f* Light and Life immortal! etc.

*Verses 4 and 5 on following page*

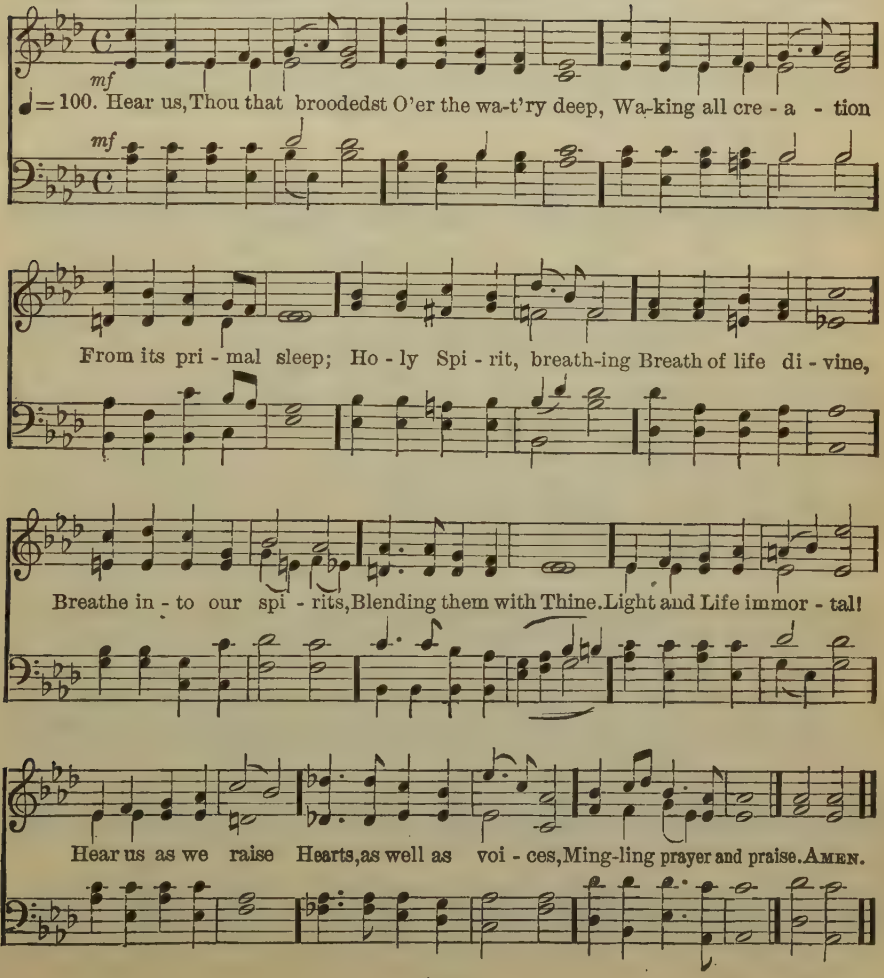
*p* 4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
*pp* Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
*cr* May Thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
*dim* O'er our evening sky.
*f* Light and Life immortal! etc.

*mf* 5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
*cr* Quickening life in Thee:
*f* Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
*f* Light and Life immortal! etc.

*G. Thring*

## 524 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 lines

ROSMORE
*H. G. Trembath*

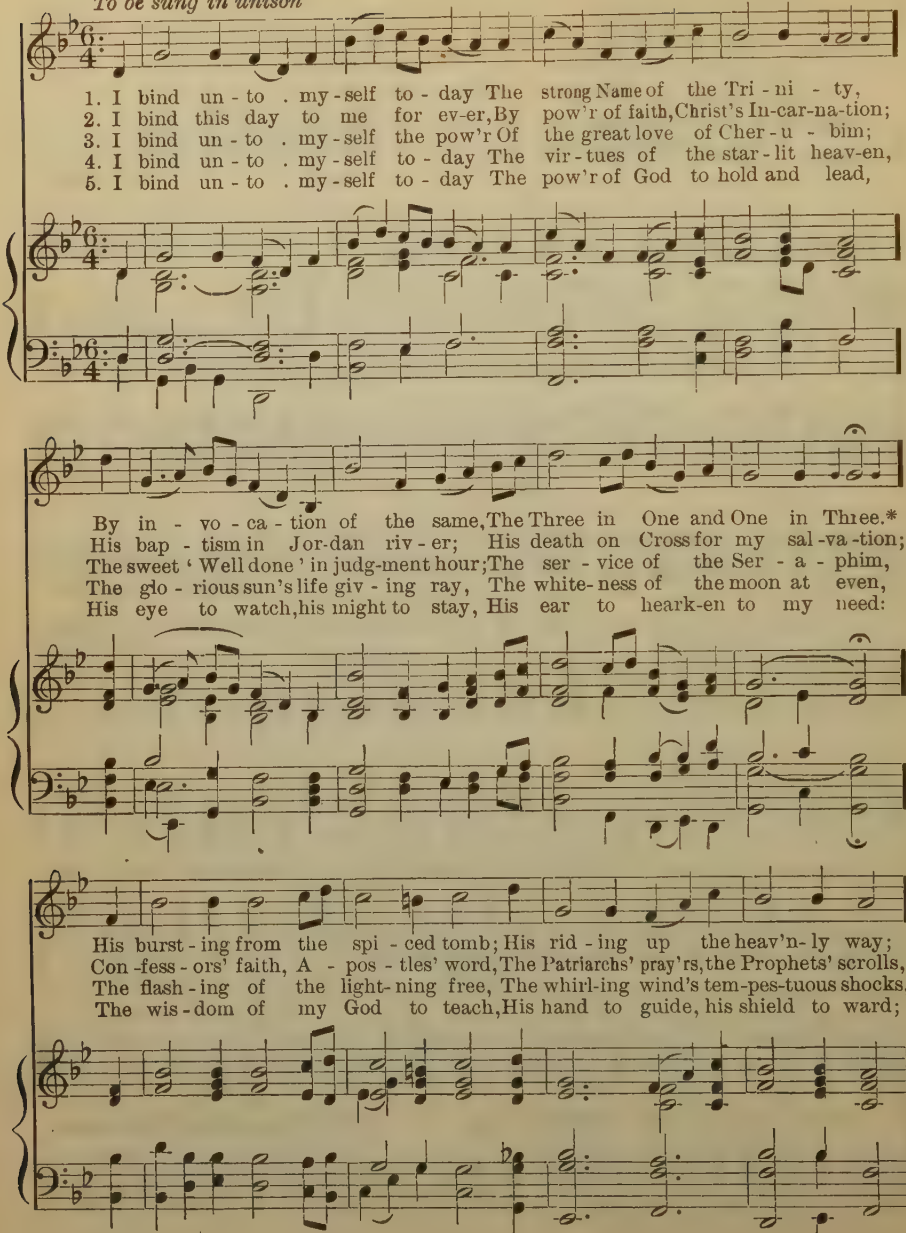

mf
♩= 100. Hear us, Thou that broodedst O'er the wa-t'ry deep, Wa-king all cre - a - tion
From its pri - mal sleep; Ho - ly Spi - rit, breath-ing Breath of life di - vine,
Breathe in - to our spi - rits, Blending them with Thine. Light and Life immor - tal!
Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voi - ces, Ming-ling prayer and praise. AMEN.

## 525, PART I

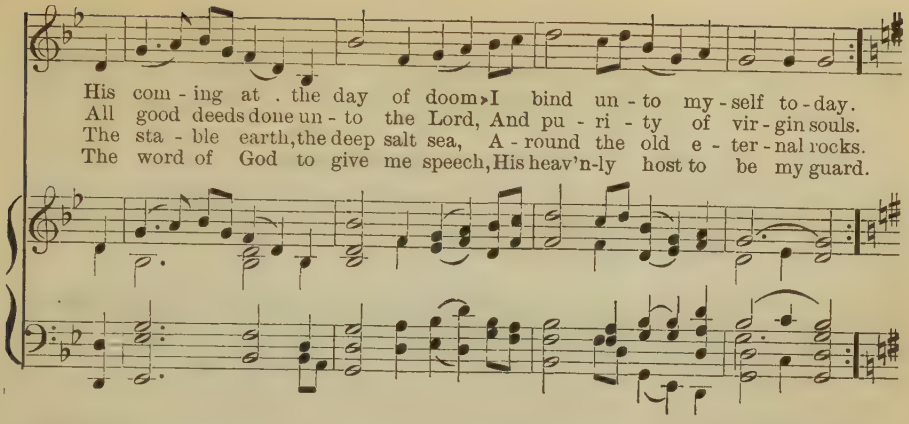
L. M. D.

ST. PATRICK
*Ancient Irish Melody*

*To be sung in unison*


1. I bind un - to . my - self to - day The strong Name of the Tri - ni - ty,
2. I bind this day to me for ev-er, By pow'r of faith, Christ's In-car-na-tion;
3. I bind un - to . my - self the pow'r Of the great love of Cher - u - bim;
4. I bind un - to . my - self to - day The vir - tues of the star - lit heav-en,
5. I bind un - to . my - self to - day The pow'r of God to hold and lead,
By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The Three in One and One in Three.*
His bap - tism in Jor-dan riv - er; His death on Cross for my sal-va-tion;
The sweet 'Well done' in judg-ment hour; The ser - vice of the Ser - a - phim,
The glo - rious sun's life giv - ing ray, The white-ness of the moon at even,
His eye to watch, his might to stay, His ear to heark-en to my need:
His burst - ing from the spi - ced tomb; His rid - ing up the heav'n-ly way;
Con-fess - ors' faith, A - pos - tles' word, The Patriarchs' pray'rs, the Prophets' scrolls,
The flash - ing of the light - ning free, The whirl-ing wind's tem-pes-tuous shocks,
The wis - dom of my God to teach, His hand to guide, his shield to ward;

* *Verse 1 ends here.*

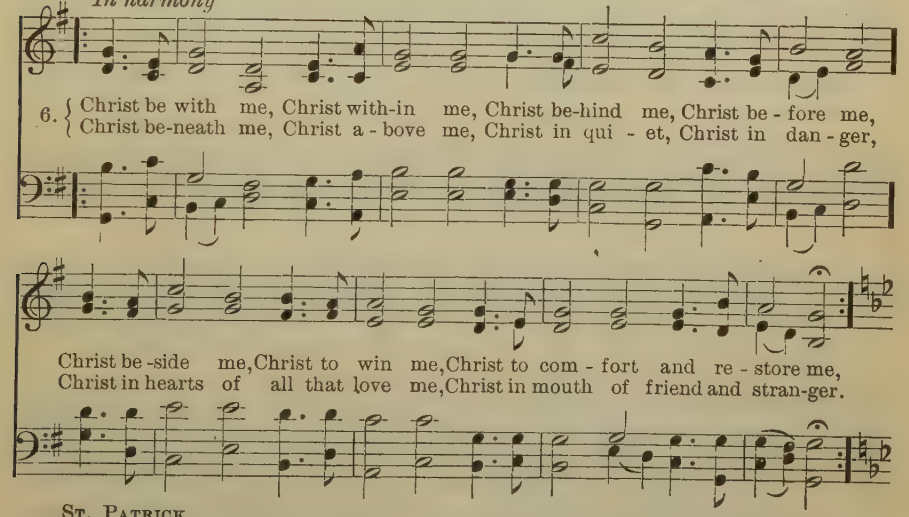

His com - ing at . the day of doom I bind un - to my - self to - day.
All good deeds done un - to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
The sta - ble earth, the deep salt sea, A - round the old e - ter - nal rocks.
The word of God to give me speech, His heav'n-ly host to be my guard.

**525**, PART II

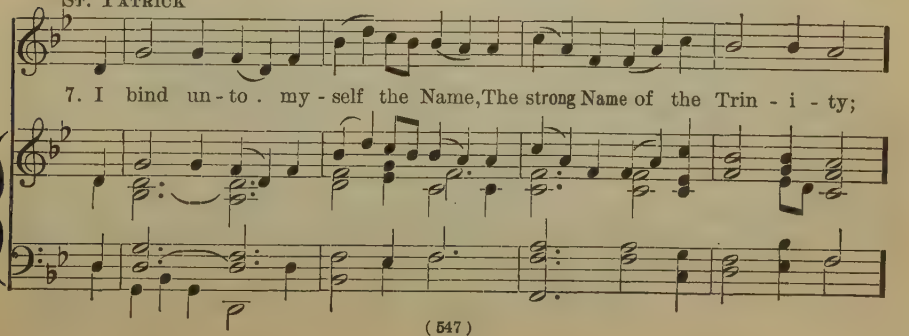
*In harmony*

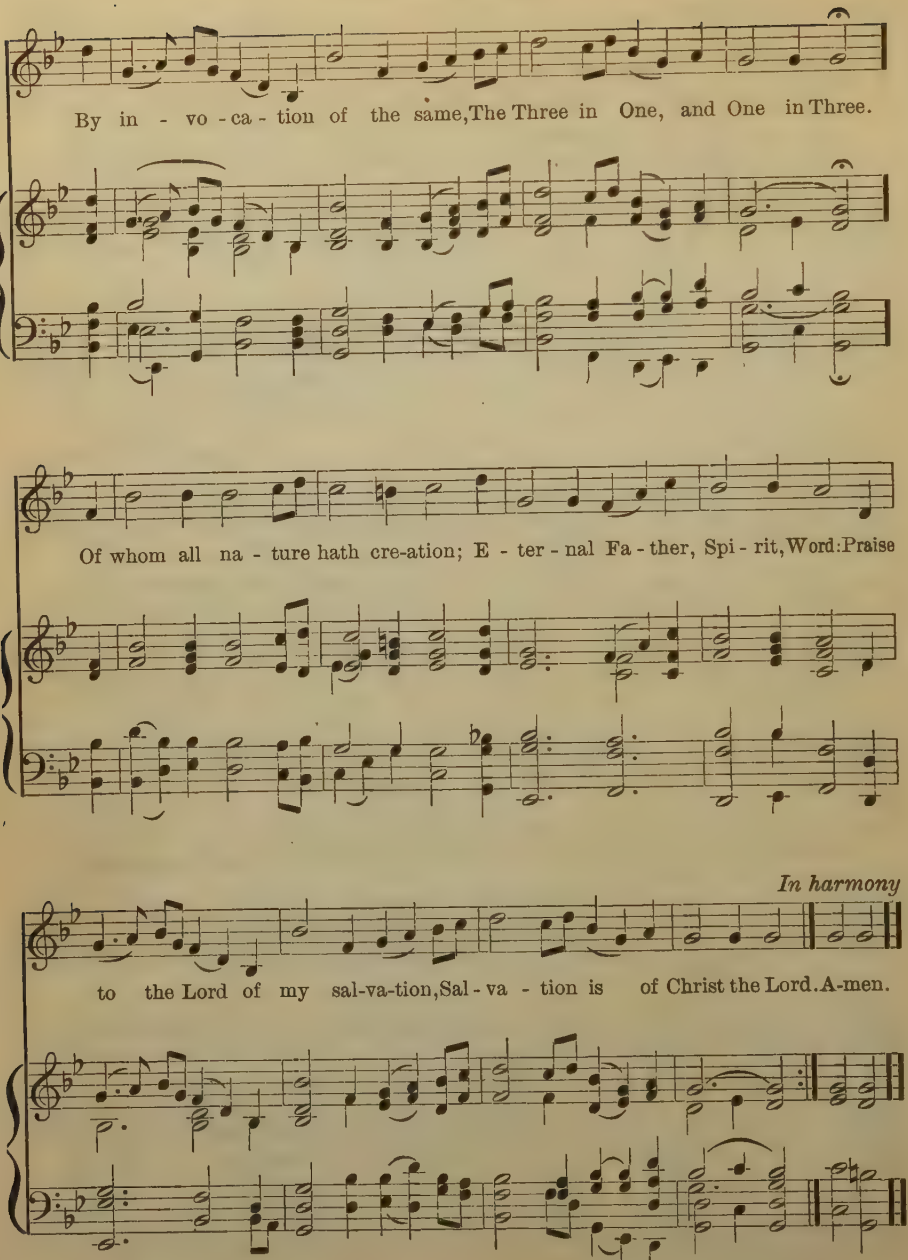
Four 8's.

DEIRDRE
*Ancient Irish Melody*


6. Christ be with me, Christ with-in me, Christ be-hind me, Christ be - fore me,
Christ be-neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,
Christ be - side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran-ger.

ST. PATRICK



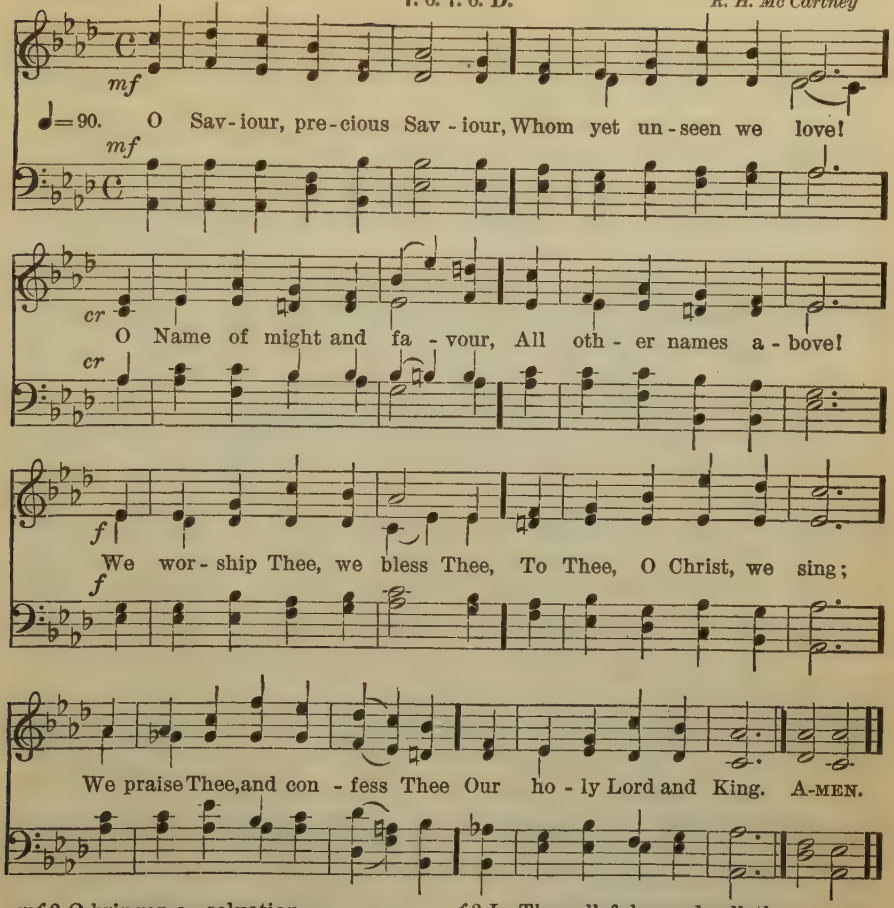

By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.
Of whom all na - ture hath cre-ation; E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spi - rit, Word: Praise
In harmony
to the Lord of my sal-va-tion, Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord. A-men.

*St. Patrick*, TR. *Alexander*

## 526 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

JESU DILECTISSIME
*R. H. Mc Cartney*


mf
♩=90. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love!
mf
cr
O Name of might and fa-vour, All oth-er names a-bove!
cr
f
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
f
We praise Thee, and con-fess Thee Our ho-ly Lord and King. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
*f* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

*f* 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

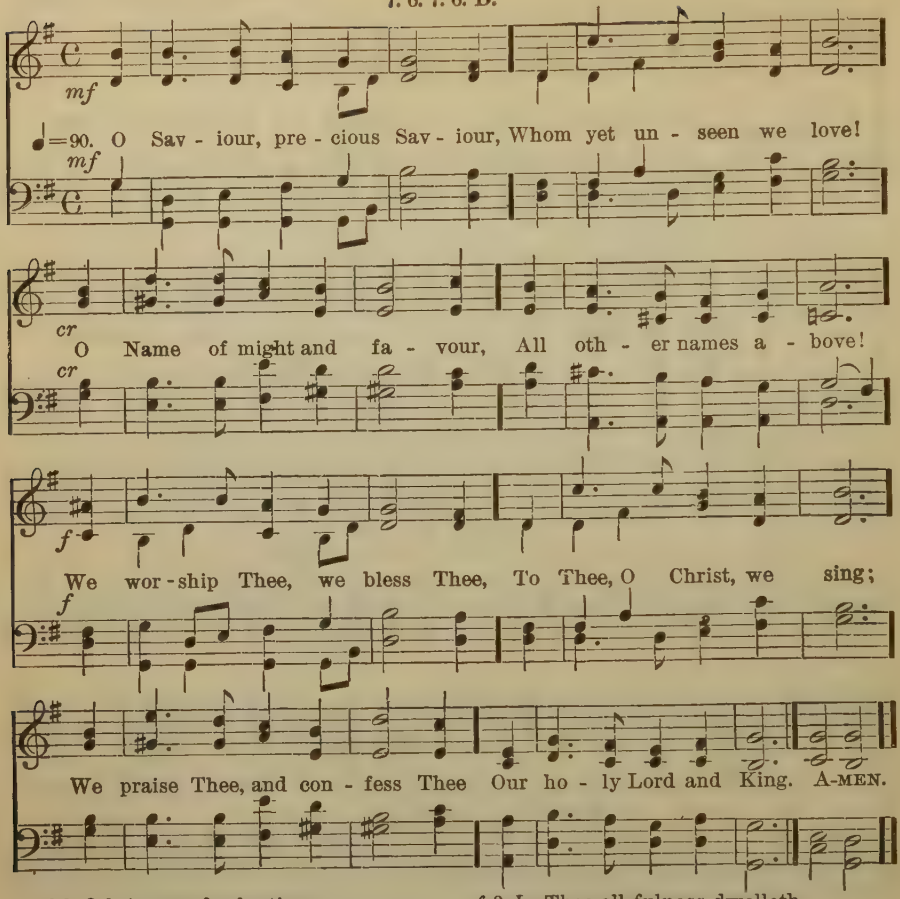
*mf* 4 O grant the consummation
*cr* Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
*f* And everlasting love!
*ff* Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

*F. R. Havergal*

## 526 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

WATERMOUTH
*A. H. Mann*


mf
♩=90. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love!
mf
cr
O Name of might and fa - vour, All oth - er names a - bove!
cr
f
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
f
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
*f* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

*f* 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

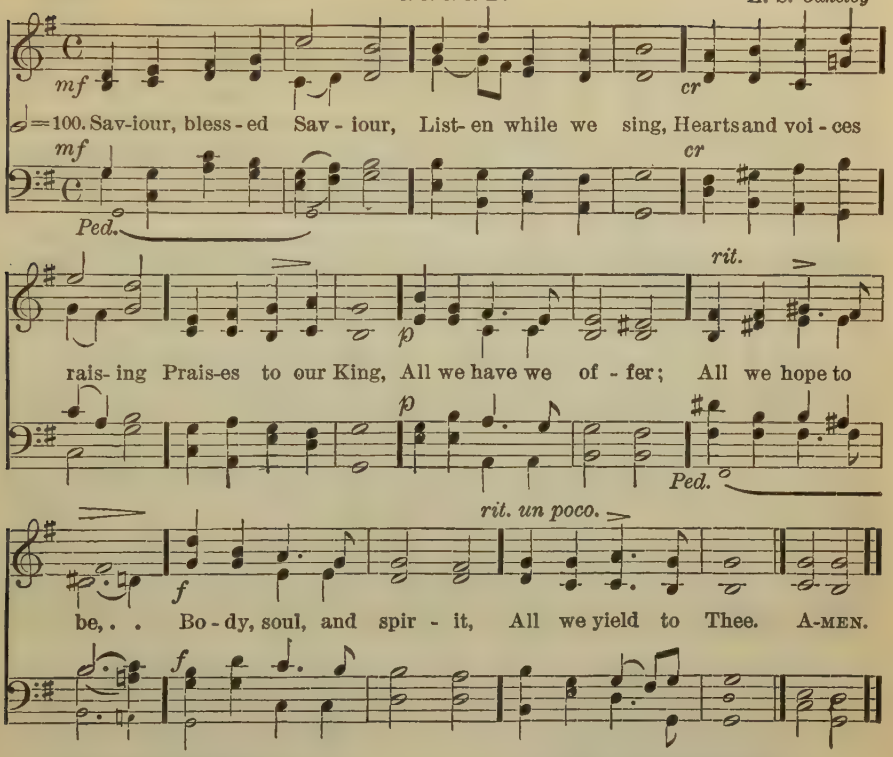
*mf* 4 O grant the consummation
*cr* Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
*f* And everlasting love!
*ff* Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

*F. R. Havergal*

## 527 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

EDINA
*H. S. Oakeley*


mf
cr
♩=100. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces
Ped.
rit.
rais-ing Prais-es to our King, All we have we of-fer; All we hope to
rit. un poco.
be, . . Bo-dy, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.

*p* 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
*f* Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

*mf* 3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
*f* True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
*p* Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
*f* Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

*mf* 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
*f* Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

*f* 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
*p* Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
*cr* May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

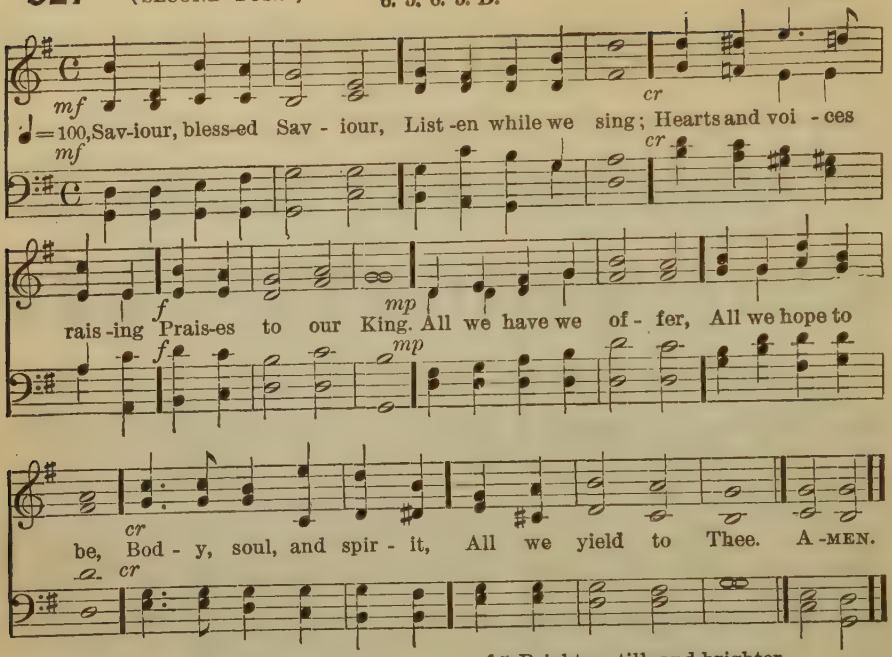
*mf* 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
*cr* Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
*p* Leaving all behind us,
*cr* May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

*f* 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
*p* Wherein joys unheard of
*cr* Saints with angels sing,
*f* Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

*G. Thring*

## 527 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

DAVID
*T. Morley*


mf
cr
♩=100, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List -en while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces
mf
cr
f
mp
rais -ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to
f
mp
cr
be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.
cr

*p* 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
*f* Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

*mf* 3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
*f* True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
*p* Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
*f* Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

*mf* 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven:
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
*f* Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

*f* 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
*p* Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
*cr* May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

*mf* 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
*cr* Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
*p* Leaving all behind us,
*cr* May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

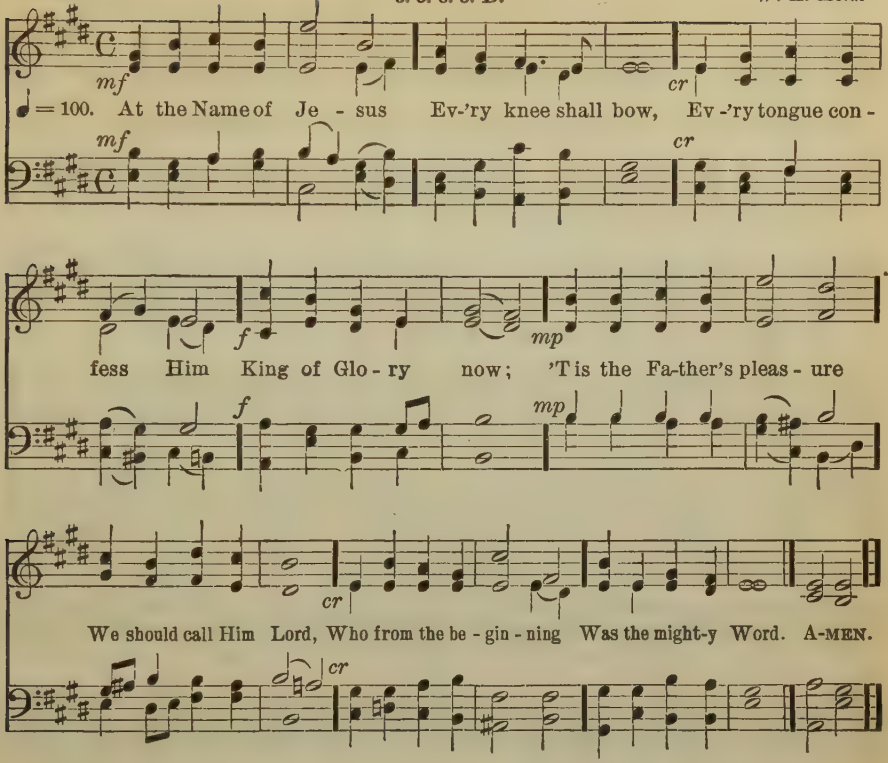
*f* 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
*p* Where in joys unheard of
*cr* Saints with angels sing,
*f* Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

*G. Thring*

## 528

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

EVELYNS
*W. H. Monk*


mf
cr
♩ = 100. At the Name of Je - sus Ev-'ry knee shall bow, Ev -'ry tongue con -
mf
cr
f
mp
fess Him King of Glo - ry now; 'T is the Fa-ther's pleas - ure
f
mp
cr
We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might-y Word. A-MEN.
cr

*f* 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

*p* 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
*cr* Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

*f* 4 Bore it up triumphant,
*p* With its human light,
*cr* Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:

*f* To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
*p* Of that perfect rest.

*mf* 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
*cr* Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

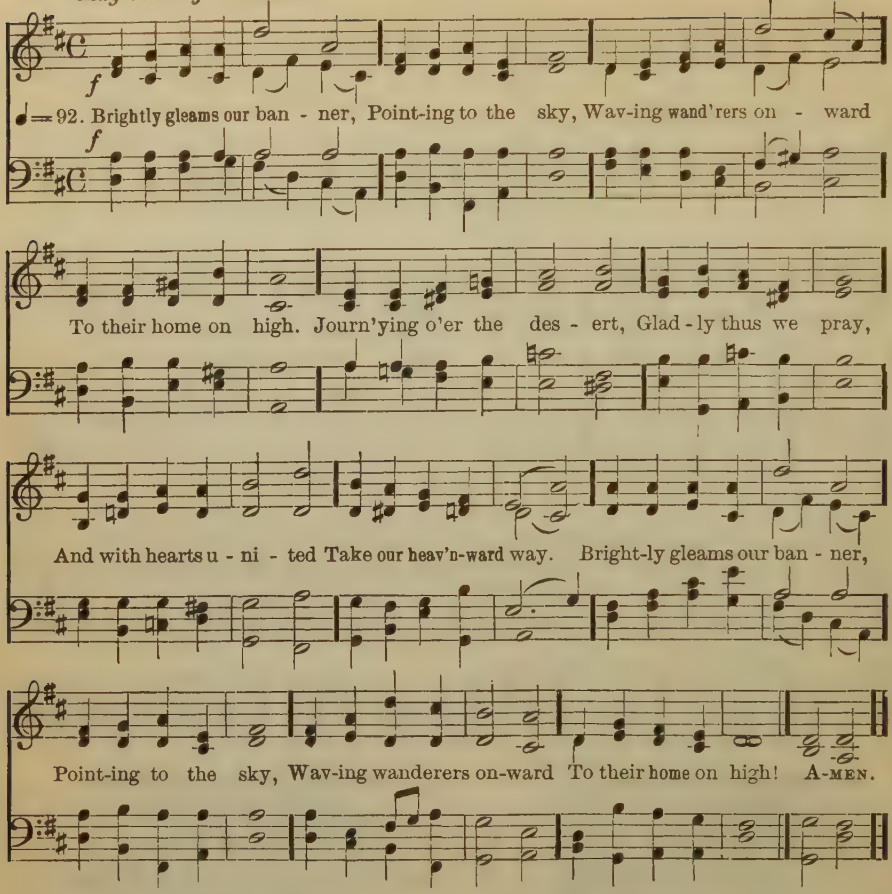
*f* 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
*ff* For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

*C. M. Noel*

**529** (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

*May be sung in unison*

VEXILLUM
*H. Smart*


f
♩ = 92. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on - ward
To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'n-ward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on-ward To their home on high! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
*p* Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
*cr* Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
*ff* Brightly gleams, etc.

*mf* 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
*p* Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
*ff* Brightly gleams, etc.

*f* 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
*p* Then comes rest and peace,
*cr* Jesus in His beauty,
*f* Songs that never cease.
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.

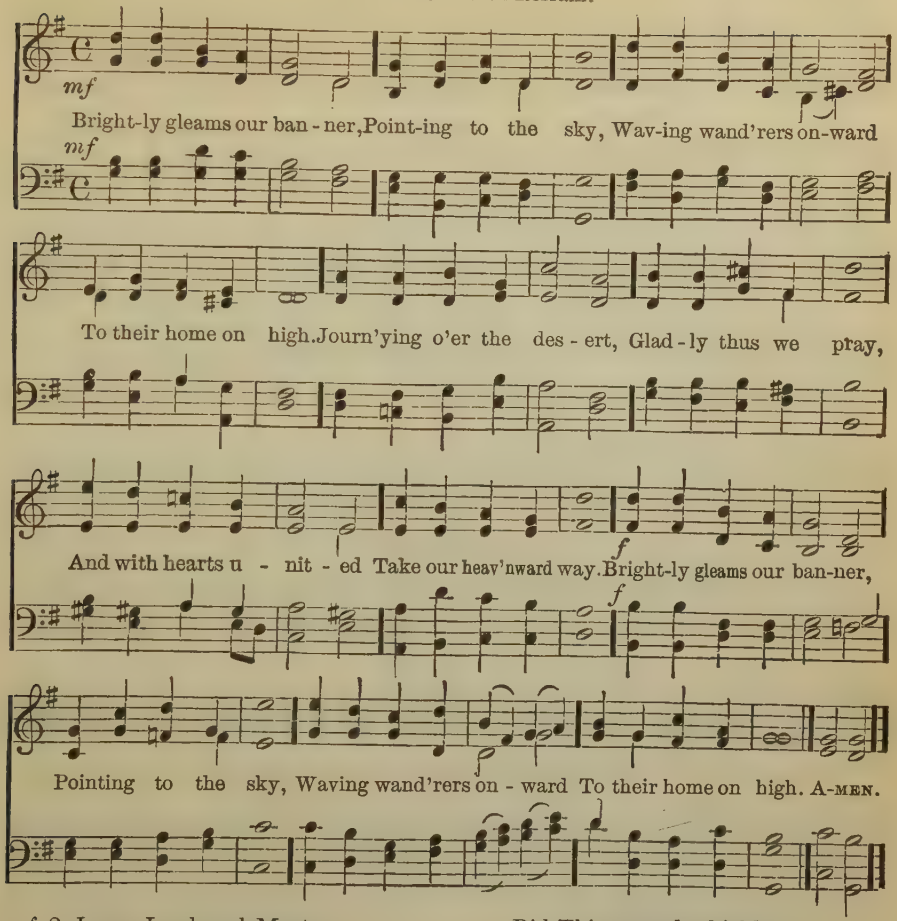


*T. J. Potter*

## 529 (SECOND TUNE)

ST. BOTOLPH
*H. Smart*

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.


mf
Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward
mf
To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
f
And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'nward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner,
f
Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on - ward To their home on high. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
*p* Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
*cr* Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
*ff* Brightly gleams, etc.

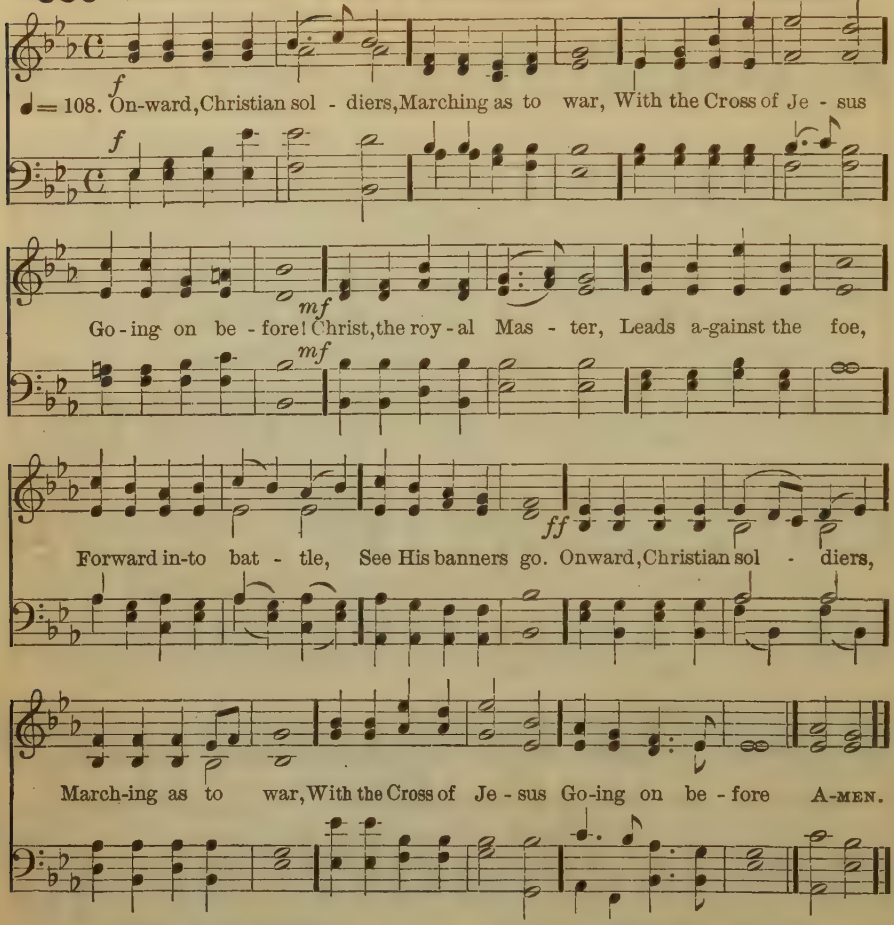
*mf* 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
*p* Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
*ff* Brightly gleams, etc.

*f* 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
*p* Then comes rest and peace,
*cr* Jesus in His beauty,
*f* Songs that never cease.
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.

*T. J. Potter*

## 530 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

ST. GERTRUDE
*A. Sullivan*


f
♩ = 108. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus
mf
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe,
ff
Forward in-to bat - tle, See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore A-MEN.

*f* 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundation's quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
*ff* Onward, etc.

*f* 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
*ff* Onward, etc.

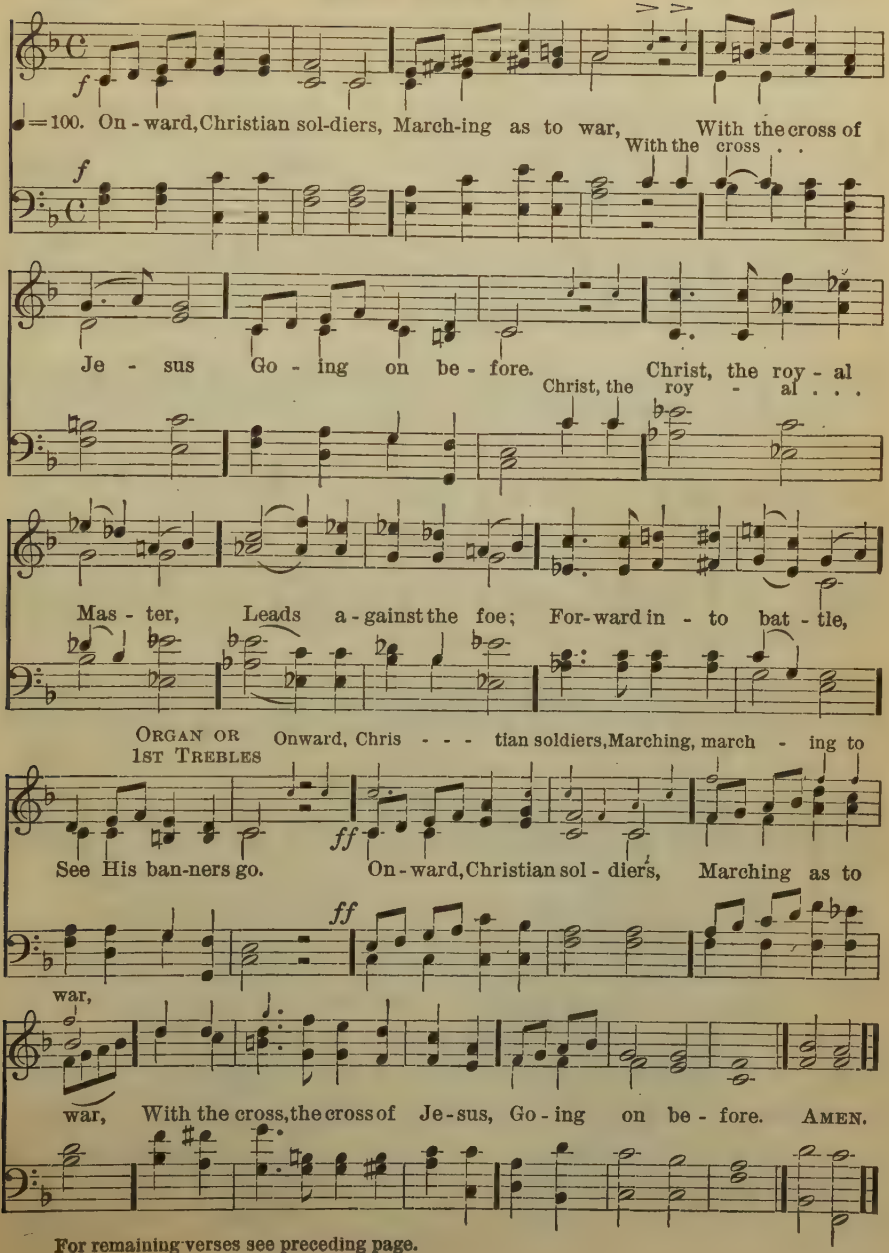
*mf* 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
*f* But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
*ff* Onward, etc.

*f* 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
*ff* Onward, etc.

*S. Baring-Gould*

## 530 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
*H. R. Fuller*

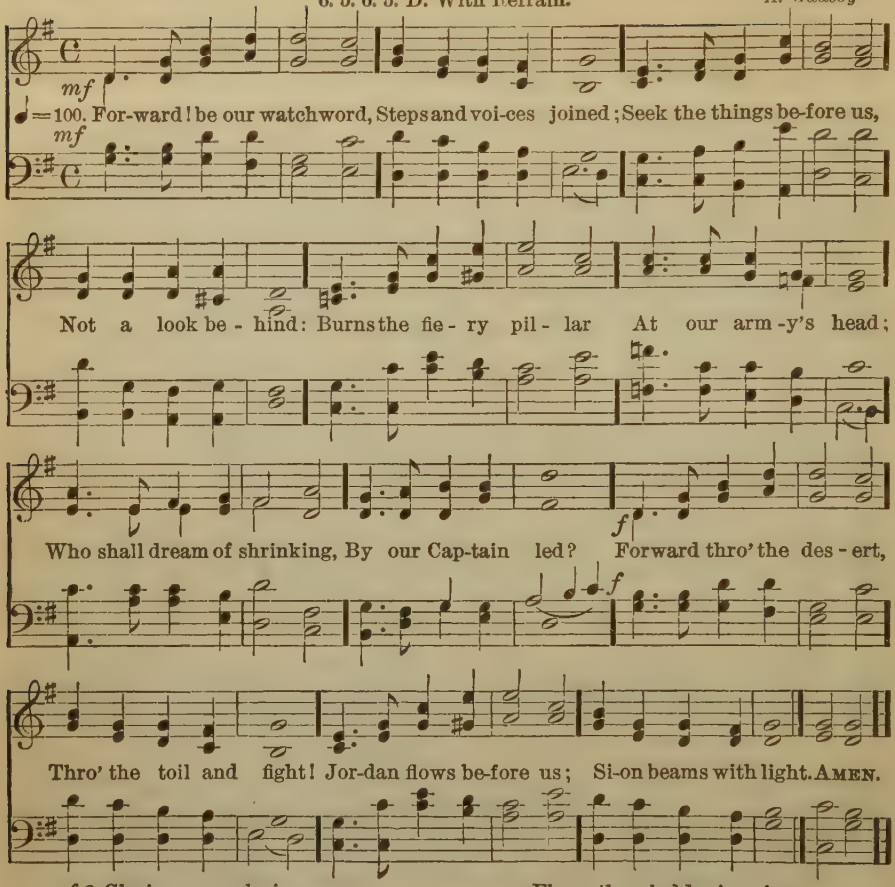

f
♩=100. On - ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
With the cross . .
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
Christ, the roy - al . . .
Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle,
ORGAN OR 1ST TREBLES
Onward, Chris - - - tian soldiers, Marching, march - ing to
See His ban-ners go.
ff
On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to
war,
war, With the cross, the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. AMEN.

For remaining verses see preceding page.

## 531

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

ST. BONIFACE
*H. Gadsby*


mf
♩=100. For-ward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our arm-y's head;
f
Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Si-on beams with light. AMEN.

*f* 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
*mf* Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
*f* Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

*mf* 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
*f* Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

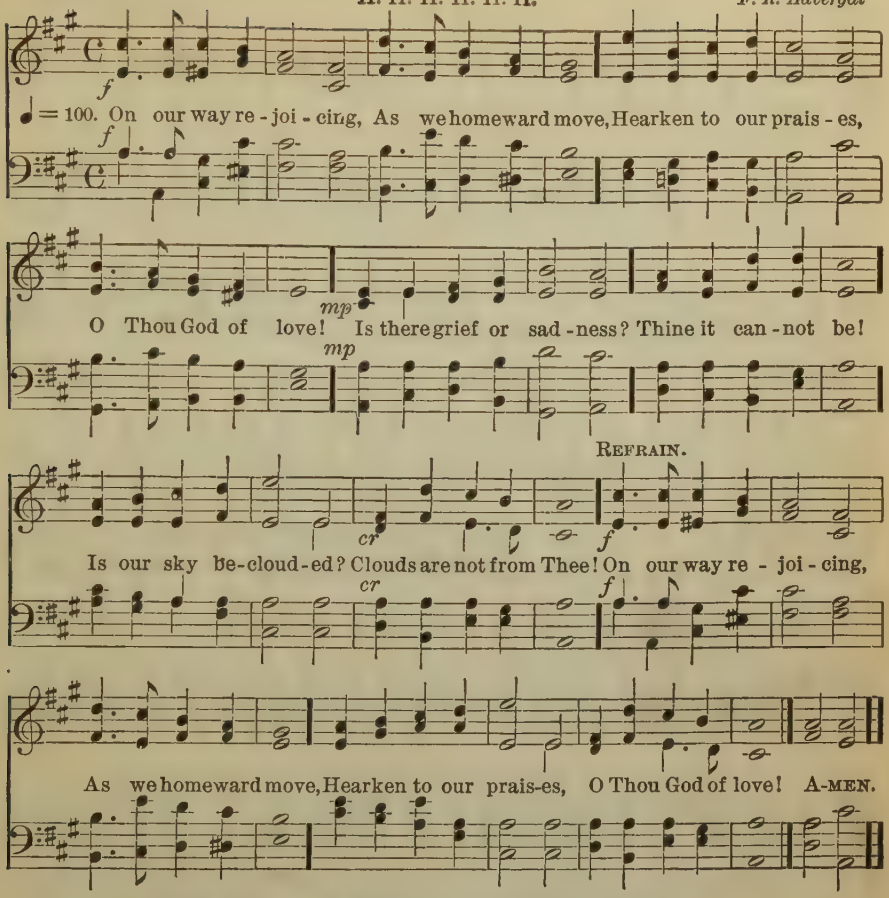
*ff* 4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
*p* Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
*cr* Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

*H. Alford*

532

11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

HERMAS
*F. R. Havergal*


♩ = 100. On our way re - joi - cing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,
O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
REFRAIN.
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joi - cing,
As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-MEN.

*mf* 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
*f* On our way rejoicing, etc.

*f* 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

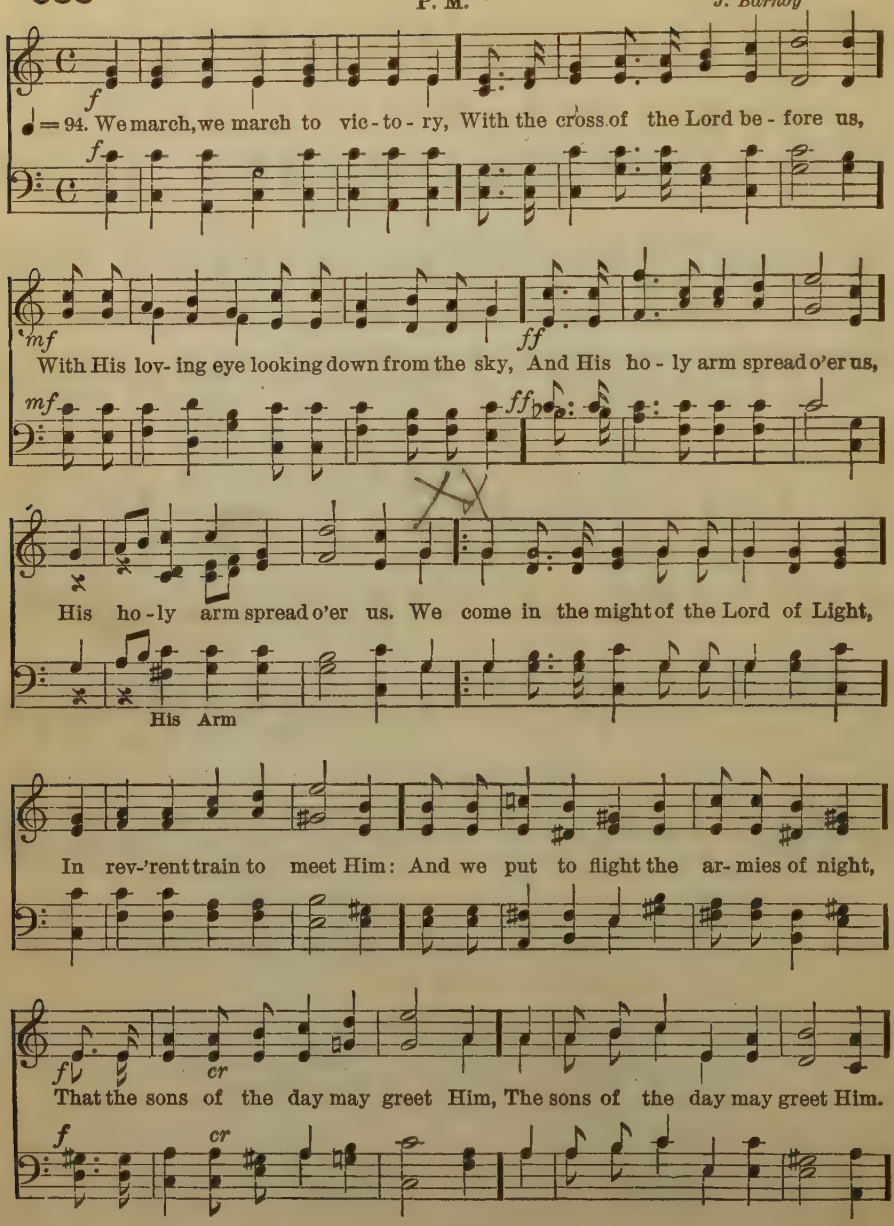
*ff* 4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

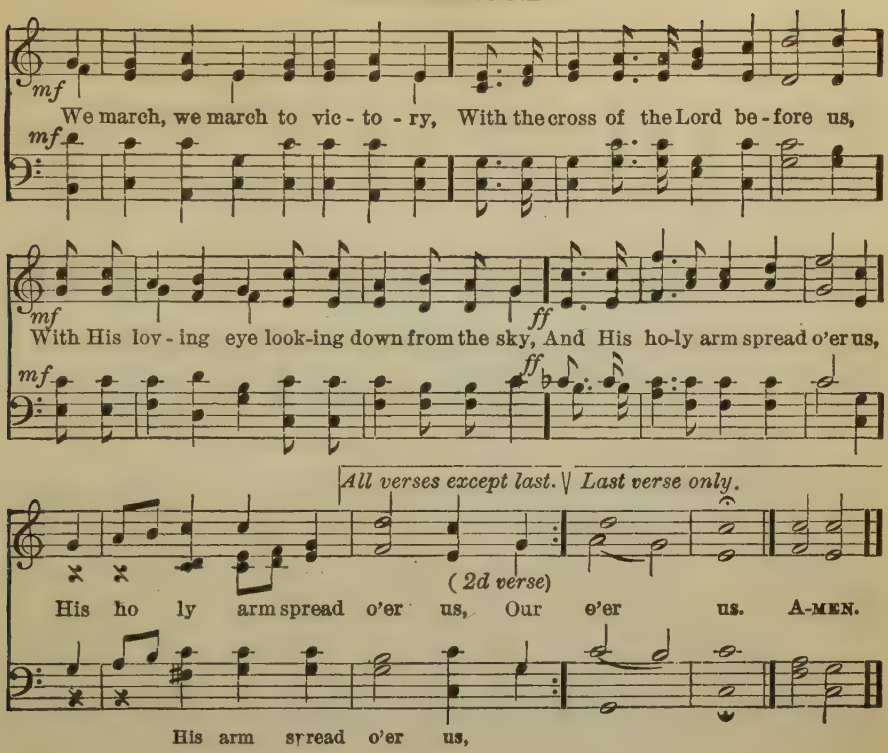
*Alternate tune, Valour, No. 92* *J. S. B. Monsell*

533

P. M.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY
*J. Barnby*


f
♩ = 94. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
mf
ff
With His lov- ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
His Arm
In rev-'rent train to meet Him: And we put to flight the ar- mies of night,
cr
That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.


mf
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
mf
mf
With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us,
ff
mf
ff
All verses except last. | Last verse only.
(2d verse)
His ho ly arm spread o'er us, Our e'er us. A-MEN.
His arm spread o'er us,

*mf* 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc

*p* 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
*cr* For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
*mf* We march, we march, etc.

*mf* 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

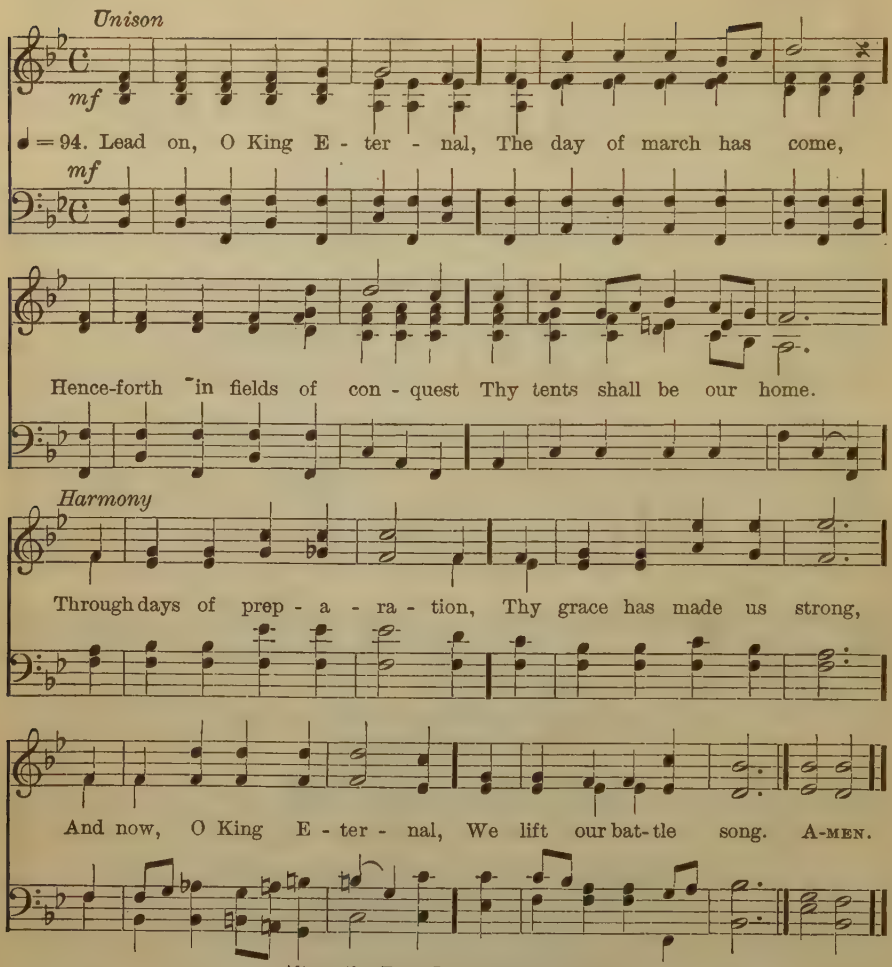
*ff* We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

*G. Moultrie*

## 534

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MARTINEAU
*J. R. Fairlamb*


Unison
mf
♩ = 94. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come,
mf
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
Harmony
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat-tle song. A-MEN.

Alternative Tune, LANCASHIRE, No 535.

*mf* 2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords, loud clashing
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

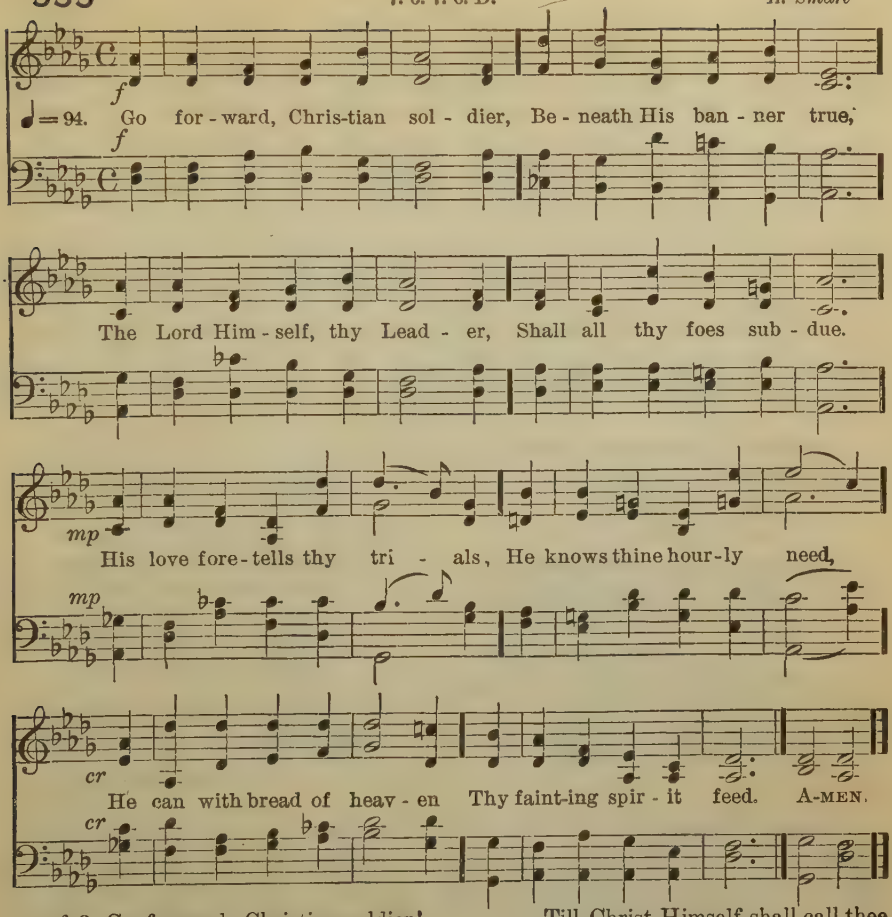
*f* 3 Lead on, O King Eternal
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

*E. W. Shurtleff*

## 535

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

LANCASHIRE
*H. Smart*


f
♩ = 94. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true,
The Lord Him-self, thy Lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.
mp
His love fore-tells thy tri-als, He knows thine hour-ly need,
cr
He can with bread of heav-en Thy faint-ing spir-it feed. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
*p* Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
*cr* Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

*mf* 3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
*cr* And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

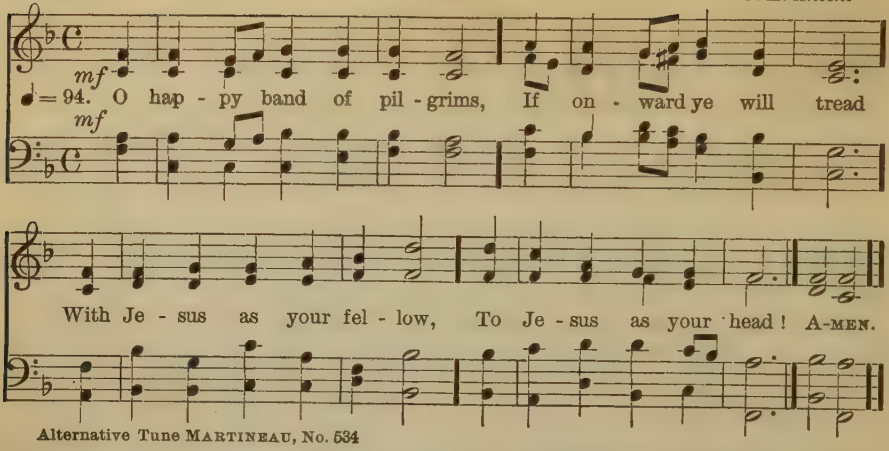
*f* 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
*mf* When morn His face revealeth,
*cr* Thy dangers all are past:
*p* O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

*L. Tuttiett*

## 536

7. 6. 7. 6.

KNECHT
*J. H. Knecht*




Alternative Tune MARTINEAU, No. 534

*mf* 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn.

*p* 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

*mf* 6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

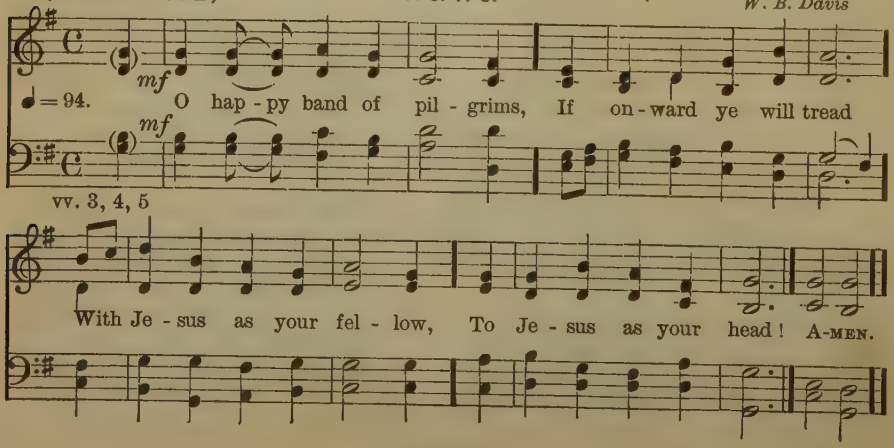
*f* 8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

*St. Joseph of the Studium;*
TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6.

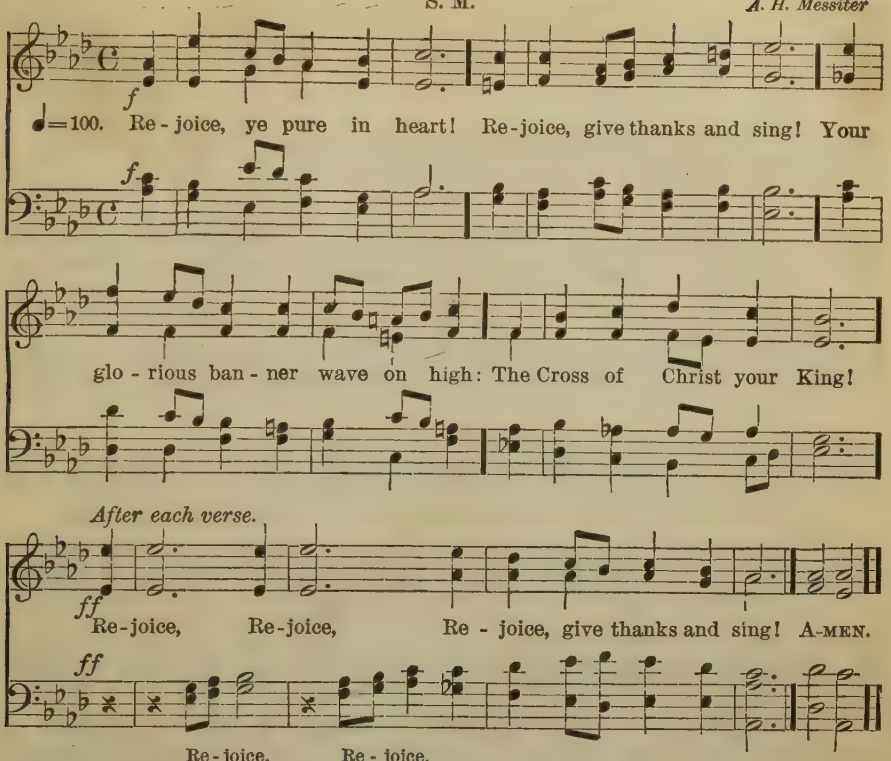
ST. LEONARD
*W. B. Davis*



## 537

S. M.

MARION
*A. H. Messiter*


f
♩=100. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks and sing! Your
f
glo - rious ban - ner wave on high: The Cross of Christ your King!
After each verse.
ff
Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing! A - MEN.
ff
Re - joice, Re - joice,

*mf* 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

*f* 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

*f* 4 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

*mf* 5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

*f* 6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

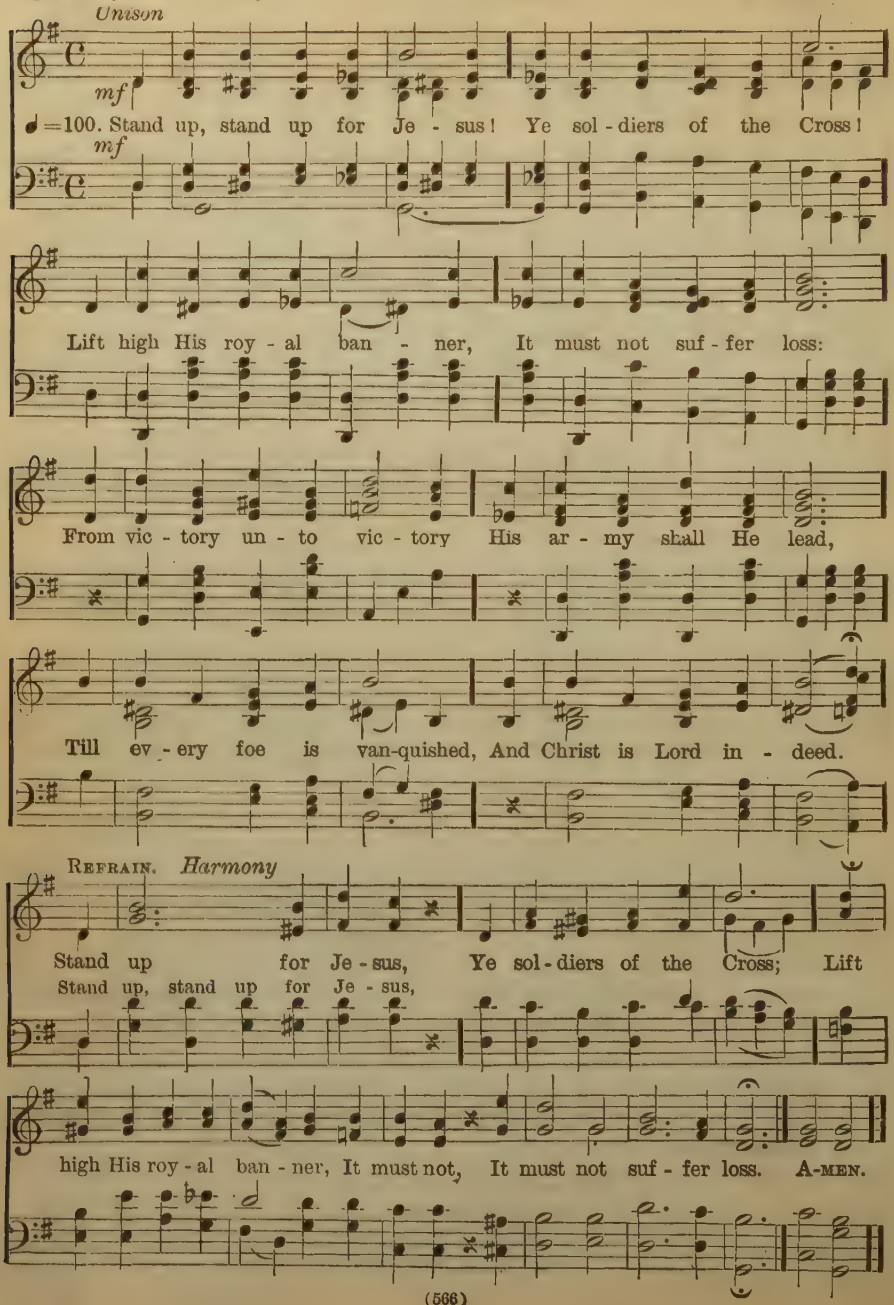
*p* 7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
*cr* The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

*ff* 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

*E. H. Plumptre*

**538** (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

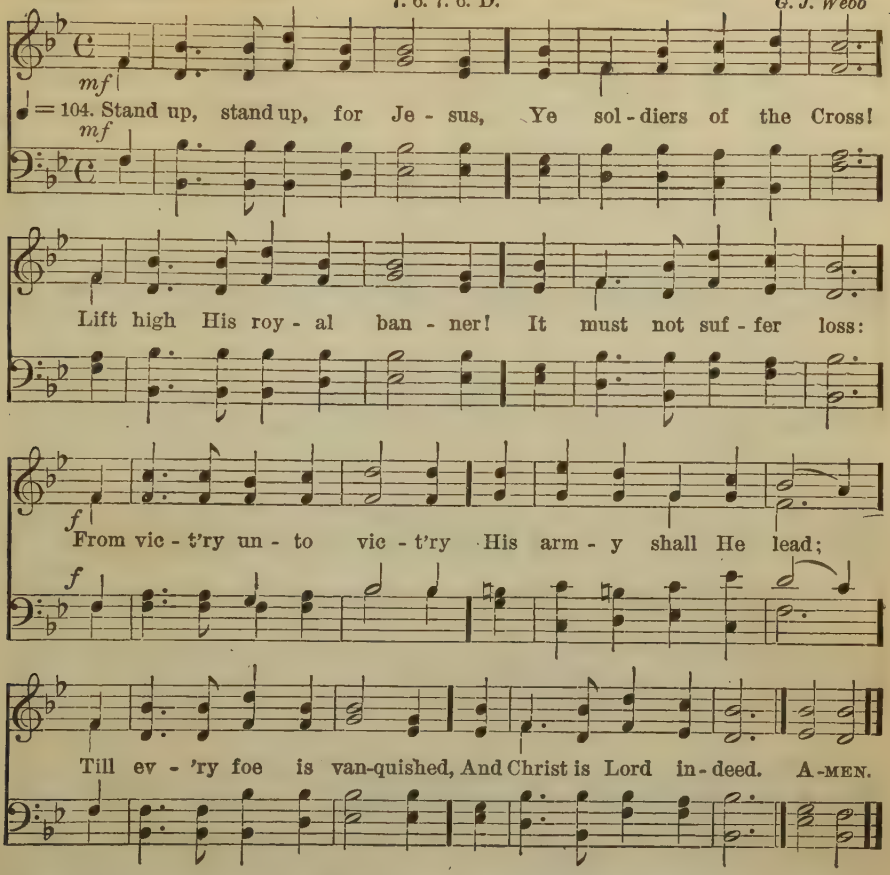
TRUMPET CALL
*A. Geibel*


Unison
mf
♩=100. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
mf
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,
Till ev - ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
REFRAIN. Harmony
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss. A-MEN.

## 538 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

WEBB
*G. J. Webb*


mf
♩ = 104. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
mf
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:
f
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead;
f
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
*cr* Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
*f* Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

*mp* 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
*p* The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
*p* Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

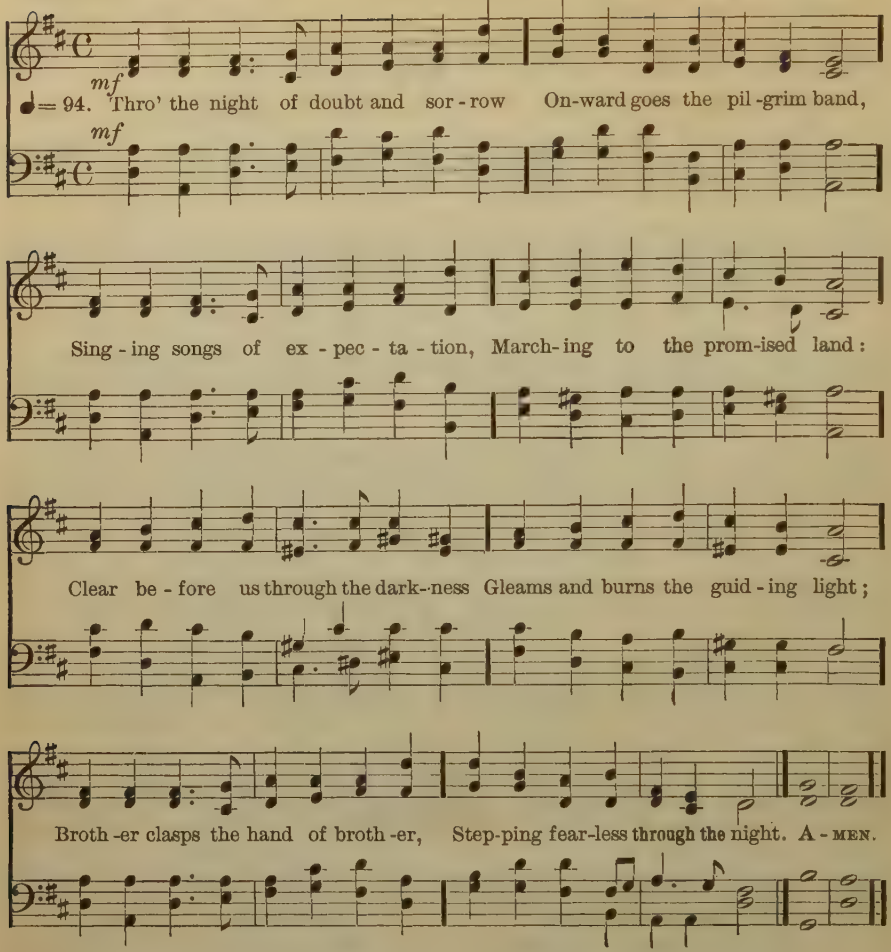
*mf* 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
*p* To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

*G. Duffield*

## 539 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. ASAPH
*W. S Bambridge*


mf
♩= 94. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil - grim band,
mf
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land:
Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less through the night. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

*f* One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

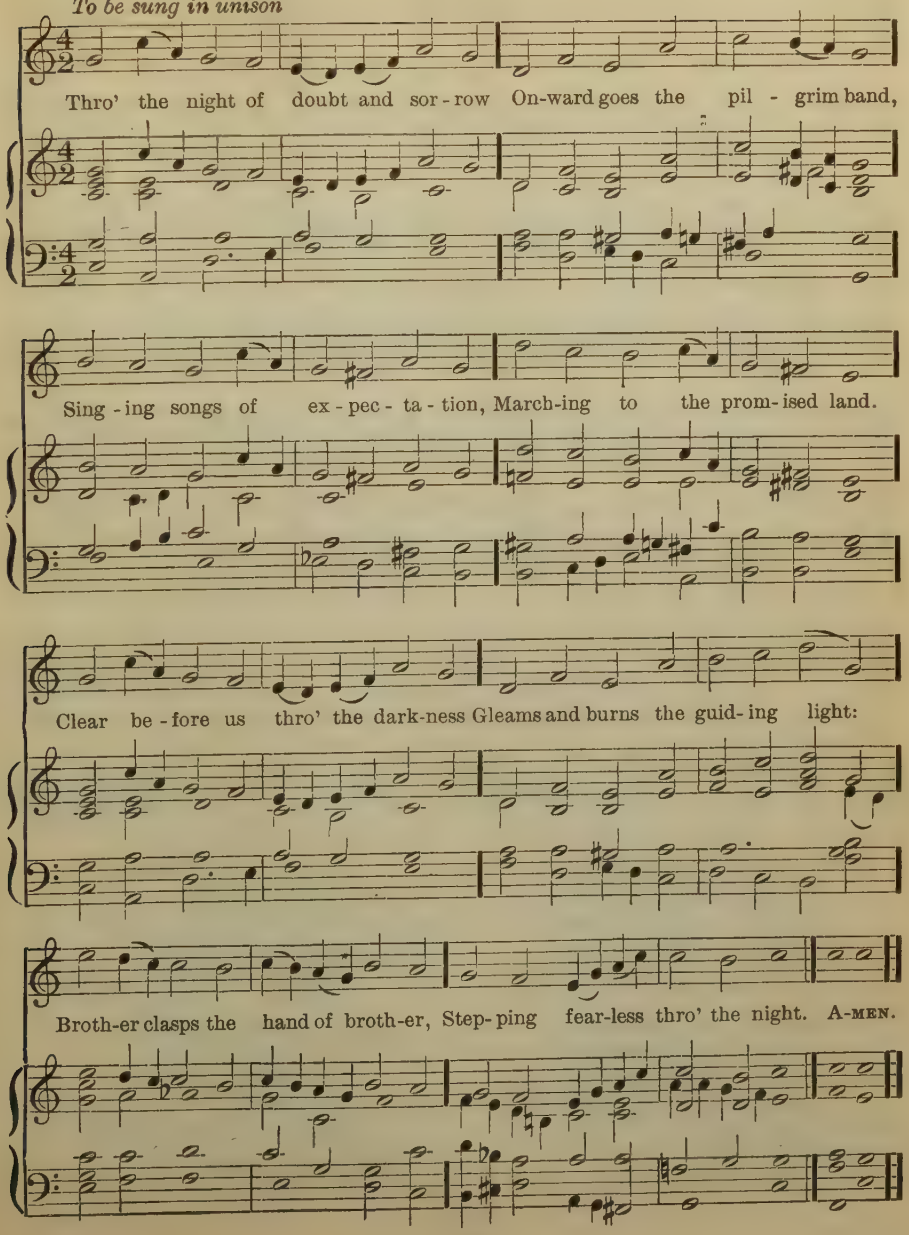
*mf* 4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade:
*f* Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

*B. S. Ingemann*
TR. *by S. Baring-Gould*

**539** (SECOND TUNE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

HARVARD HYMN
*J. K. Paine*

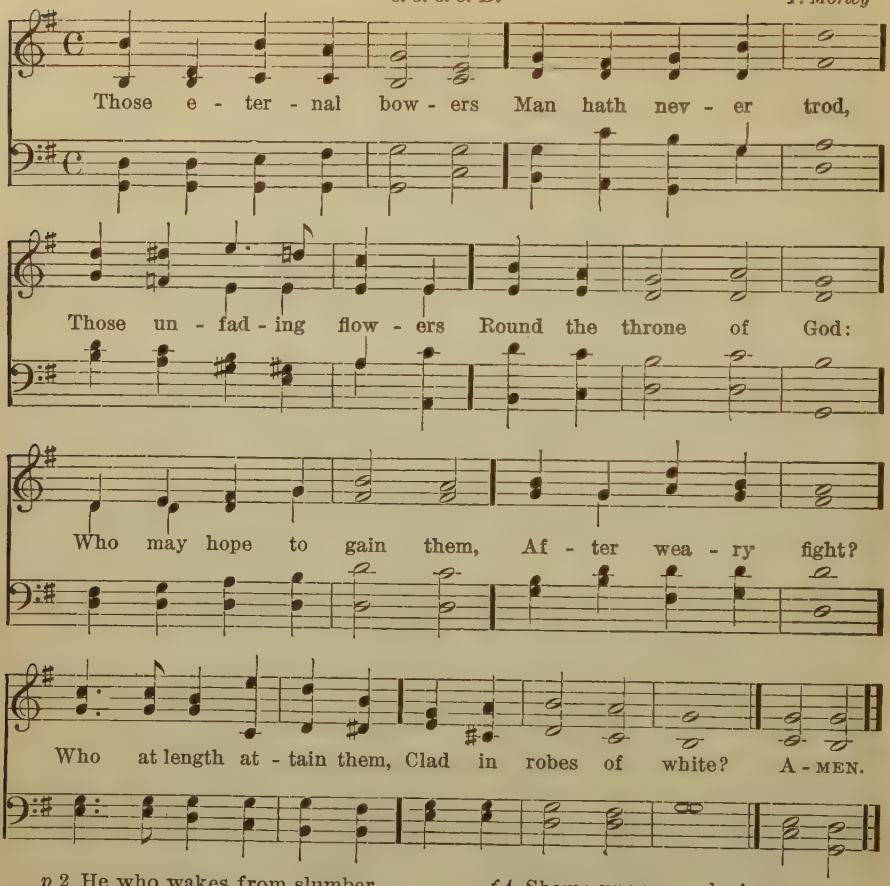
*To be sung in unison*


Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. A-MEN.

## 540

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

DAVID
*T. Morley*


Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
Those un - fad - ing flow - ers Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them, Af - ter wea - ry fight?
Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - MEN.

*p* 2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' Cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

*mf* 3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
*cr* He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

*f* 4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labour,
When he tells you, "Fight"?

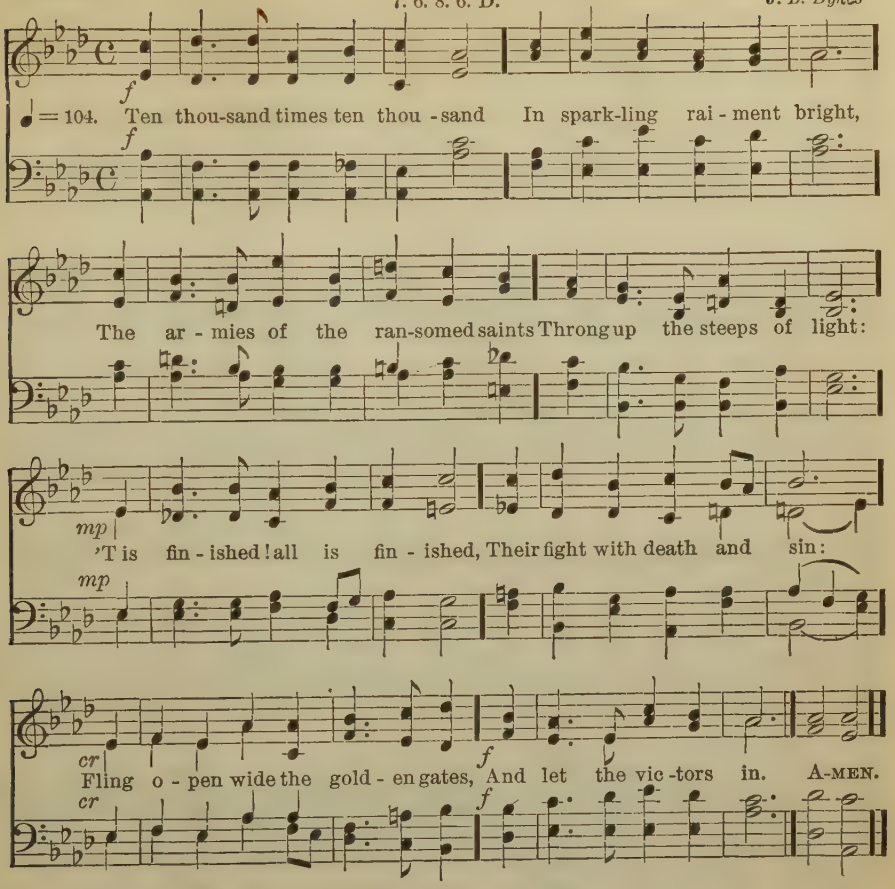
*f* 5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
*cr* Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
*ff* Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 541

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ALFORD
*J. B. Dykes*


f
♩ = 104. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
mp
'T is fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
cr
Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-MEN.

*f* 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

*mf* 3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
*p* That brimmed with tears of late;
*cr* Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

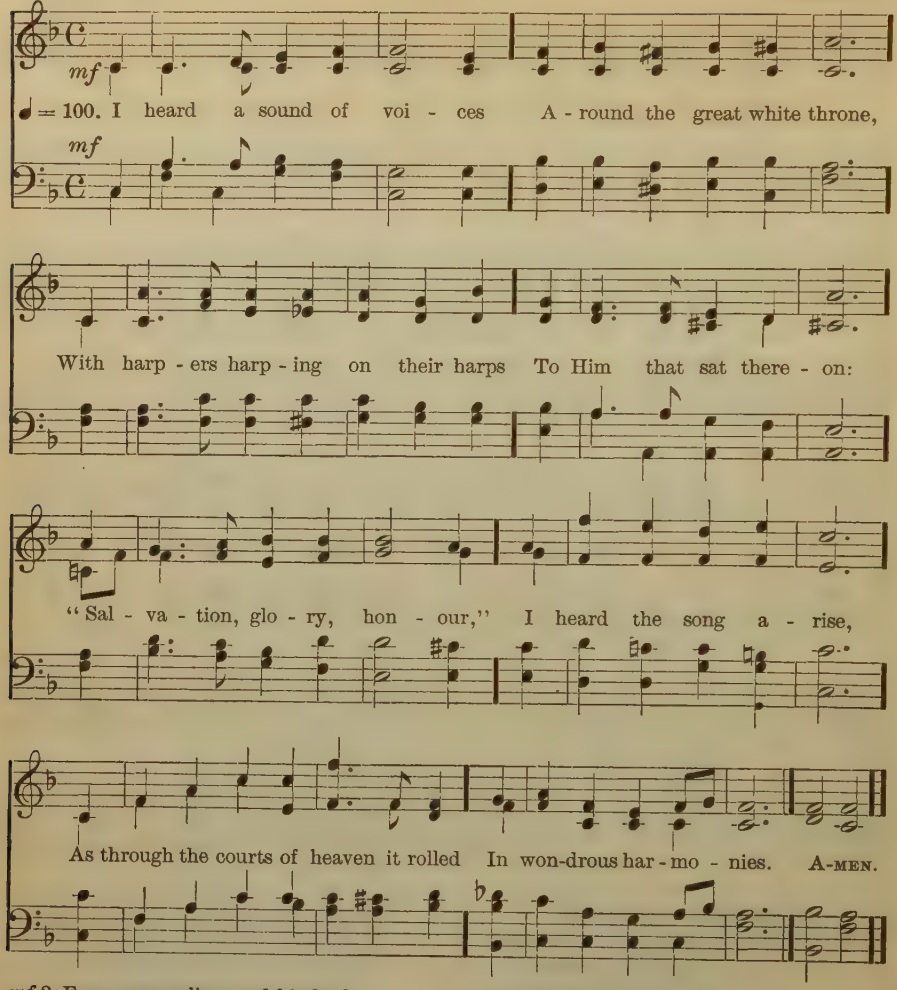
*p* 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
*cr* Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
*f* Then take Thy power and reign!
*mf* Appear, Desire of nations!
*p* Thine exiles long for home: [sign!
*cr* Show in the heav'ns Thy promised
*f* Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

*H. Alford*

## 542 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

PATMOS
*H. J. Storer*


mf
♩ = 100. I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
mf
With harp - ers harp - ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our," I heard the song a - rise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled In won-drous har - mo - nies. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
*cr* In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

*mf* 3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;
*mf* The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
*cr* And nations brought their honours
And laid them at her feet. [there,

*mf* 4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
*cr* God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
*mf* And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
They reign for evermore. [King,

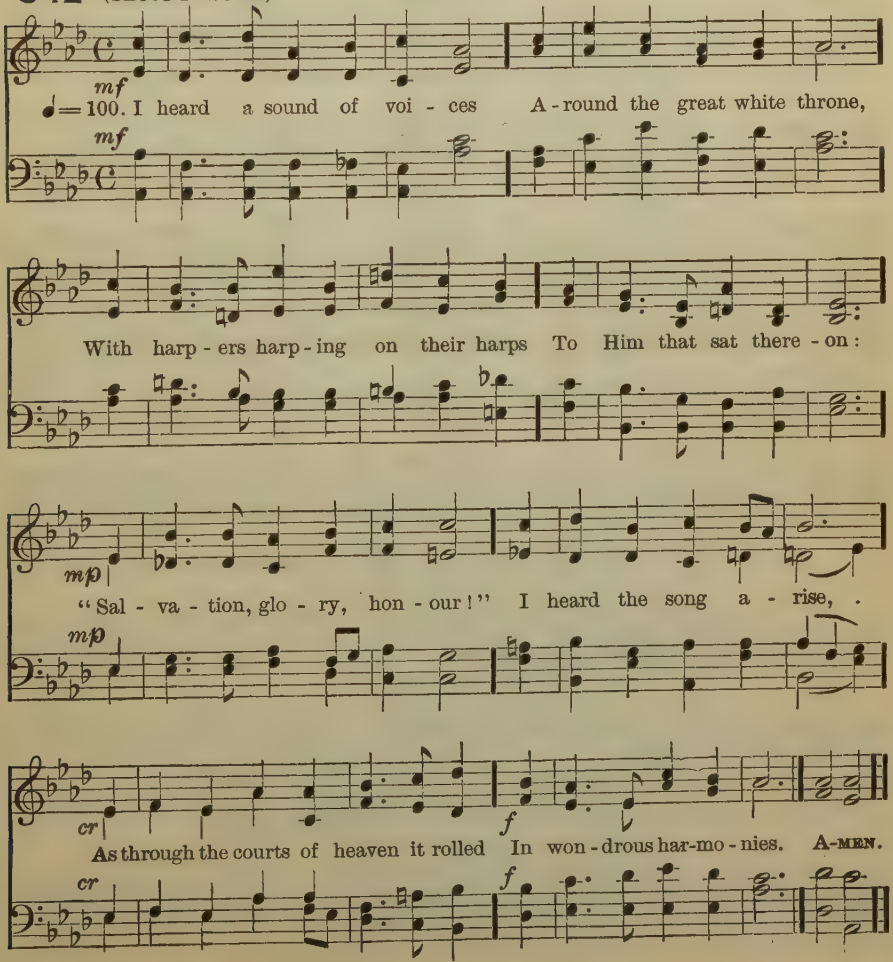
*mf* 5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore, [death,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor
Shall ever enter more.

*mf* 6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
*cr* Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
*f* O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

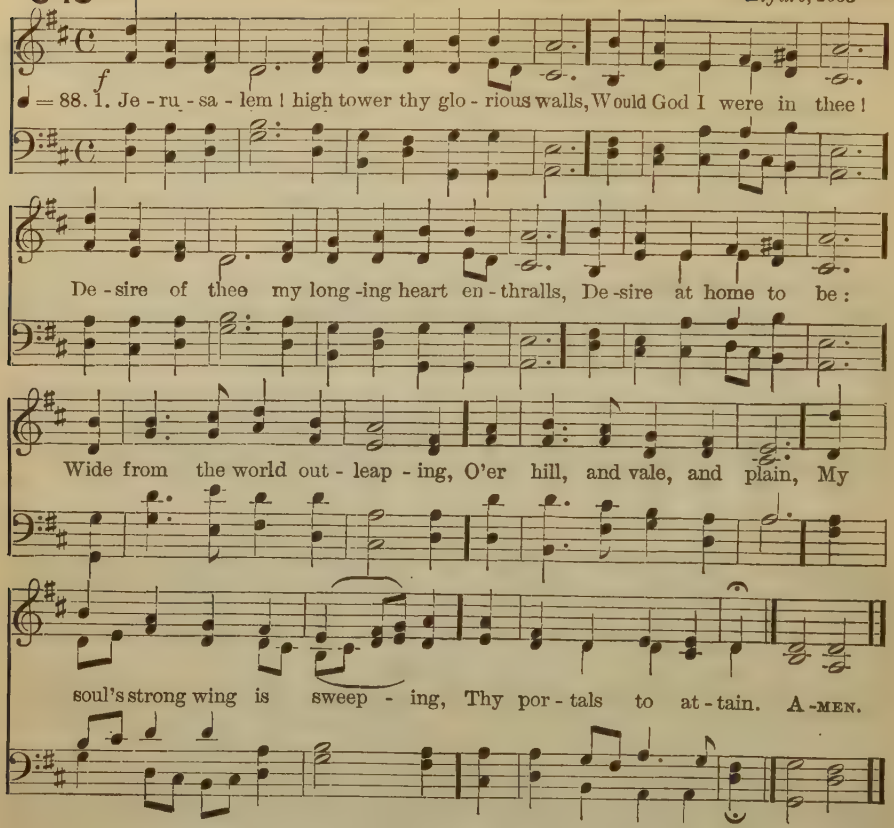
*G. Thring*

**542** (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ALFORD
*J. B. Dykes*


mf
♩ = 100. I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
mf
With harp - ers harp - ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:
mp
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our!" I heard the song a - rise,
mp
cr
f
As through the courts of heaven it rolled In won - drous har-mo - nies. A-MEN.
cr
f

**543** 10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. HEAVEN *Erfurt, 1663*


f
♩ = 88. 1. Je - ru - sa - lem ! high tower thy glo - rious walls, Would God I were in thee !
De - sire of thee my long - ing heart en - thralls, De - sire at home to be :
Wide from the world out - leap - ing, O'er hill, and vale, and plain, My
soul's strong wing is sweep - ing, Thy por - tals to at - tain. A - MEN.

2 O gladsome day and yet more gladsome hour!
When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving
In trust to His own hand,
To dwell among the living
In that blest Fatherland.

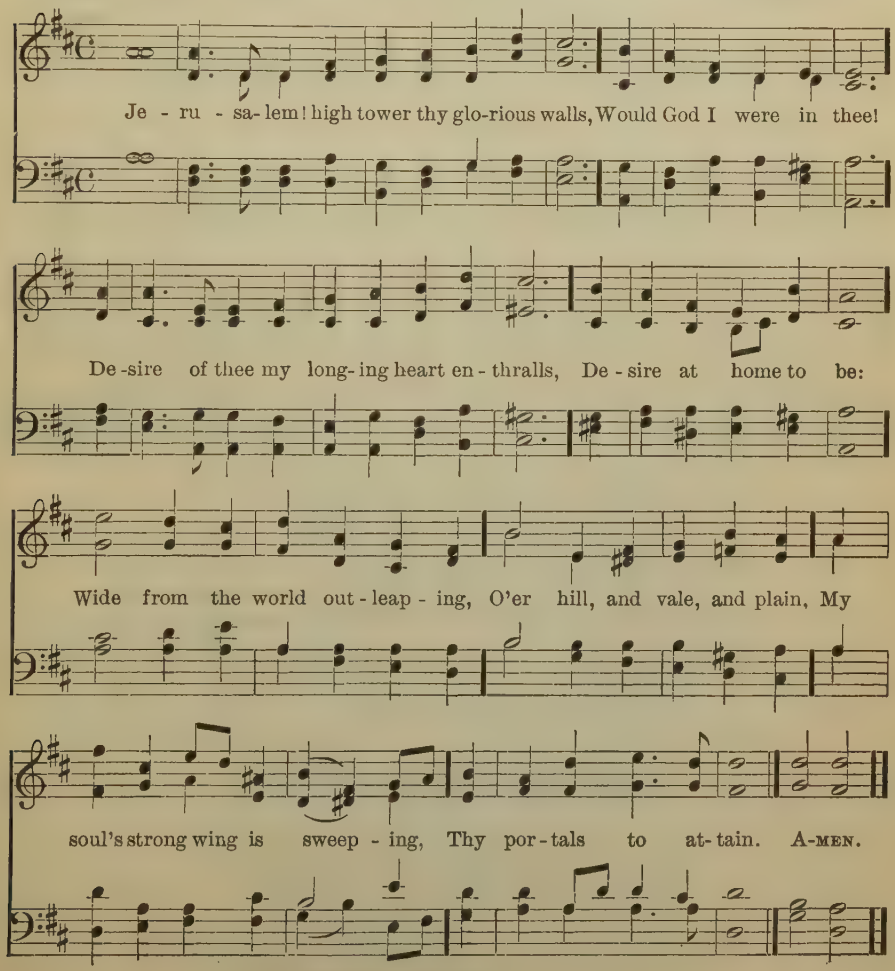
3 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet:
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet,
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

4 Unnumbered choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ectasy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

*J. M. Meyfart;* TR. *W. R. Whittingham*

**543** (SECOND TUNE) 10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

WHITTINGHAM
*H. Parker*


Je - ru - sa-lem! high tower thy glo-rious walls, Would God I were in thee!
De-sire of thee my long-ing heart en-thralls, De-sire at home to be:
Wide from the world out-leap-ing, O'er hill, and vale, and plain, My
soul's strong wing is sweep-ing, Thy por-tals to at-tain. A-MEN.

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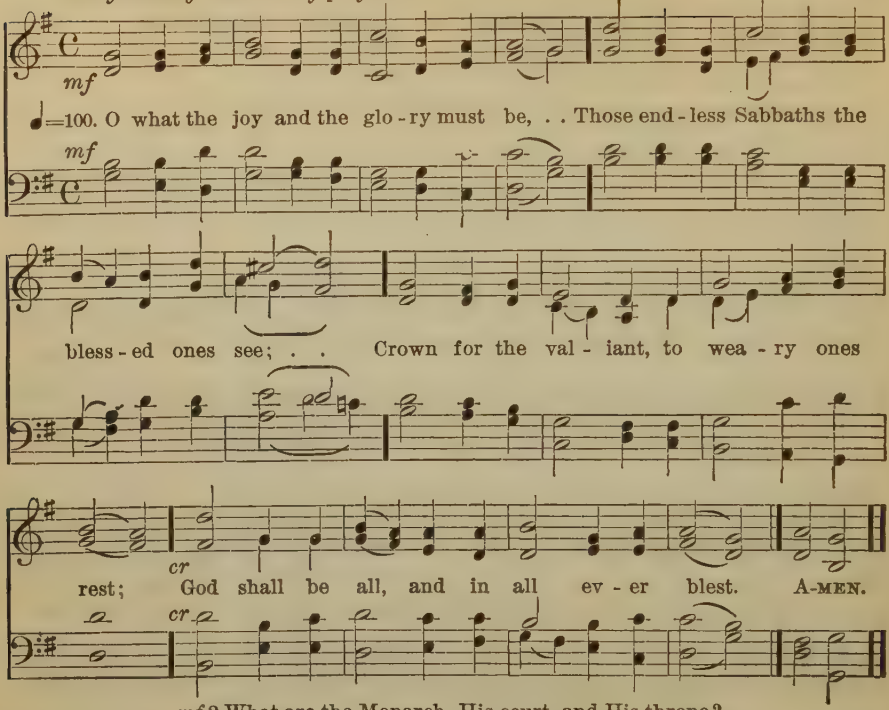
# 544

10. 10. 10. 10.

O QUANTA QUALIA
*Ancient Plain-song*

*May be sung in unison if preferred*


mf
♩=100. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . Those end - less Sabbaths the
mf
bless - ed ones see; . . Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones
cr
rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-MEN.
cr

*mf* 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
*p* O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

*mf* 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
*p* Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
*mf* Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

*p* 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
*cr* We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

*mf* 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
*f* One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

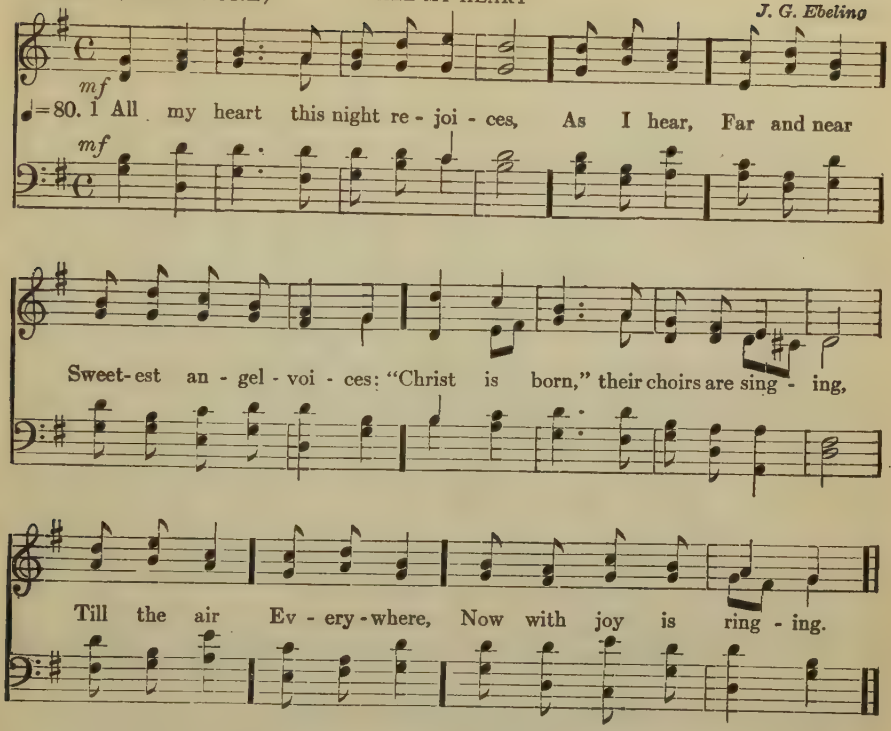
*p* 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

*mf* 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
*f* Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

*P. Abelard:* TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 545 (FIRST TUNE) "ALL MY HEART"

*J. G. Ebeling*


mf
♩=80. 1 All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near
mf
Sweet-est an - gel - voi - ces: "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - ery-where, Now with joy is ring - ing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

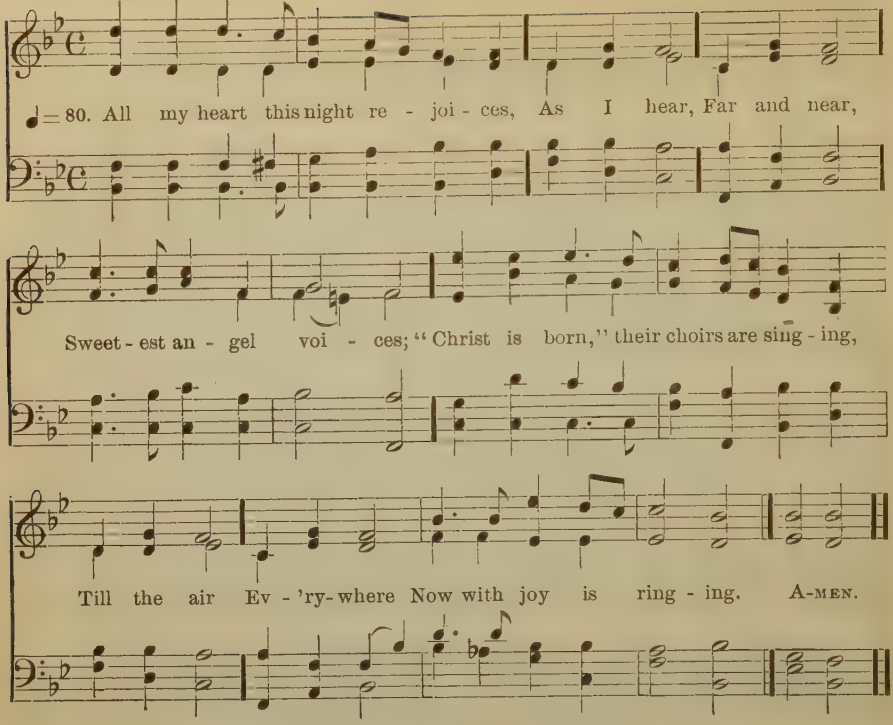
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall live with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

TR. *fr. German of P. Gerhardt by C. Winkworth*

**545** (SECOND TUNE)

STELLA
*H. Parker*


♩= 80. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-MEN.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

*mf* 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

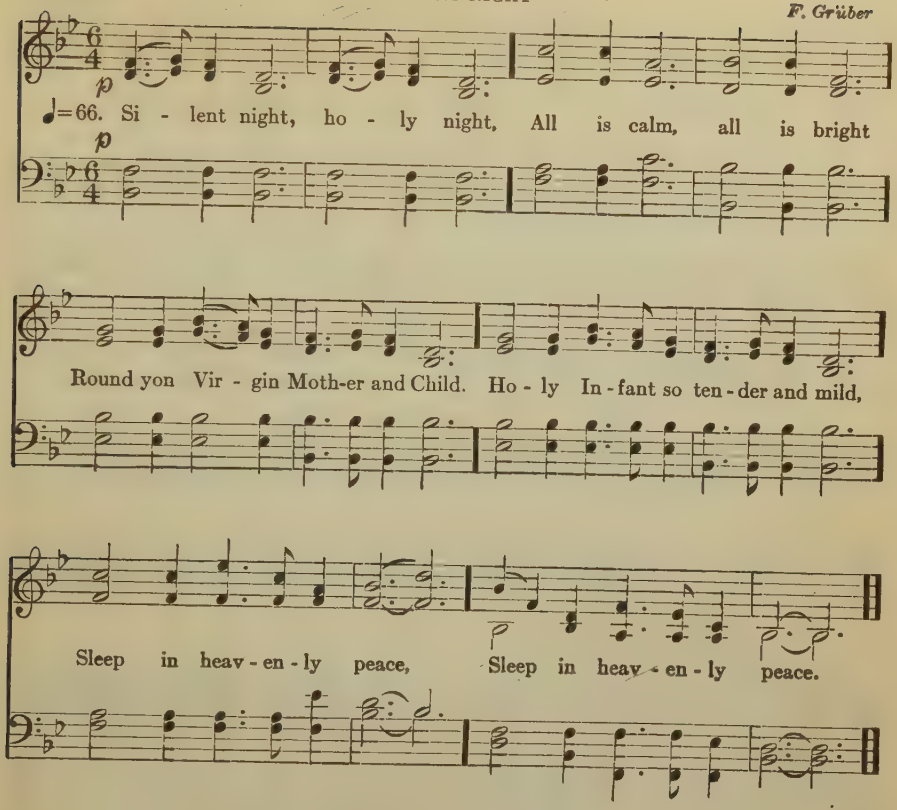
4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

*P. Gerhardt*; TR. *C. Winkworth*

546

"SILENT NIGHT"

*F. Grüber*


p
♩=66. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
p
Round yon Vir - gin Moth-er and Child. Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

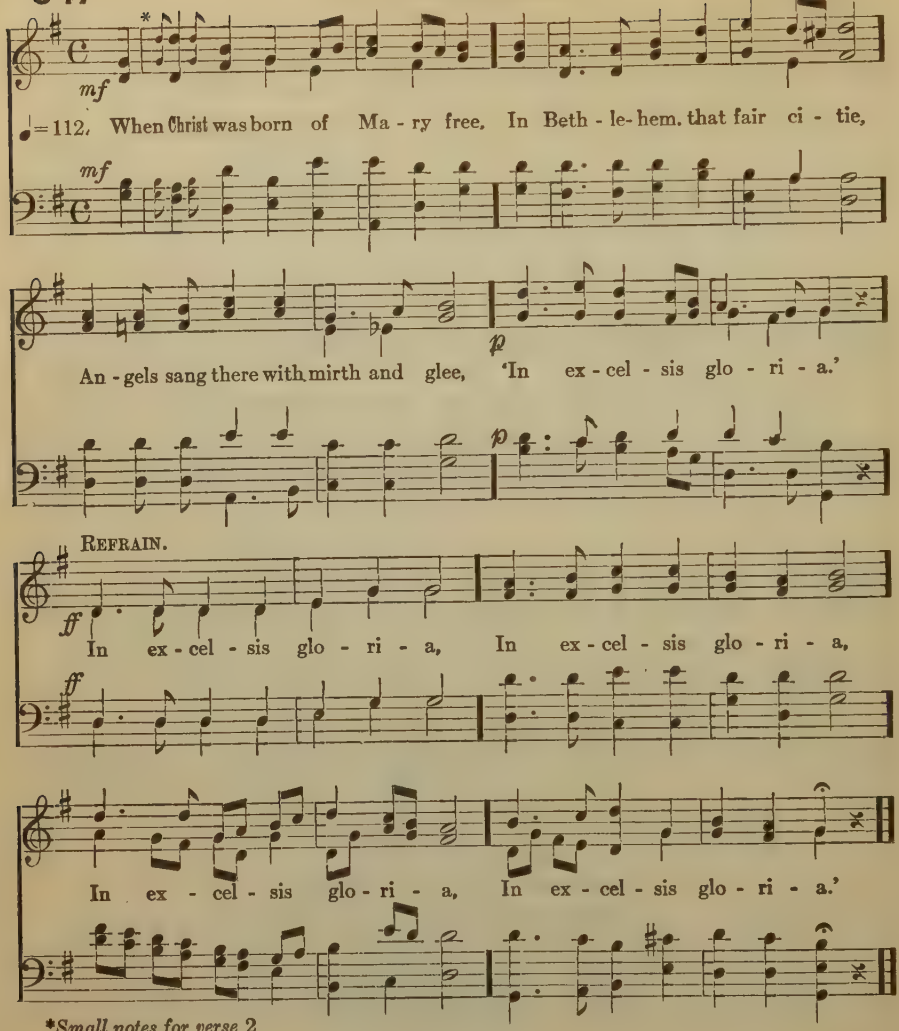
2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
*mf* Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
*cr* Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

*J. Mohr*

## 547 "WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN"

*A. H. Brown*


mf
♩= 112. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le - hem, that fair ci - tie,
mf
An - gels sang there with mirth and glee, 'In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a.'
p
REFRAIN.
ff
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a,
ff
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a.'

**Small notes for verse 2*

*mf* 2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born this night,
*p* 'In excelsis gloria.'

*mf* 3 This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
*p* 'In excelsis gloria.'

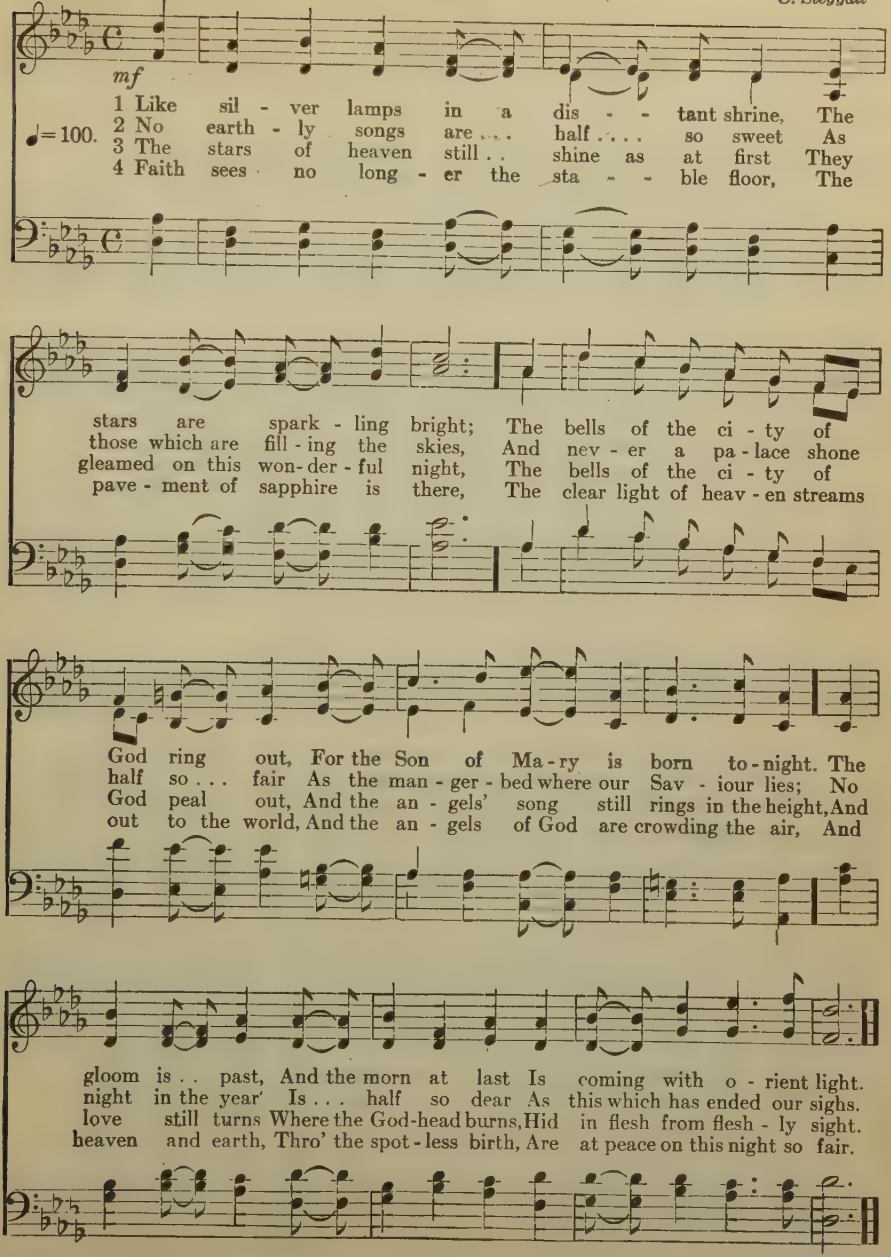
*mf* 4 Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace,
In heaven in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
*p* 'In excelsis gloria.'

*Traditional, 15th cent.*

548

## "LIKE SILVER LAMPS"

C. Steggall

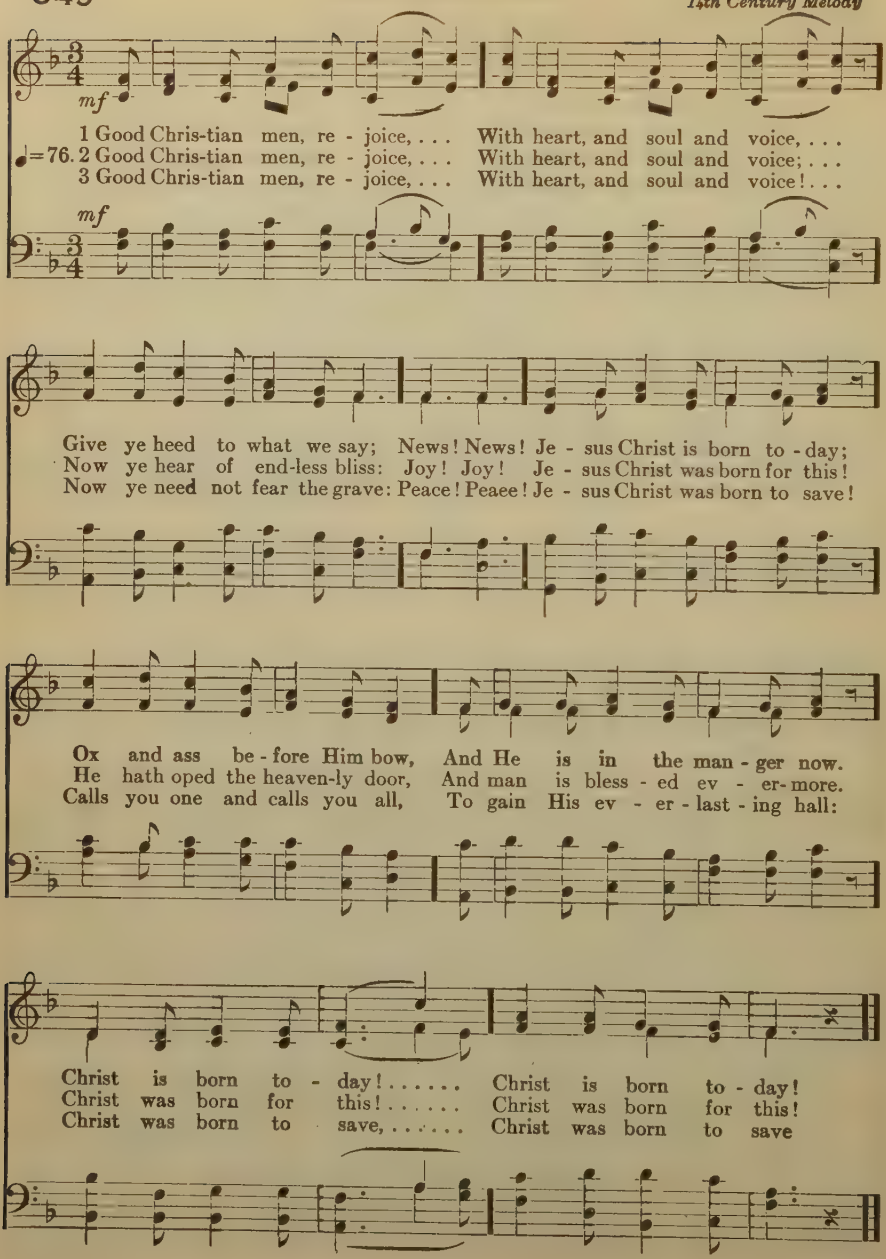

mf
♩= 100.
1 Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - - tant shrine, The
2 No earth - ly songs are . . . half . . . . so sweet As
3 The stars of heaven still . . shine as at first They
4 Faith sees no long - er the sta - - ble floor, The
stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the ci - ty of
those which are fill - ing the skies, And nev - er a pa - lace shone
gleamed on this won - der - ful night, The bells of the ci - ty of
pave - ment of sapphire is there, The clear light of heav - en streams
God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry is born to - night. The
half so . . . fair As the man - ger - bed where our Sav - iour lies; No
God peal out, And the an - gels' song still rings in the height, And
out to the world, And the an - gels of God are crowding the air, And
gloom is . . past, And the morn at last Is coming with o - rient light.
night in the year' Is . . . half so dear As this which has ended our sighs.
love still turns Where the God-head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh - ly sight.
heaven and earth, Thro' the spot - less birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.

W. C. Dix

549

## "GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN"

*14th Century Melody*

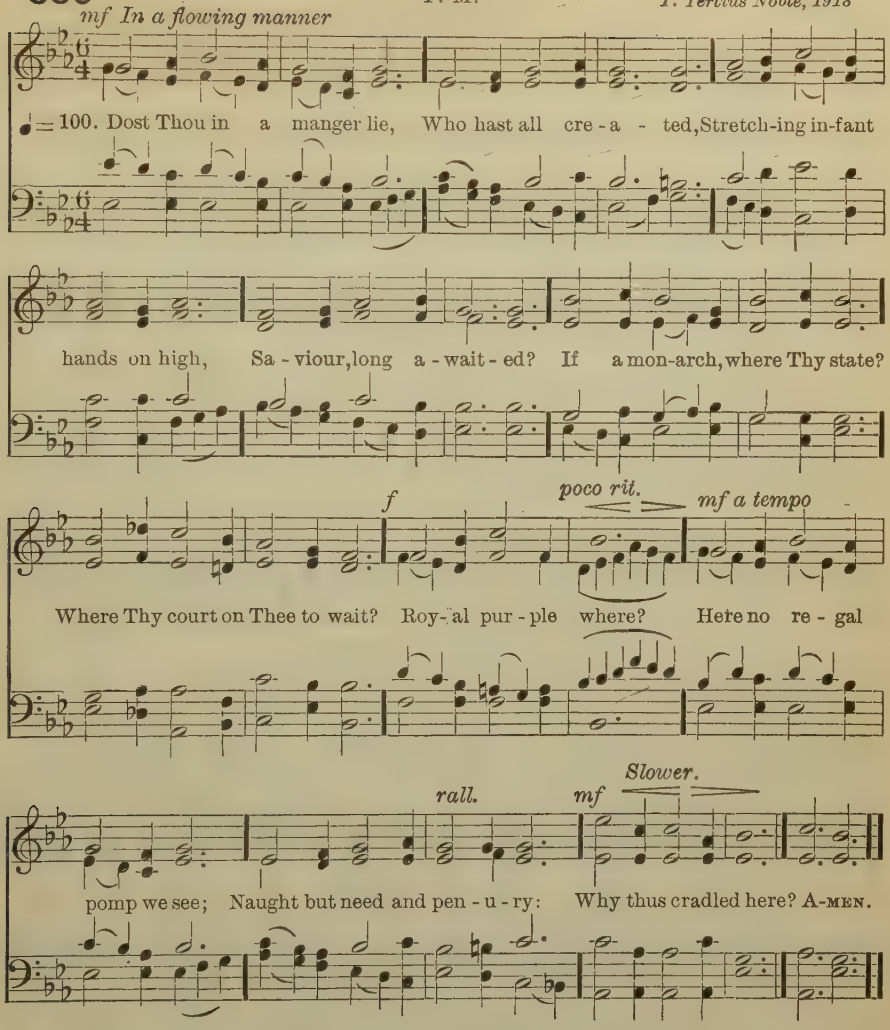

mf
1 Good Chris-tian men, re - joice, . . . With heart, and soul and voice, . . .
♩=76. 2 Good Chris-tian men, re - joice, . . . With heart, and soul and voice; . . .
3 Good Chris-tian men, re - joice, . . . With heart, and soul and voice! . . .
mf
Give ye heed to what we say; News! News! Je - sus Christ is born to - day;
Now ye hear of end-less bliss: Joy! Joy! Je - sus Christ was born for this!
Now ye need not fear the grave: Peace! Peaee! Je - sus Christ was born to save!
Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the man - ger now.
He hath oped the heaven-ly door, And man is bless - ed ev - er-more.
Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ev - er - last - ing hall:
Christ is born to - day! . . . . . Christ is born to - day!
Christ was born for this! . . . . . Christ was born for this!
Christ was born to save, . . . . . Christ was born to save

*M. G. Pearse*

550

P. M.

MAUBURN
*T. Tertius Noble, 1918*


mf In a flowing manner
♩= 100. Dost Thou in a manger lie, Who hast all cre - a - ted, Stretch-ing in-fant
hands on high, Sa - viour, long a - wait - ed? If a mon-arch, where Thy state?
f
poco rit.
mf a tempo
Where Thy court on Thee to wait? Roy-al pur - ple where? Here no re - gal
rall.
mf
Slower.
pomp we see; Naught but need and pen - u - ry: Why thus cradled here? A-MEN.

Copyright, 1918, by THE H. W. GRAY CO.

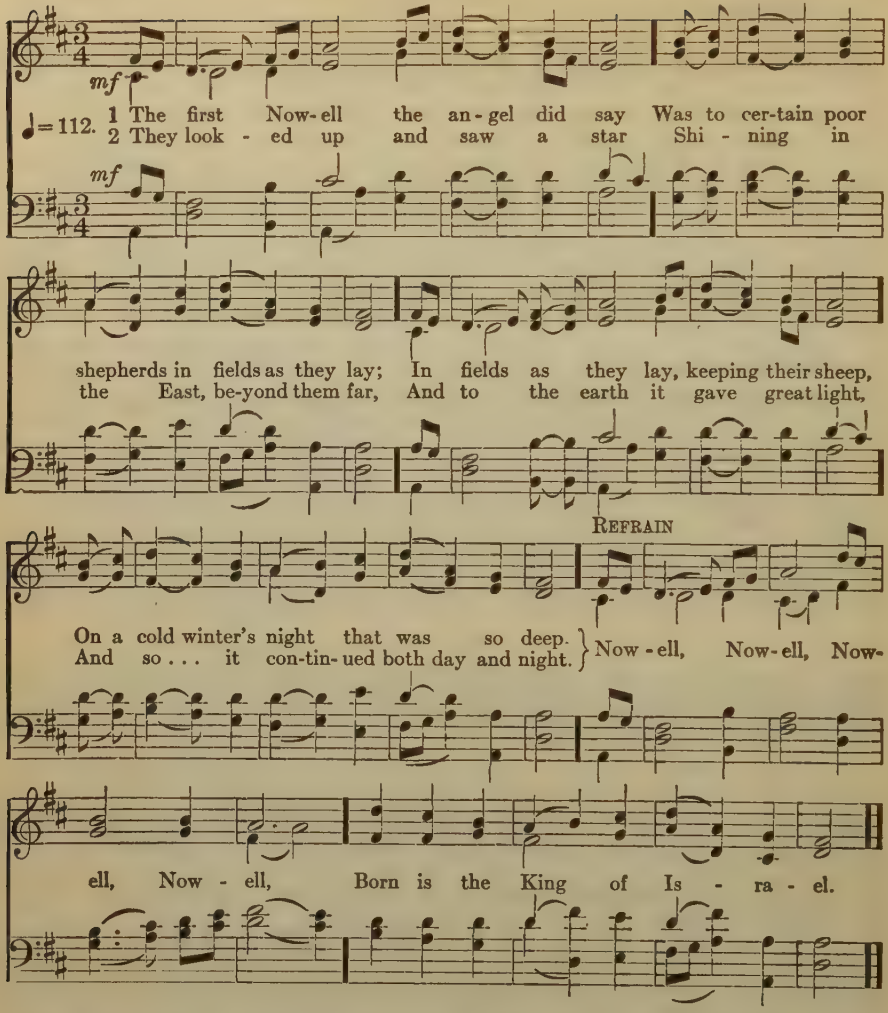
2 Pitying love for fallen man
Brought Me down thus low;
For a race deep lost in sin,
Came I into woe.
By this lowly birth of Mine,
Sinner, riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
Heaping joys for thee.

3 Fervent praise would I to Thee
Evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me
Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory be for ever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord!
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angels' songs afford. Amen.

*Latin, J. Mauburn;* TR. *E. Charles*

## 551 "THE FIRST NOWELL"

*Traditional Melody*


mf
♩= 112.
1 The first Now-ell the an-gel did say Was to cer-tain poor
2 They look - ed up and saw a star Shi - ning in
mf
shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields as they lay, keeping their sheep,
the East, be-yond them far, And to the earth it gave great light,
REFRAIN
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And so . . . it con-tin-ued both day and night.
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-
ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

*mf* 3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
*f* Nowell, etc.

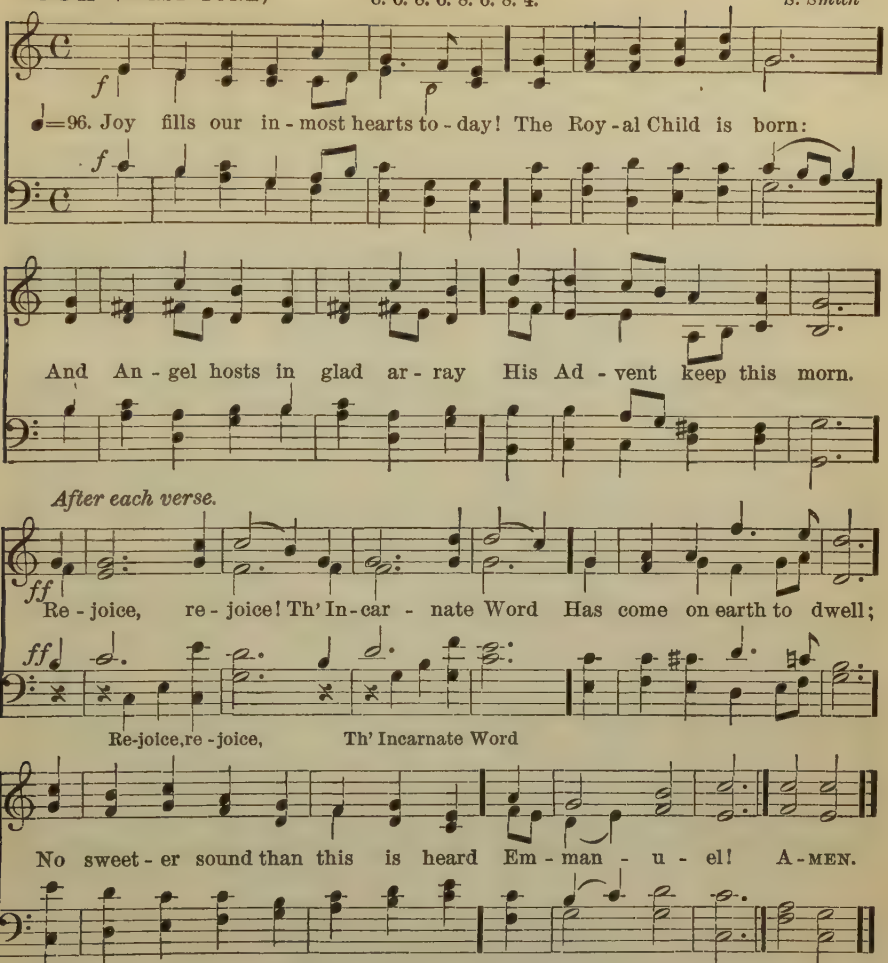
*mf* 4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
*f* Nowell, etc.

*mf* 5 Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
*f* Nowell, etc.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Bl od mankind hath bought.
Nowell, et

*Traditional*

**552** (FIRST TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 4. GAUDETE *S. Smith*


♩=96. Joy fills our in-most hearts to-day! The Roy-al Child is born:
And An-gel hosts in glad ar-ray His Ad-vent keep this morn.
After each verse.
Re-joice, re-joice! Th' In-car-nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;
Re-joice, re-joice, Th' Incarnate Word
No sweet-er sound than this is heard Em-man-u-el! A-MEN.

*p* 2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
*cr* And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.

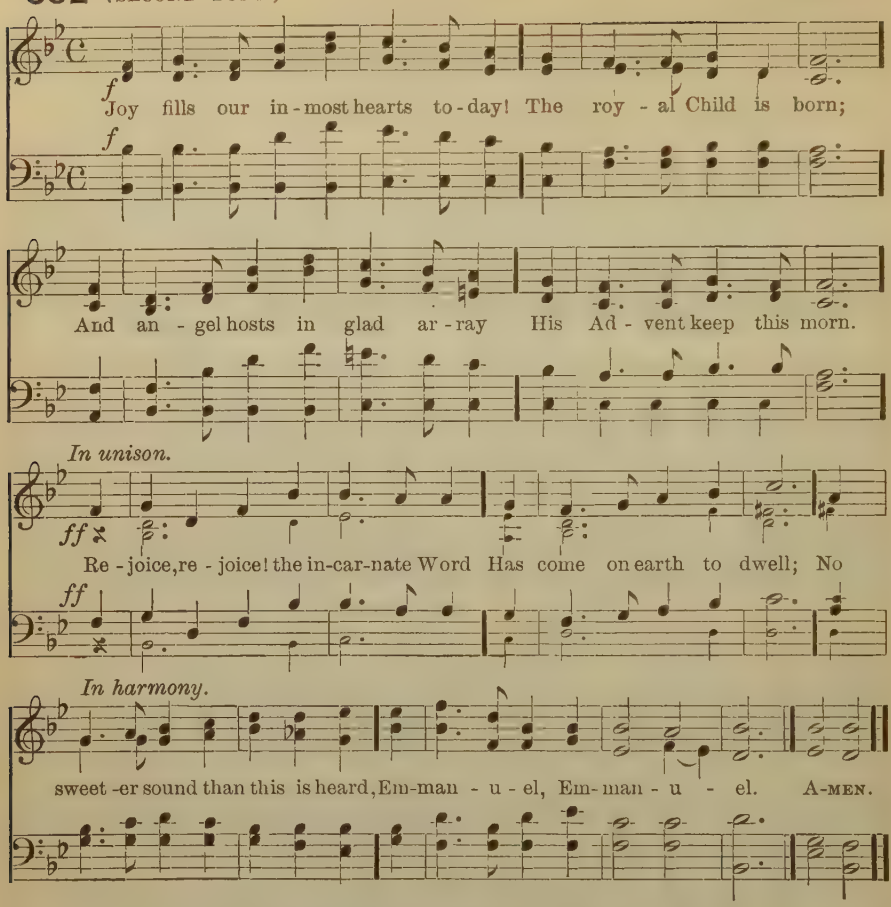
*mf* 3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
*p* When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

*mf* 4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, etc.

*W. C. Dix*

**552** (SECOND TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Joy
*H. Gadsby*


f
Joy fills our in-most hearts to-day! The roy-al Child is born;
f
And an-gel hosts in glad ar-ray His Ad-vent keep this morn.
In unison.
ff
Re-joice, re-joice! the in-car-nate Word Has come on earth to dwell; No
ff
In harmony.
sweet-er sound than this is heard, Em-man-u-el, Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.

*p* 2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
*cr* And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.

*mf* 3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
*p* When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

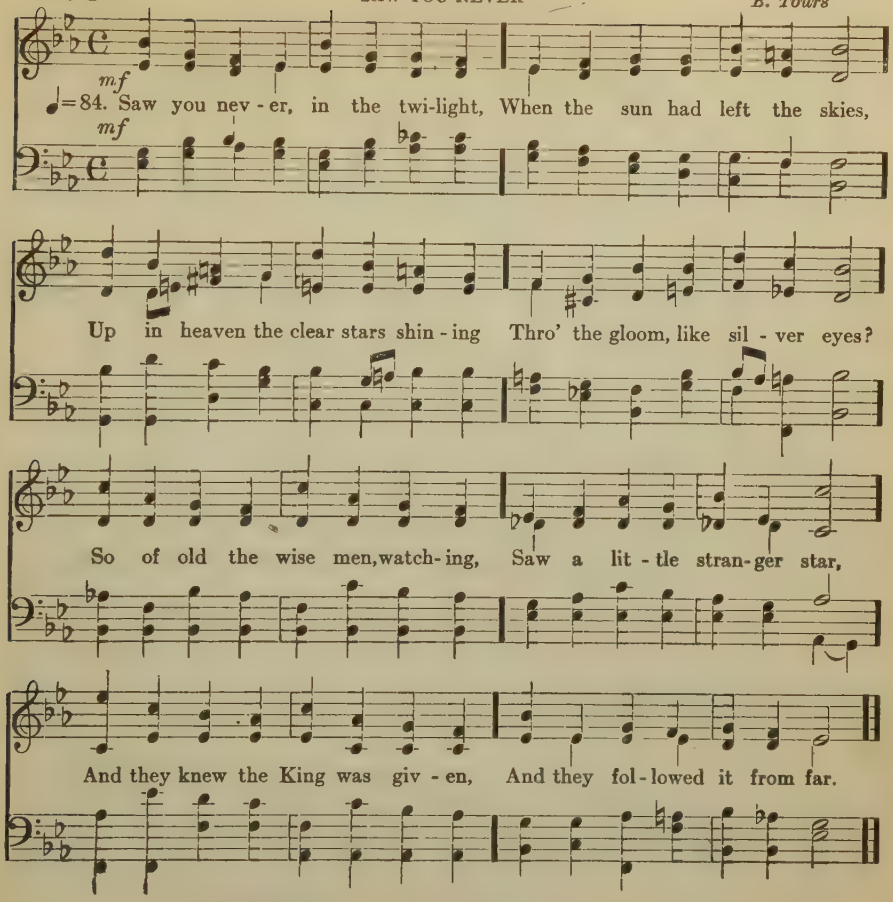
*mf* 4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, etc. Amen.

*W. C. Dix*

553

"SAW YOU NEVER"

THE WISE MEN
*B. Tours*


mf
♩=84. Saw you nev - er, in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
mf
Up in heaven the clear stars shin - ing Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watch - ing, Saw a lit - tle stran - ger star,
And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.

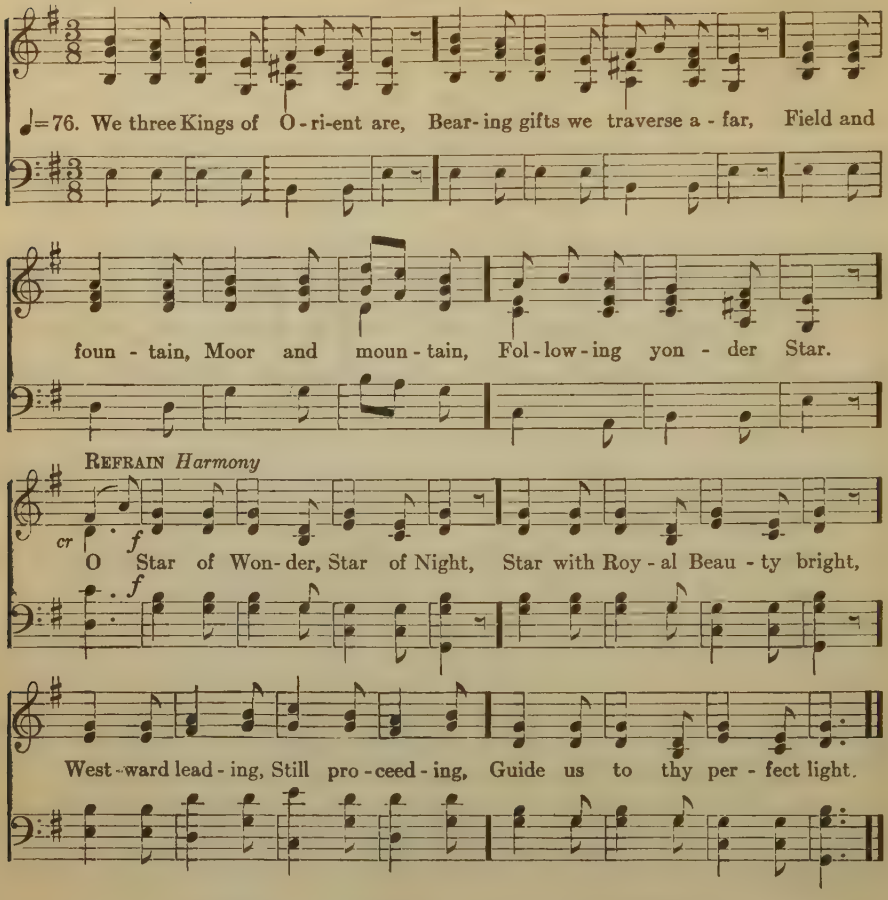
*mf* 2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion
For our Saviour, God, and King.

*C. F. Alexander*

## 554 "WE THREE KINGS"

*J. H. Hopkins, Jr.*


♩=76. We three Kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we traverse a-far, Field and
foun-tain, Moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der Star.
REFRAIN Harmony
cr
f
O Star of Won-der, Star of Night, Star with Roy-al Beau-ty bright,
West-ward lead-ing, Still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per-fect light.

GASPARD.

*mf* 2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
*f* O Star, etc.

MELCHIOR.

*mf* 3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.
*f* O Star, etc.

*Verses* 1 *and* 5 *are sung as a trio. the refrain being the same throughout.*

BALTHAZAR.

*mp* 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
*mf* O Star, etc.

*f* 5 Glorious now behold Him arise
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings
Alleluia:
Alleluia the earth replies.
O Star, etc.

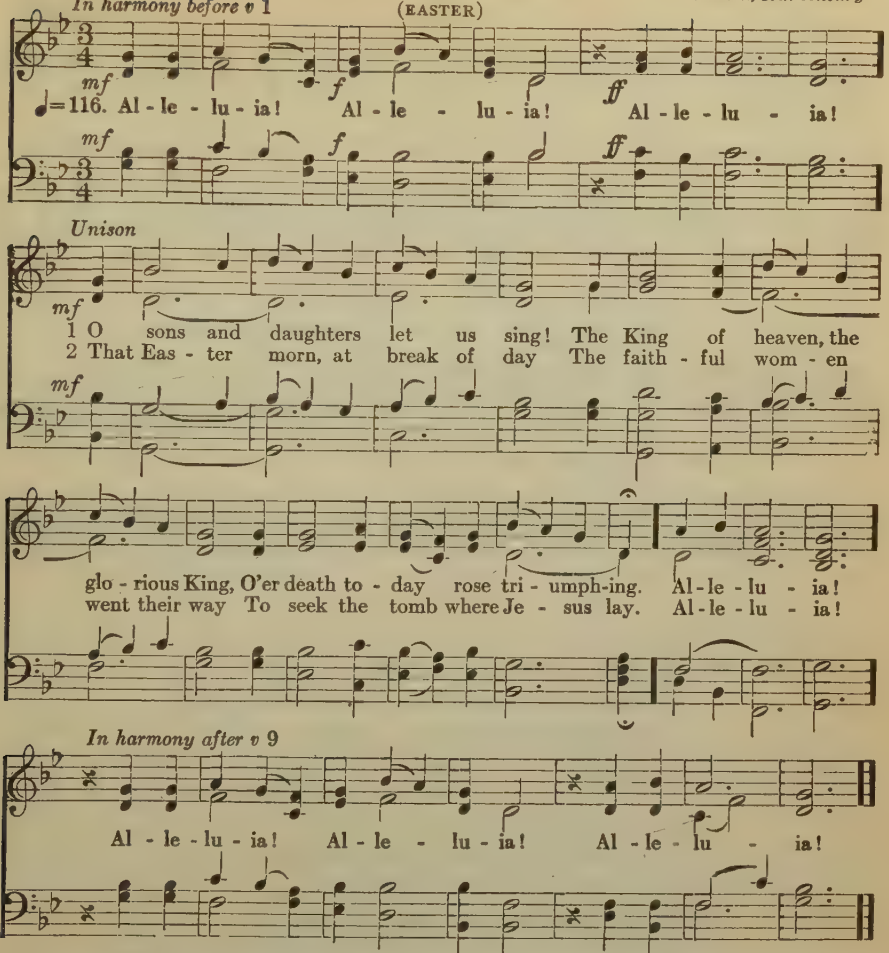
*J. H. Hopkins Jr.*

*Verses* 2, 3 *and* 4, *are sung as a solo, to the same music,*

## 555 "O SONS AND DAUGHTERS"

(EASTER)

*French, 15th century*


In harmony before v 1
mf
♩=116. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Unison
1 O sons and daughters let us sing! The King of heaven, the
2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day The faith - ful wom - en
glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose tri - umph-ing. Al - le - lu - ia!
went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia!
In harmony after v 9
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

*mf* 3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

*mp* 4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced hands, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

*mf* 7 No longer Thomas then denied,
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

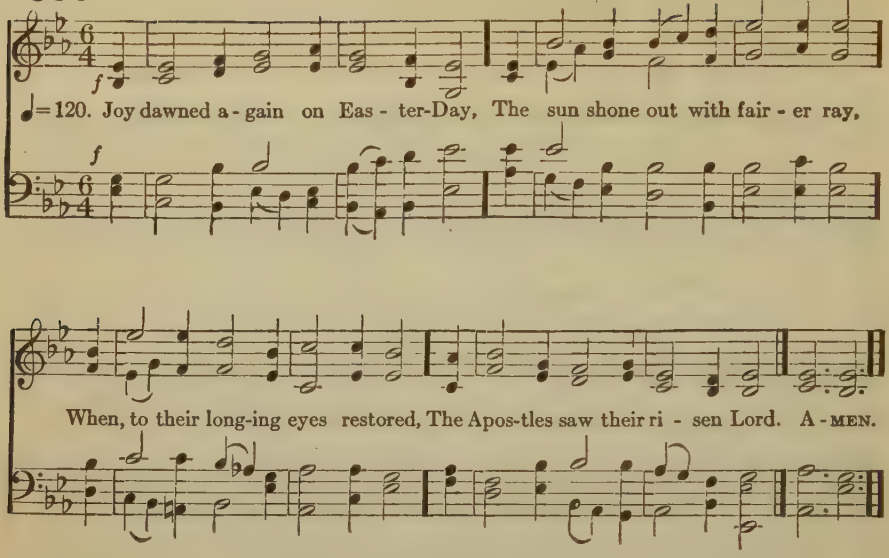
*f* 9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

*J. Tisserand*, TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 556

L. M.

PUER NOBIS
*M. Praetorius*


f
♩=120. Joy dawned a - gain on Eas - ter-Day, The sun shone out with fair - er ray,
f
When, to their long-ing eyes restored, The Apos-tles saw their ri - sen Lord. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 His risen flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded hands and feet He showed:
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

3 O Jesus, King of gentleness,
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess;
And we to Thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 Jesus, who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.

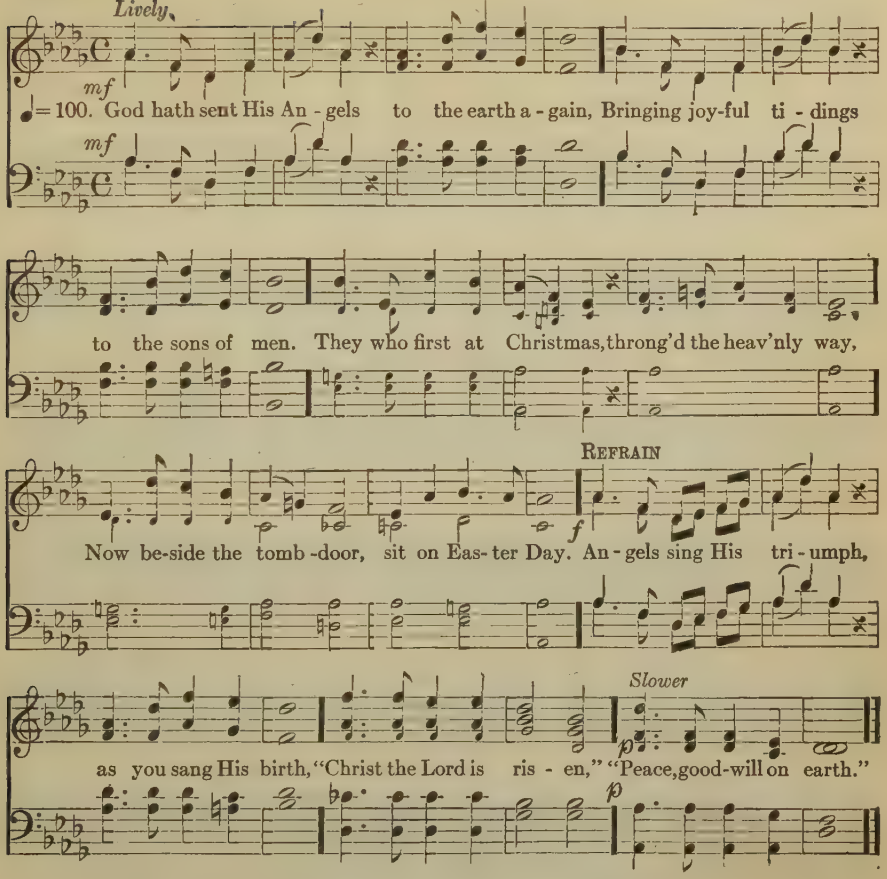
*f* 5 All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee, Who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise.

LATIN: TR. *J. M. Neale*

## 557 "GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS"

(EASTER)

*J. C. D. Parker*


Lively.
mf
♩= 100. God hath sent His An - gels to the earth a - gain, Bringing joy-ful ti - dings
mf
to the sons of men. They who first at Christmas, throng'd the heav'nly way,
REFRAIN
f
Now be-side the tomb-door, sit on Eas-ter Day. An - gels sing His tri - umph,
Slower
p
as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."
p

*mp* 2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful Angels gathered at His side.
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
Angels, sing, etc.

*mf* 3 Yet the Christ they honour, is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will.
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it into victory.
Angels, sing, etc.

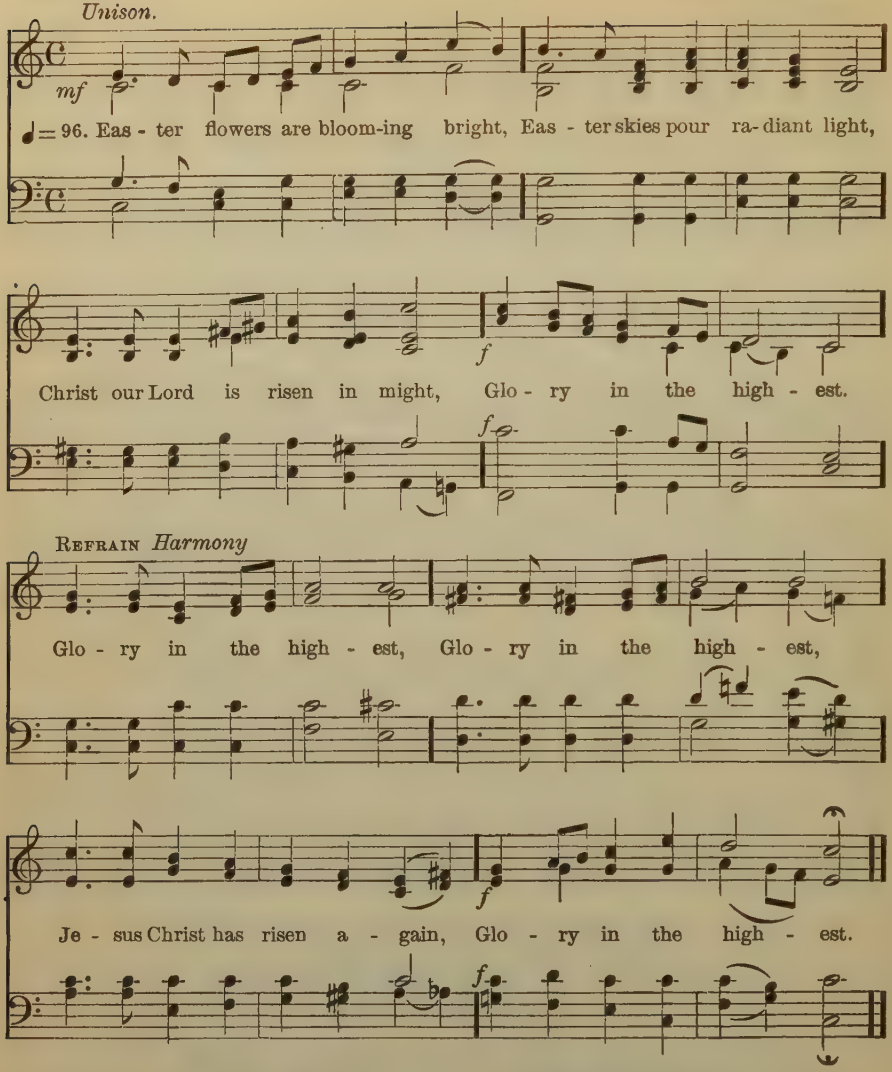
4 God has still His Angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into Life.
Angels, sing, etc.

*P. Brooks*

## 558

EASTER FLOWERS
*A. F. M. Custance*

*Unison.*


mf
♩= 96. Eas - ter flowers are bloom-ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra-diant light,
f
Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est.
REFRAIN Harmony
Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry in the high - est,
Je - sus Christ has risen a - gain, Glo - ry in the high - est.

2 Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

*mf* 3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
*f* Glory in the highest.

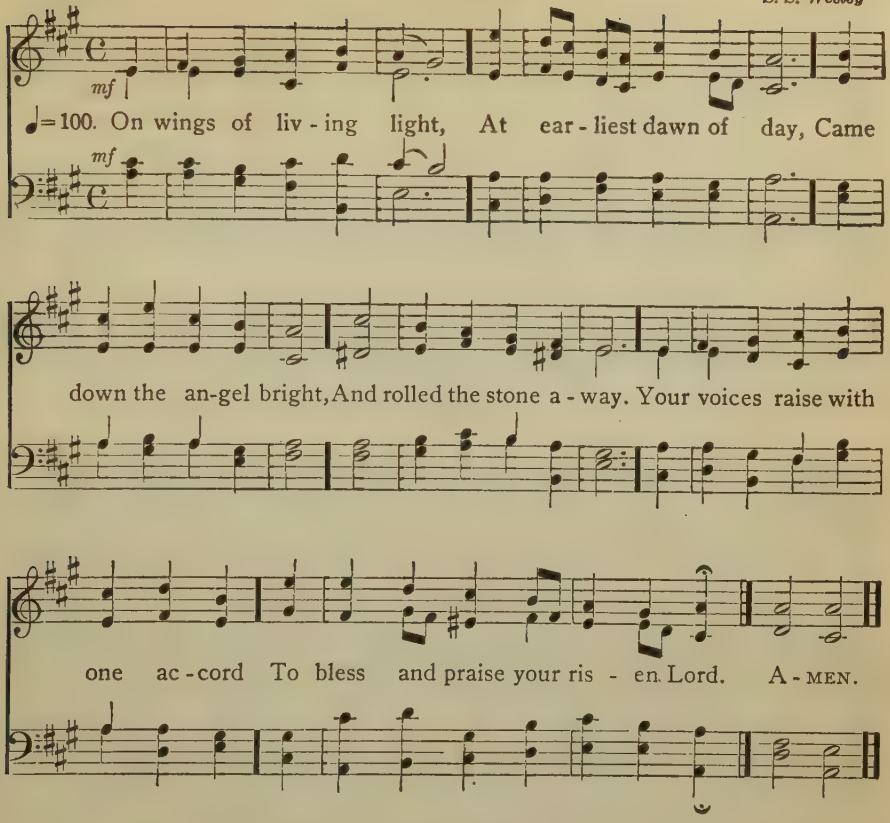
4 As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

*M. A. Nicholson*

559

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

HAREWOOD
*S. S. Wesley*


mf
♩=100. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day, Came
mf
down the an-gel bright, And rolled the stone a - way. Your voices raise with
one ac - cord To bless and praise your ris - en Lord. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

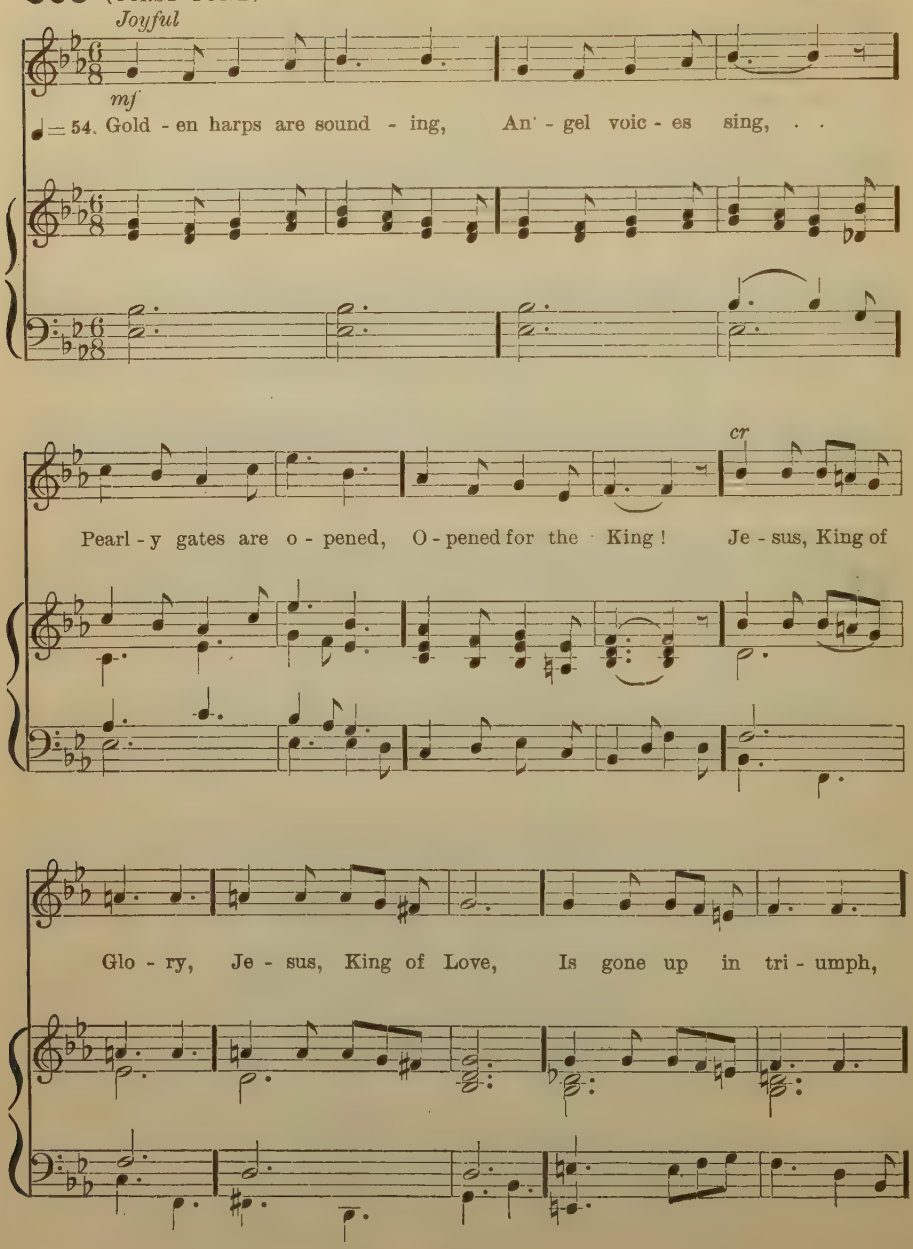
3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

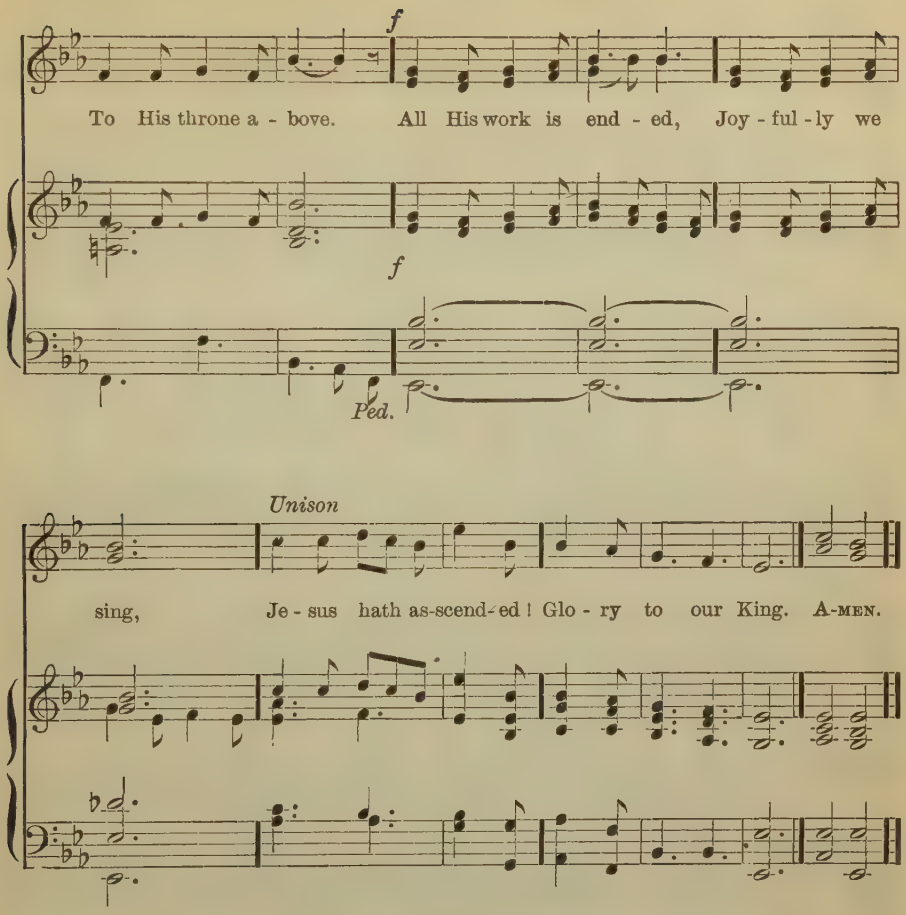
*cr* 4 O let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies.
Your voices raise, etc.

*W. W. How*

**560** (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

ST. THERESA
*A. S. Sullivan*


Joyful
mf
♩ = 54. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An' - gel voic - es sing, . .
cr
Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King! Je - sus, King of
Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph,



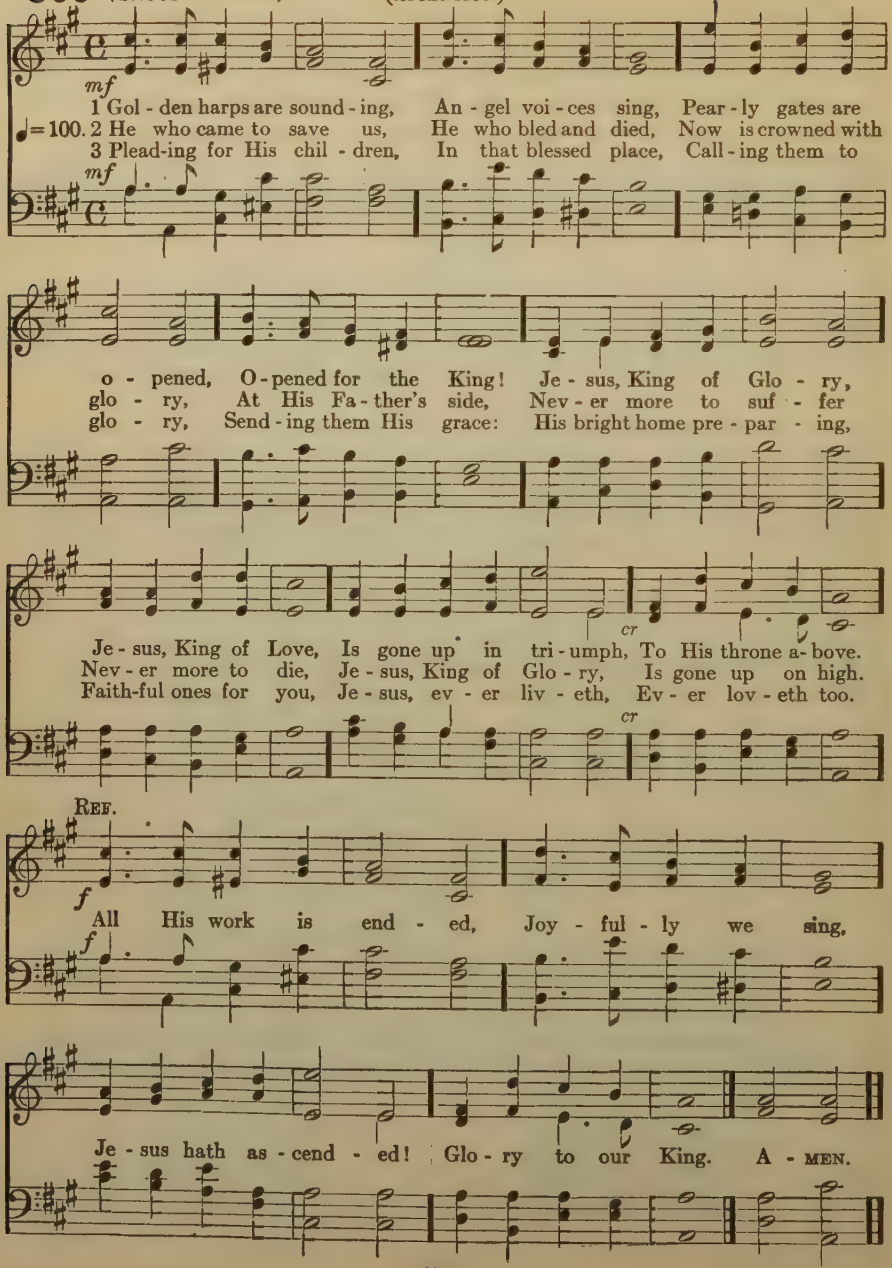

*p* 2 He who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
*cr* Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
*f* All His work, etc.

*p* 3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
*f* Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

*F. R. Havergal*

## "GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING"

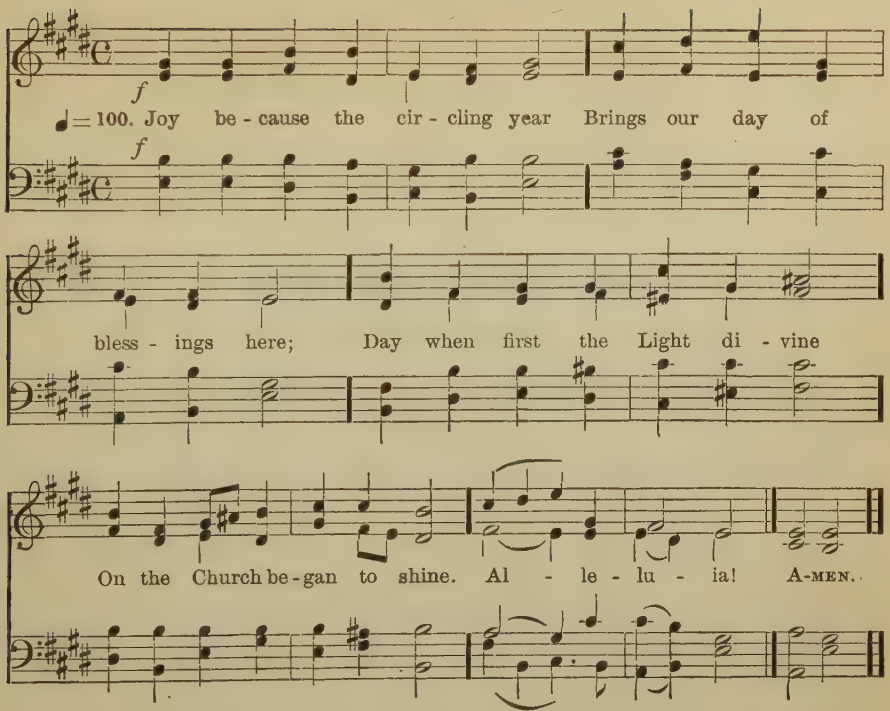
**560** (SECOND TUNE) (ASCENSION) *F. R. Havergal*


mf
1 Gol - den harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing, Pear - ly gates are
♩=100. 2 He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with
3 Plead-ing for His chil - dren, In that blessed place, Call - ing them to
mf
o - pened, O - pened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
glo - ry, At His Fa - ther's side, Nev - er more to suf - fer
glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace: His bright home pre - par - ing,
Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph, To His throne a - bove.
Nev - er more to die, Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Faith-ful ones for you, Je - sus, ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.
cr
cr
REF.
f
All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing,
f
Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King. A - MEN.



*F. R. Havergal*

561 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia DRESDEN


f
♩ = 100. Joy be - cause the cir - cling year Brings our day of
f
bless - ings here; Day when first the Light di - vine
On the Church be - gan to shine. Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Like to quiv'ring tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came:
Tongues, that each might hear their call;
Fire, that love might burn in all. Alleluia!

*f* 3 So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known. Alleluia!

4 Still the Spirit's fullness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured!
Once Thou on Thy Church did shower
Mighty signs and words of power; Alleluia!

5 Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts of heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened heart release,
Grant Thine own abiding peace. Alleluia!

*Latin;* TR. *J. Ellerton* and *F. J. A. Hort*

# The Choral Service

(EVENING PRAYER)

## THE CANTICLES AND OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

AND THE

## SERVICE OF THE HOLY COMMUNION

## DIRECTIONS TO BE FOLLOWED IN THE USE OF ANGLICAN CHANTS

In putting forth this Pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the Preface to the "Cathedral Psalter":—

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

4. An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to as in good *reading*.

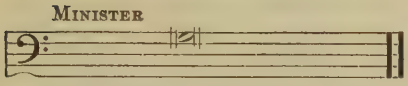
5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

6. It is of the utmost importance that no break or pause should occur between the Recitation and Accent. The words should be deliberately recited; but the reciting note must not be held any longer than is absolutely necessary for this.

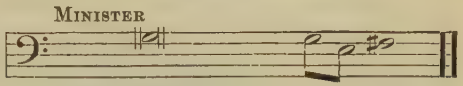
# The Choral Service. Festal

(If preferred, the service may be taken on any note in monotone as far as to the Responses after the Lord's Prayer.)

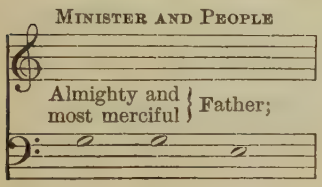
## The Sentences



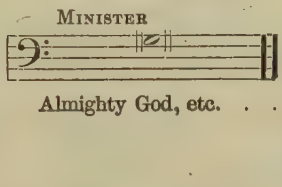

## The Exhortation

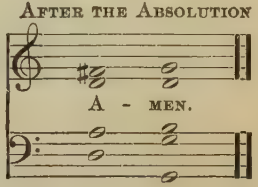



## The General Confession

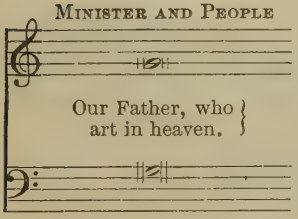



## The Absolution

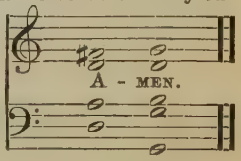


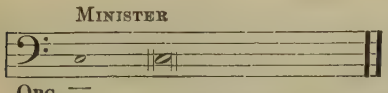



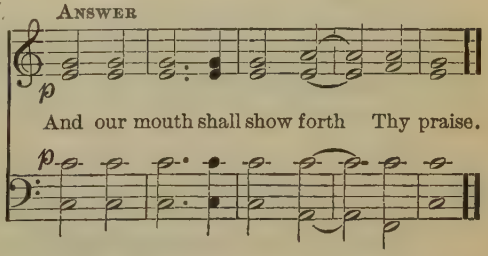

## The Lord's Prayer

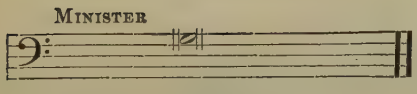


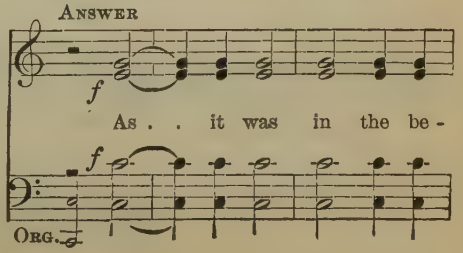

Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, On earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

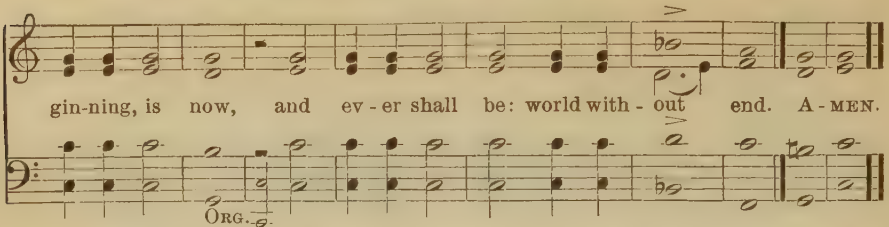


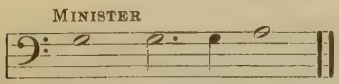



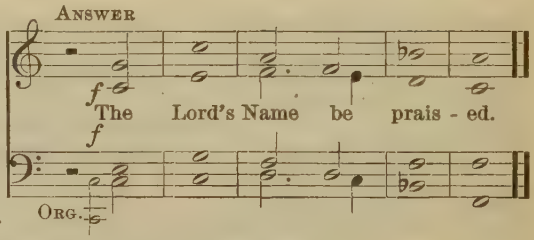



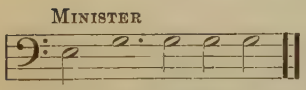



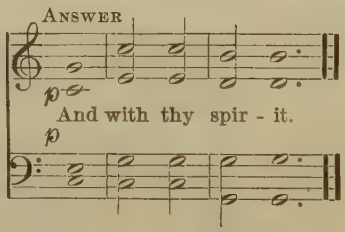


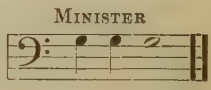



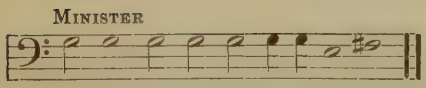



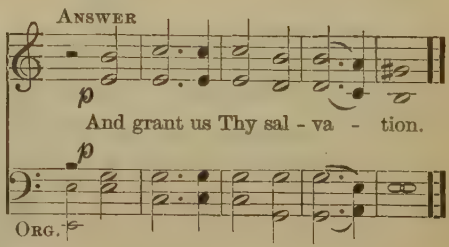

## Versicles and Responses after the Creed



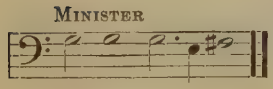



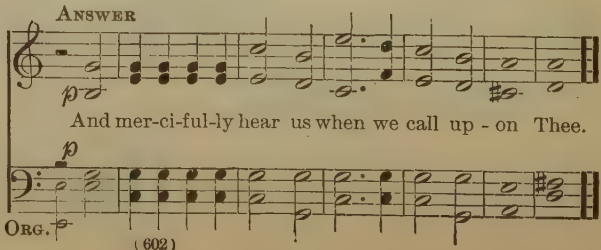



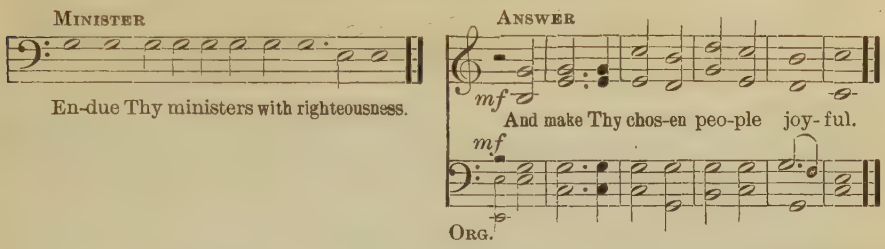



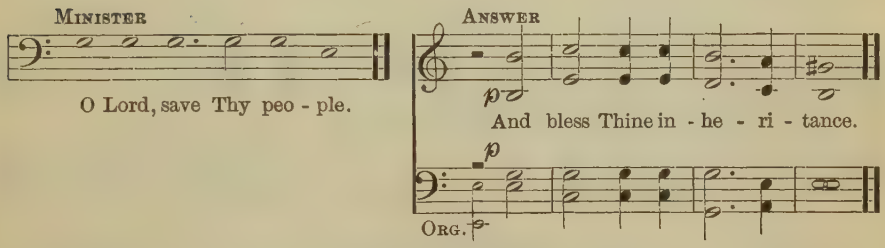



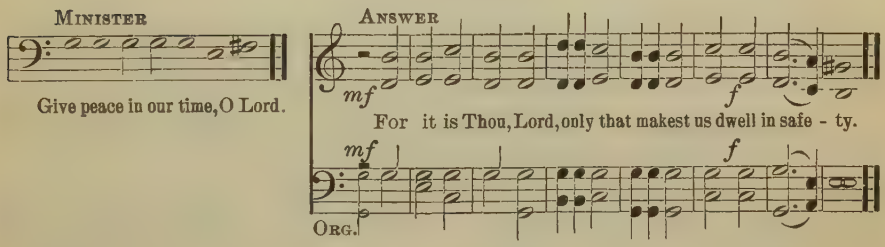

## The next four Versicles and Responses are to be used only at Evening Prayer

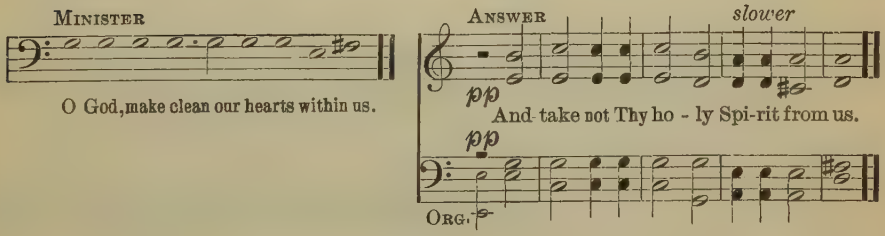


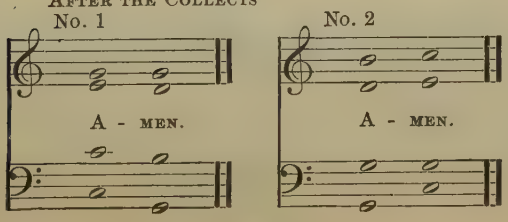



AFTER THE COLLECTS

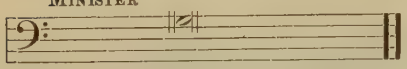


# The Choral Service. Ferial

(If preferred, the service may be taken on any note in monotone as far as to the Responses after the Lord's Prayer.)

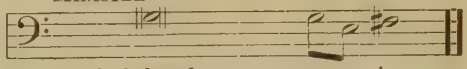
## The Sentences

MINISTER



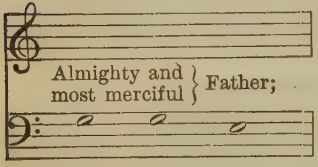

## The Exhortation

MINISTER



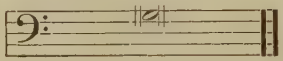

## The General Confession

MINISTER AND PEOPLE

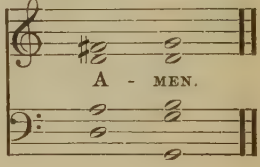



## The Absolution

MINISTER

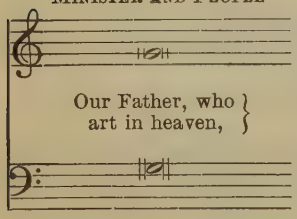



AFTER THE ABSOLUTION

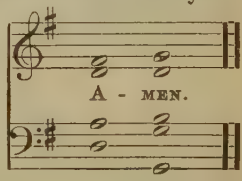



## The Lord's Prayer

MINISTER AND PEOPLE




Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, On earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

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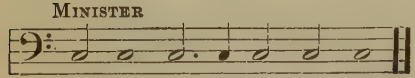
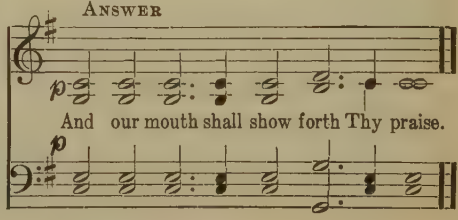
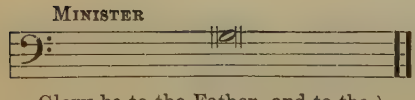


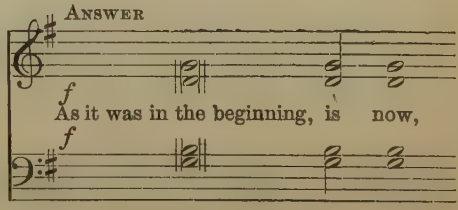

ANSWER

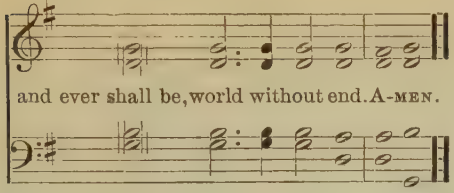


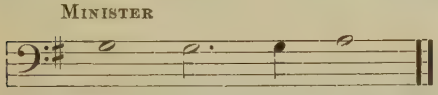

MINISTER

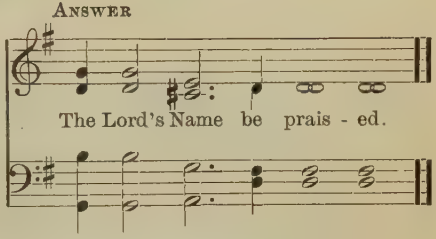



ANSWER

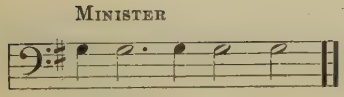


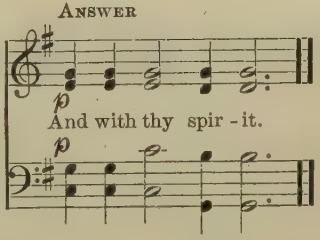


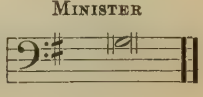



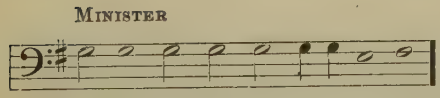



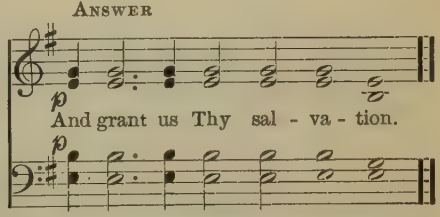

## Versicles and Responses after the Creed



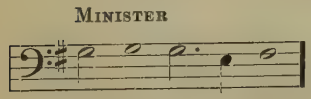



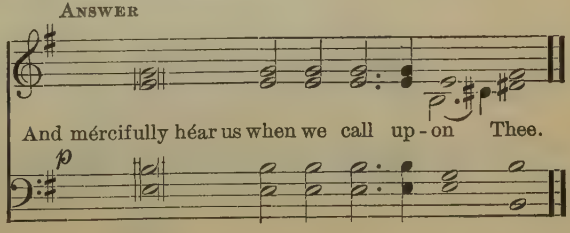



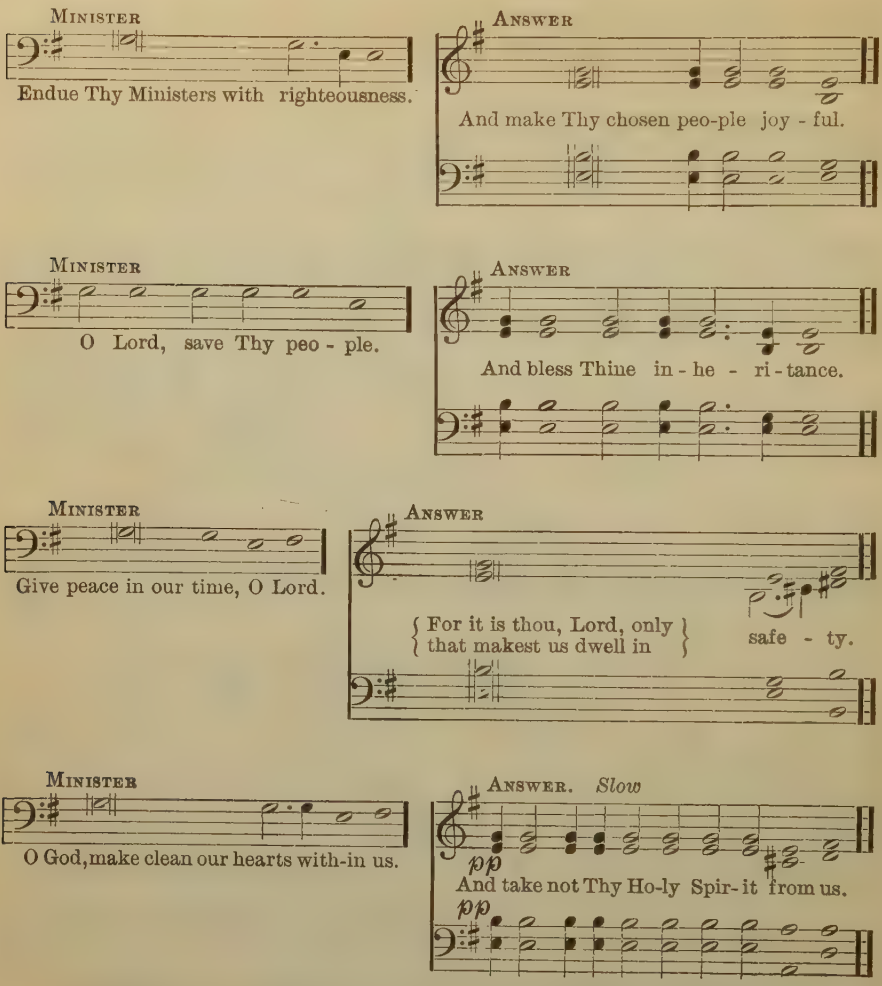



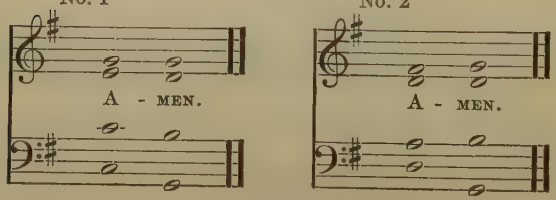

## The next four Versicles and Responses are to be used only at Evening Prayer



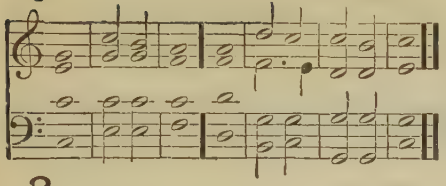

MINISTER
Endue Thy Ministers with righteousness.
ANSWER
And make Thy chosen peo-ple joy - ful.
MINISTER
O Lord, save Thy peo - ple.
ANSWER
And bless Thine in - he - ri - tance.
MINISTER
Give peace in our time, O Lord.
ANSWER
{ For it is thou, Lord, only }
{ that makest us dwell in }
safe - ty.
MINISTER
O God, make clean our hearts with-in us.
ANSWER. Slow
pp
And take not Thy Ho-ly Spir-it from us.
pp

AFTER THE COLLECTS AND PRAYERS

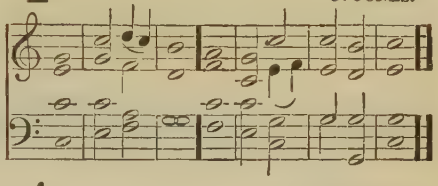


## Venite, exultemus Domino

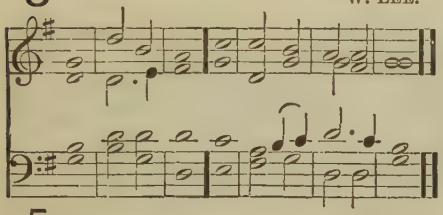
1 R. Goodson.



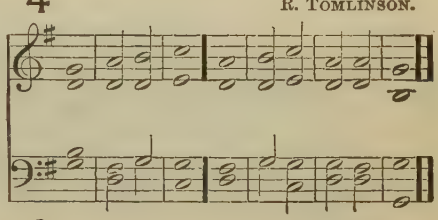
2 J. Jones.



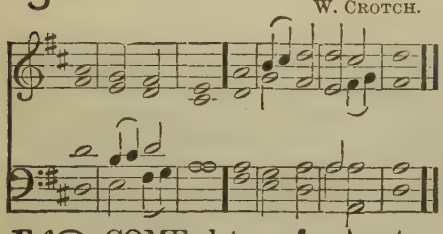
3 W. Lee.



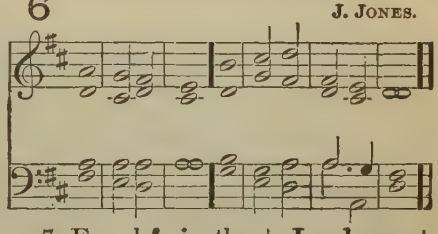
4 R. Tomlinson.



5 W. Crotch.



6 J. Jones.



F *f* O COME, let us sing | unto · the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

F 2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great · = | God: and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hands pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

*p* 6 O come, let us worship and | fall · = | down: and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

*cr* 7 For he is the | Lord our | God: (*p*) and we are the people of his pasture * and the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

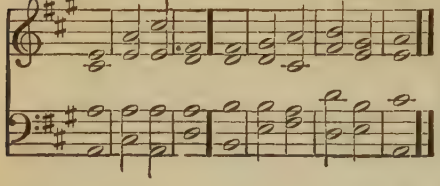
*p* 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness: (*cr*) let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

2nd part. *p* 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

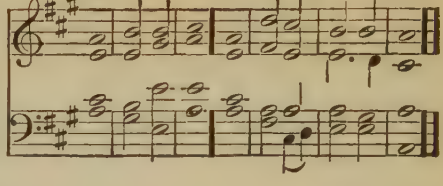
F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

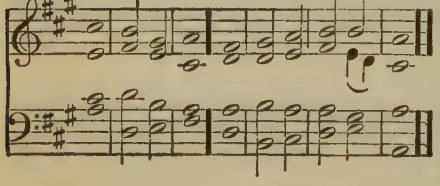
7 W. Russell



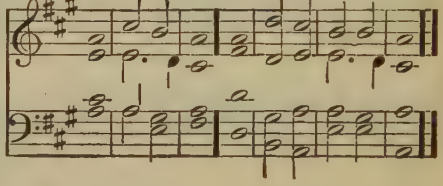
8 W. Turner



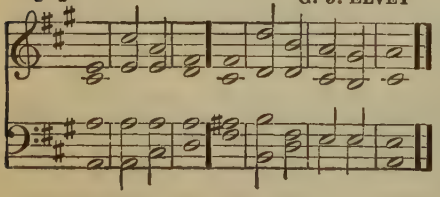
9 T. Turton



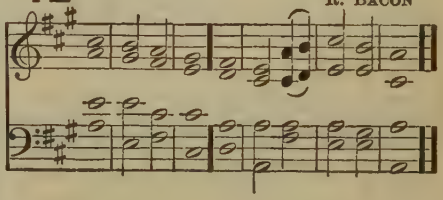
10 W. Hayes



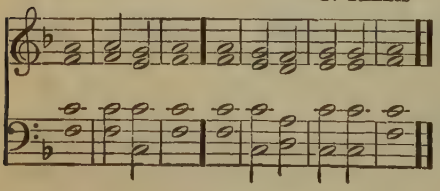
11 G. J. Elvey



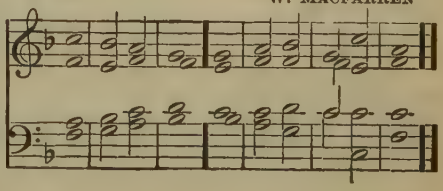
12 R. Bacon



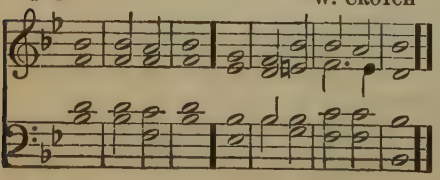
13 T. Tallis



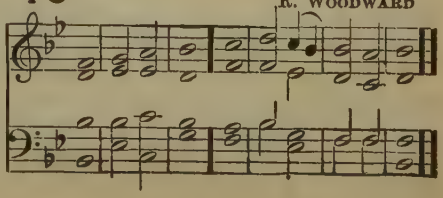
14 W. Macfarren



15 W. Crotch

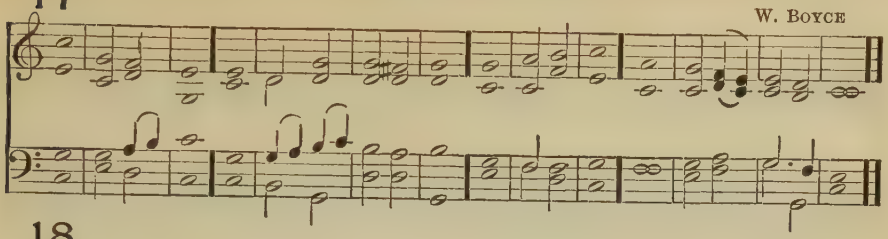


16 R. Woodward



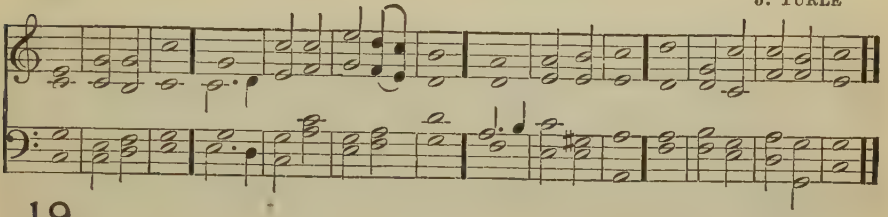
17

W. Boyce



18

J. Turle



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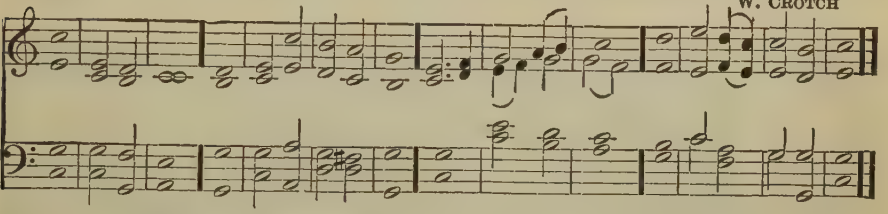
W. Crotch



*Ff* O COME, let us sing | unto · the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

F 2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great · = | God: and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hands pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

*p* 6 O come, let us worship and | fall · = | down: and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

*cr* 7 For he is the | Lord our | God: (*p*) and we are the people of his pasture * and the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

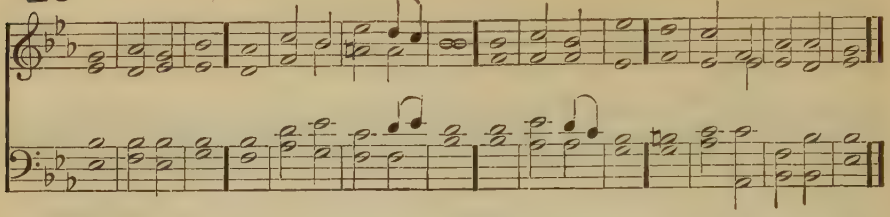
*p* 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness: (*cr*) let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

2nd part. *p* 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

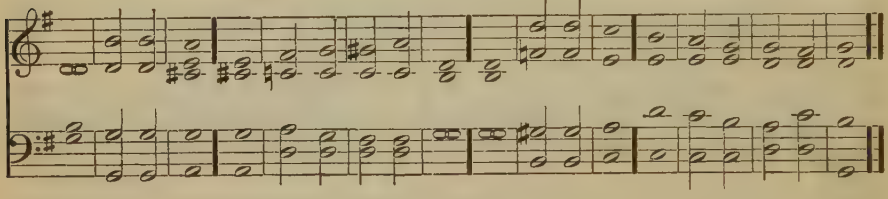
F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

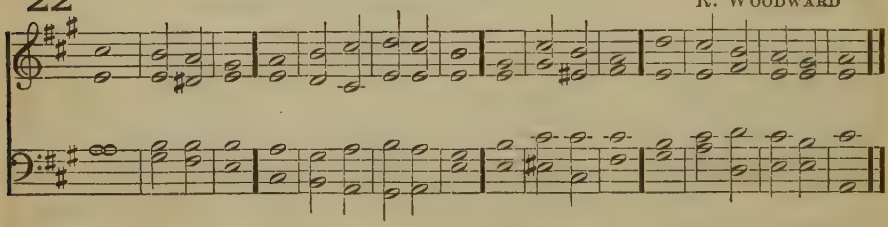
20 J. Barnby



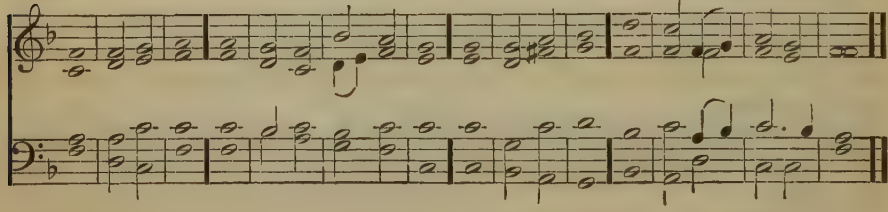
21 George C. Martin



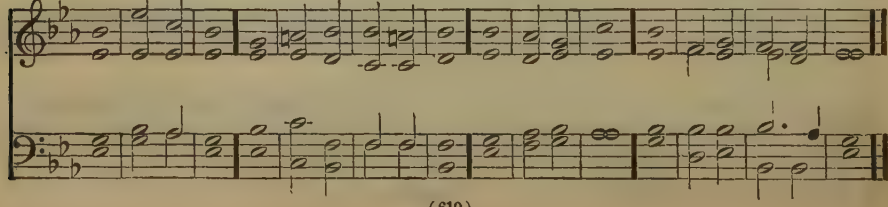
22 R. Woodward



23 R. Langdon

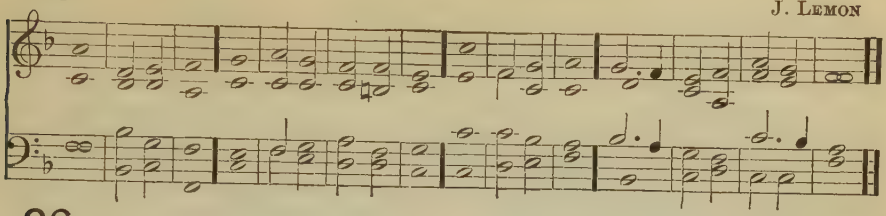


24 J. Robinson



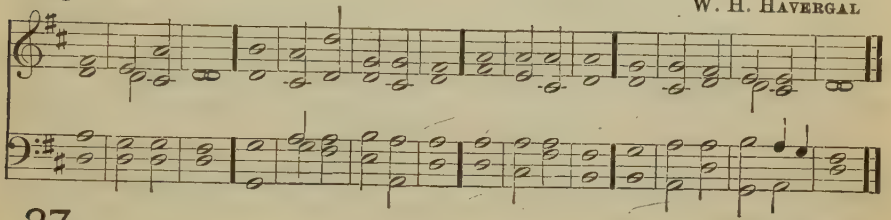
25

J. LEMON



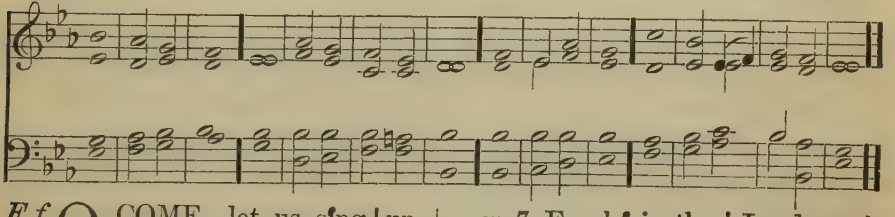
26

W. H. HAVERGAL



27

E. HIGGINS



*Ff* O COME, let us sing | unto · the | LORD: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

F 2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LORD is a | great · = | God: and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hands pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

*p* 6 O come, let us worship and | fall · = | down: and kneel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

*cr* 7 For he is the | Lord our | God: (*p*) and we are the people of his pasture * and the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

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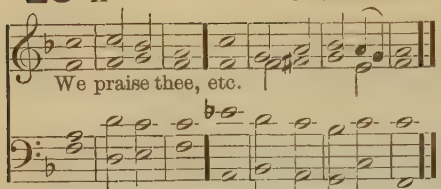
2nd part. *p* 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

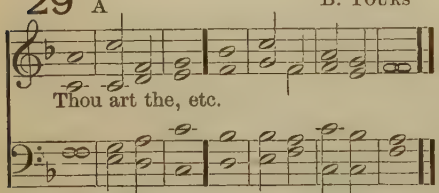
# Te Deum laudamus

## 28 A — C. Steggall



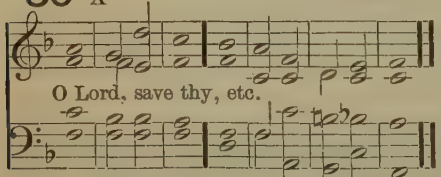

*F* WE práise | thee O | God: we acknów- *f* ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
*F* 2 All the éarth doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lásting.
3 To thee all Á´ngels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;
4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: cón | tinual | ly do | cry,
*p* 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;
*f* 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.
*mf* 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A|

## 29 A — B. Tours



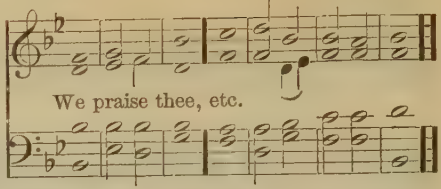

*Ff* 14 THÓU art the | King of | Glory: O | = · = | = · = | Christ.
*F* 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son; óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
*pp* 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysélf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
*p* 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death. (*cr*) thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

## 30 A — W. Statham



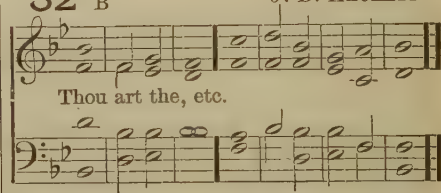

*p* 22 O LÓRD, | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.
*cr* 23 Góv | = · ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
*Ff* 24 Dáy | by · = | day: wé | magni | fy · = | thee;
*F* 25 A´nd we | worship · thy | Name: éver | world with | out · = | end.

## 31 B — G. A. Macfarren



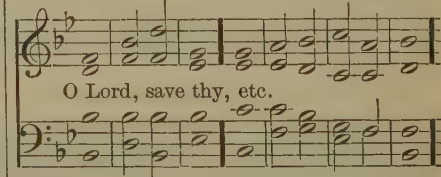

postles: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
*f* 10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee;
*mf* 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther: óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;
12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true: ánd | on · = | = · ly | Son;
13 A´lso the | Holy | Ghost: (*p*) thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.

## 32 B — J. D. Hackett




*f* 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God: ín the | glory | of the | Father.
*pp* 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come: tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeémed | with thy | precious | blood.
*mf* 21 Make them to be númbered | with thy | Saints: ín | glory | ever | lasting.

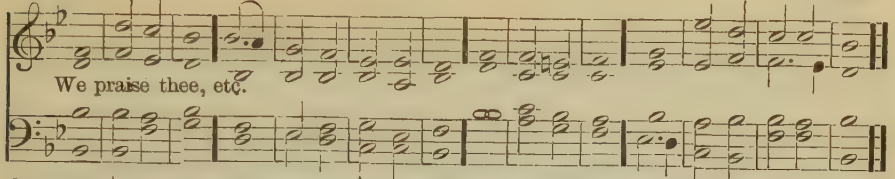
## 33 B — W. Russell




*p* 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéep us this | day with | out · = | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28 O Lord, let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.
*Ff* 29 O Lord, in thée have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

## 34

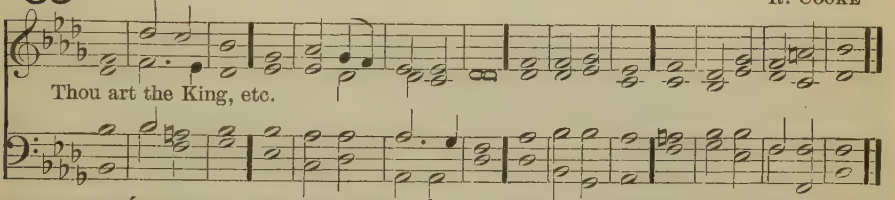
H. Lawes




*F* WE práise | thee O | God: we acknów- *f* ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
*F* 2 All the eárth doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lasting
3 To thee all Á'ngels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;
4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: cón | tinual | ly do | cry,
*p* 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;
*f* 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.
*mf* 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
*f* 10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee;
*mf* 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther: óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;
12 Thine ad | ora · ble | true: ánd | on · = | = · ly | Son;
2nd Part 13 Á'lso the | Holy | Ghost: (*p*) thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.

## 35

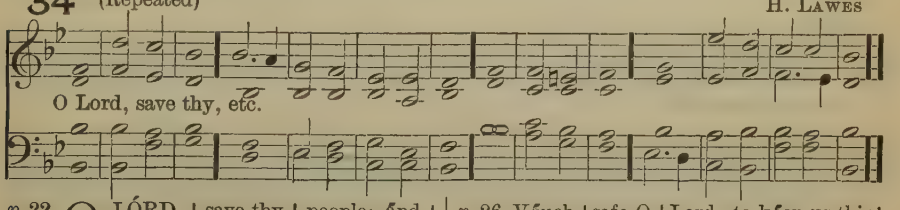
R. Cooke




*Ff* 14 THÓU art the | King of | Glory: Ó | = · = | = · = | Christ.
*F* 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son; óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
*pp* 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysélf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
*p* 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death: (*cr*) thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.
*f* 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God: ín the | glory | of the | Father.
*pp* 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come: tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeémed | with thy | precious | blood.
*mf* 21 Make them to be númbered | with thy | Saints: ín | glory | ever | lasting.

## 34 (Repeated)

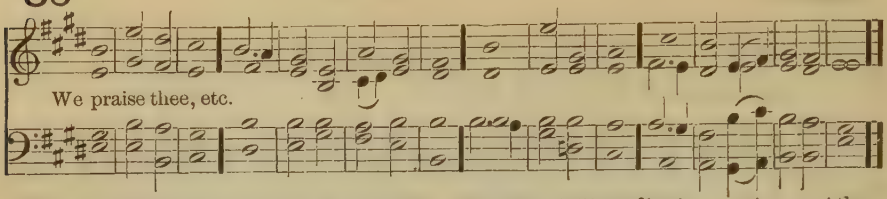
H. Lawes




*p* 22 O LÓRD, | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.
*cr* 23 Góv | = · ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
*Ff* 24 Dáy | by · = | day: wé | magni | fy · = | thee;
*F* 25 Á'nd we | worship · thy | Name: éver | world with | out · = | end.
*p* 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéep us this | day with | out · = | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28 O Lord, let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.
*Ff* 29 O Lord, in thée have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

## 36

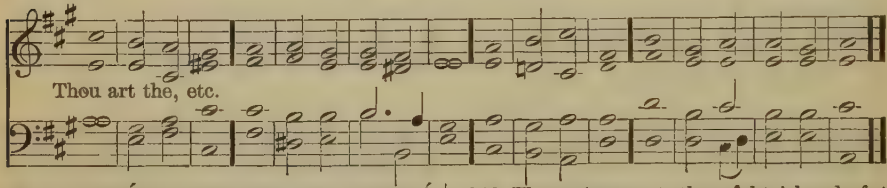
W. Russell




*F* WE prâise | thee O | God: we acknŏw- *f* ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
*F* 2 All the eârth doth | worship | thee: thĕ | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a | loud: the Hĕavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;
4 To thee Chĕrubim and | Sera | phim: cŏn | tinual | ly do | cry,
*p* 5 Hŏly | Holy | Holy: Lŏrd | God of | Saba | oth;
*f* 6 Heaven and earth are fûll of the | Majes | ty: ŏf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.
*mf* 7 The glorious cŏmpany | of · the A | postles: (*full*) prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.
8 The goodly fĕllowship | of the | Prophets: (*full*) prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.
9 The nŏble | army · of | Martyrs: (*full*) prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.
*f* 10 The holy Chûrch throughout | all the | world: dŏth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee;
*mf* 11 Thĕ | Fa · = | ther: ŏf an | infinite | Majes | ty;
12 Thîne ad | ora · ble | true: ând | on · = | = · ly | Son;
2nd Part 13 A'lso the | Holy | Ghost: (*p*) thĕ | Com · = | fort · = | er.

## 37

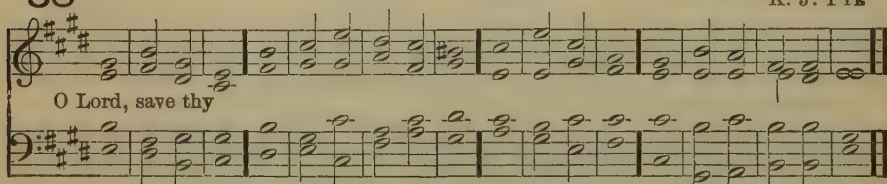
J. Jones




*Ff* 14 THŎU art the | King of | Glory: Ó | = · = | = · = | Christ.
*F* 15 Thou art the ĕver | lasting | Son; ŏf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
*pp* 16 When thou tookest upon thĕe to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysĕlf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
*p* 17 When thou hadst overcŏme the | sharpness · of | death: (*cr*) thou didst open the Kîngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.
*f* 18 Thou sittest at the rîght | hand of | God: în the | glory | of the | Father.
*pp* 19 We belîeve that | thou shalt | come: tŏ | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20 We therefore prây thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeĕmed | with thy | precious | blood.
*mf* 21 Make them to be nûmbered | with thy | Saints: în | glory | ever | lasting.

## 38

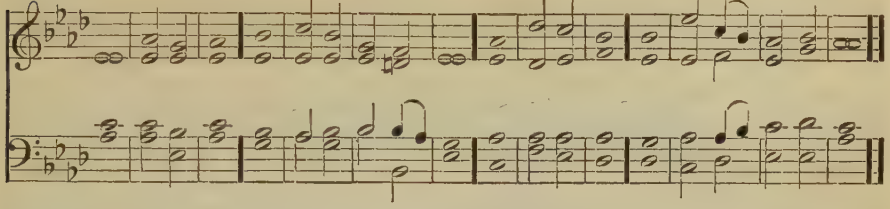
K. J. Pye




*p* 22 O LŎRD, | save thy | people: ând | bless thine | herit | age.
*cr* 23 Gŏv | = · ern | them: ând | lift them | up for | ever.
*Ff* 24 Dây | by · = | day: wĕ | magni | fy · = | thee;
*F* 25 A'nd we | worship · thy | Name: ĕver | world with | out · = | end.
*p* 26 Vŏuch | safe O | Lord: to kĕep us this | day with | out · = | sin.
27 O Lŏrd, have | mercy · up | on us: hâve | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28 O Lord, let thy mĕrcy | be up | on us: âs our | trust · = | is in | thee.
*Ff* 29 O Lord, in thĕe have I | trusted: lĕt me | never | be con | founded.

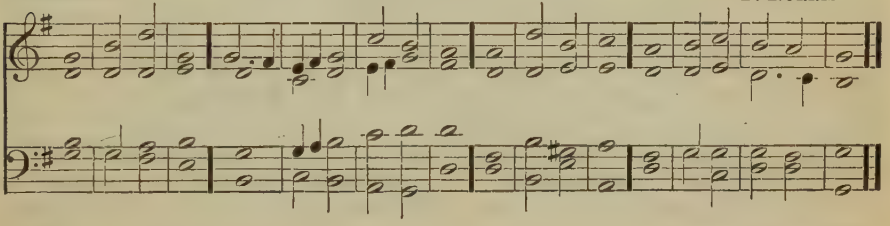
39

M. B. FOSTER



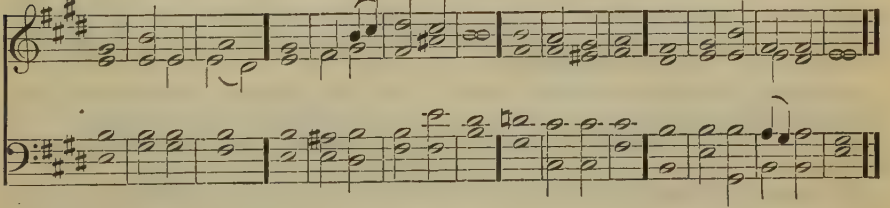
40

T. NORRIS



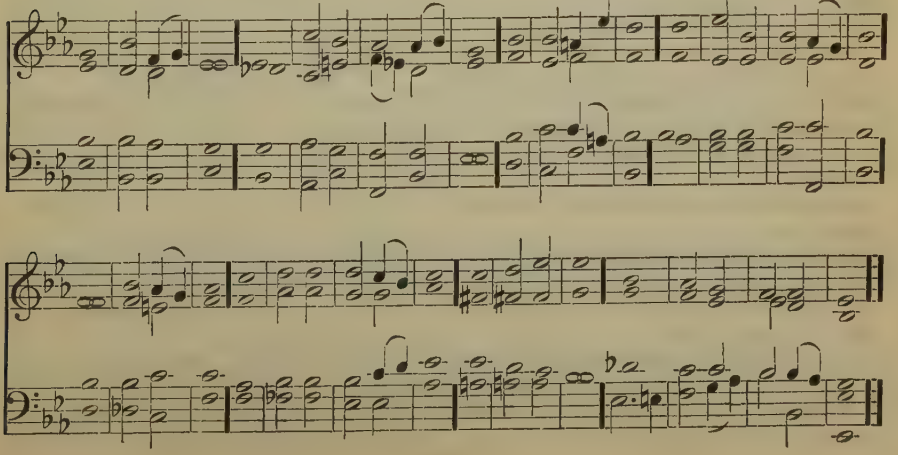
41

M. B. FOSTER

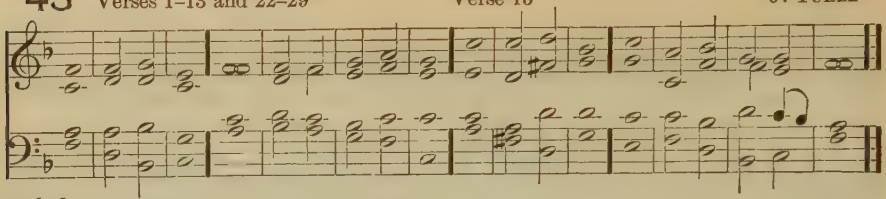


42 (QUADRUPLE CHANT)

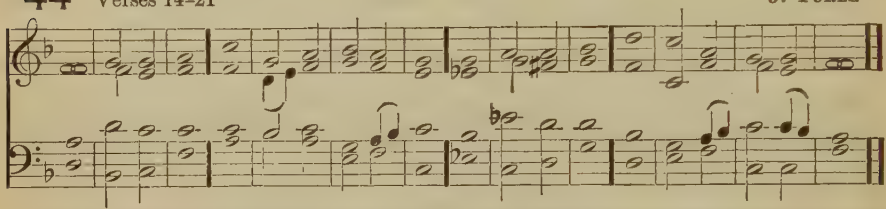
H. S. GAUL



**43** Verses 1–13 and 22–29 — Verse 13 — J. Turle



**44** Verses 14–21 — J. Turle



NOTE.—*If more than one chant is used, the first change may be made at verse* 14, *and the second change at verse* 22.

*Ff* WE práise | thee O | God: we acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

*F* 2 All the eárth doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lasting.

3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;

4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: cón | tinual | ly do | cry,

*p* 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;

*f* 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.

*mf* 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.

9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs: (*full*) práise | = · = | = · = | thee.

*f* 10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee;

*mf* 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther: óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;

12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true: ánd | on · = | = · ly Son;

2nd part. 13 A'lso the | Holy | Ghost: (*p*) thé | Com · = | fort . = | er.

*Ff* 14 THÓU art the | King of | Glory: O' | = · = | = · = | Christ.

*F* 15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son: of | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

*pp* 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysélf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.

*p* 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death: (*cr*) thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

*f* 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God: ín the | glory | of the | Father.

*pp* 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come: tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.

20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeémed | with thy | precious | blood.

*mf* 21 Make them to be númbered | with thy | Saints: ín | glory | ever | lasting.

*p* 22 O LÓRD, | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.

*cr* 23 Góv | = · ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.

*Ff* 24 Dáy | by · = | day: wé | magni | fy · = | thee;

*F* 25 A'nd we | worship · thy | Name: éver | world with | out · = | end.

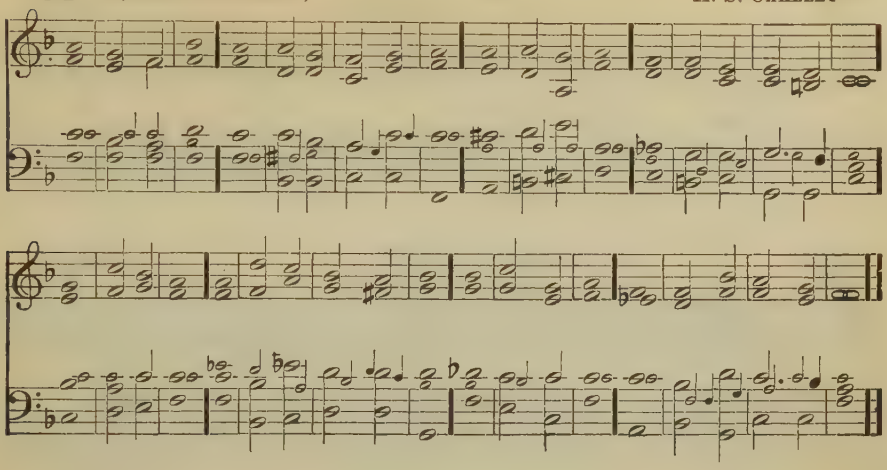
*p* 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéep us this | day with | out · = | sin.

27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.

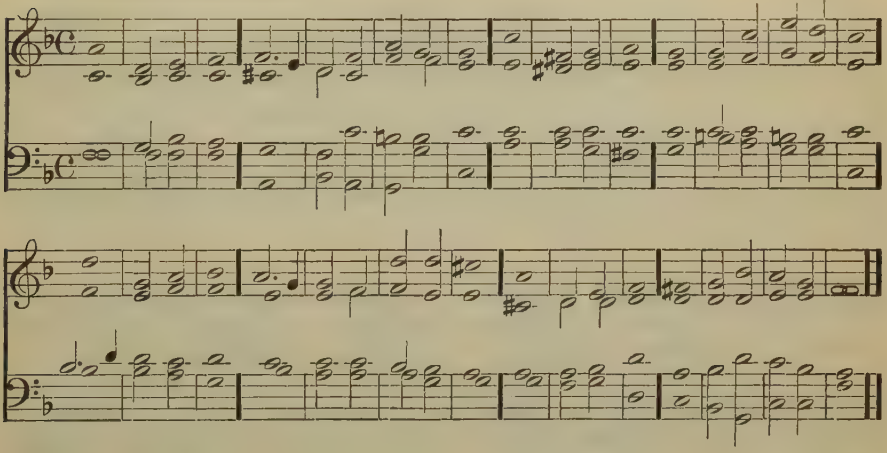
28 O Lord, let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.

*Ff* 29 O Lord, in thée | have I | trusted: lét | me | never | be con | founded.

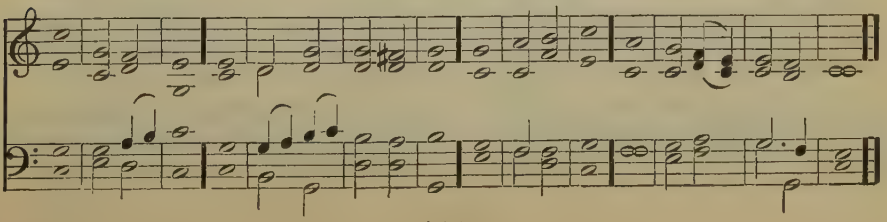
45 (QUADRUPLE CHANT.) H. S. OAKELEY



46 (QUADRUPLE CHANT.) C. R. GALE

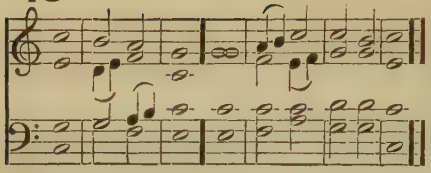


47 W. BOYCE

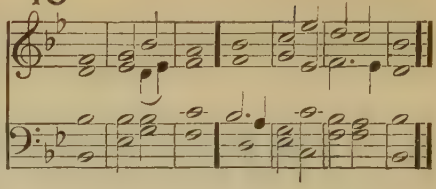


# Benedictus es Domine

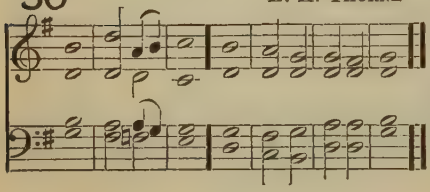
48 T. Aylward



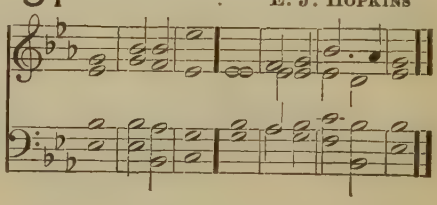
49 G. J. Elvey



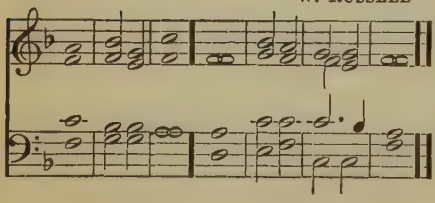
50 E. H. Thorne



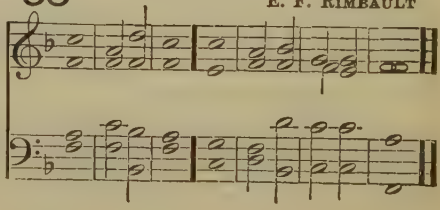
51 E. J. Hopkins



52 W. Russell



53 E. F. Rimbault



BLESSED art thou, O Lord Gŏd | of our | Fathers : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou for the Nâme | of thy | Majesty : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the tĕmple | of thy | holiness : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths and dwĕllest be | tween the | Cherubim : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

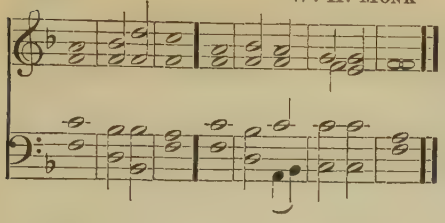
Blessed art thou on the glorious thrŏne | of thy | Kingdom : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the ffrmament | of · = | heaven : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

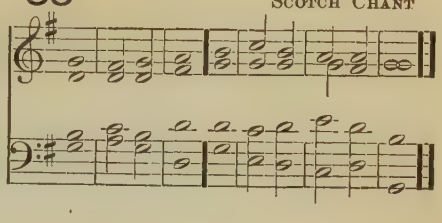
Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

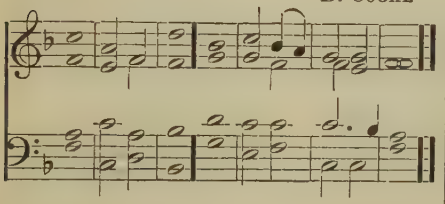
54 W. H. Monk



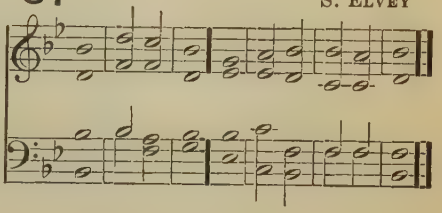
55 Scotch Chant



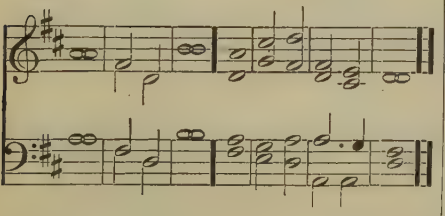
56 B. Cooke



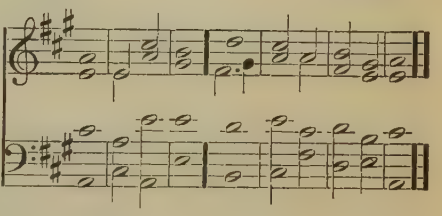
57 S. Elvey



58 Oxford Chant



59 J. Battishill



BLESSED art thou, O Lord Gŏd | of our | Fathers : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou for the Nâme | of thy | Majesty : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the tĕmple | of thy | holiness : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths and dwĕllest be | tween the | Cherubim : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

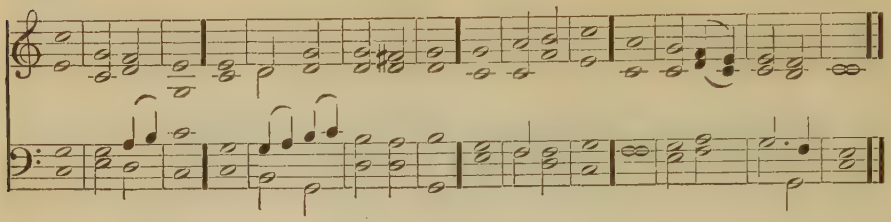
Blessed art thou on the glorious thrŏne | of thy | Kingdom : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the firmament | of · = | heaven : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

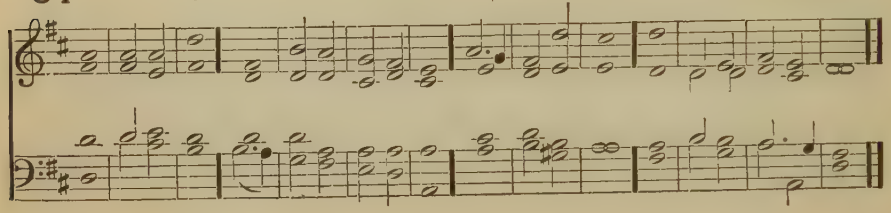
Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

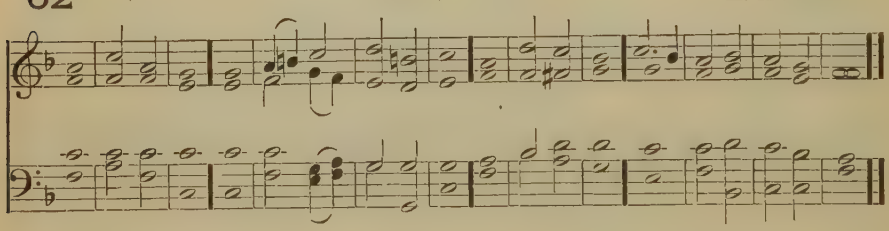
60 W. Boyce



61 R. Woodward



62 H. Aldrich



BLESSED art thou, O Lord Gŏd | of our | Fathers : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou for the Nâme | of thy | Majesty : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the tĕmple | of thy | holiness : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths and dwĕllest be | tween the | Cherubim : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou on the glorious thrŏne | of thy | Kingdom : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

Blessed art thou in the fĭrmament | of · = | heaven : praised and exâlted a | bove · = | all for | ever.

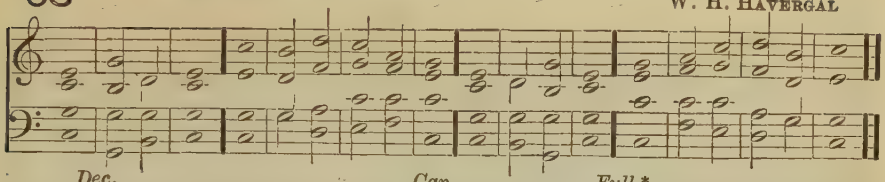
Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Benedicite, Omnia Opera Domini

## 63

W. H. Havergal



*Dec.* *Can.* *Full.**

*f* O ALL ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: Praise him and magnify him for ev-er.

2 O ye Angels of the . . . Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, etc. . . . .

*mf* 3 O Ye . . . . . Heavens, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

5 O all ye Powers of the . . Lord, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

6 O ye Sun and . . . . Moon, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

7 O ye Stars of . . . . heaven, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

8 O ye Showers and . . . Dew, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

9 O ye Winds of . . . . God, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

10 O ye Fire and . . . . Heat, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

11 O ye Winter and . . Summer, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

12 O ye Dews and . . . . Frosts, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

13 O ye Frost and . . . . Cold, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

14 O ye Ice and . . . . Snow, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

15 O ye Nights and . . . Days, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

16 O ye Light and . . . Darkness, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

17 O ye Lightnings and . . Clouds, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

18 O LET the . . . . Earth bless . . the Lord: yea, let it . . . . . .

19 O ye Mountains and . . Hills, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

20 O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

21 O ye . . . . . Wells, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

22 O ye Seas and . . . . Floods, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

23 O ye Whales and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

24 O all ye Fowls of the . . . air, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

25 O all ye Beasts and . . . Cattle, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

26 O ye Children of . . . Men, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

27 O LET . . . . . Israel bless . . the Lord: . . . . . .

28 O ye Priests of the . . . Lord, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

29 O ye Servants of the . . Lord, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

*p* 30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

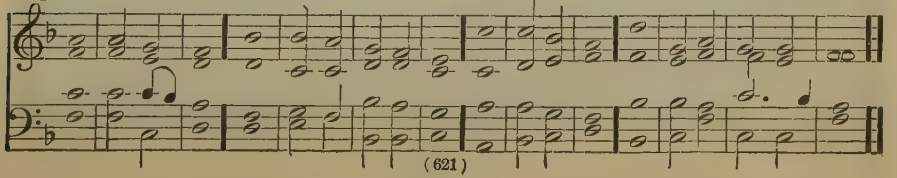
31 O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord: . . . . . .

**F** *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
**F** As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

* The second part of each verse is to be sung *full*.

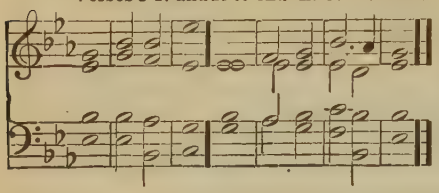
## 64

W. Hayes

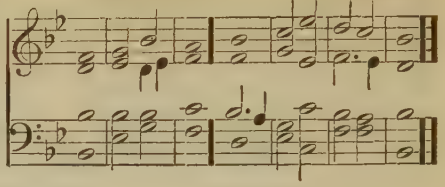


# Benedicite, omnia opera Domini

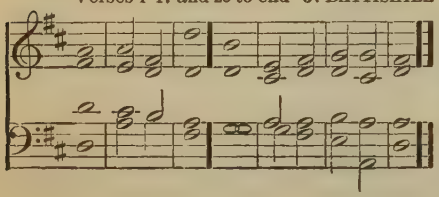
65 Verses 1-17 and 26 to end E. J. Hopkins



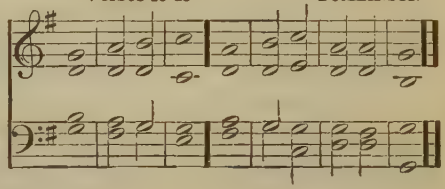
66 Verses 18-25 G. J. Elvey



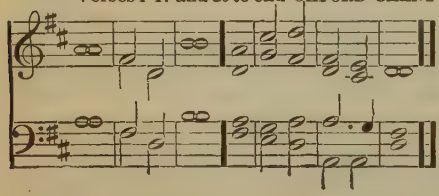
67 Verses 1-17 and 26 to end J. Battishill



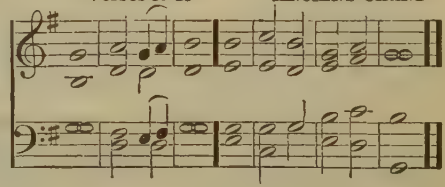
68 Verses 18-25 Tomlinson



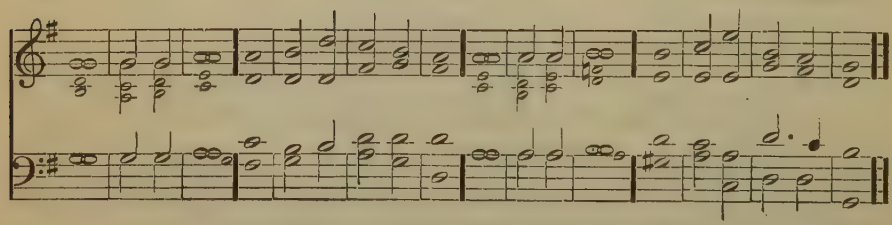
69 Verses 1-17 and 26 to end Oxford Chant



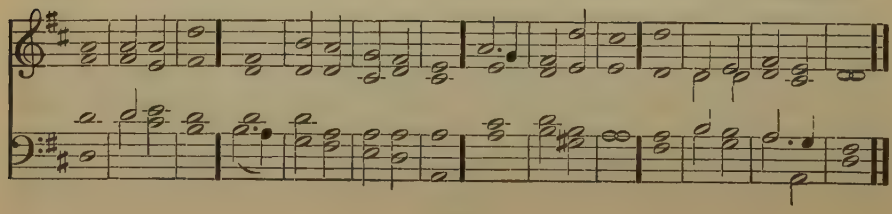
70 Verses 18-25 Ancient Chant



71 G. M. Garrett



72 R. Woodward



*mf* O ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: (*f* F.*) práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

F 2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*mf* 3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the fírmament | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*f* 18 O let the Eárth | bless the | Lord. yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*mf* 19 O ye Mountains and Hílls | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the eárth | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the aír | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cáttle | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

26 O ye Children of Mén | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*f* 27 O let I'srael | bless the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

*p* 30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Ríghteous | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of héart | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

F*f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

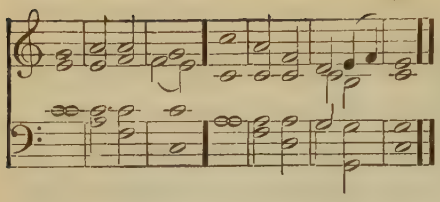
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

*The second part of each verse is to be sung *full.*

# Benedictus

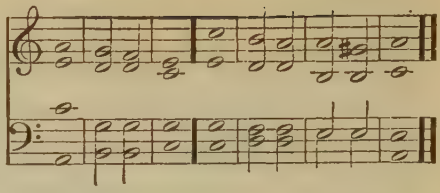
## 73

DIXON



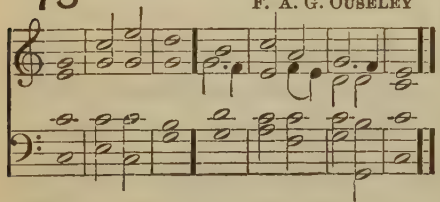
## 74

W. CROFT



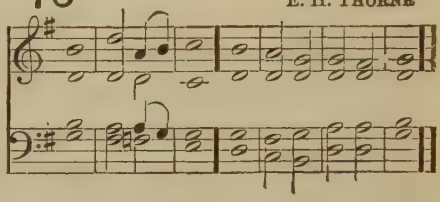
## 75

F. A. G. OUSELEY



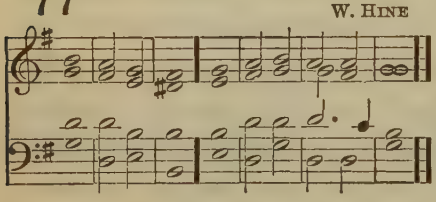
## 76

E. H. THORNE



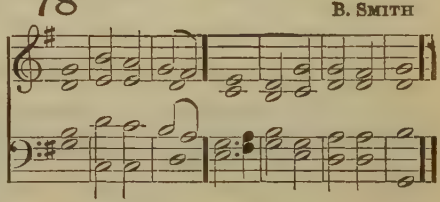
## 77

W. HINE



## 78

B. SMITH



**F** *f* BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;

**F** 2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us: in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

*mf* 3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and frǒm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prǒmised to | our fore | fathers: ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

*p* 7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérve | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

*mf* 9 And thou child, shalt be called the prǒphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people: fǒr the re | mission | of their | sins,

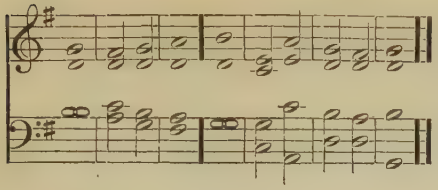
11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring frǒm on | high hath | visit · ed | us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ín the | shadow · of | death: (*p*) and to guide our fśet | into · the | way of | peace.

**F** *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

**F** As it was in the beginning * is nǒw, and | ever | shall be: **wórld without** | end · = | A · = | men.

79 H. ALDRICH



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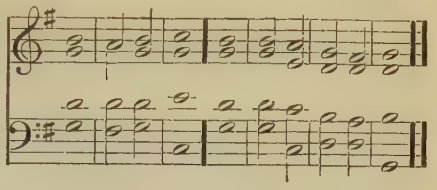
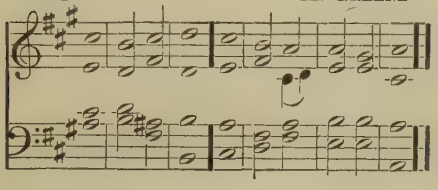
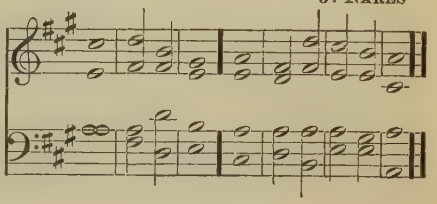


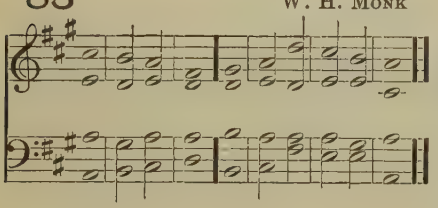
81 M. GREENE



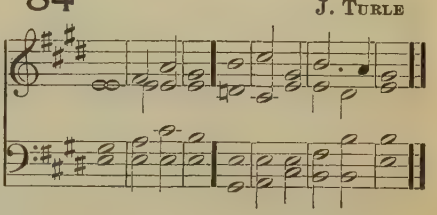
82 J. NARES



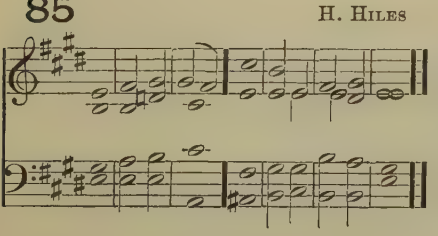
83 W. H. MONK



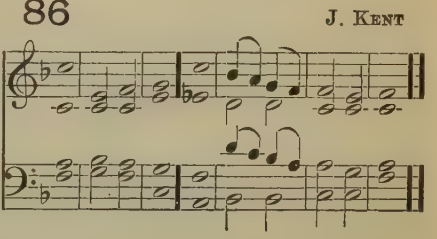
84 J. TURLE



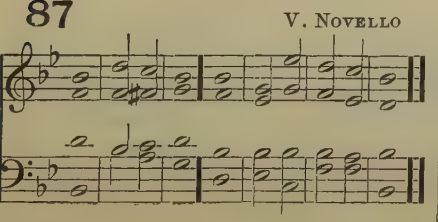
85 H. HILES



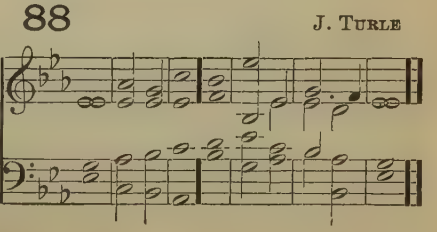
86 J. KENT



87 V. NOVELLO

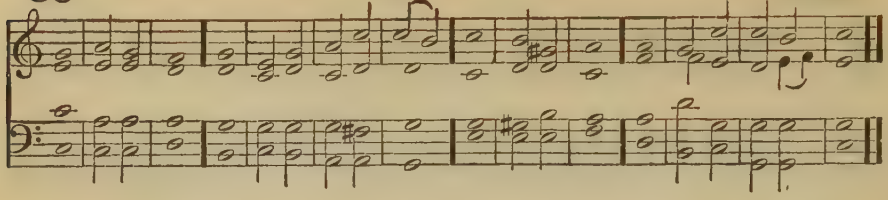


88 J. TURLE



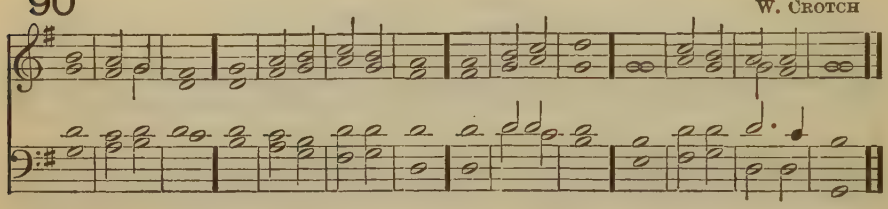
89

E. J. Hopkins



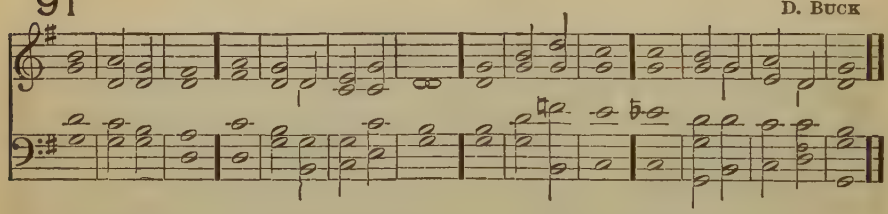
90

W. Crotch



91

D. Buck



F *f* BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;

F 2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us: in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

*mf* 3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and frŏm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prŏmised to | our fore | fathers: ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fŏrefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

*p* 7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérve | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and rĭghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

*mf* 9 And thou child, shalt be called the prŏphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people: fŏr the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring frŏm on | high hath | visit · ed | us;

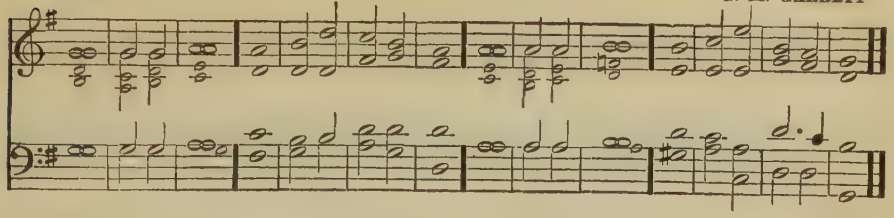
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ĭn the | shadow · of | death: (*p*) and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be: wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

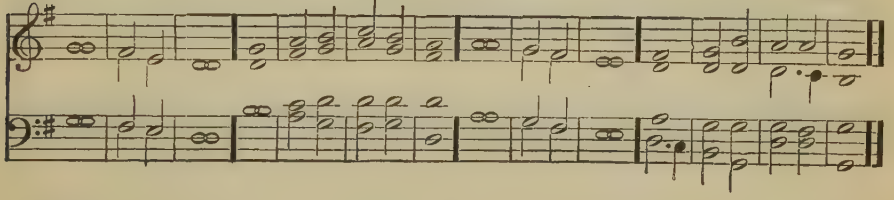
92

G. M. GARRETT



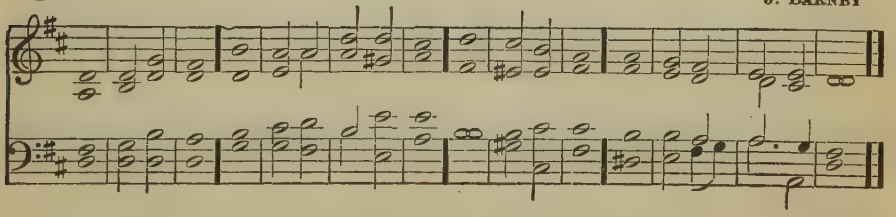
93

J. TROUTBECK



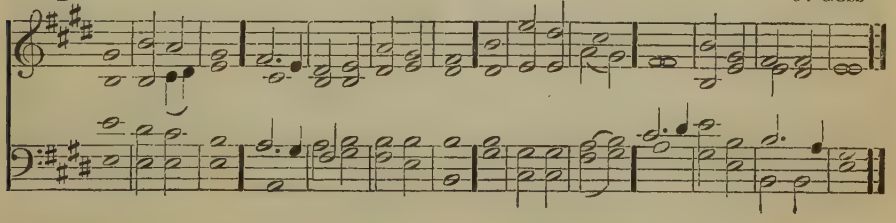
94

J. BARNBY



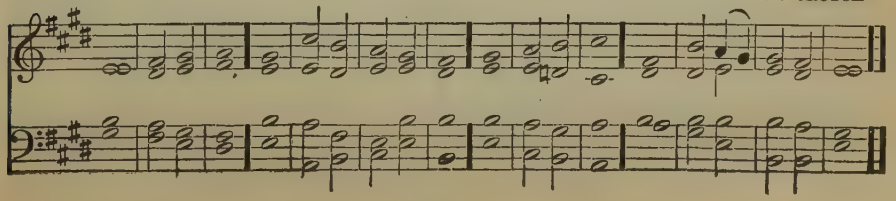
95

J. GOSS



95 A

W. CROTCH



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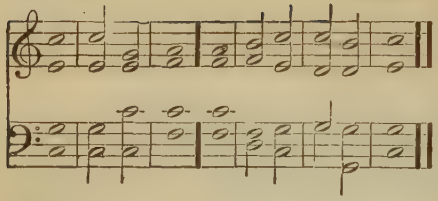
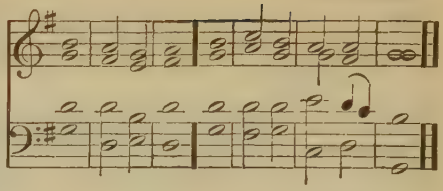
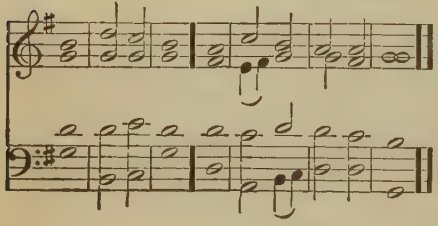
96 T. Tallis



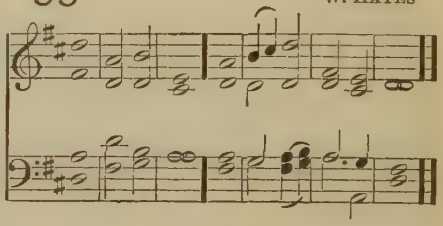
97 C. W. Corfe



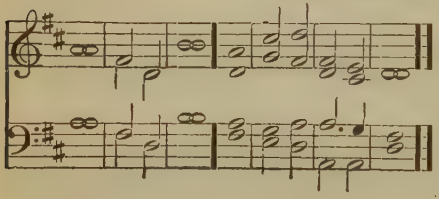
98 W. H. Walter



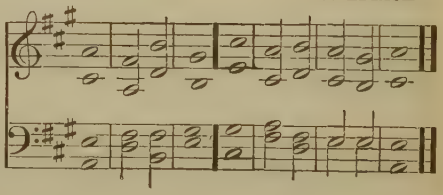
99 W. Hayes



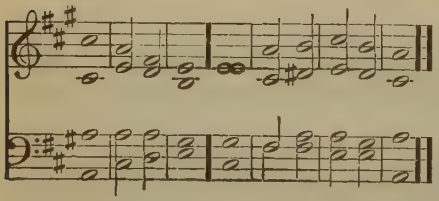
100 Oxford Chant



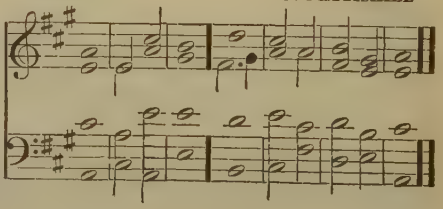
101 H. Aldrich



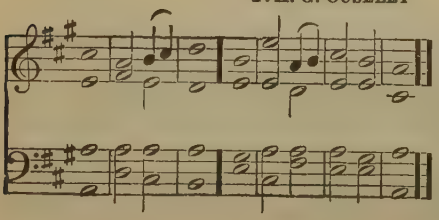
102 J. Higgs



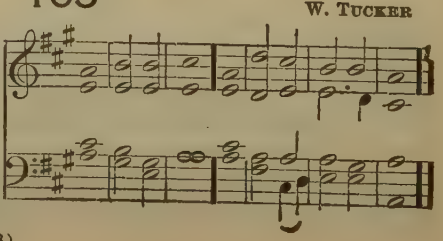
103 J. Battishill



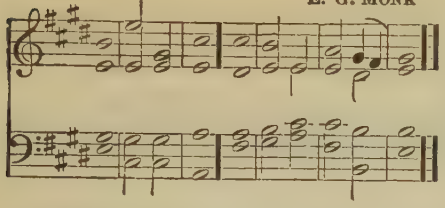
104 F. A. G. Ouseley



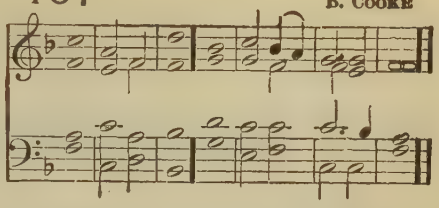
105 W. Tucker



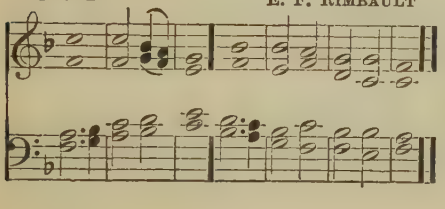
106 E. G. Monk



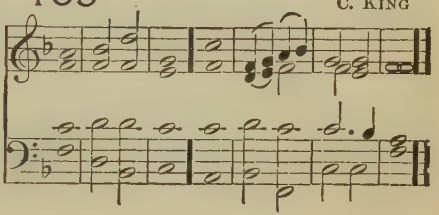
107 B. Cooke



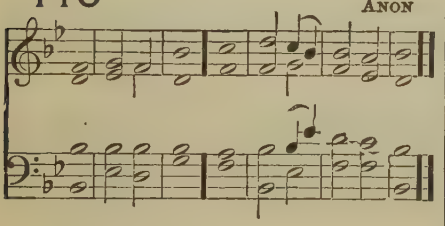
108 E. F. Rimbault



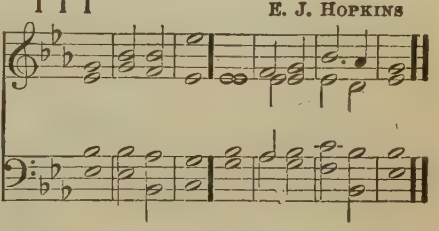
109 C. King



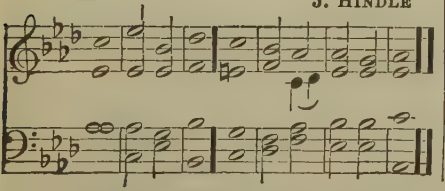
110 Anon



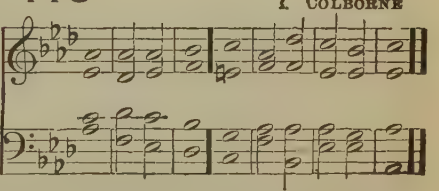
111 E. J. Hopkins



112 J. Hindle



113 I. Colborne



*f* O BE joyful in the Lord | all ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness * and come before his | presence | with a | song.

F 2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God * it is he that hath made us and not | we our | selves: we are his people, and the | sheep of | his · = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and into his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

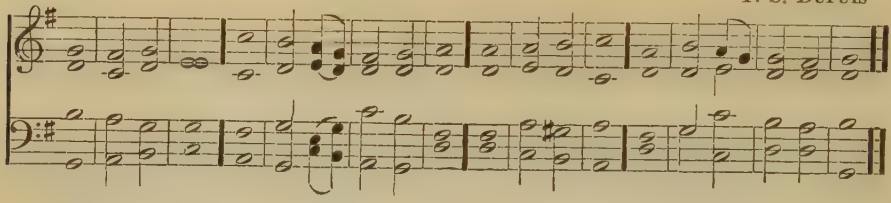
*mf* 4 For the Lord is gracious * his mercy is | ever | lasting: (*cr*) and his truth endureth from gener | ation · to | gener | ation.

F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

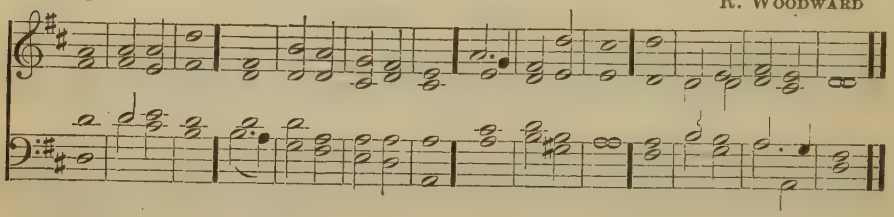
114

T. S. Dupuis



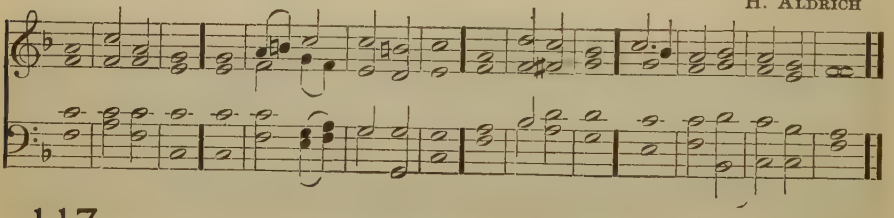
115

R. Woodward



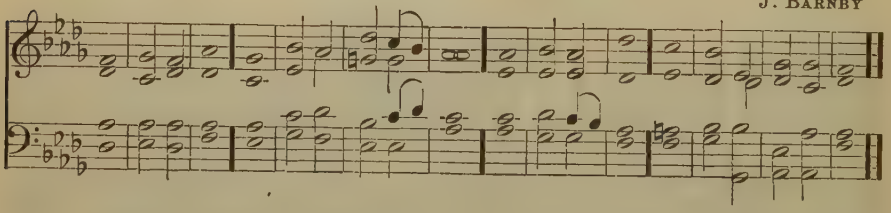
116

H. Aldrich



117

J. Barnby



F O BE joyful in the Lórd | all *f* ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness * and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

F 2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God * it is he that hath made us ánd not | we our | selves: we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his · = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and íńto his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | Name.

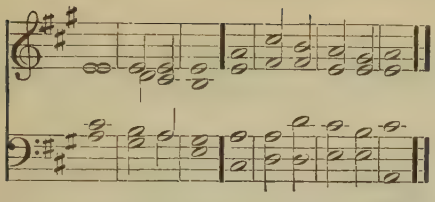
*mf* 4 For the Lord is gracious * his mércy is | ever | lasting: (*cr*) and his truth endureth from géner | ation · to | gener | ation.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

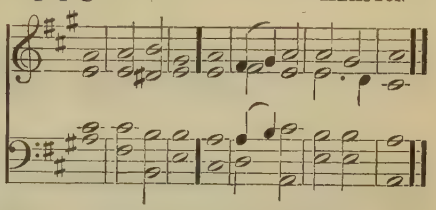
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

## Magnificat

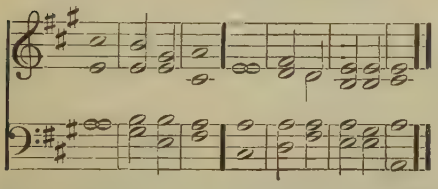
118 W. Allen



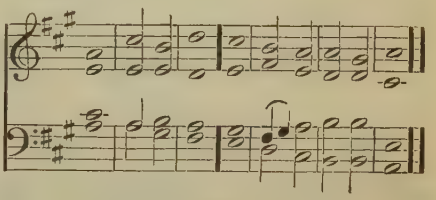
119 Kempton



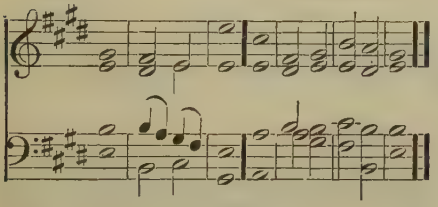
120 G. A. Macfarren



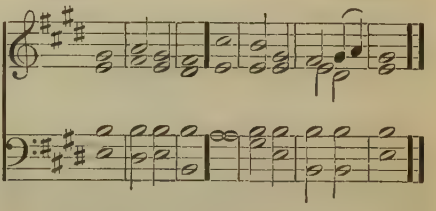
121 J. Goss



122 J. Battishill



123 W. Crotch



F *f* MY soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit hăth re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

F 2 Fŏr he | hath re | garded: the lŏwli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fŏr be | hold from | henceforth: ăll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mĭghty hath | magni · fied | me: (*p*) ănd | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mĕrcy is on | them that | fear him: thrŏugh | out all | gener | ations.

*f* 6 He hath showed strĕngth | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imăgin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mĭghty | from their | seat: and hăth ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

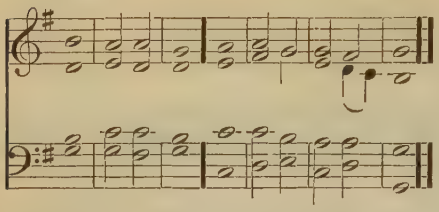
*p* 8 He hath filled the hŭngry with | good · = | things: and the rĭch he hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

*mf* 9 He remembering his mercy hath hŏlpen his | servant | Israel: ăs he promised to our forefathers * A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

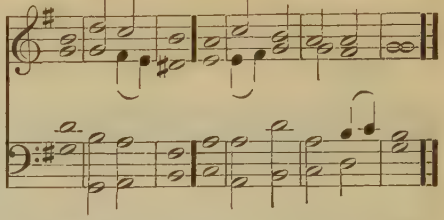
F *f* Glory be to the Făther | and · to the | Son: ănd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be: wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

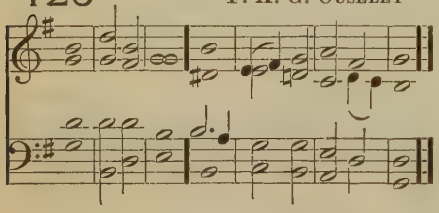
124 W. B. Gilbert



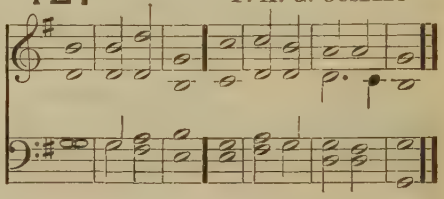
125 J. Stevenson



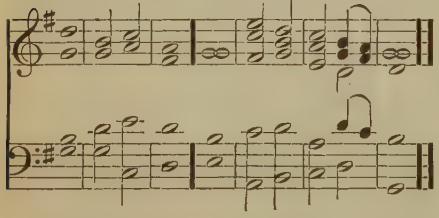
126 F. A. G. Ouseley



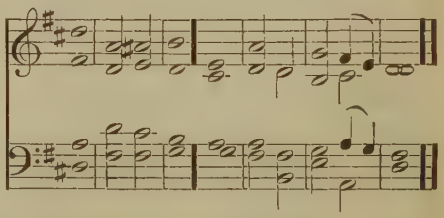
127 F. A. G. Ouseley



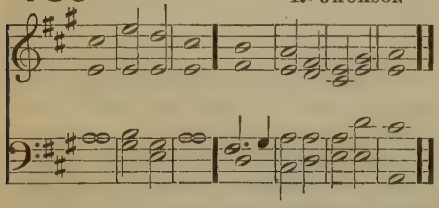
128 *Two Trebles.* J. Turle



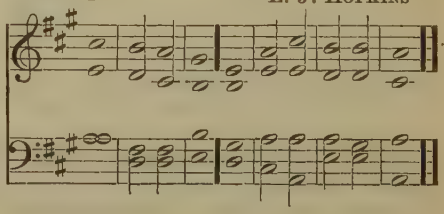
129 J. Barnby



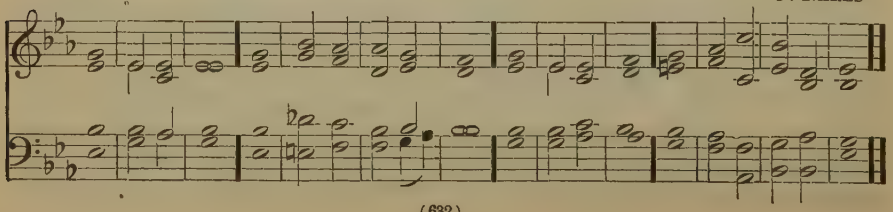
130 R. Jackson



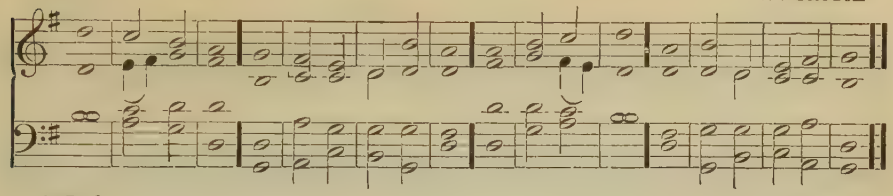
131 E. J. Hopkins



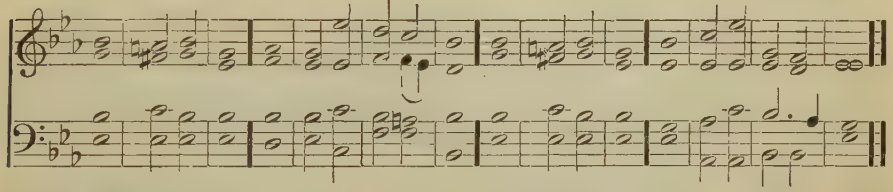
132 J. Nares



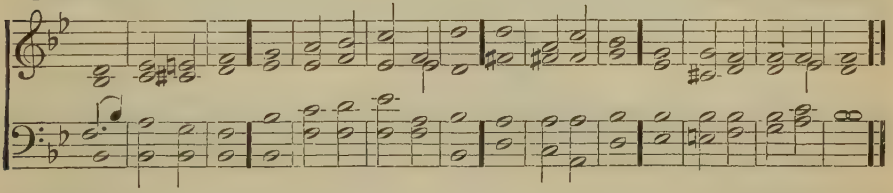
133 W. Crotch



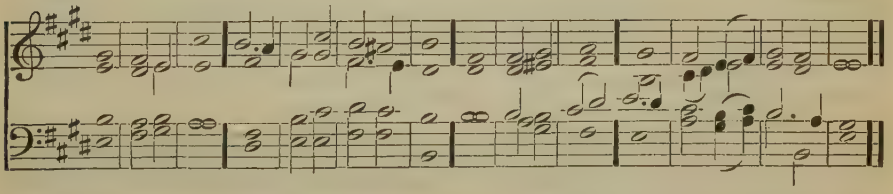
134 L. T. Downes



135 K. S. Guthrie



136 P. Henley



F *f* MY soul doth mâgni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit hâth re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

F 2 Fŏr he | hath re | garded: the lŏwli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fŏr be | hold from | henceforth: âll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mĭghty hath | magni · fied | me: (*p*) ând | holy | is his | Name.

2nd part. 5 And his mĕrcy is on | them that | fear him: thrŏugh | out all | gener | ations.

*f* 6 He hath showed strĕngth | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imâgin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mĭghty | from their | seat: and hâth ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

*p* 8 He hath filled the hûngry with | good · = | things: and the rĭch he hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

*mf* 9 He remembering his mercy hath hŏlpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to our forefathers * A´braham | and his | seed for | ever.

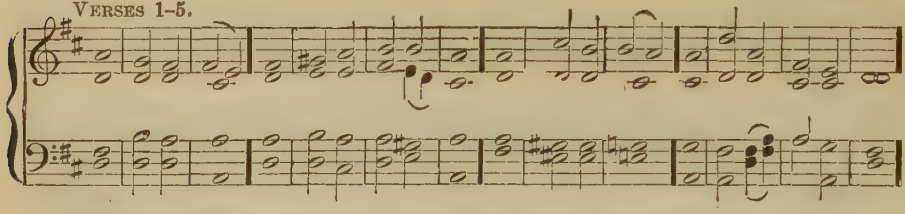
F *f* Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be: wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

## 137

C. E. Clemens.

Verses 1–5.



F MY soul doth mâgni | fy the | Lord: *f* and my spirit hâth re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

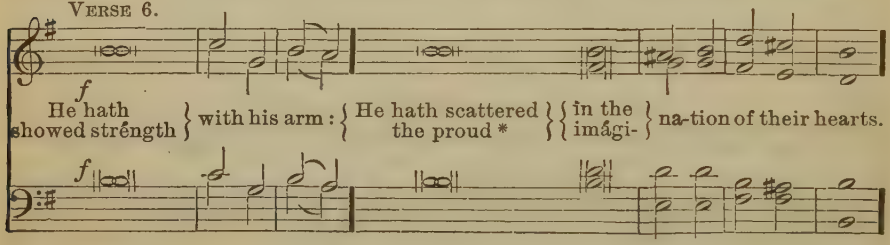
F 2 Fŏr he | hath re | garded: the lŏwli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fŏr be | hold from | henceforth: âll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

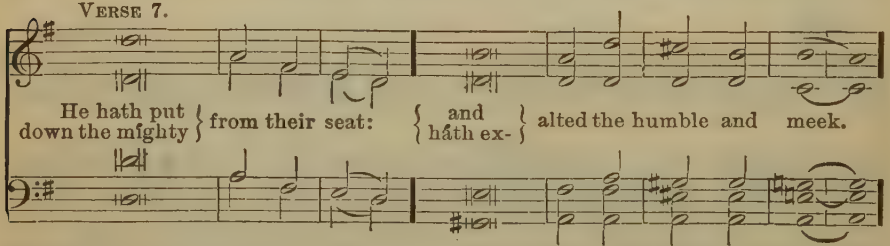
4 For he that is mĭghty hath | magni · fied | me: (*p*) ând | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mĕrcy is on | them that | fear him: thrŏugh | out all | gener | ations.

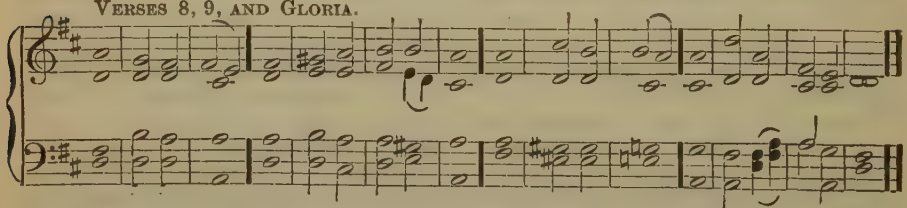
Verse 6.




Verse 7.




Verses 8, 9, and Gloria.



*p* 8 He hath filled the hŭngry with | good · = | things: and the rĭch he hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

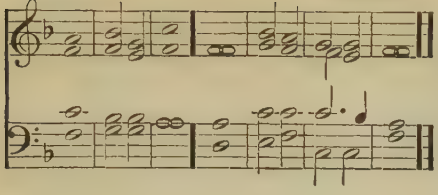
*mf* 9 He remembering his mercy hath hŏlpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to our forefathers * A′braham | and his | seed for | ever.

F *f* Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

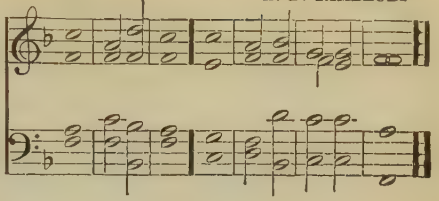
F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be: wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Cantate Domino

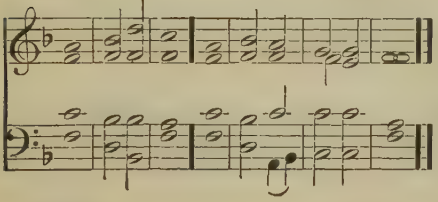
138 W. Russell



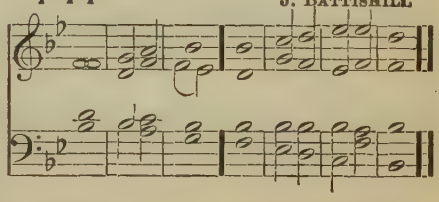
139 E. F. Rimbault



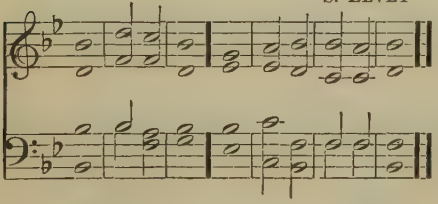
140 W. H. Monk



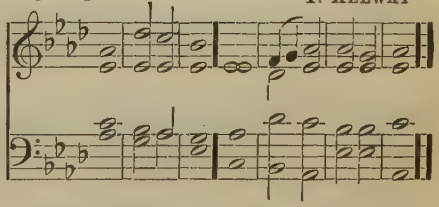
141 J. Battishill



142 S. Elvey



143 T. Kelway



*Ff* O SING unto the Lórd a | new · = | song: for hé hath | done · = | marvellous | things.

F 2 With his own right hand * and with his | holy | arm: hath he | gotten · him | self the | victory.

*mf* 3 The Lord declared | his sal | vation: his righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight · = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

*f* 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all ye | lands: sing, re | joice and | give · = | thanks.

6 Praise the Lórd up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also · and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that | therein | is: the round wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

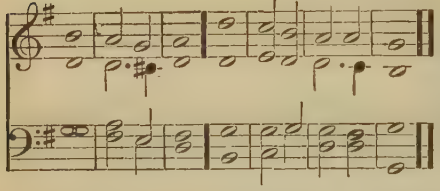
9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | Lord: (*p*) fór he | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

*mf* 10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world: and the | people | with · = | equity.

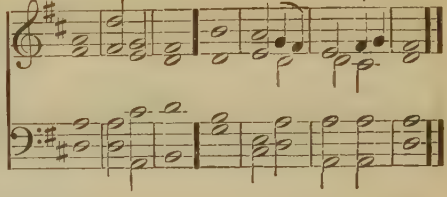
F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

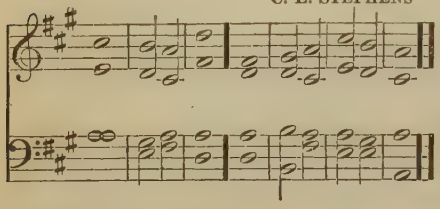
144 T. PURCELL



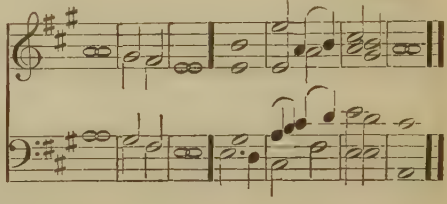
145 E. AYRTON



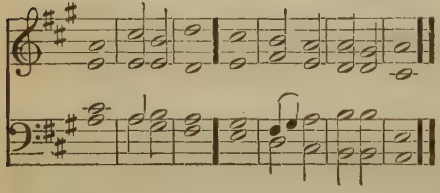
146 C. E. STEPHENS



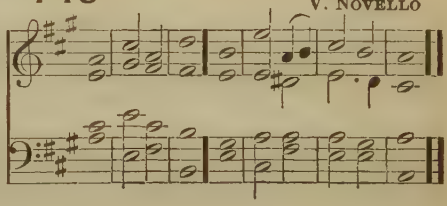
147 W. H. WALTER



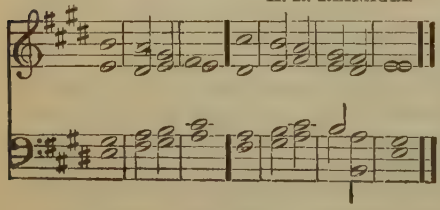
148 J. GOSS



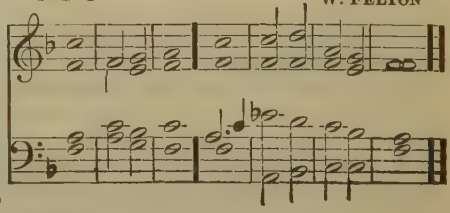
149 V. NOVELLO



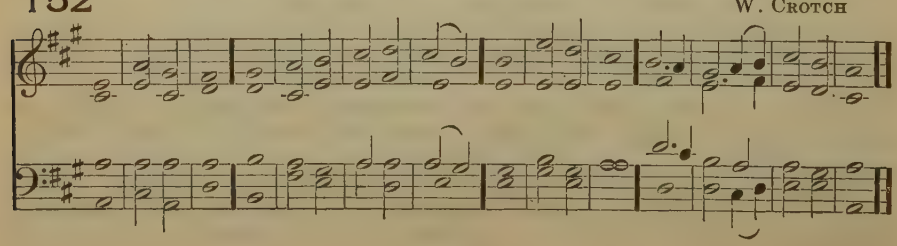
150 A. R. REINAGLE



151 W. FELTON

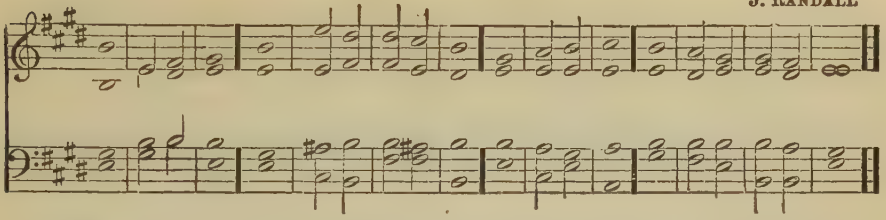


152 W. CROTCH



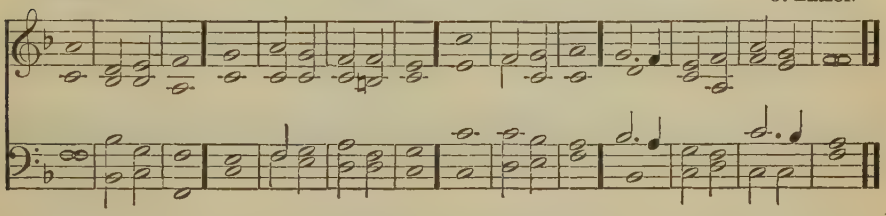
153

J. RANDALL



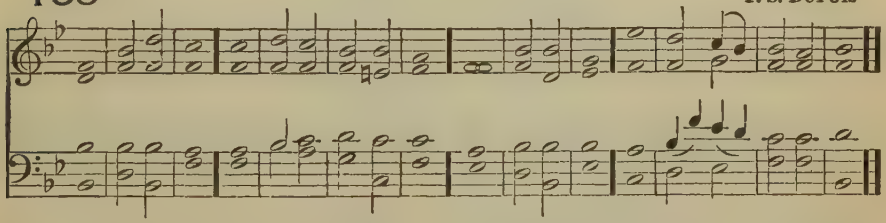
154

J. LEMON



155

T. S. DUPUIS



F *f* O SING unto the LORD a | new • = | song: for hé hath | done • = | marvellous | things.

F 2 With his own right hand * and with his | holy | arm: hath he | gotten • him | self the | victory.

*mf* 3 The LORD declared | his sal | vation: his righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight • = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

*f* 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LÓRD | all ye | lands: sing, re | joice and | give ° = | thanks.

6 Praise the LÓRD up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks • = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also • and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | LORD the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that | therein | is: the round wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | LORD: (*p*) fór he | cometh • to | judge the | earth.

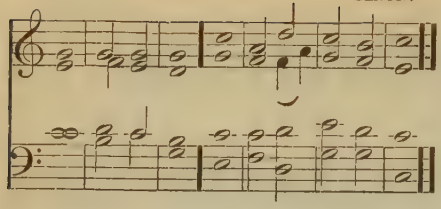
*mf* 10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world: and the | people | with • = | equity.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and • to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

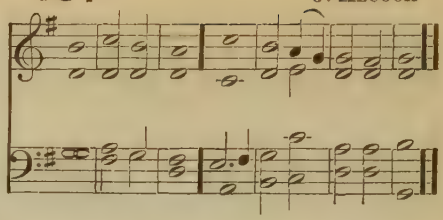
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end • = | A • = | men.

# Bonum est

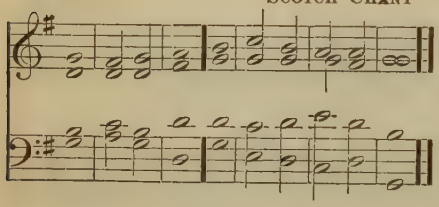
156 ANON.



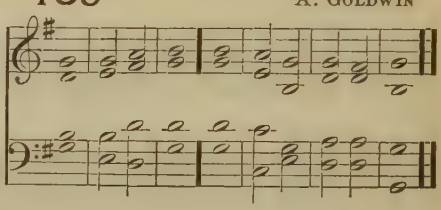
157 J. ALCOCK



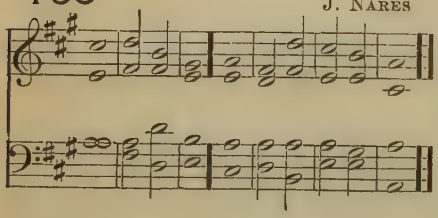
158 SCOTCH CHANT



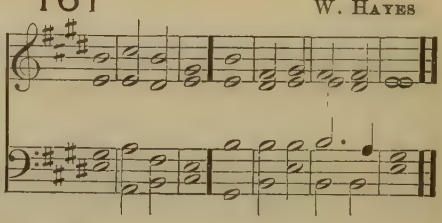
159 A. GOLDWIN



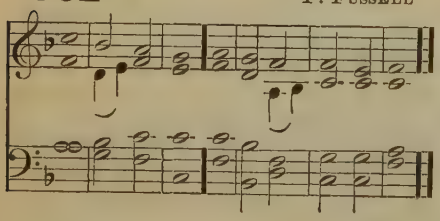
160 J. NARES



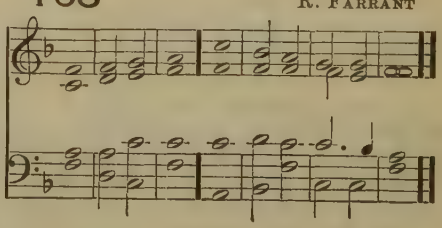
161 W. HAYES



162 P. FUSSELL



163 R. FARRANT



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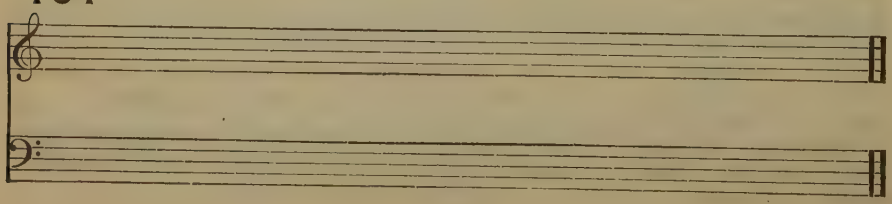
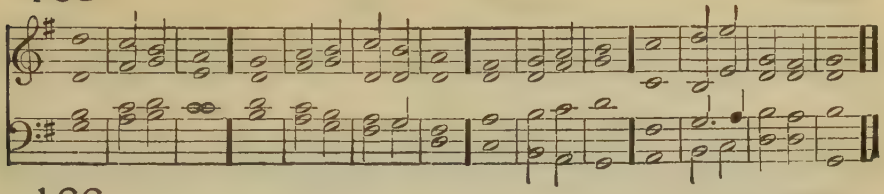
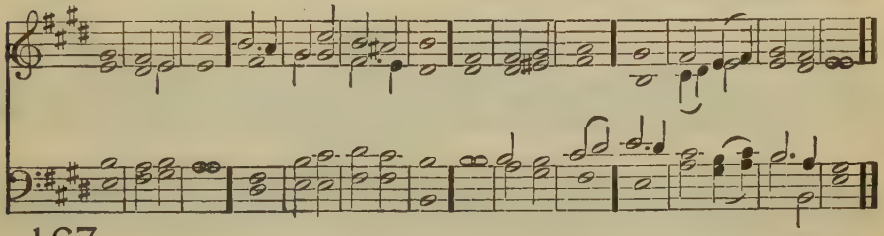


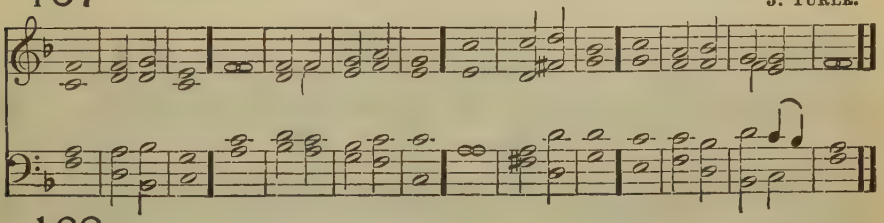
165 J. S. Smith.



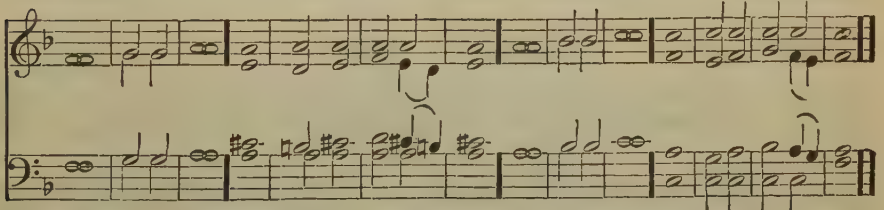
166 P. Henley.



167 J. Turle.



168 A. Bennett.



F*mf* IT is a good thing to give | thánks | unto · the | Lord: and to sing praises únto thy | Name · = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning: and of thy trúth | in the | night · = | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * ánd up | on the | lute: upon a loud ínstrument | and up | on the | harp.

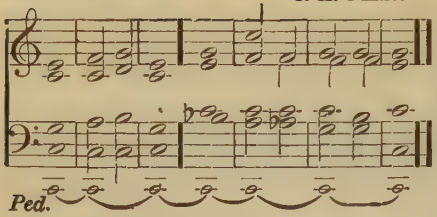
4 For thou Lord hast made me glád | through thy | works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

F*f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

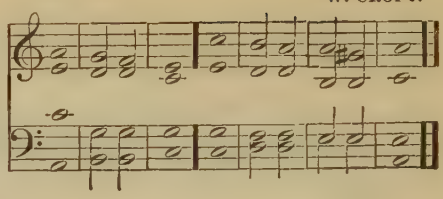
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Nunc Dimittis

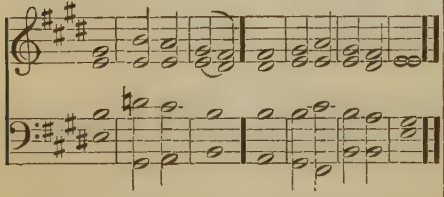
169 C. A. Barry



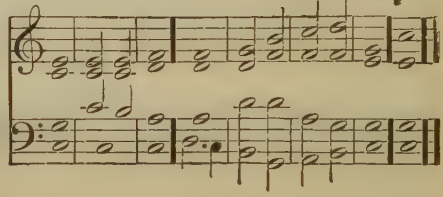

170 W. Croft.



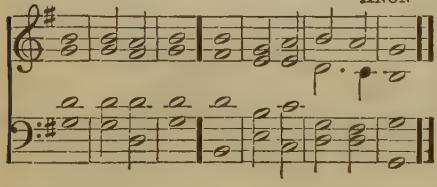
171 Gregorian



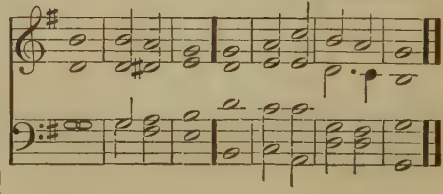
172 J. Barnby



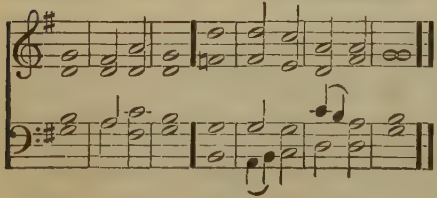
173 Anon



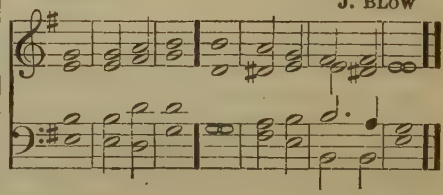
174 J. Medley



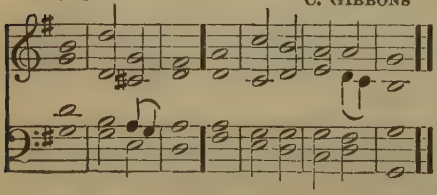
175 G. M. Garrett



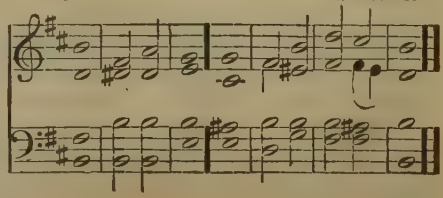
176 J. Blow



177 C. Gibbons

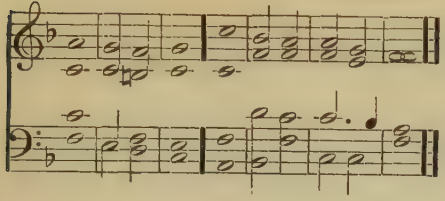


178 J. Stainer

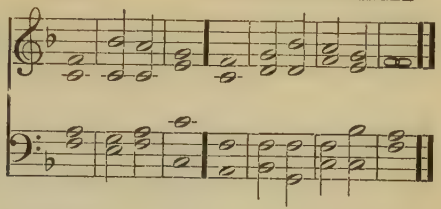


* *At the close.*

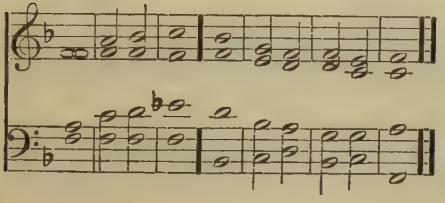
179 H. PURCELL



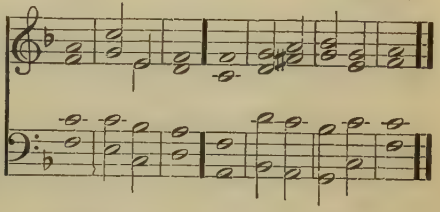
180 E. W BULLINGER



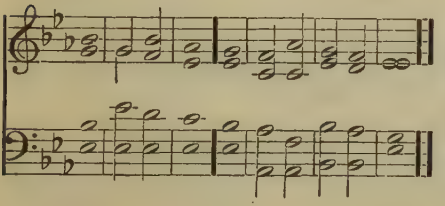
181 ANON.



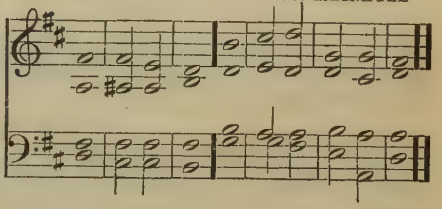
182 A. H. BROWN



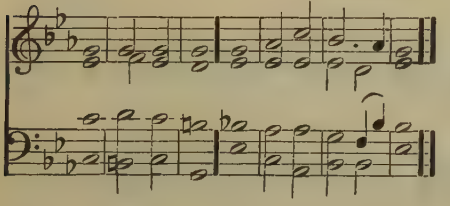
183 J. BARNBY



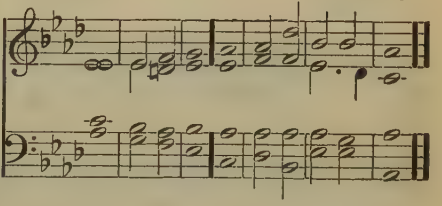
184 A. R. REINAGLE



185 W. FELTON



186 J. PRING



*mf* LORD, now lettest thou thy sĕrvant de | part in | peace : ăc | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fŏr mine | eyes have | seen : thў | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Whĭch thou | hast pre | pared : befŏre the | face of | all · = | people ;

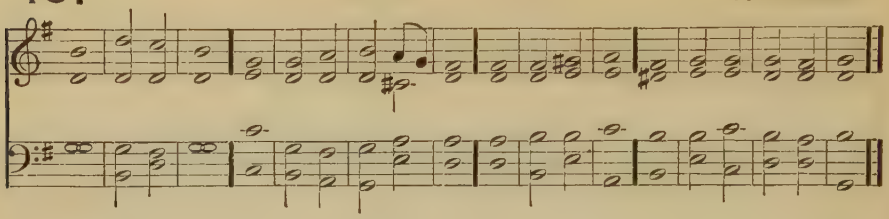
*cr* 4 To be a lĭght to | lighten · the | Gentiles : and to be the glŏry | of thy | people | Israel.

F *f* Glory be to the Făther | and · to the | Son : ănd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

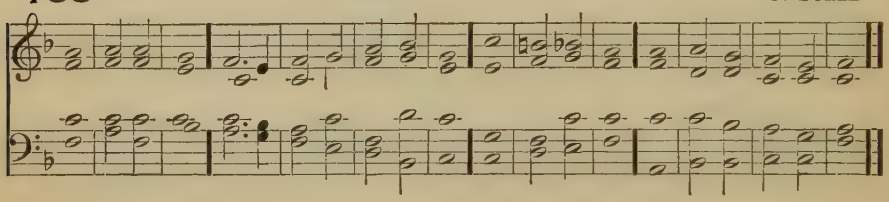
187

J. L. Rogers



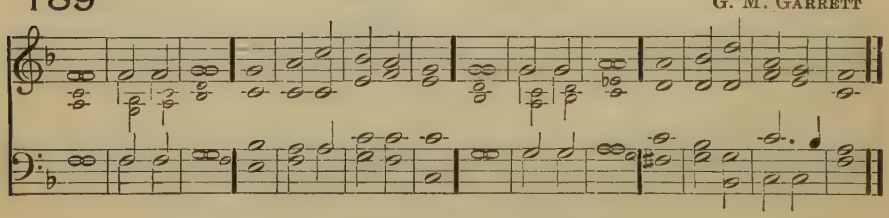
188

J. Turle



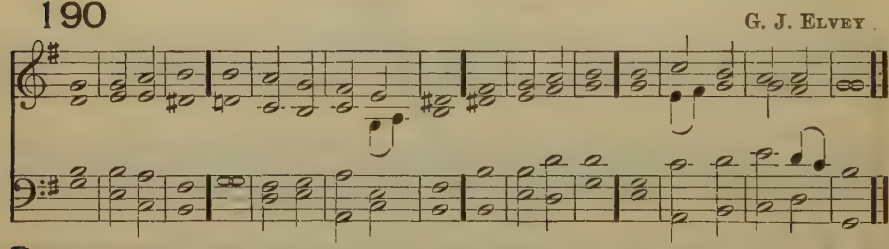
189

G. M. Garrett



190

G. J. Elvey



F LORD, now lettest thou thy *mf* sĕrvant de | part in | peace : ăc | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fŏr mine | eyes have | seen : thў | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Whĭch thou | hast pre | pared : bĕfore the | face of | all · = | people ;

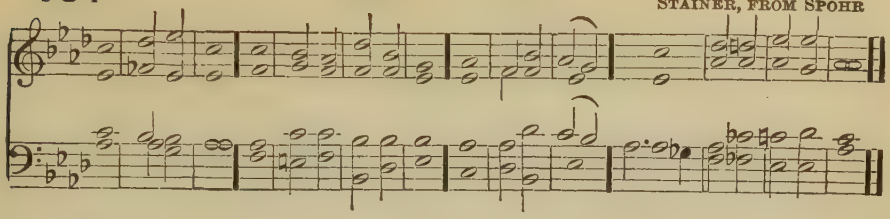
*cr* 4 To be a lĭght to | lighten · the | Gentiles : and to be the glŏry | of thy | people | Israel.

F *f* Glory be to the Fāther | and · to the | Son : ănd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

F As it was in the beginning * is nŏw, and | ever | shall be : wŏrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

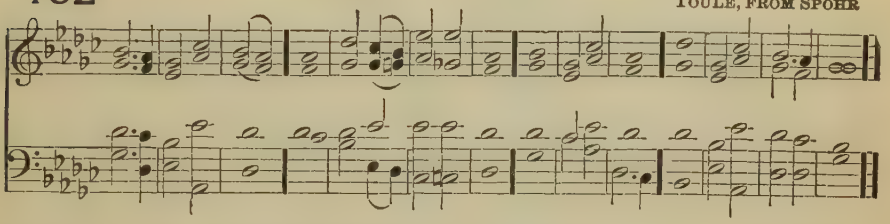
## 191

STAINER, FROM SPOHR



## 192

TOULE, FROM SPOHR



F *mf* LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace: ác | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen: thý | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared: befóre the | face of | all · = | people;

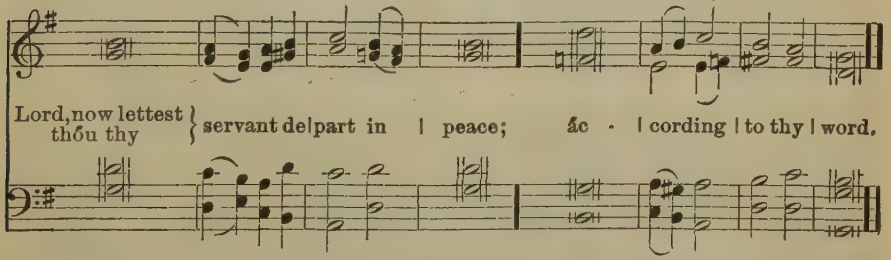
*cr* 4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles: and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

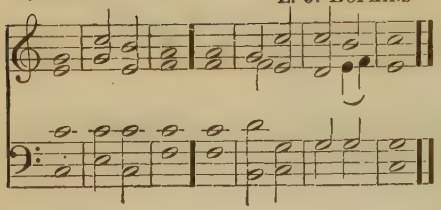
## 193

ROMAN CHANT, arr. by S. B. WHITNEY

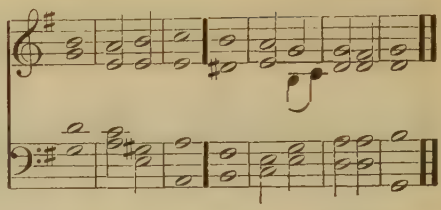

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de part in peace; ác · cording to thy word.
Fór . . . mine eyes have seen: thý . . sal- va - tion,
Which . . . thou hast pre- pared: befóre the face of all . . people;
To bé a . . light to lighten the Gen- tiles: and to be the glóry of thy people Israel.
Glory bé to the Father and to the Son: ánd to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the be- gining is nów, and ev- er shall — be: wórld without end.— A - men.

# Deus misereatur

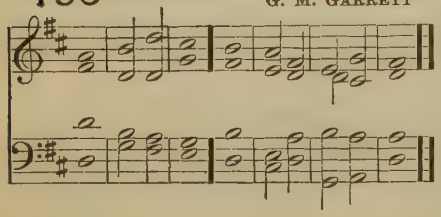
194 E. J. Hopkins



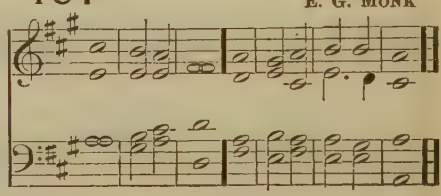
195 H. Aldrich



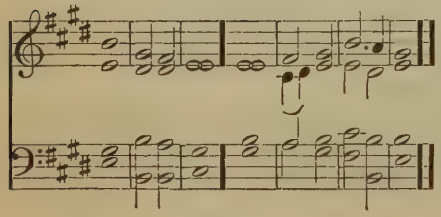
196 G. M. Garrett



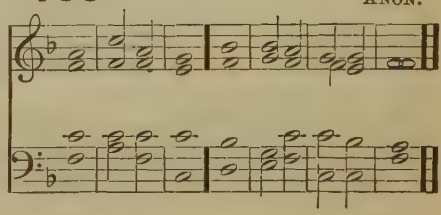
197 E. G. Monk



198 H. S. Oakeley



199 Anon.



F GOD be merciful ŭnto | us *mf* and | bless us: and show us the light of his countenance * ând be | merci · ful | unto | us;

F 2 That thy wây may be | known up · on | earth: thy sâving | health a | mong all | nations.

F *f* 3 Let the people prâise | thee O | God: yêa let | all the | people | praise thee.

*mf* 4 O let the nations rejôice | and be | glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously * and gôvern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.

F *f* 5 Let the people prâise | thee O | God: yêa let | all the | people | praise thee.

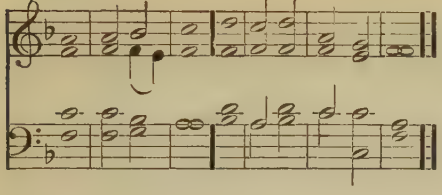
*mf* 6 Then shall the eârth bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own Gôd, shall | give · = | us his | blessing.

*p* 7 Gôd shall | bless · = | us: and all the ênds of the | world shall | fear · = | him.

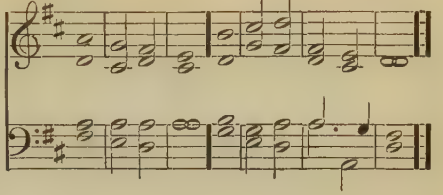
F *f* Glory be to the Fâther | and · to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nôw, and | ever | shall be: wôrld without | end · = | A · = | men.

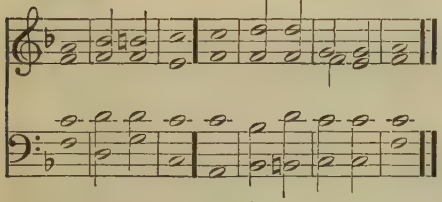
200 I. Barrow



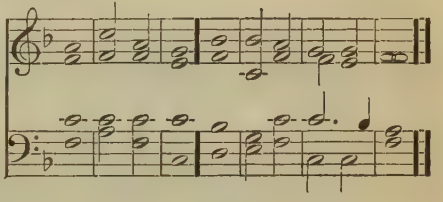
201 J. Jones



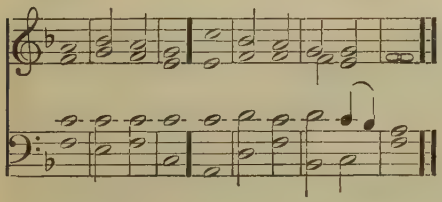
202 W. Hayes



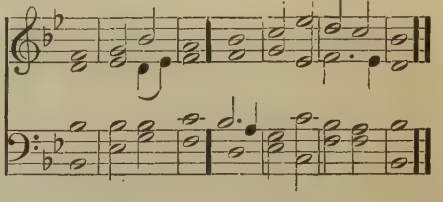
203 W. Lee



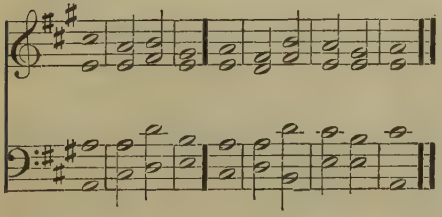
204 A. H. Littleton



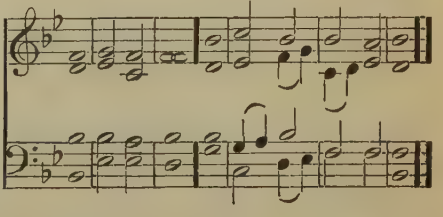
205 G. J. Elvey



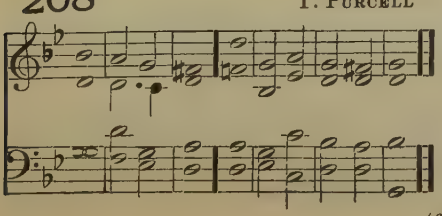
206 S. Arnold



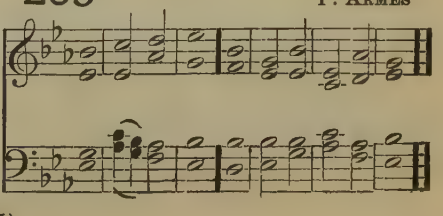
207 F. A. G. Ouseley



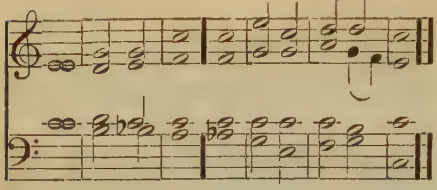
208 T. Purcell



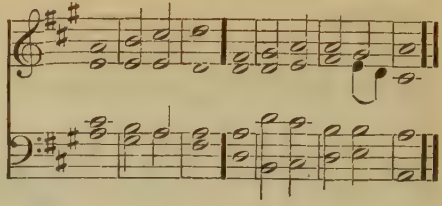
209 P. Armes



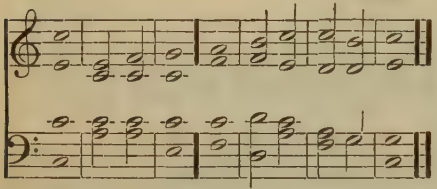
218 H. C. Banister



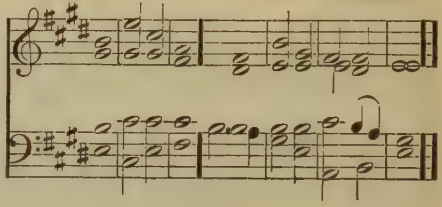
219 G. A. Macfarren



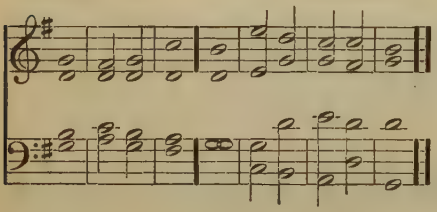
220 E. G. Monk



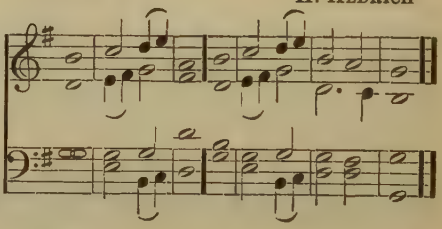
221. F. A. G. Ouseley



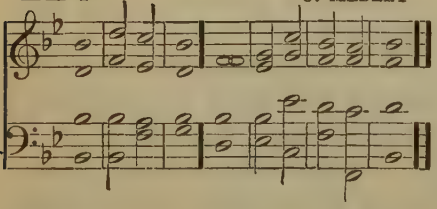
222 J. Battishill



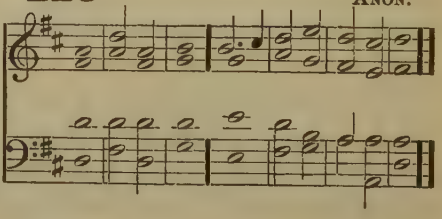
223 H. Aldrich



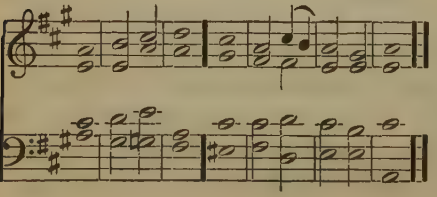
224 J. Medley



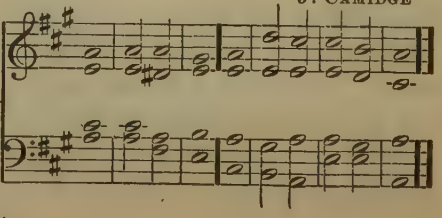
225 Anon.



226 Anon.

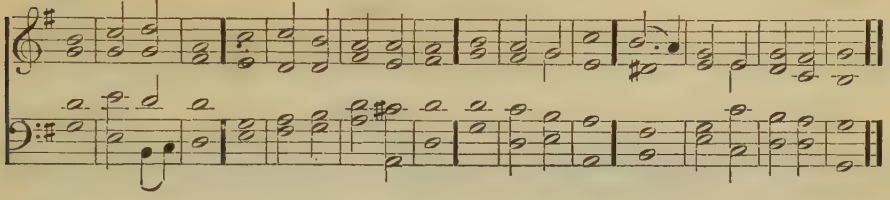


227 J. Camidge



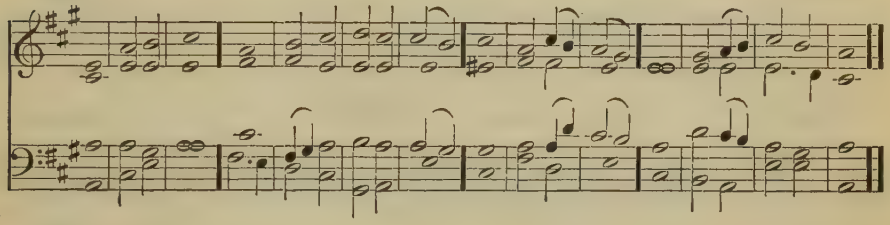
228

J. Goss



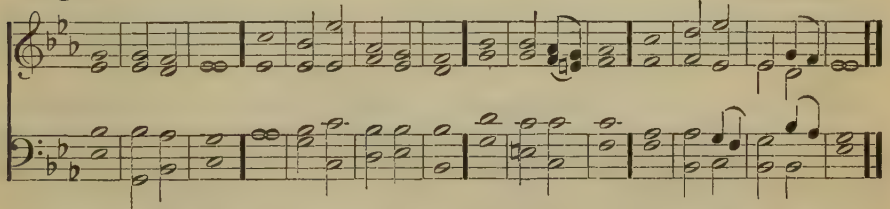
229

R. Woodward



230

S. Matthews



F PRAISE the Lord | O my | *f* soul: and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the Lord | O my | soul: and for | get not | all his | benefits.

*mp* 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin: and healeth | all · = | thine in | firmities;

*cr* 4 Who saveth thy life | from de | struction: and crowneth thee with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

*f* 5 O praise the Lord ye angels of his * ye that ex | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment * and hearken unto the | voice · = | of his | word.

6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts: ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

2nd part. *mf* 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his * in all places of | his do | minion: (*cr*) praise thou the | Lord · = | O my | soul.

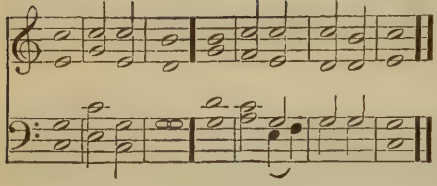
F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

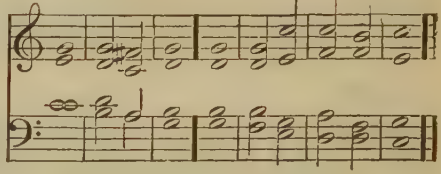
## Easter Day

*(Instead of the VENITE)*

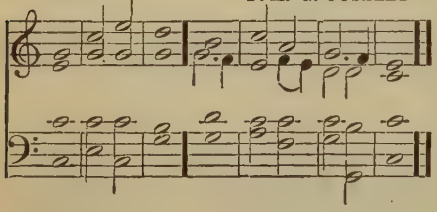
231 P. HUMFREY



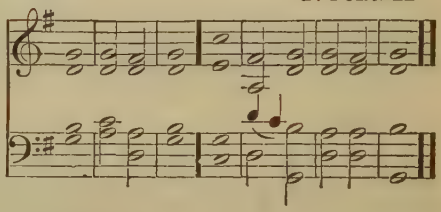
232 W. SAVAGE



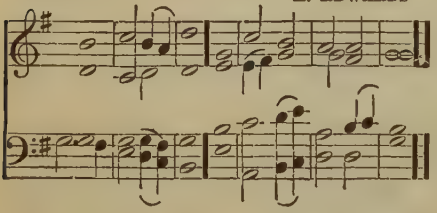
233 F. A. G. OUSELEY



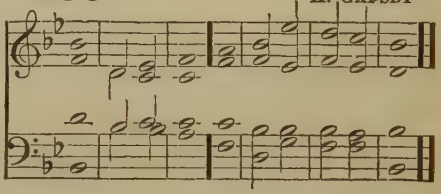
234 D. PURCELL



235 E. EDWARDS



236 H. GADSBY



*f* CHRIST our Passover is sácri | ficed · for | us: thérefore | let us | keep the | feast,

F 2 Not with old leaven * neither with the léaven of | malice · and | wickedness: but with the unleavened bréad of sin | ceri | ty and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

*f* CHRIST being raised from the déad | dieth · no | more: death hath no móre do | minion | over | him.

*p* 4 For in that he died * he díed unto | sin · = | once: (*f*) but in that he líveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

*mf* 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be déad indeed | unto | sin: but alive unto Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

*f* CHRIST is rísen | from · the | dead: and become the fírst | fruits of | them that | slept.

*p* 7 For since by | man came | death: (*cr*) by man came also the résur | rection | of the | dead.

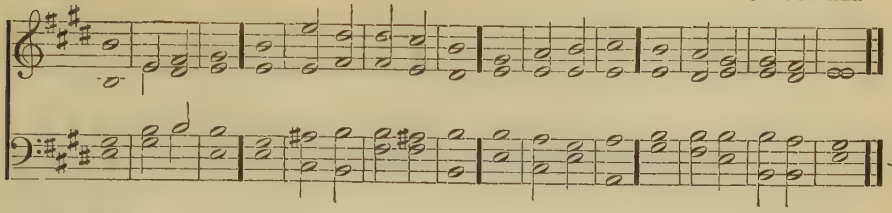
*p* 8 For as in A'dam | all · = | die: (*f*) even so in Chríst shall | all be | made a | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

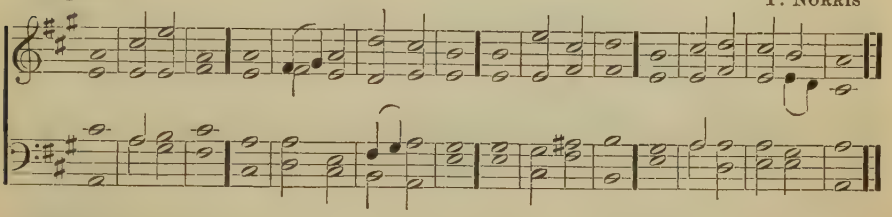
237

J. RANDALL



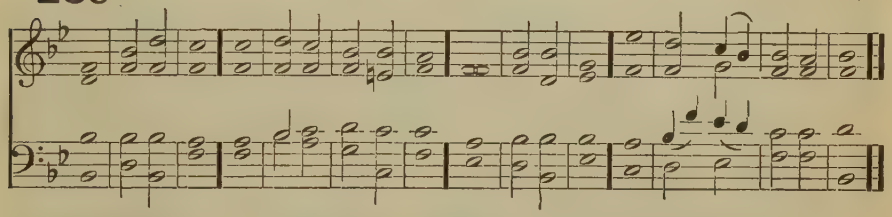
238

T. NORRIS



239

T. S. DUPUIS



F CHRIST our Passover is *f* sácri | ficed · for | us: thérefore | let us | keep the | feast,
F 2 Not with old leaven * neither with the léaven of | malice · and | wickedness: but with the unleavened bréad of sin | ceri | ty and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

*f* CHRIST being raised from the déad | dieth · no | more: death hath no móre do | minion | over | him.

*p* 4 For in that he died * he díed unto | sin · = | once: (*f*) but in that he líveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

*mf* 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be déad indeed | unto | sin: but alive unto Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

*f* CHRIST is rísen | from · the | dead: and become the fírst | fruits of | them that | slept.

*p* 7 For since by | man came | death: (*cr*) by man came also the résur | rection | of the | dead.

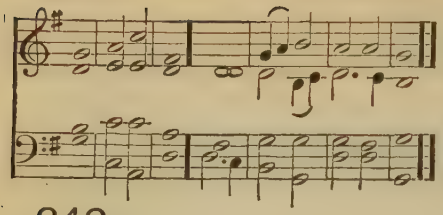
*p* 8 For as in A'dam | all · = | die: (*f*) even so in Chríst shall | all be | made a | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

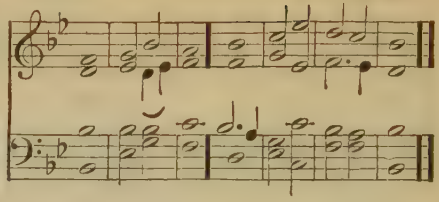
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

# Thanksgiving Day

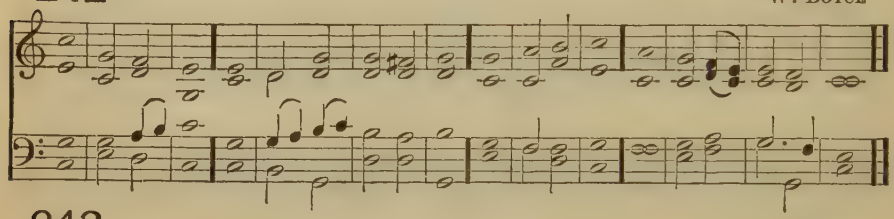
240 A. H. Brown



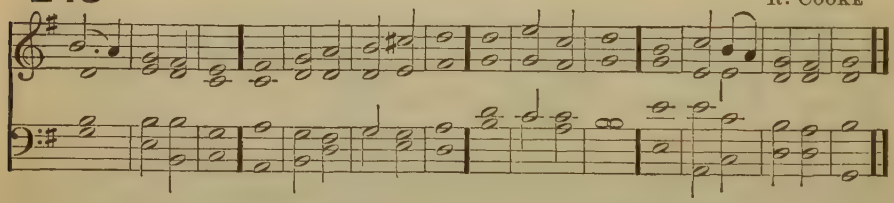
241 G. J. Elvey



242 W. Boyce



243 R. Cooke



F O PRAISE the Lord * for it
*f* is a good thing to sing
prâises | unto · our | God: yea a
joyful and pleasant thing it | is to |
be · = | thankful.
F 2 The Lord doth bûild | up Je |
rusalem: and gather togêther |
the | out · = | casts of | Israel.
*p* 3 He healeth thôse that are |
broken · in | heart: and gîveth |
medicine · to | heal their | sickness.
F 4 O sing unto the Lôrd with |
thanks · = | giving: sing praises
upôn the | harp · = | unto · our |
God:
*mf* 5 Who covereth the heaven
with clouds * and prepareth râin |
for the | earth: and maketh the
grass to grow upon the mountains *
and hêrb | for the | use of | men;

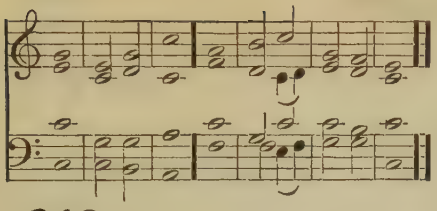
6 Who giveth fôdder | unto ·
the | cattle: and feedeth the yôung |
ravens · that | call up | on him.
F *f* 7 Praise the Lôrd | O Je |
rusalem: prâise | = · thy | God
O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the
bârs | of thy | gates: ând hath |
blessed · thy | children · with |
in thee.
2nd part. *p* 9 He maketh pêace | in thy |
borders: (*cr*) and fîlleth thee |
with the | flour of | wheat.
F *f* Glory be to the Fâther | and ·
to the | Son: ând | to the | Holy |
Ghost;
F As it was in the beginning * is
nôw, and | ever | shall be: wôrld
without | end· = | A · = |
men.

# Consecration of a Church

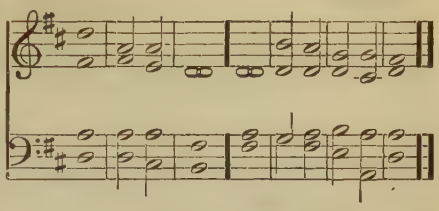
## 244

W. H. Monk



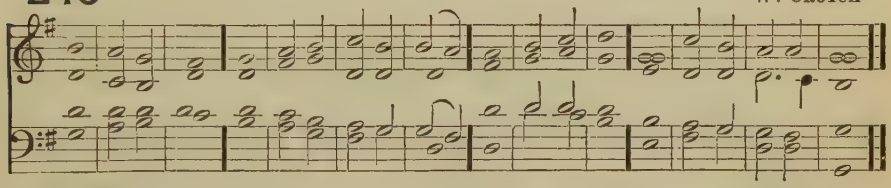
## 245

J. Battishill



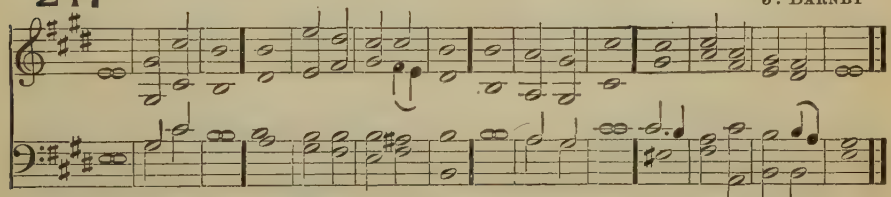
## 246

W. Crotch



## 247

J. Barnby



F THE earth is the Lord's * *f* and all that | therein | is: the compass of the world, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath founded it up | on the | seas: and prepared | it up | on the | floods.

*p* 3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord: or who shall rise up | in his | holy | place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands and a | pure · = | heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity * nor sworn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

*cr* 5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord: and righteousness from the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him: even of them that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

F *f* 7 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye ever | lasting | doors: and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

*p* 8 Who is this | King of | glory: (*f*) It is the Lord strong and mighty * even the | Lord · = | mighty · in | battle.

F *f* 9 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye ever | lasting | doors: and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

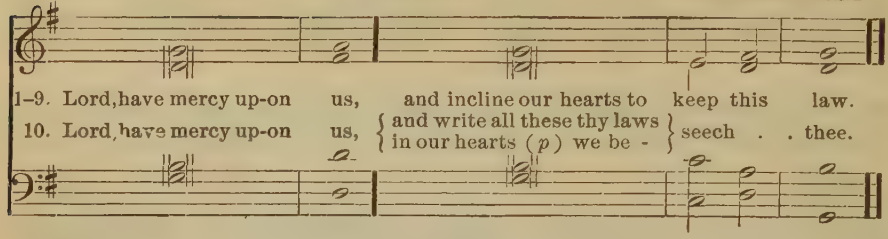
*p* 10 Who is this | King of | glory: (*f*) Even the Lord of hosts | he · is the | King of | glory.

F *f* Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

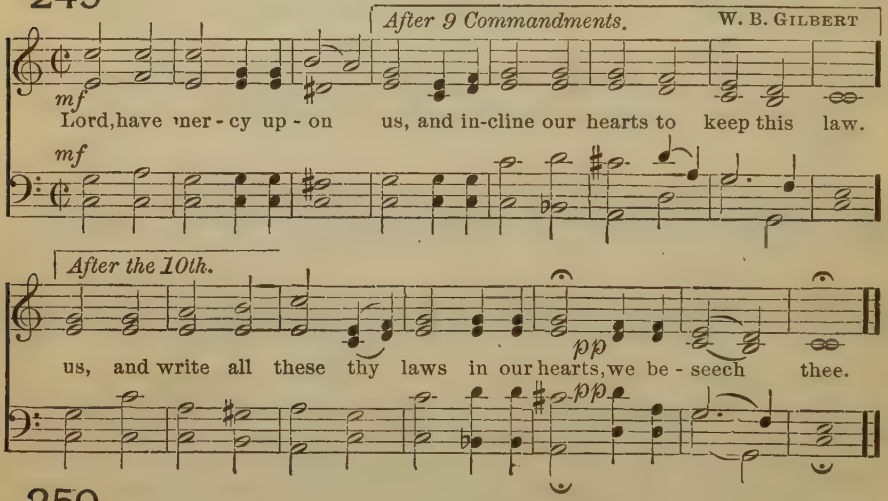
F As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | men.

## 248 Kyrie eleison

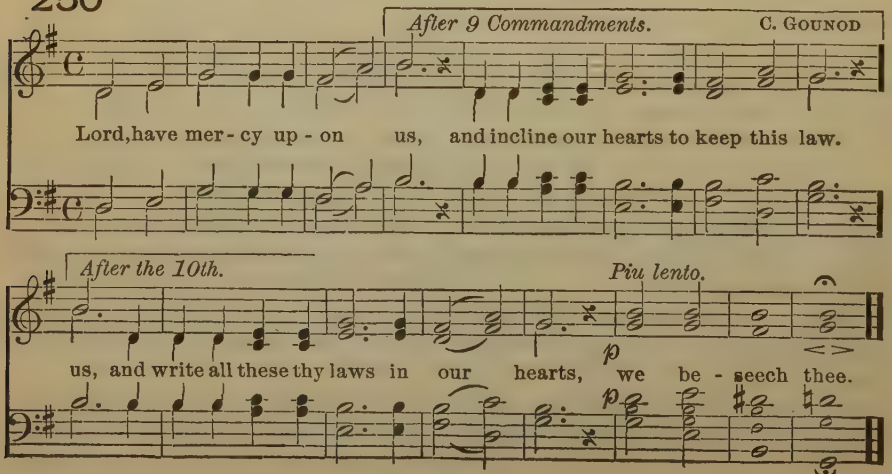
ANCIENT CHANT


1–9. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts (p) we beseech . . thee.

## 249


After 9 Commandments.
W. B. GILBERT
mf
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
mf
After the 10th.
us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.
pp
pp

## 250


After 9 Commandments.
C. GOUNOD
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Piu lento.
p
us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.
p

## 251

ANON.

*After 9 Commandments.*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th.*

*Slower.*

*p*

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

*p*

## 252

G. J. ELVEY

*After 9 Commandments.*

*p* *f* *p*

Lord, have mer-cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

*p* *f* *p*

*After the 10th.*

*pp* *p*

keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all

*pp* *p*

*f* *pp*

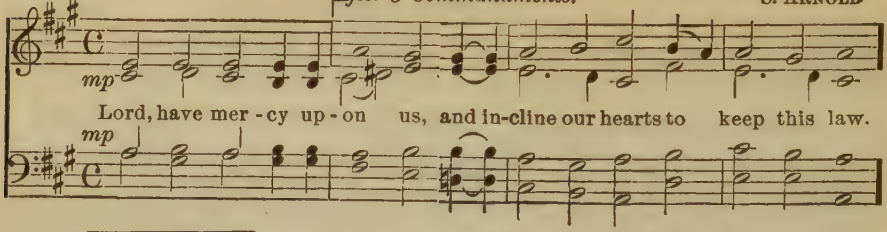
these thy laws in our hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

*f* *pp*

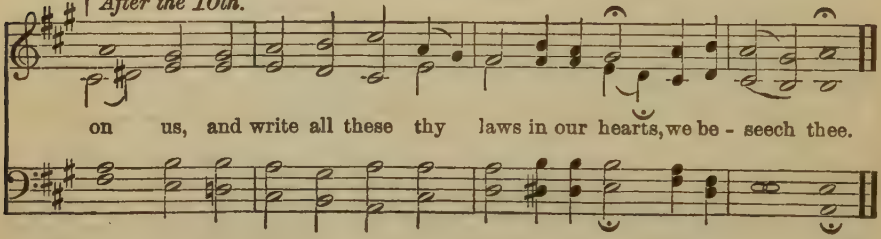
253

*After 9 Commandments.*

S. ARNOLD



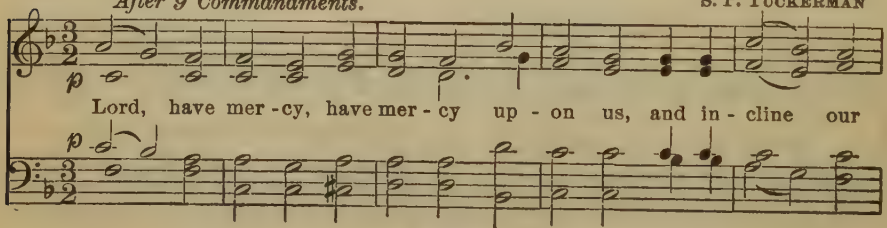

*After the 10th.*



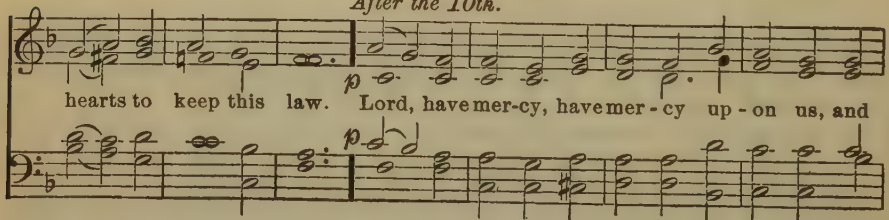

254

*After 9 Commandments.*

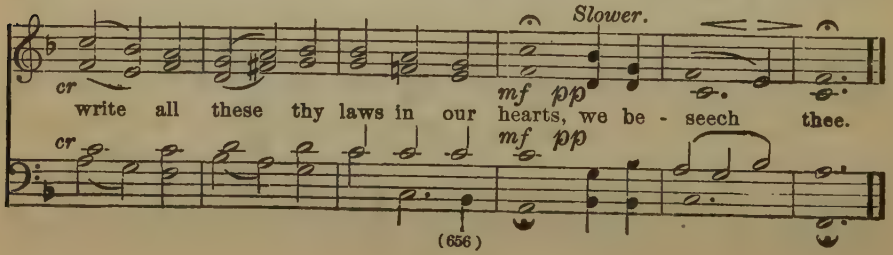
S. P. TUCKERMAN




*After the 10th.*




*Slower.*



## 255 *Moderato.*

*After 9 Commandments.* W. BOYCE

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th.* *rall.*

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech thee.

## 256

*Andante con moto.* *After 9 Commandments.* T. BRIDGEWATER

Lord, have mer - cy up-on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

*After the 10th.* *slower.*

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . thee.

## 257

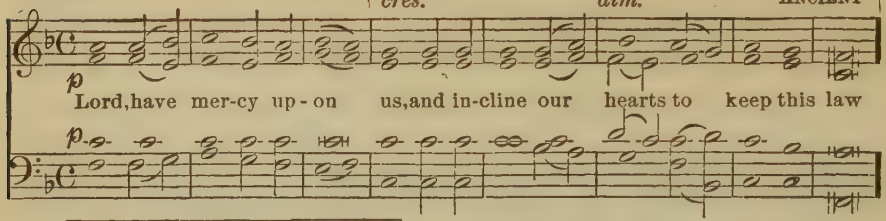
W. H. WALTER

1–9. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

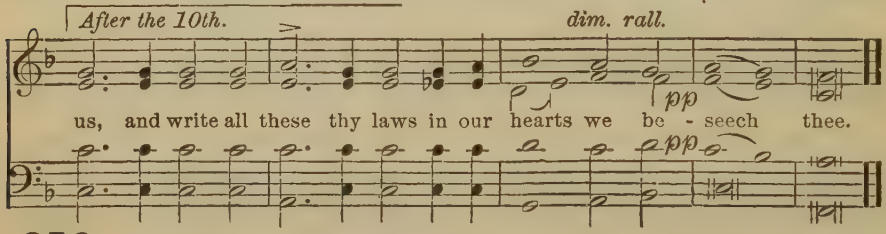
10. Lord, have mercy upon us, { and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be- } seech = thee.

## 258

*After 9 Commandments.* *cres.* *dim.* ANCIENT

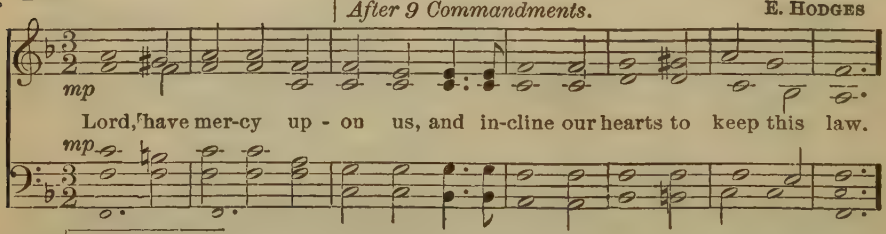



*After the 10th.* *dim. rall.*

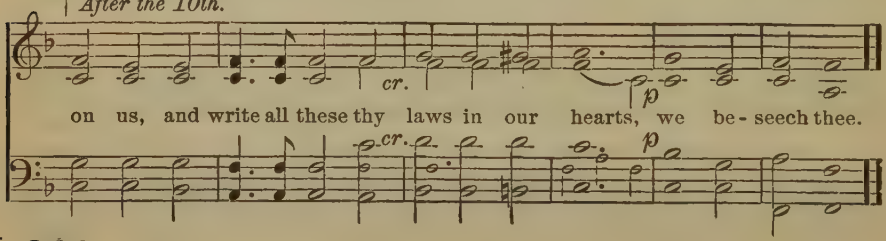



## 259

*After 9 Commandments.* E. HODGES

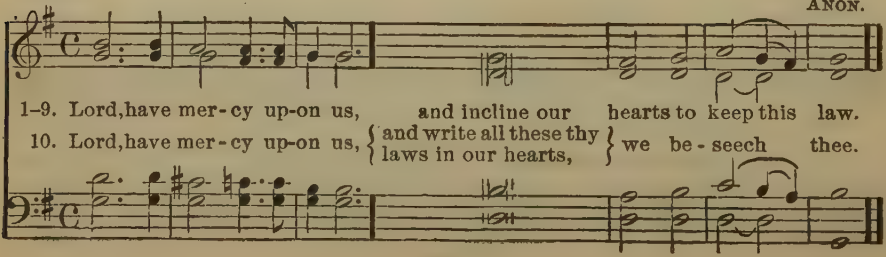



*After the 10th.*



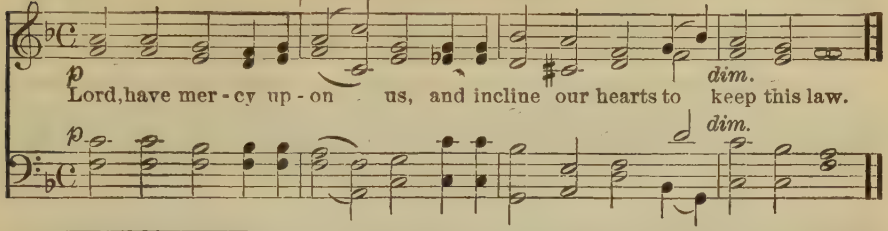

## 260

ANON.

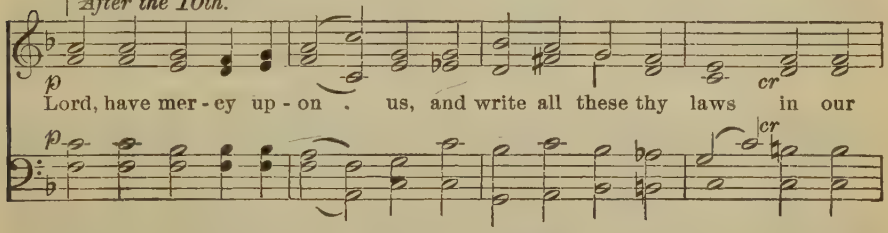

1–9. Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech thee.

261

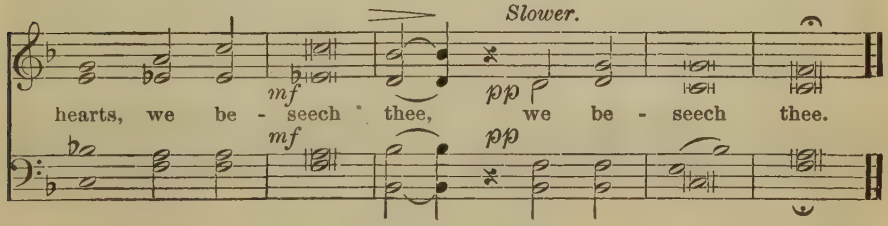
*After 9 Commandments.* B. TOURS.




*After the 10th.*

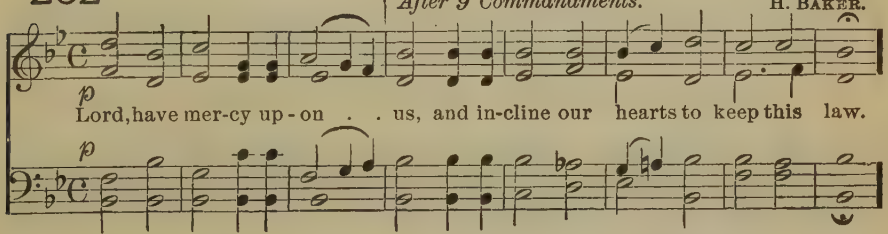



*Slower.*

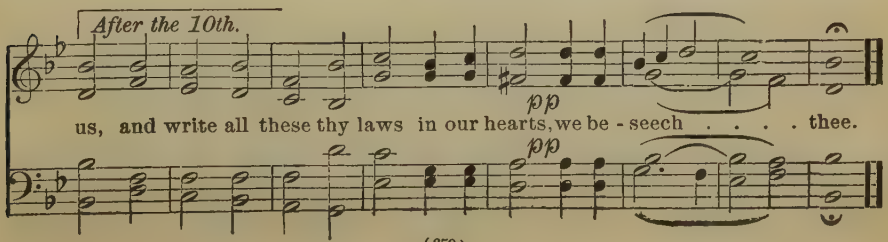


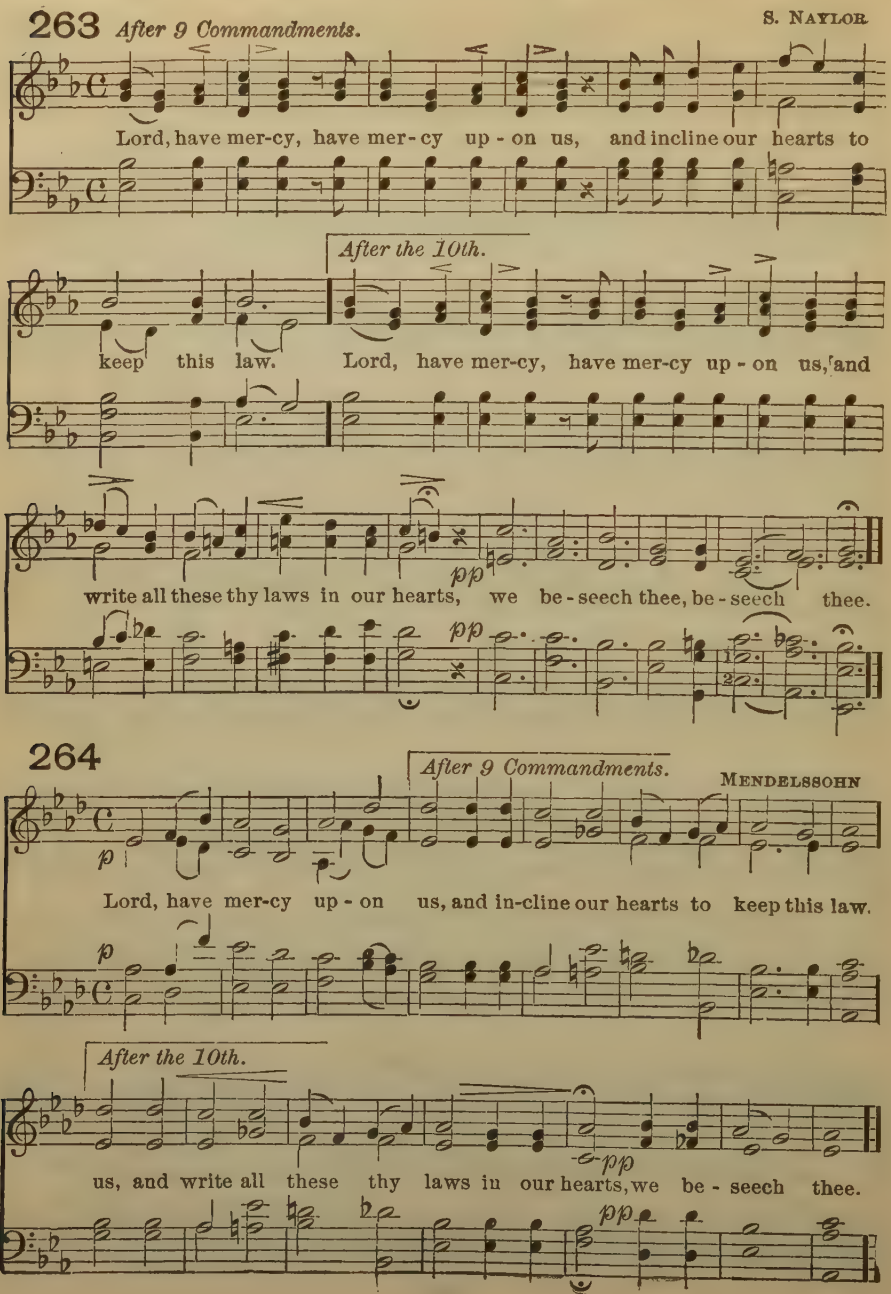

262

*After 9 Commandments.* H. BAKER.




*After the 10th.*

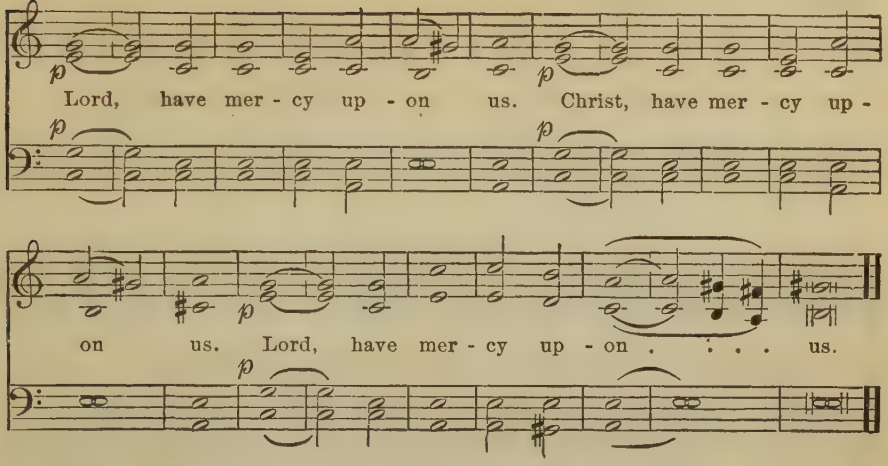



263 After 9 Commandments.
S. NAYLOR
Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and incline our hearts to
After the 10th.
keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on us, and
pp
write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech thee, be-seech thee.
pp
264
After 9 Commandments.
MENDELSSOHN
p
Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
p
After the 10th.
us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech thee.
pp
pp

# Shorter Kyrie

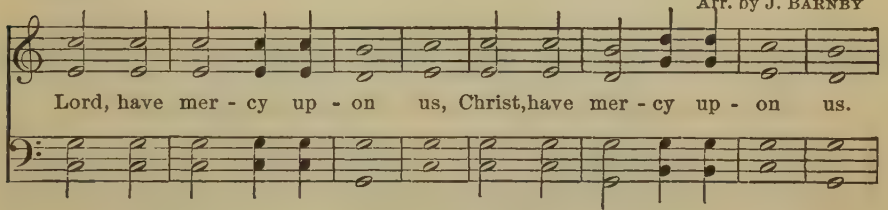
## 265

T. Tallis. Arr. by J. Stainer



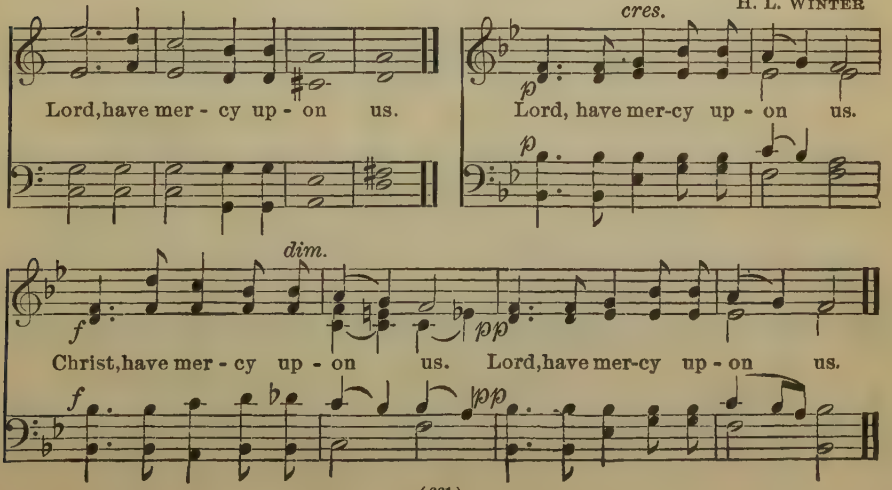

## 266

Arr. by J. Barnby




## 267

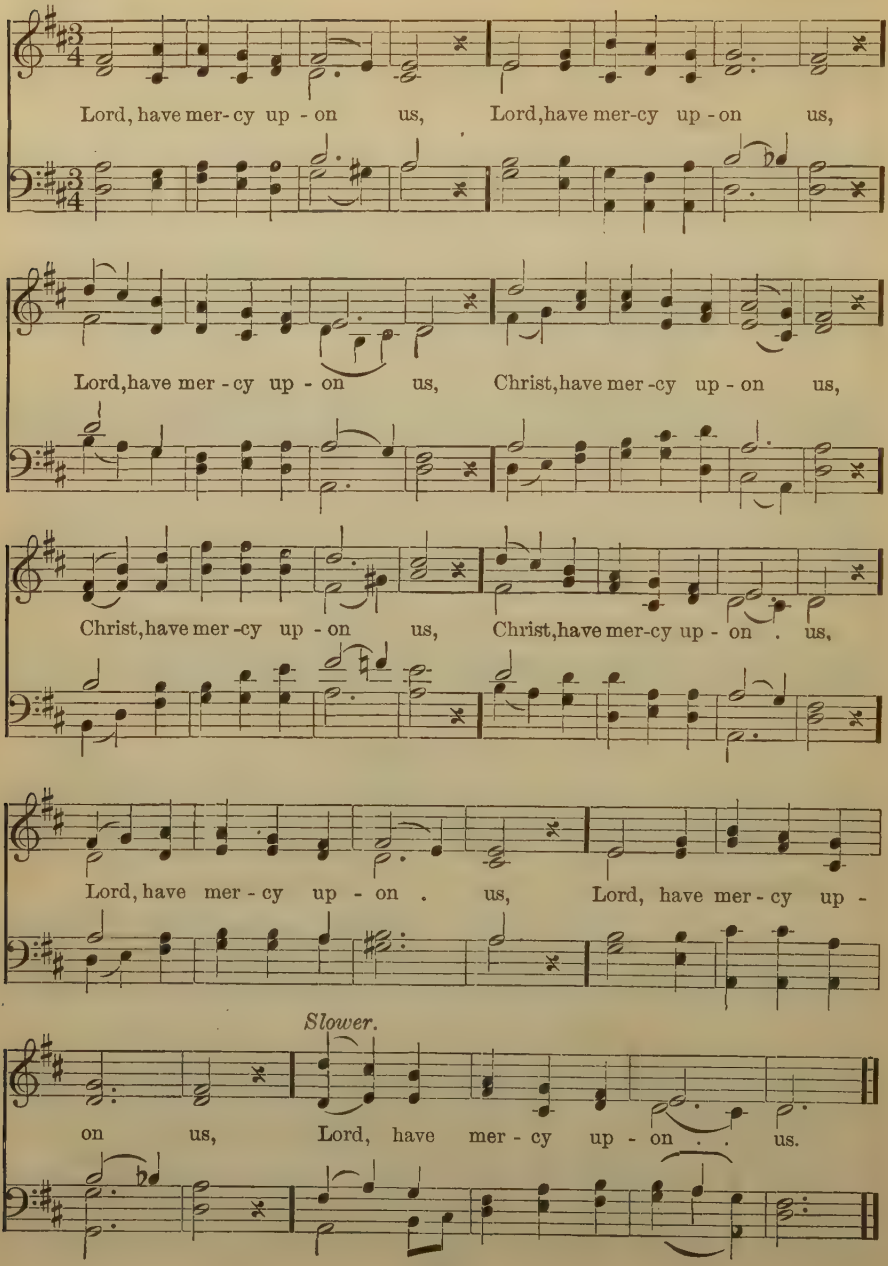
H. L. Winter



# Nine-fold Kyrie

268

H. W. Diamond


Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, Lord, have mer-cy up - on us,
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, Christ, have mer - cy up - on us,
Christ, have mer - cy up - on us, Christ, have mer-cy up - on . us,
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . us, Lord, have mer - cy up -
Slower.
on us, Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us.

269

Arranged from GOUNOD'S Mass in G
by R. P. STRAND

*Andante*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, Lord, have mer - cy up - on us,

Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . . us. Christ, have mer-cy up - on us,

Christ, have mer-cy up - on us. Christ, have mer - cy up - on . us,

Lord, have mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy up -

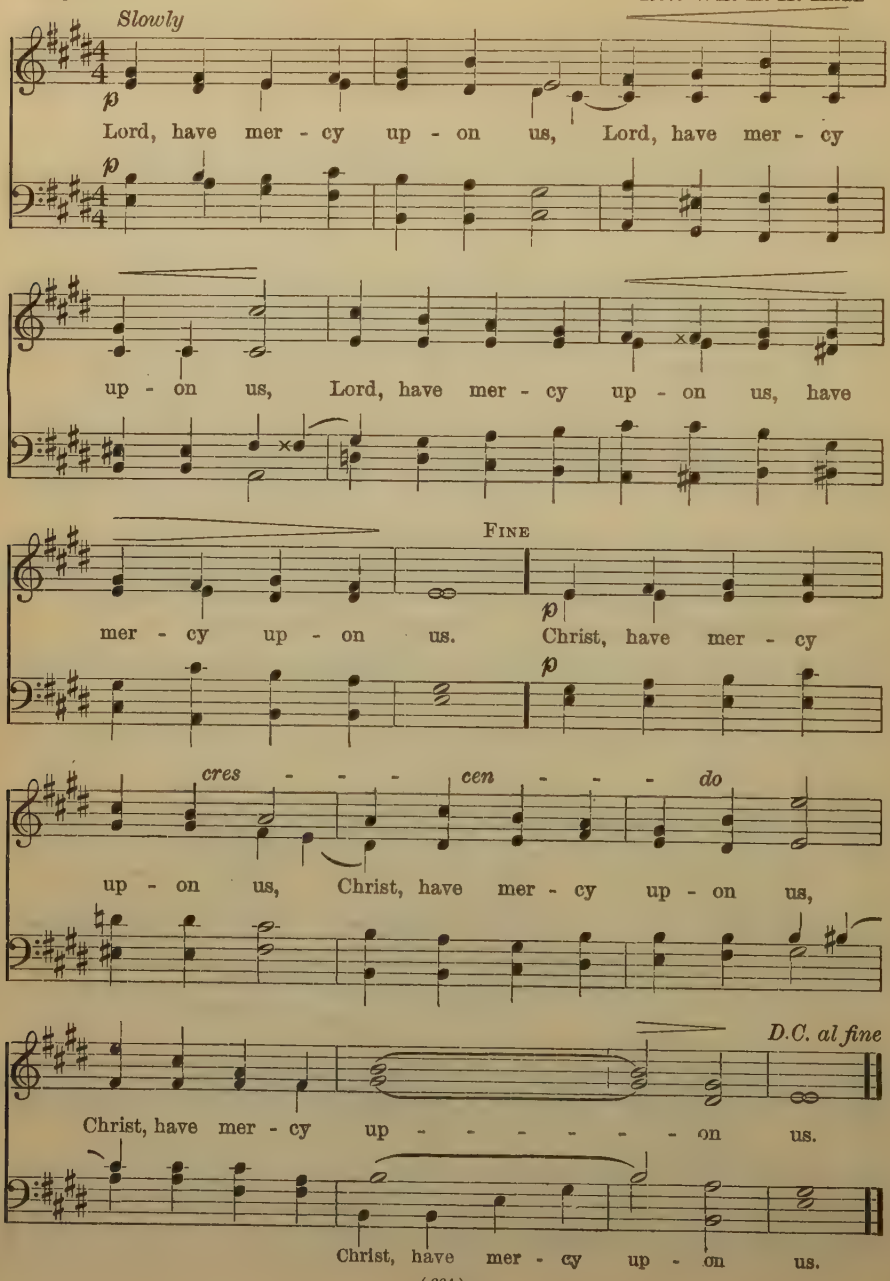
*Org.*

*dagio*

on us, Lord, have mer - cy up - on . us.

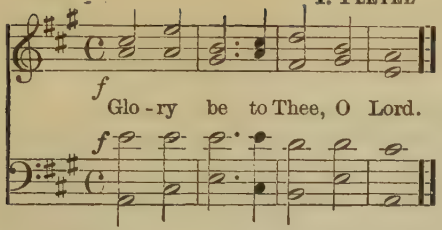
270

Rev. Wm. H. A. Hall

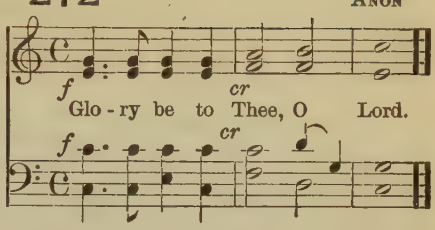

Slowly
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, Lord, have mer - cy
p
up - on us, Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, have
Fine
mer - cy up - on us.
p
Christ, have mer - cy
p
cres - - - cen - - - do
up - on us, Christ, have mer - cy up - on us,
D.C. al fine
Christ, have mer - cy up - - - - - - on us.
Christ, have mer - cy up - on us.

# Gloria Tibi

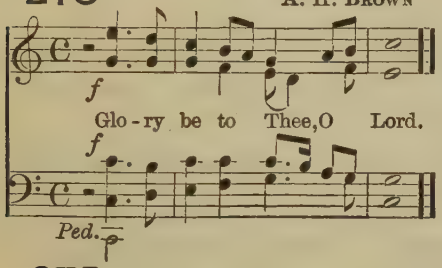
271 I. Pleyel



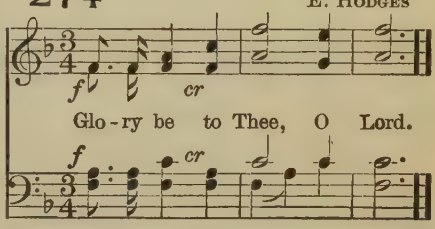

272 Anon



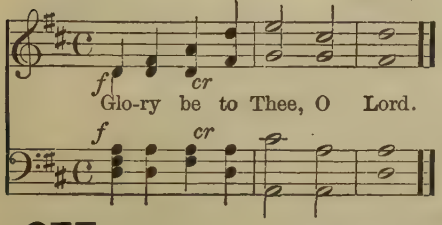

273 A. H. Brown



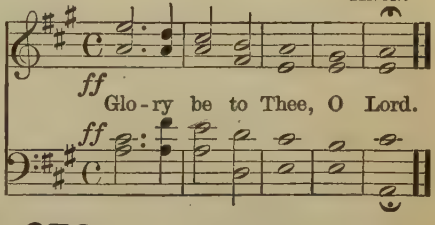

274 E. Hodges



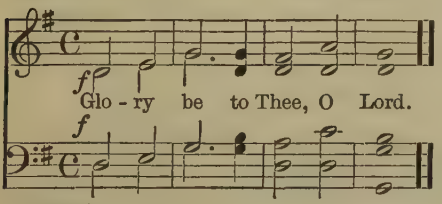

275 Anon.



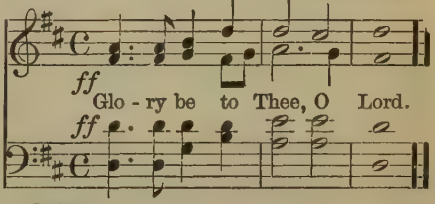

276 Anon.



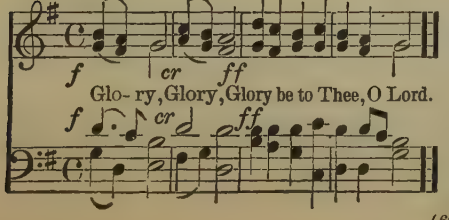

277 C. Gounod



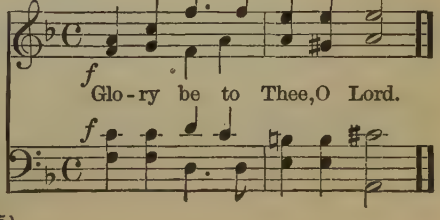

278 H. H. Woodward




279 Paxton



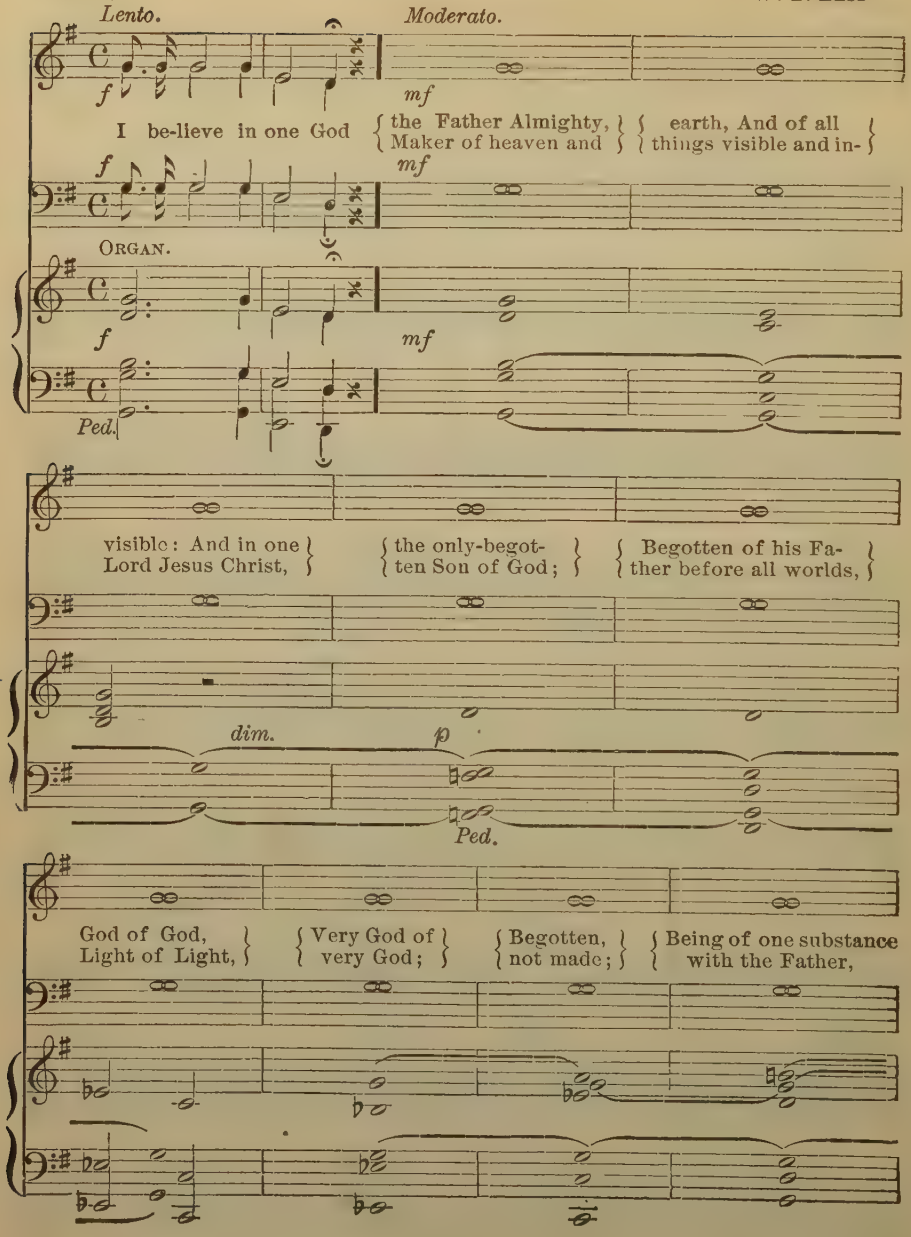

280 S. Reay

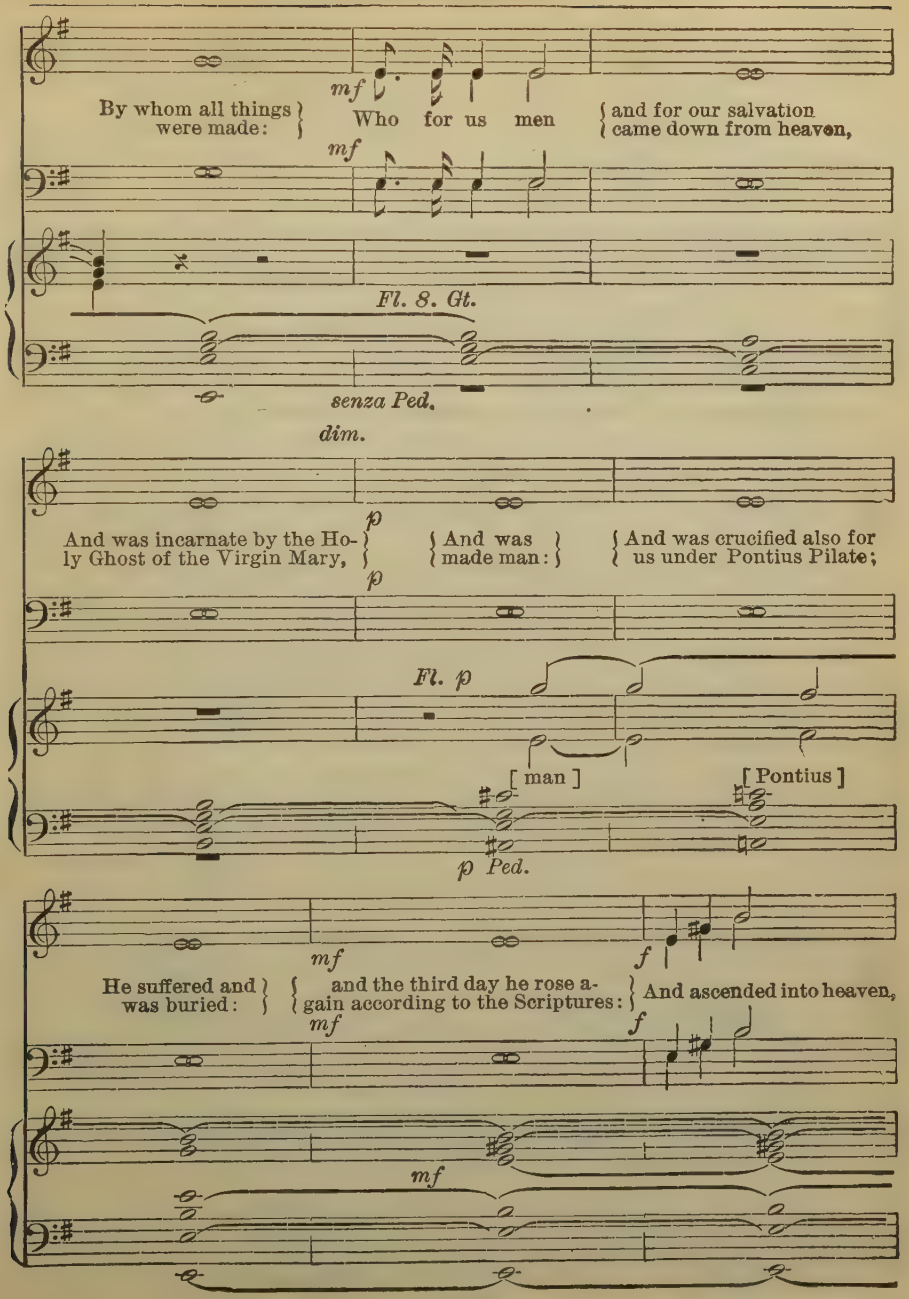


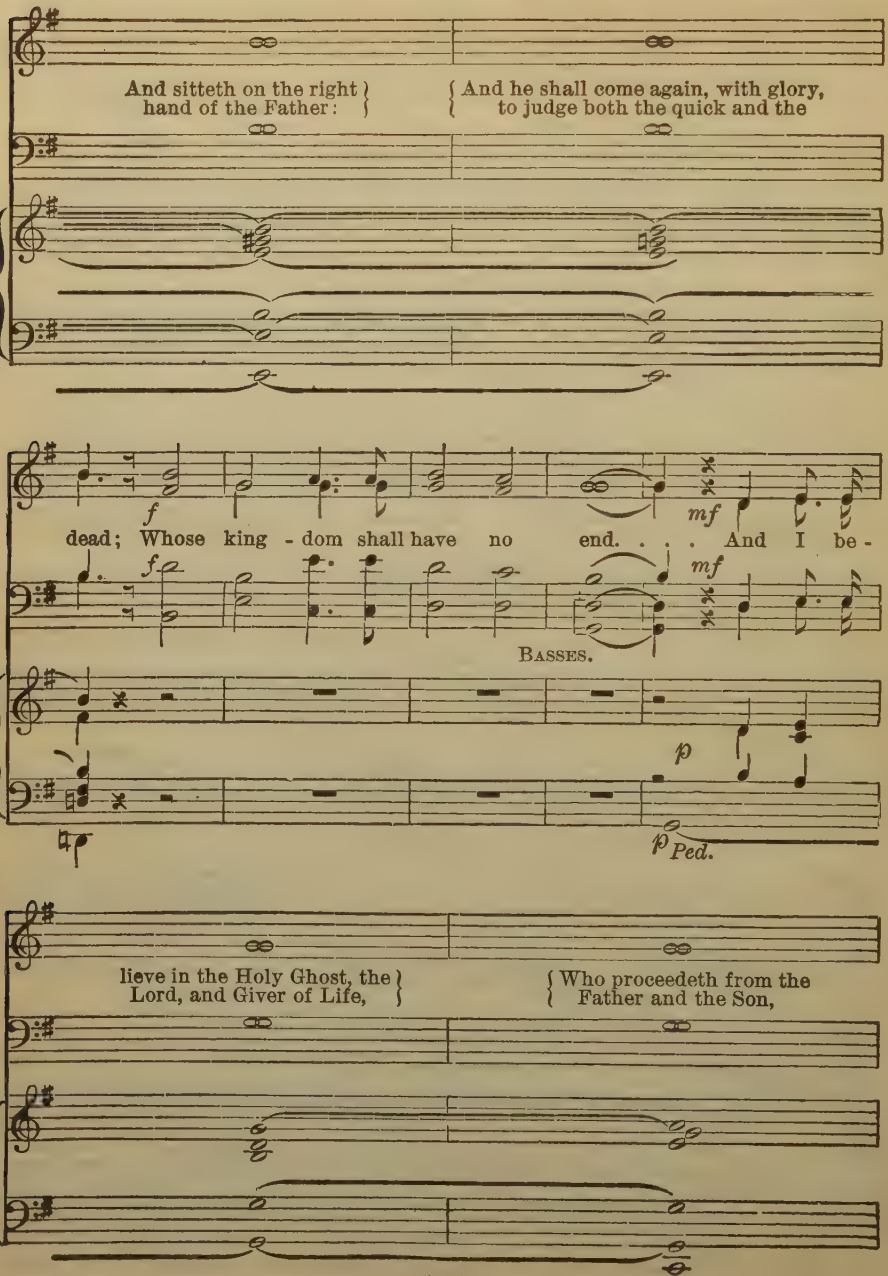
# The Nicene Creed

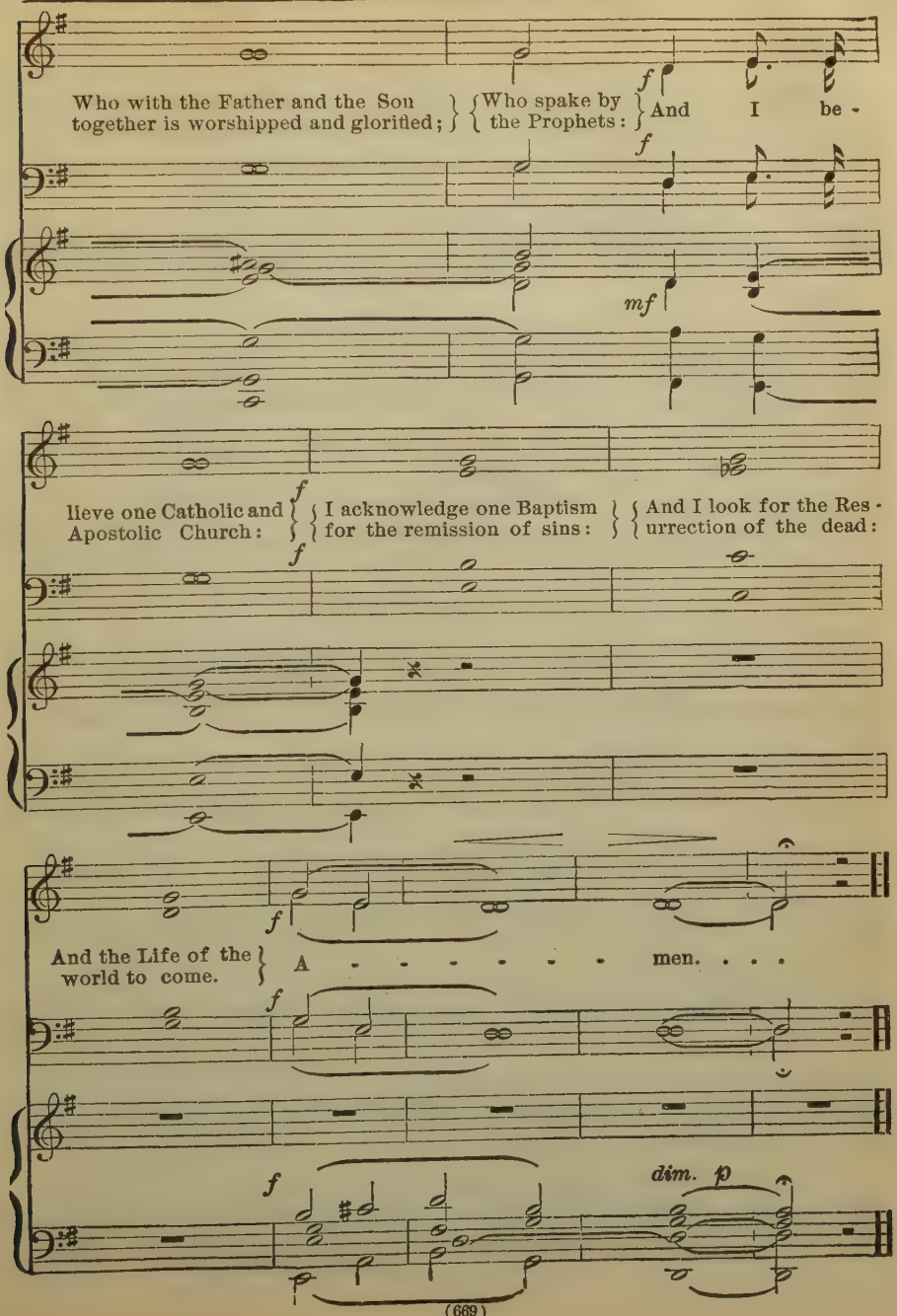
281

W. T. Best



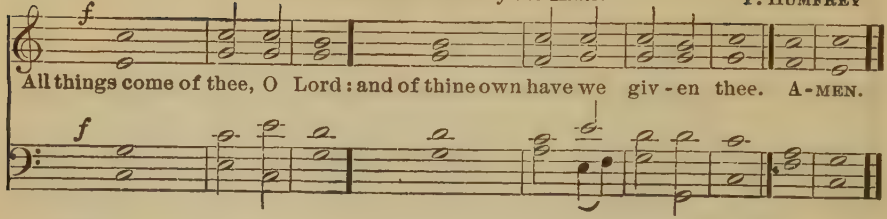

mf
By whom all things were made:
Who for us men
and for our salvation came down from heaven,
mf
Fl. 8. Gt.
senza Ped.
dim.
p
And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary,
And was made man:
And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate;
p
Fl. p
[ man ]
[ Pontius ]
p Ped.
mf
f
He suffered and was buried:
and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures:
And ascended into heaven,
mf
f
mf


And sitteth on the right hand of the Father:
And he shall come again, with glory, to judge both the quick and the
f
dead; Whose king - dom shall have no end. . . . And I be -
mf
BASSES.
p
Ped.
lieve in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of Life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,


Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified;
Who spake by the Prophets:
And I be -
lieve one Catholic and Apostolic Church:
I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins:
And I look for the Res - urrection of the dead:
And the Life of the world to come.
A - - - - - - men. . . .
dim. p

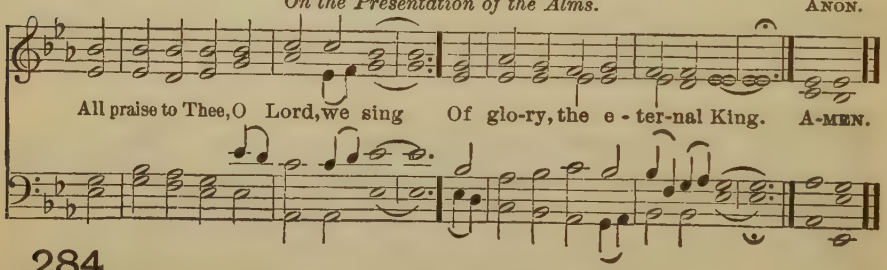
282

*On the Presentation of the Alms.* P. HUMFREY



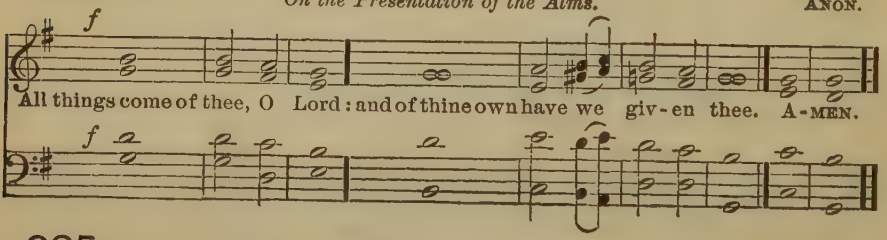

283

*On the Presentation of the Alms.* ANON.



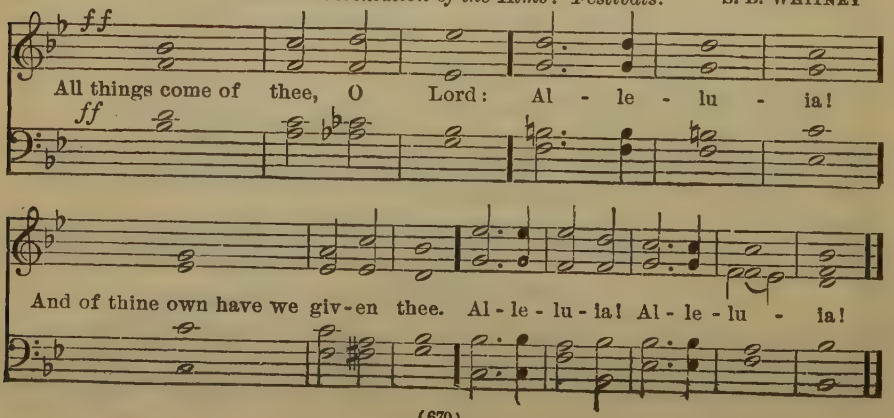

284

*On the Presentation of the Alms.* ANON.




285

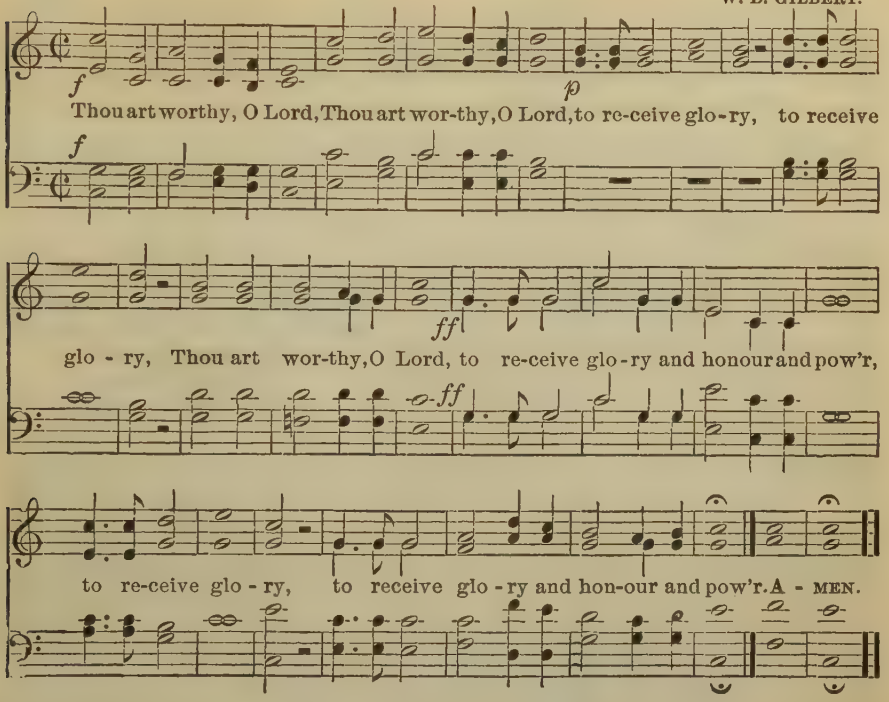
*On the Presentation of the Alms: Festivals.* S. B. WHITNEY



## 286

*On the Presentation of the Alms.*

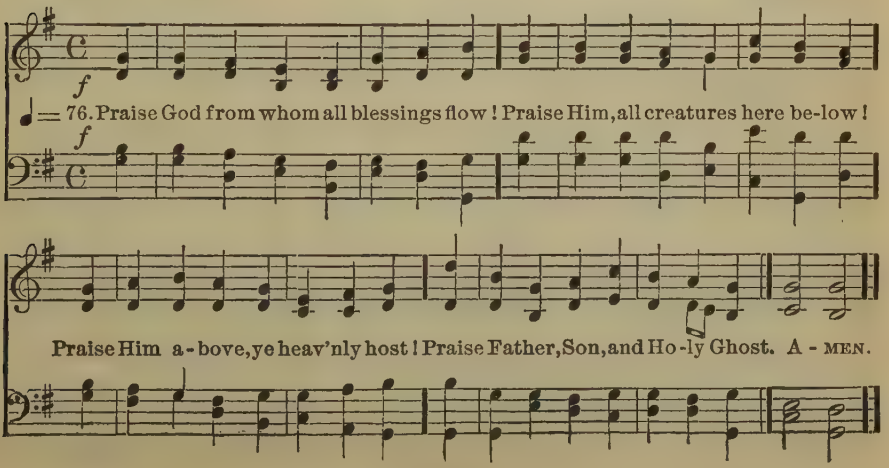
W. B. GILBERT.


f
p
Thou art worthy, O Lord, Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to re-ceive glo-ry, to receive
f
ff
glo - ry, Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to re-ceive glo-ry and honour and pow'r,
ff
to re-ceive glo - ry, to receive glo - ry and hon-our and pow'r. A - MEN.

## 287

*On the Presentation of the Alms.*

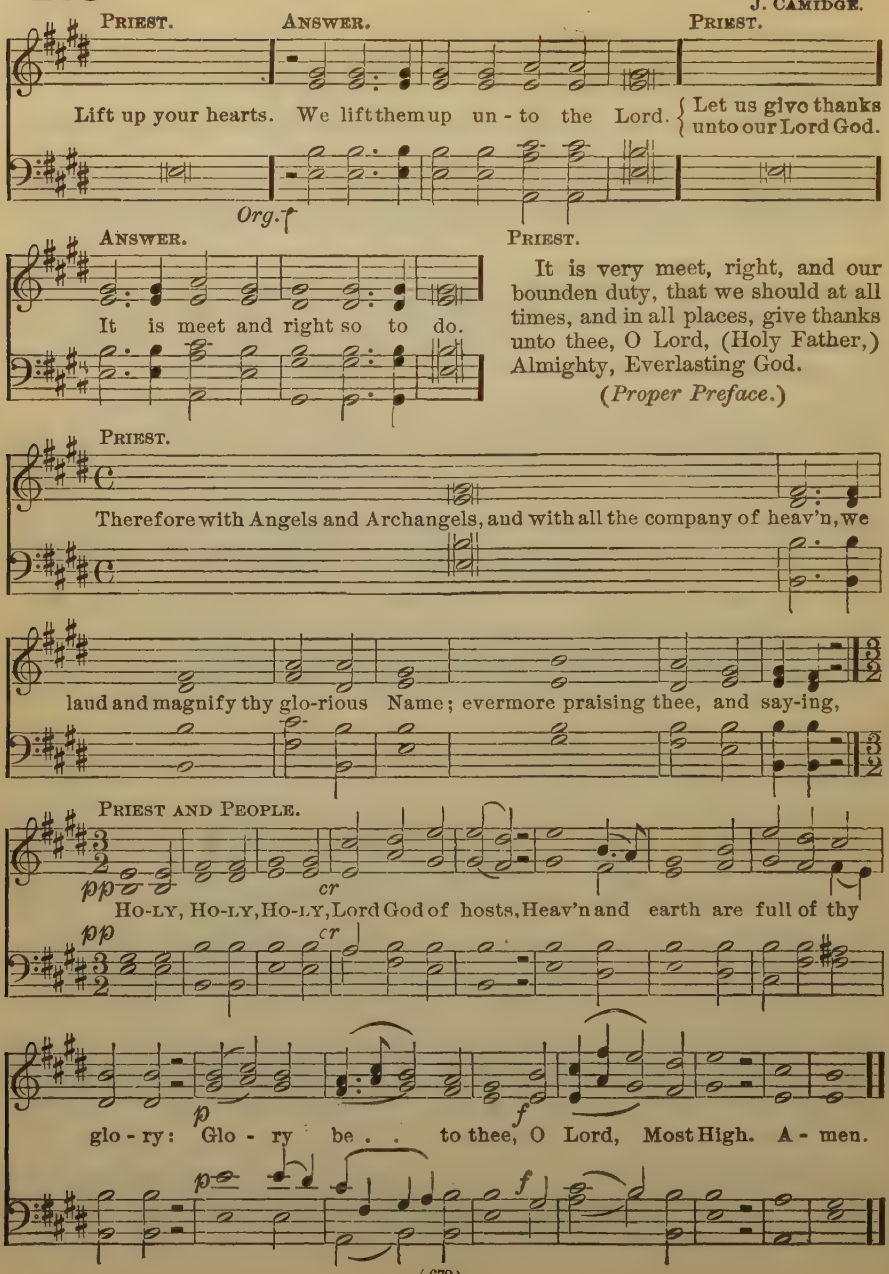
L. BOURGEOIS.


f
♩ = 76. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him, all creatures here be-low!
f
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A - MEN.

# Sursum Corda and Sanctus.

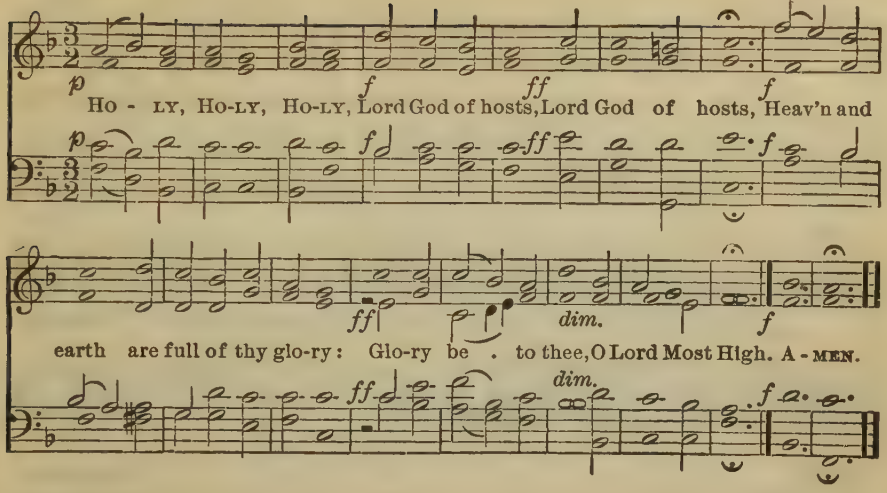
288

J. CAMIDGE.


PRIEST.
ANSWER.
PRIEST.
Lift up your hearts. We lift them up un - to the Lord. { Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.
Org.
ANSWER.
It is meet and right so to do.
PRIEST.
It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, (Holy Father,) Almighty, Everlasting God.
(Proper Preface.)
PRIEST.
Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heav'n, we
laud and magnify thy glo-rious Name; evermore praising thee, and say-ing,
PRIEST AND PEOPLE.
pp
cr
Ho-LY, Ho-LY, Ho-LY, Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of thy
glo - ry: Glo - ry be . . to thee, O Lord, Most High. A - men.

## 289

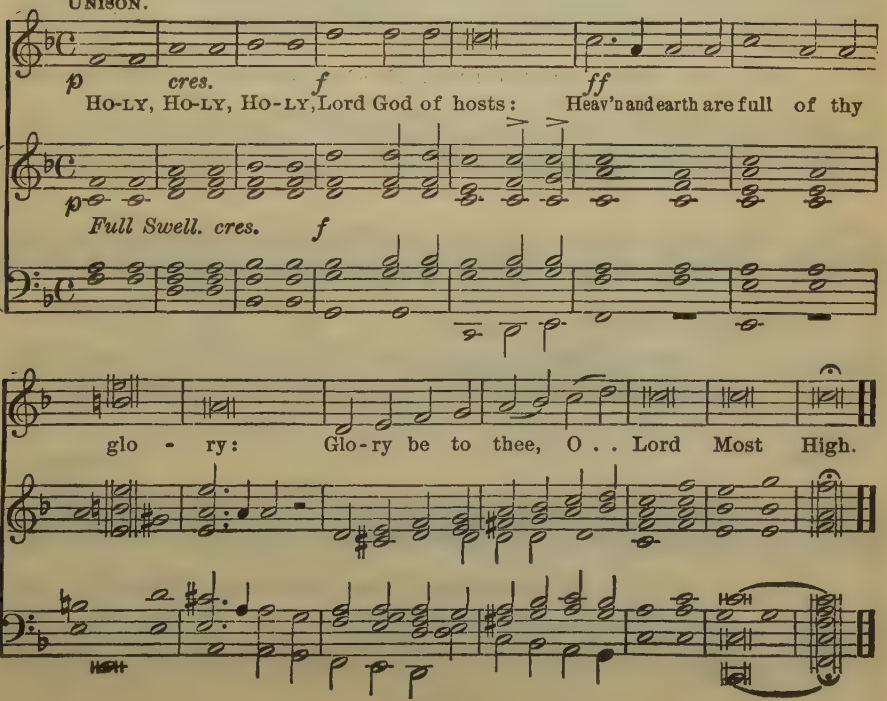
S. P. Tuckerman


Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of hosts, Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and
earth are full of thy glo-ry: Glo-ry be . to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

## 290

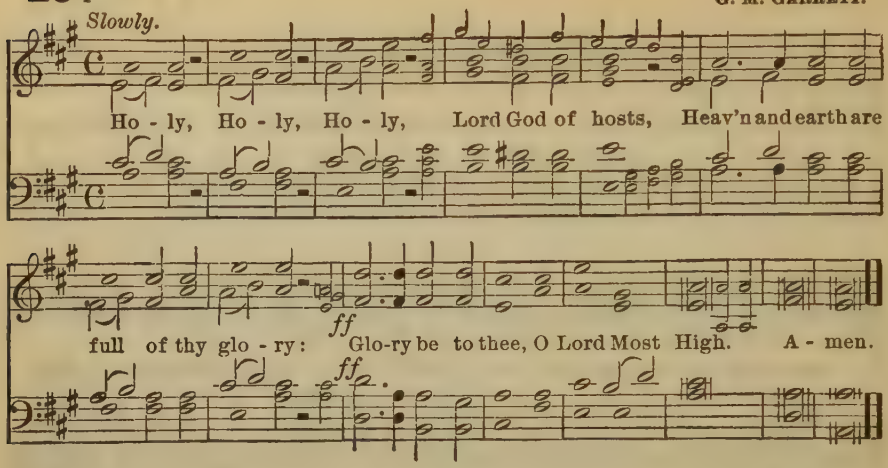
G. M. Garrett.

Unison.



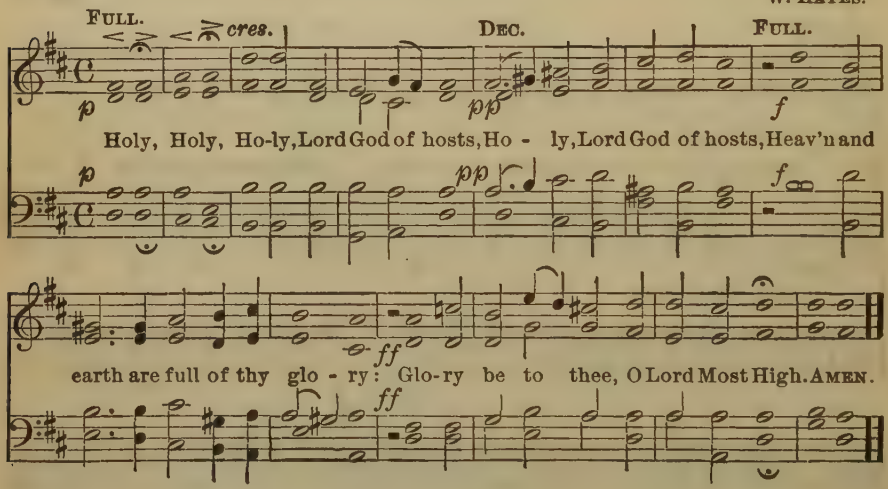
## 291

G. M. GARRETT.



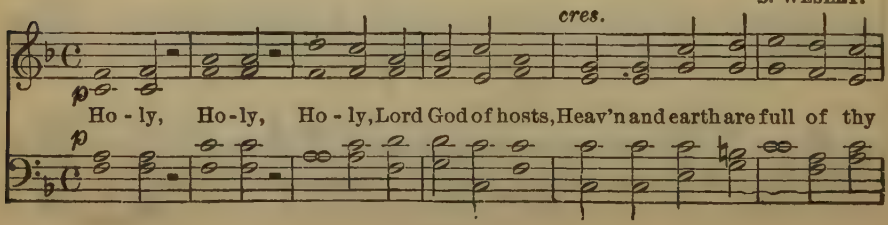

## 292

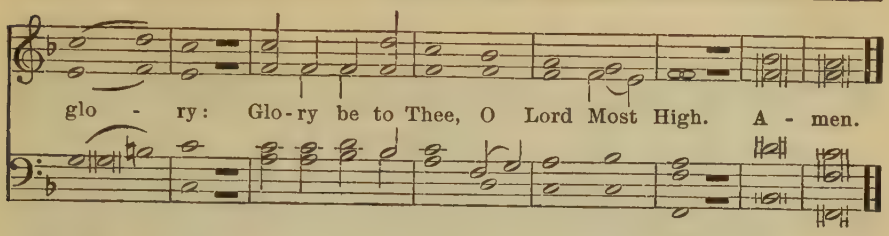
W. HAYES.




## 293

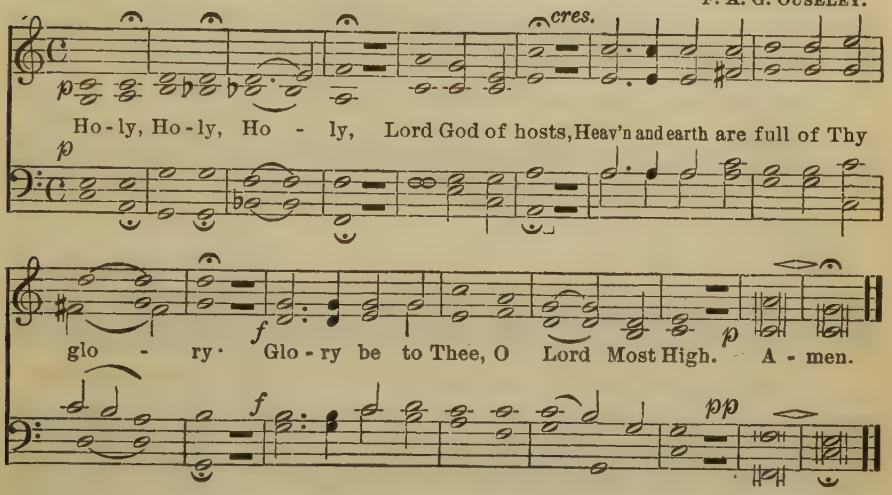
S. WESLEY.





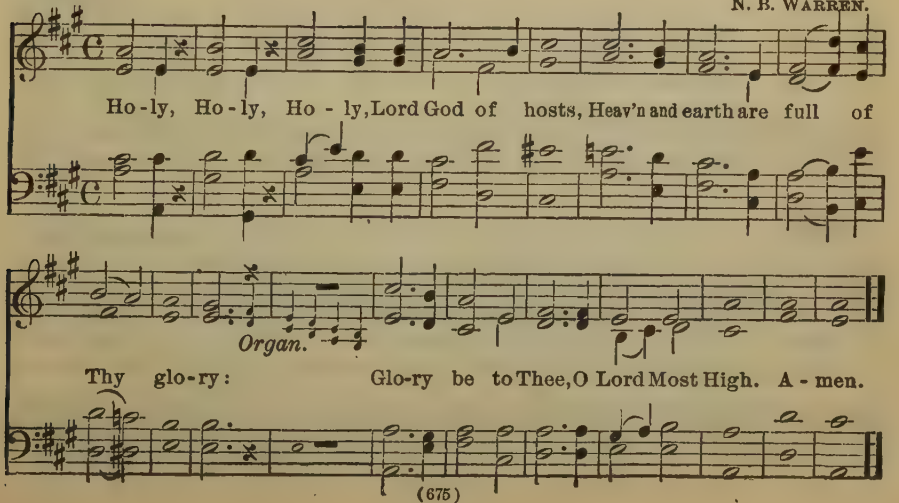

294

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



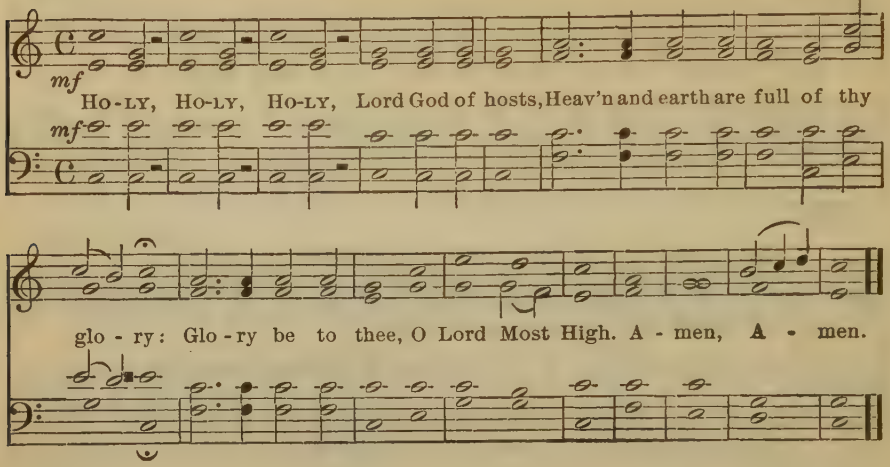

295

N. B. WARREN.



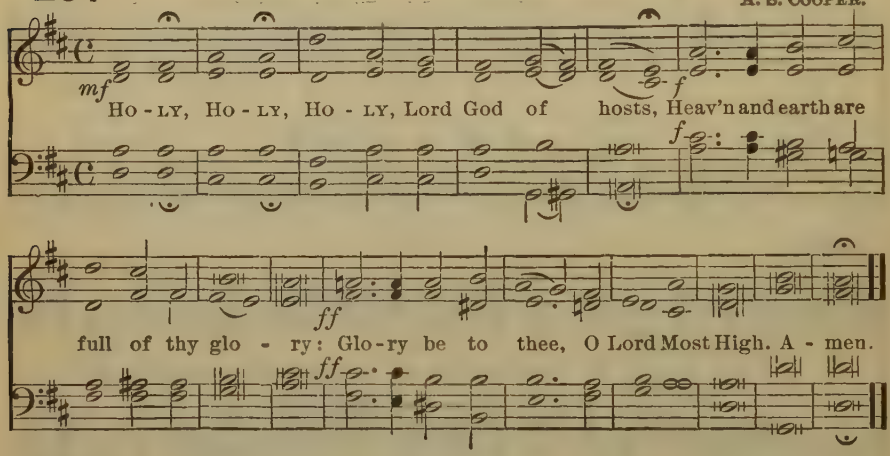
## 296

TAYLOR.



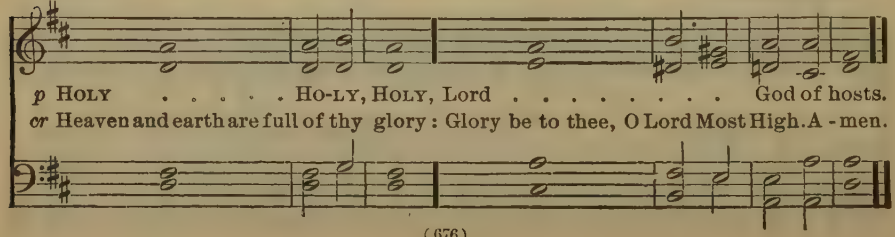

## 297

A. S. COOPER.




## 298

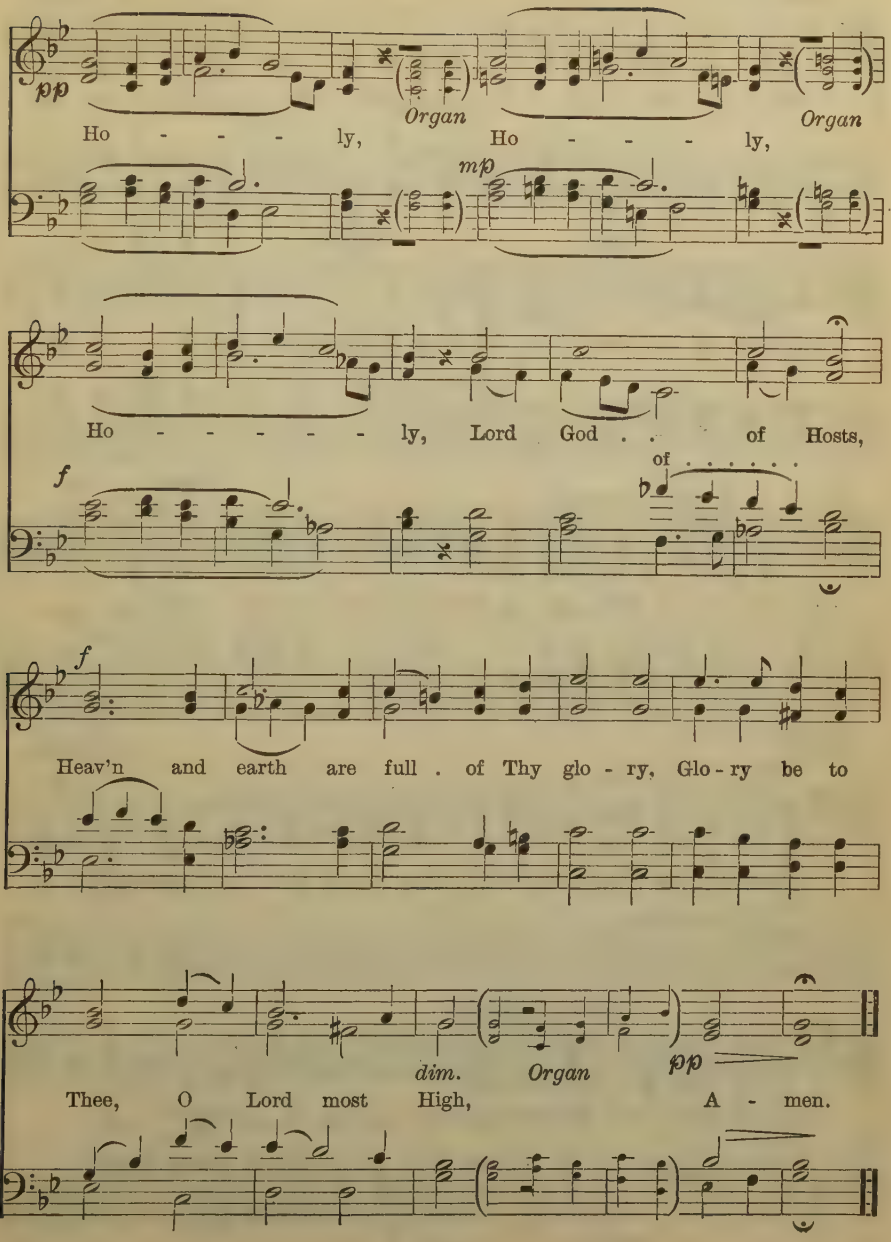
ANCIENT CHANT.



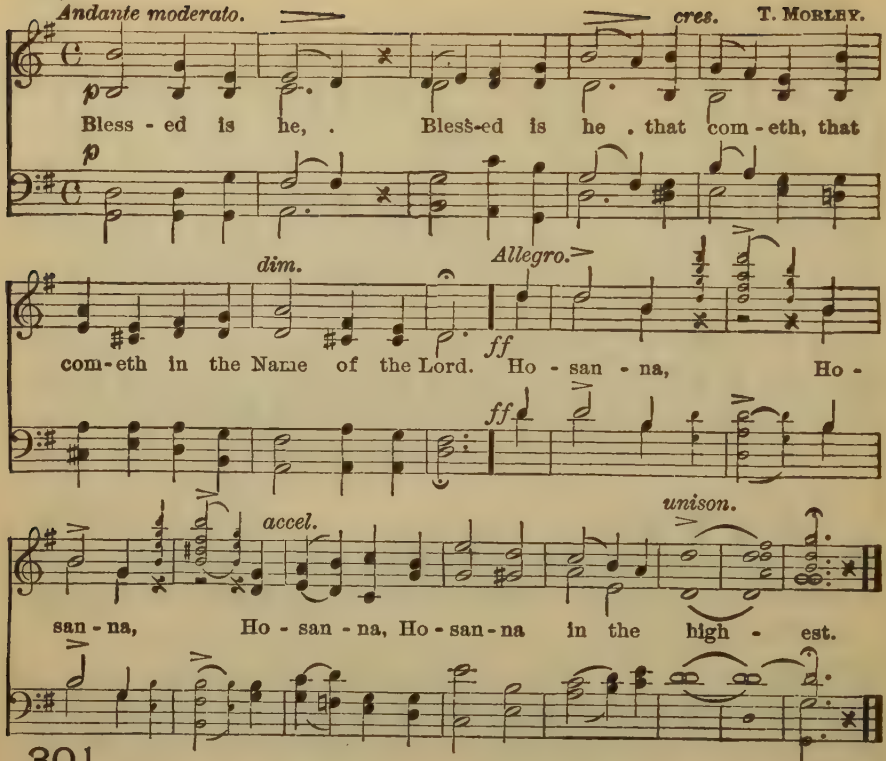
# Sanctus

299

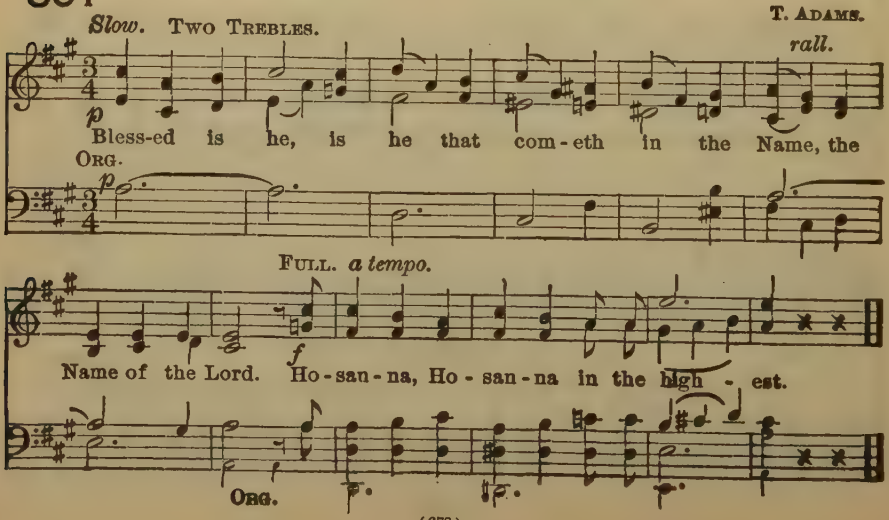
F. W. Snow


pp
Organ
Ho - - - - ly,
Ho - - - - ly,
Organ
mp
Ho - - - - - - ly, Lord God . . of Hosts,
f
of
f
Heav'n and earth are full . of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to
dim.
Organ
pp
Thee, O Lord most High, A - men.

300

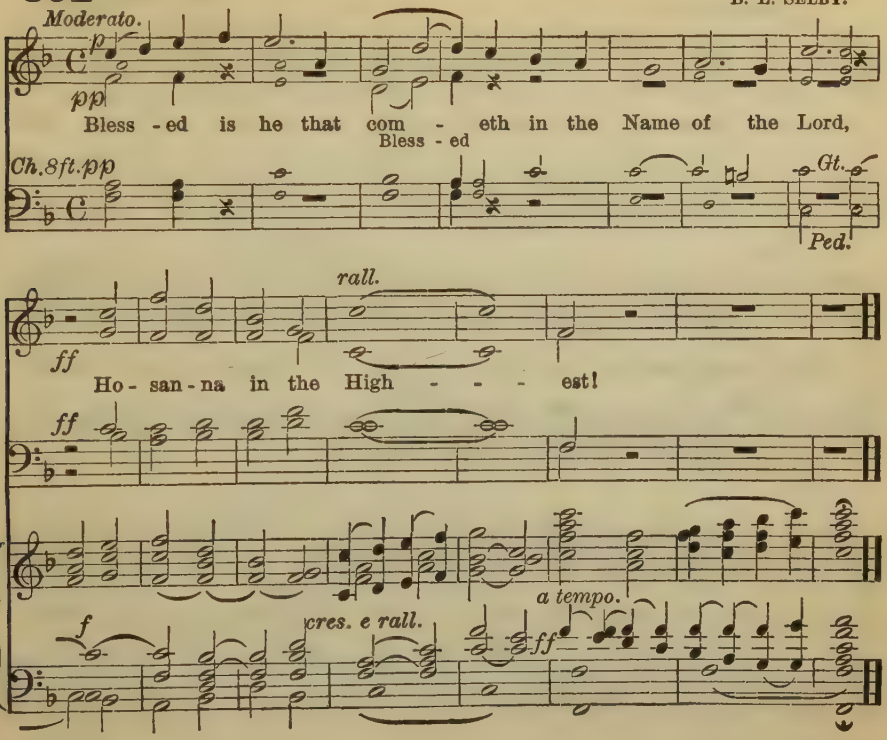

Andante moderato.
cres.
T. Morley.
Bless - ed is he, . Bless-ed is he . that com - eth, that
dim.
Allegro.
com - eth in the Name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, Ho -
accel.
unison.
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

301


Slow. Two Trebles.
T. Adams.
rall.
Bless-ed is he, is he that com - eth in the Name, the
Org.
Full. a tempo.
Name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est.
Org.

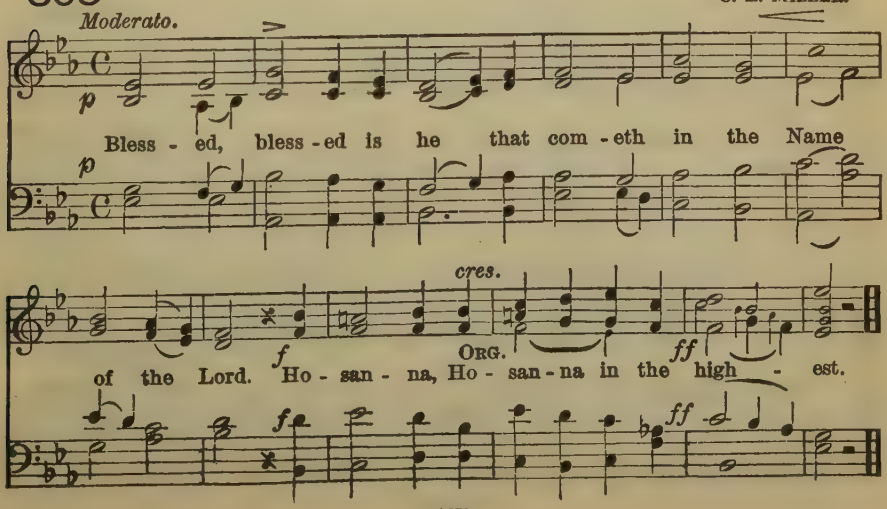
## 302

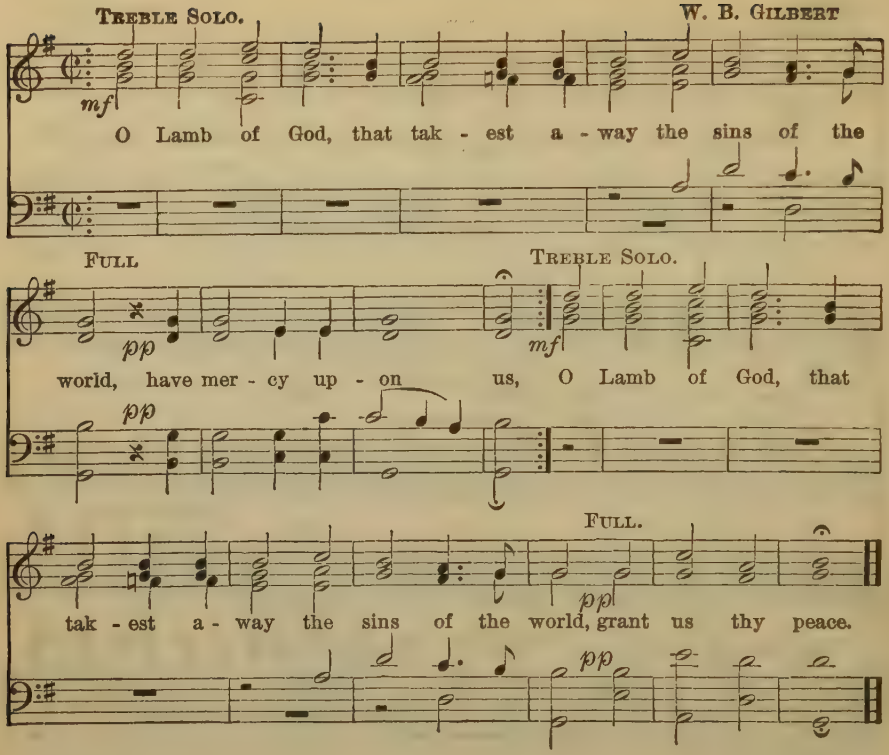
B. L. SELBY.



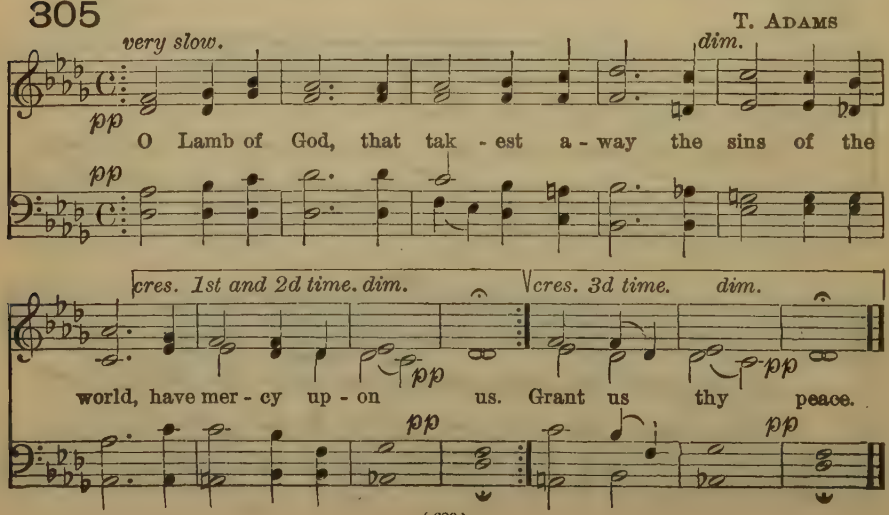

## 303

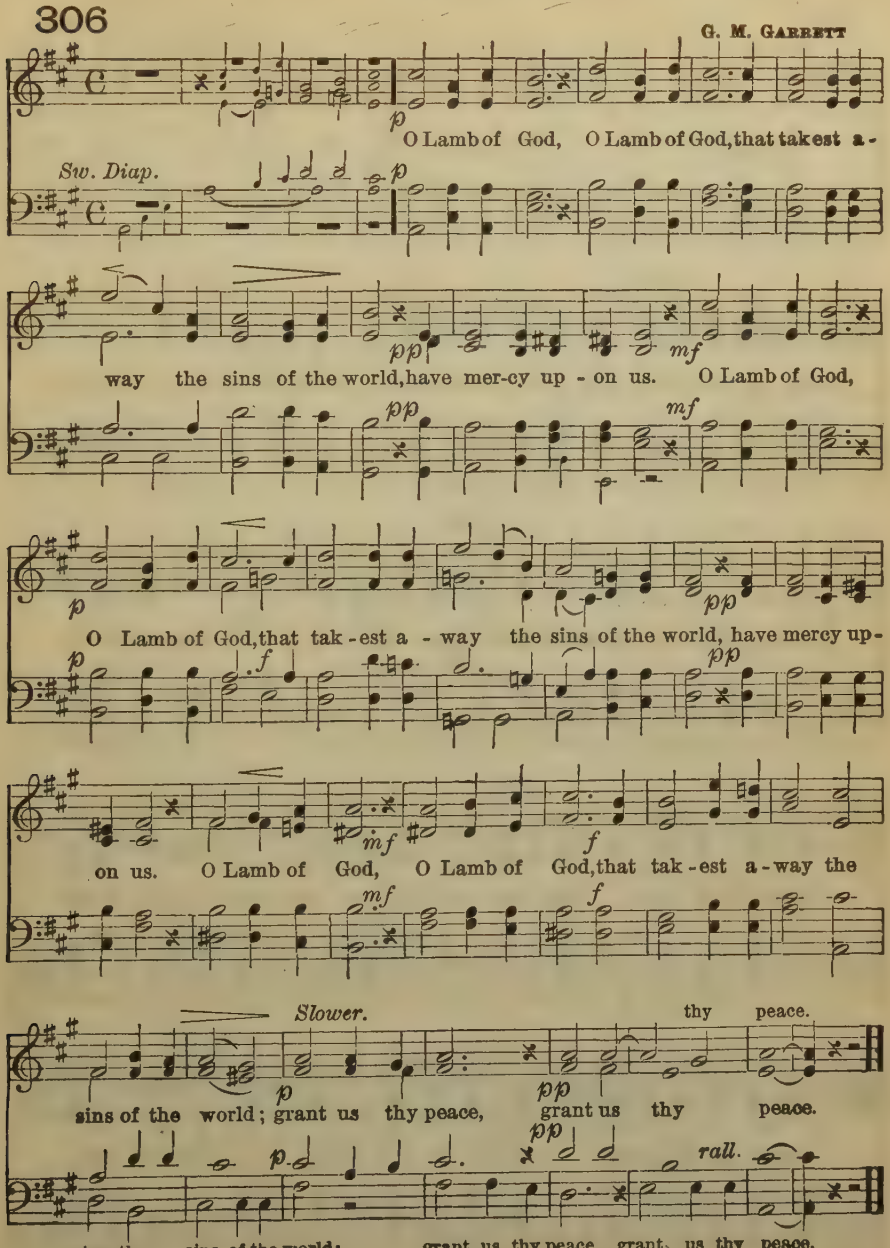
C. E. MILLER.

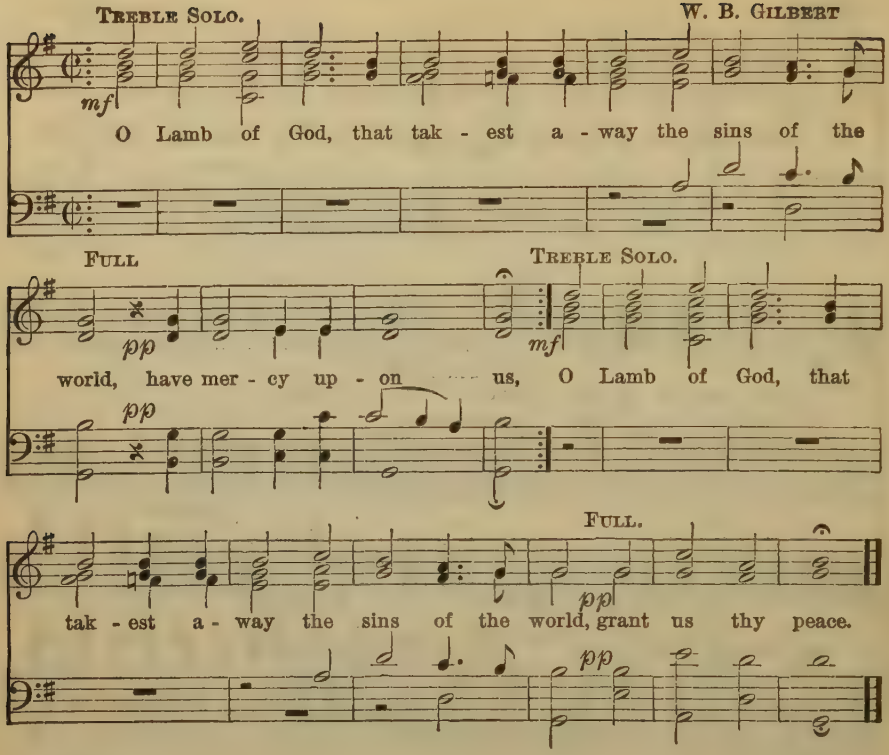


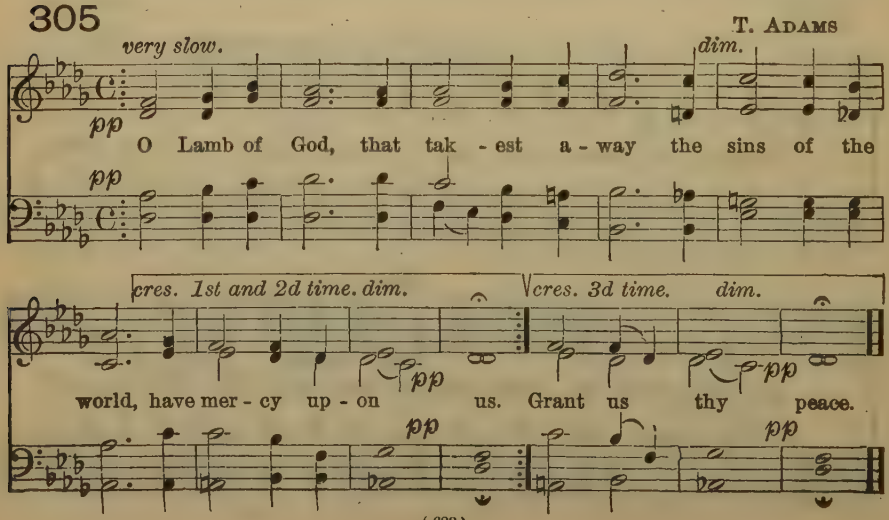

Treble Solo.
W. B. Gilbert
mf
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the
Full
Treble Solo.
pp
mf
world, have mer - cy up - on us, O Lamb of God, that
pp
Full.
tak - est a - way the sins of the world, grant us thy peace.
pp
pp

## 305

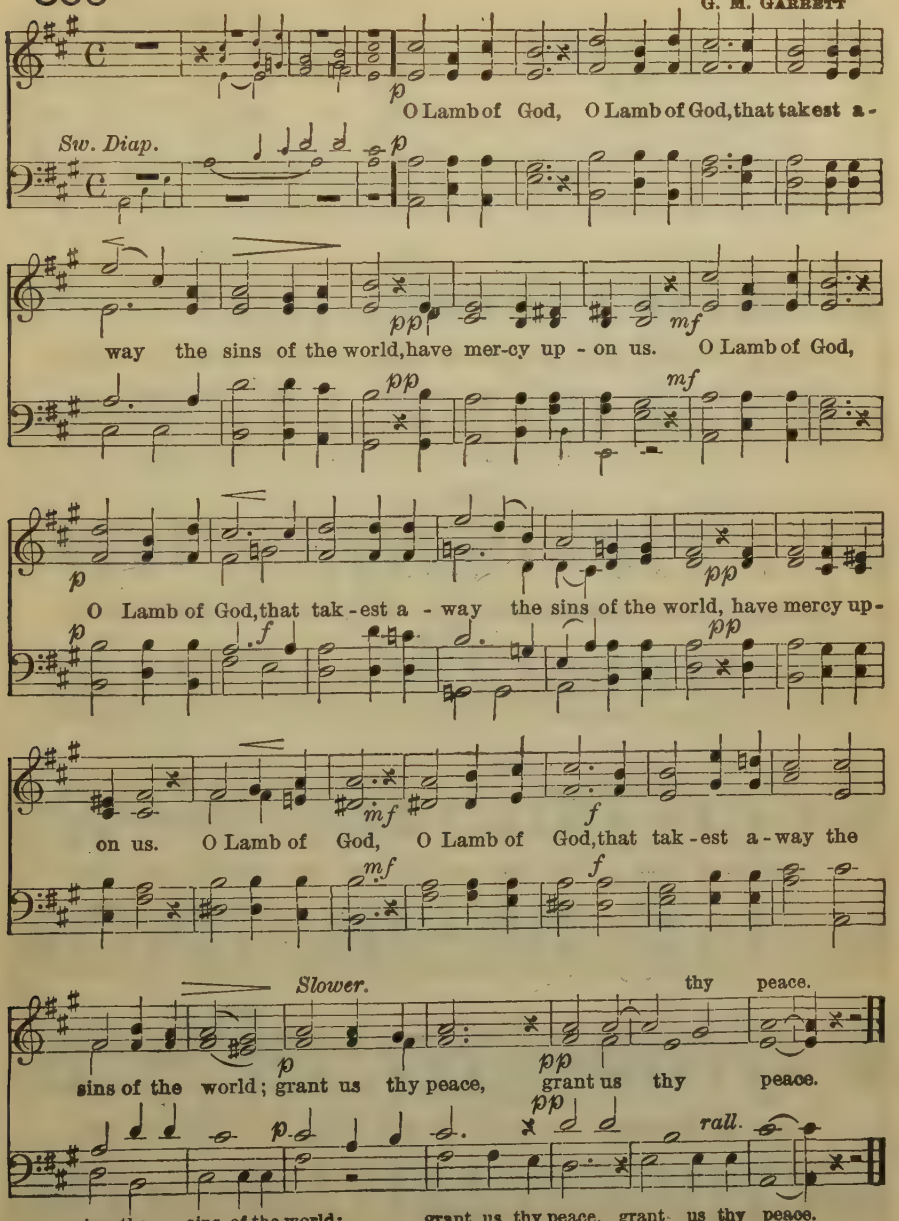

very slow.
T. Adams
dim.
pp
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the
pp
cres. 1st and 2d time. dim.
cres. 3d time.
dim.
world, have mer - cy up - on us. Grant us thy peace.
pp
pp
pp


306
G. M. GARRETT
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that takest a-
Sw. Diap.
way the sins of the world, have mer-cy up-on us. O Lamb of God,
O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world, have mercy up-
on us. O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the
Slower.
thy peace.
sins of the world; grant us thy peace, grant us thy peace.
rall.
sins, the sins of the world; grant us thy peace, grant us thy peace.


Treble Solo.
W. B. Gilbert
mf
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the
Full
Treble Solo.
pp
mf
world, have mer - cy up - on us, O Lamb of God, that
pp
Full.
tak - est a - way the sins of the world, grant us thy peace.
pp
pp

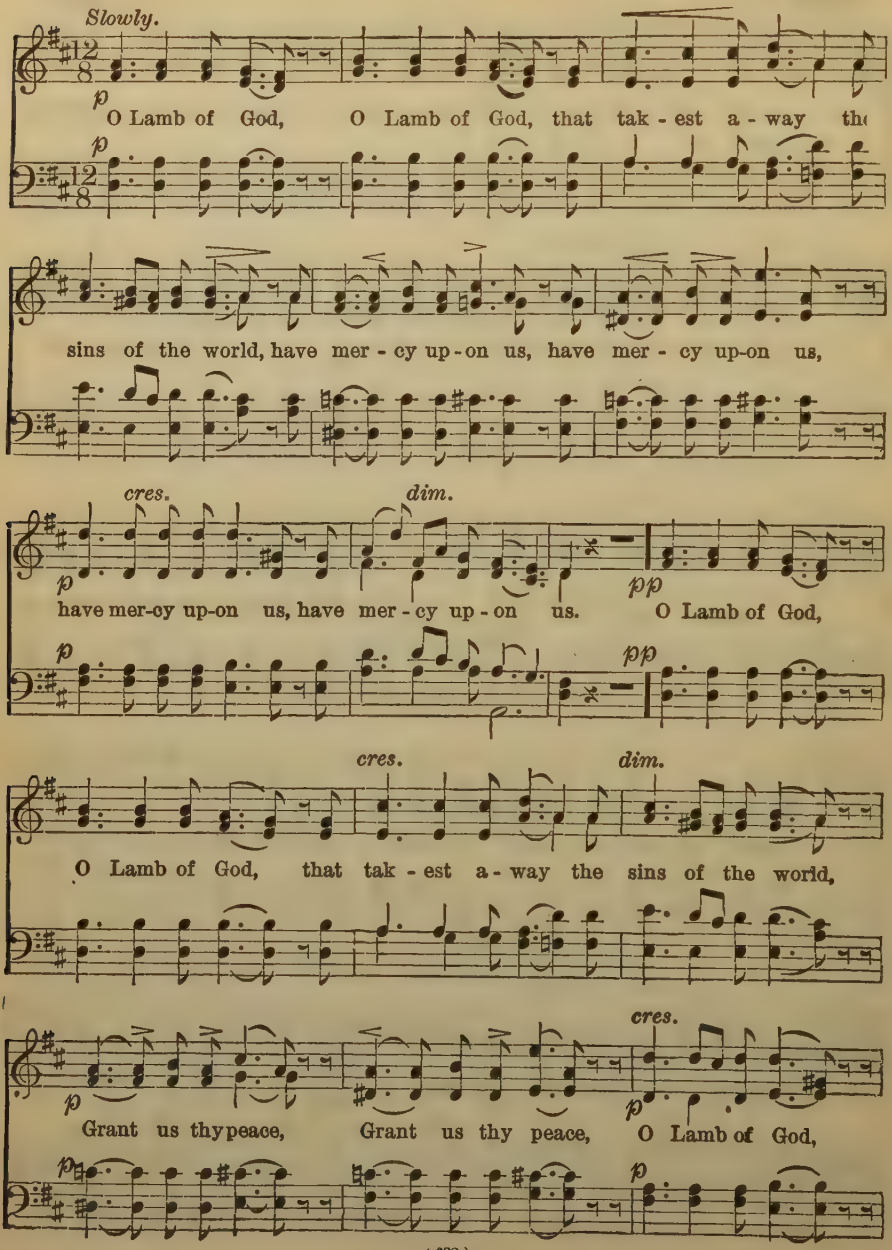

305
T. Adams
very slow.
dim.
pp
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the
pp
cres. 1st and 2d time. dim.
cres. 3d time.
dim.
world, have mer - cy up - on us. Grant us thy peace.
pp
pp
pp

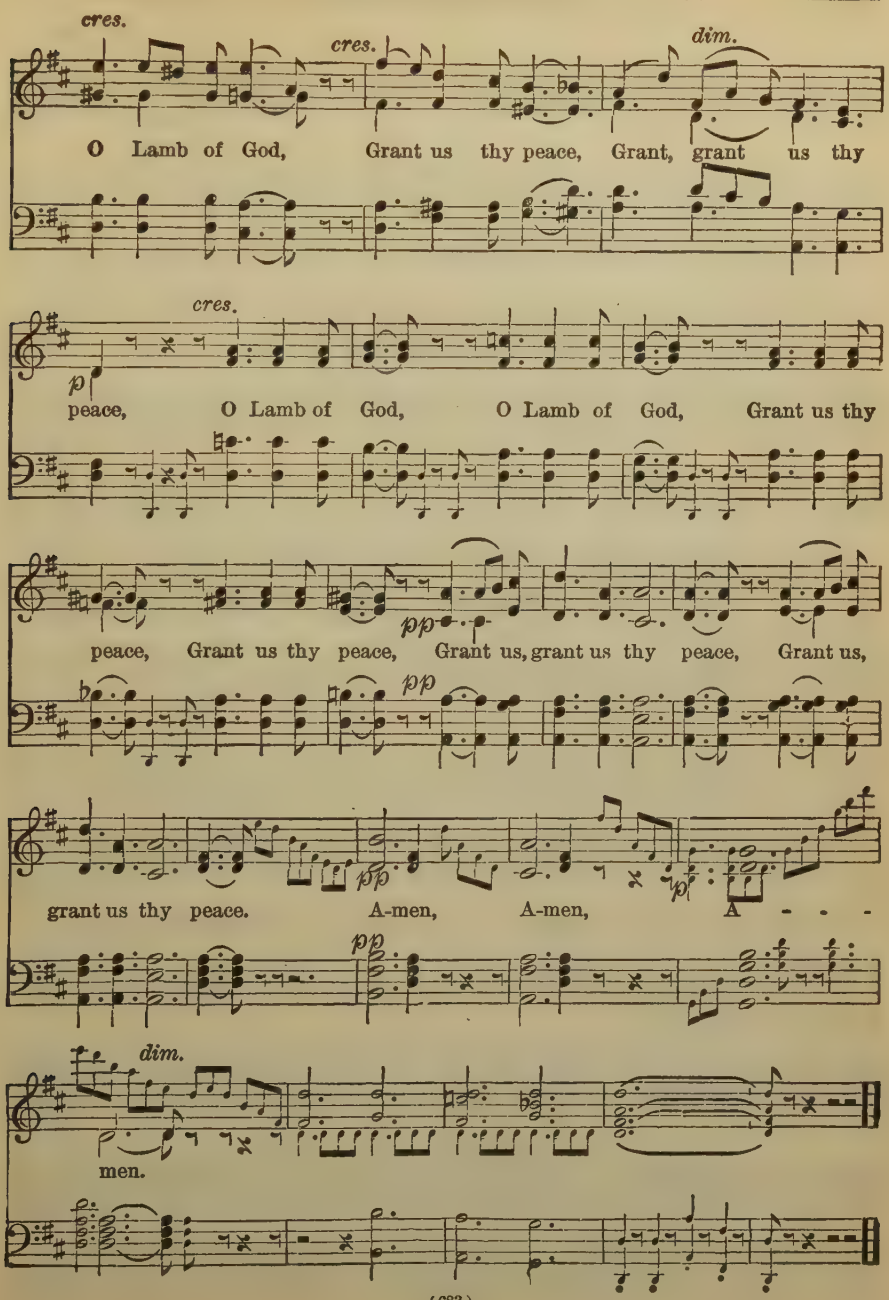
306


G. M. GARRETT
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that takest a-
Sw. Diap.
way the sins of the world, have mer-cy up-on us. O Lamb of God,
O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world, have mercy up-
on us. O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the
Slower.
thy peace.
sins of the world; grant us thy peace, grant us thy peace.
rall.
sins, the sins of the world; grant us thy peace, grant us thy peace.

307

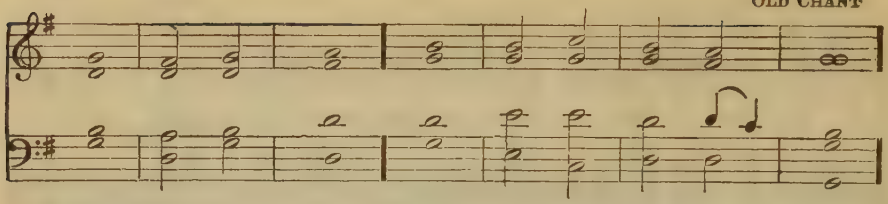
C. GOUNOD


Slowly.
p
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way th
sins of the world, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up-on us,
cres.
dim.
have mer-cy up-on us, have mer - cy up - on us.
pp
O Lamb of God,
cres.
dim.
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the world,
cres.
Grant us thy peace, Grant us thy peace, O Lamb of God,


cres.
cres.
dim.
O Lamb of God, Grant us thy peace, Grant, grant us thy
cres.
p
peace, O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, Grant us thy
pp
peace, Grant us thy peace, Grant us, grant us thy peace, Grant us,
pp
pp
grant us thy peace. A-men, A-men, A - - -
pp
dim.
men.

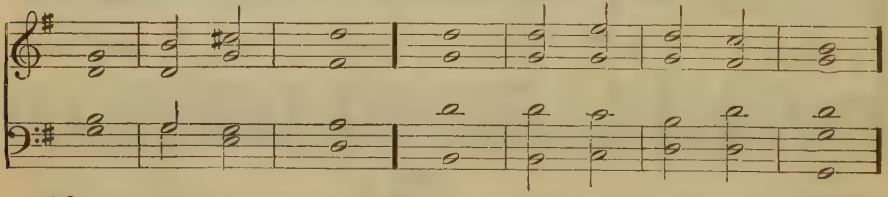
308

OLD CHANT

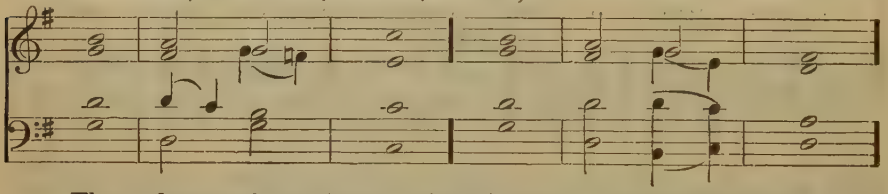


*f* GLORY be to | God on } high: and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee: we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.



*f* O Lord God, | Heavenly | King: God the | Father | Al · = | mighty.
*mf* O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God | Son · = | of the | Father,

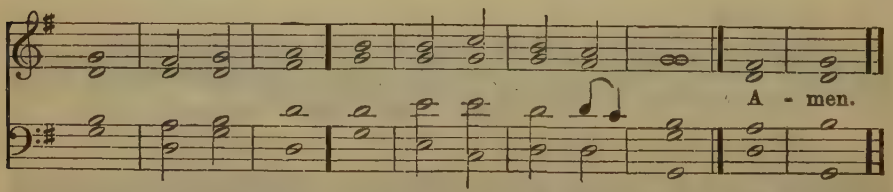


*p* That takest away the | sins · of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world: re | ceive our | prayer.

*cr* Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: (*p*) have mercy | upon | us.

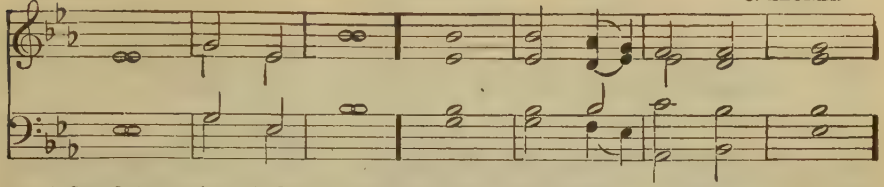



*mf* For thou only | art · = | holy: thou | only | art the | Lord.

*cr* Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: (*f*) art most high in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

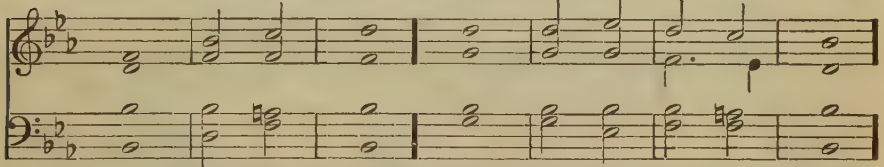
309

C. ZEUNER

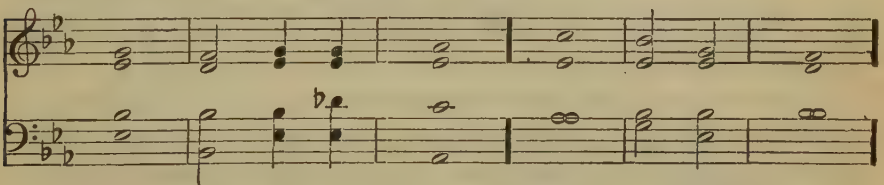


*f* GLORY be to | God on | high: and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee: we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.



*f* O Lord God, | Heavenly | King: God the | Father | Al · = | mighty.
*mf* O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God | Son · = | of the | Father,

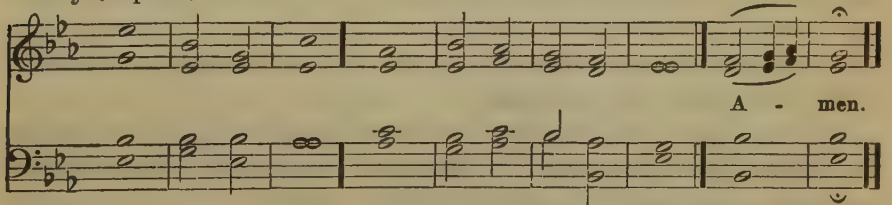


*p* That takest away the | sins · of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world: re | ceive our | prayer.

*cr* Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: (*p*) have mercy | upon | us.

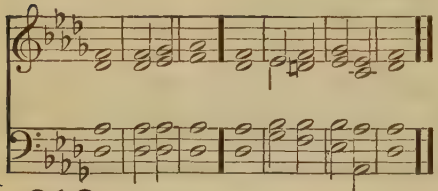



*mf* For thou only | art · = | holy: thou | only | art the | Lord.

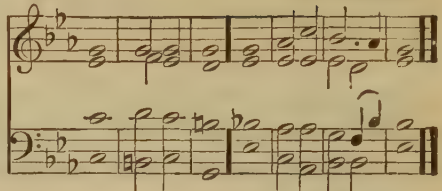
*cr* Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: (*f*) art most high in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

## The Psalms

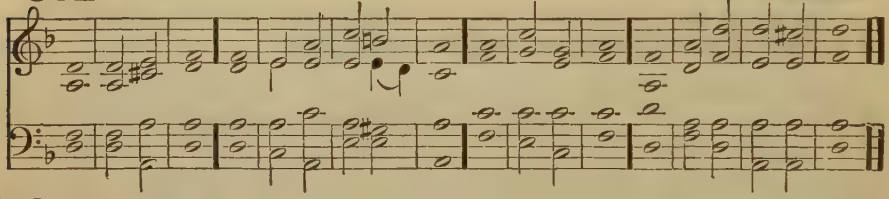
310 L. T. Downes



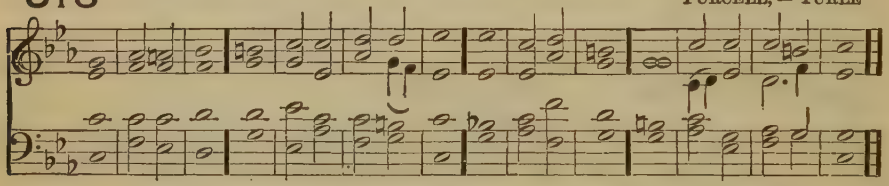
311 W. Felton



312 T. Morley



313 Purcell, — Turle



*(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)*

*p* LORD, let me know mine end * and the number | of my | days: that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span · = | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee * and verily every man living is | alto | gether | vanity.

*p* 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow * and disquieteth him | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.

*cr* 4 And now Lord, what | is my | hope: truly my | hope is | even · in | thee.

5 Deliver me from all | mine of | fences: and make me not a re | buke · = | unto · the | foolish.

*p* 6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin * thou makest his beauty to consume away * like as it were a moth | fretting · a | garment: every man | therefore | is but | vanity.

*cr* 7 Hear my prayer O Lord * and with thine ears con | sider · my | calling: hold not thy | peace · = | at my | tears;

*p* 8 For I am a stranger with thée | and a | sojourner: ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little * that I máy re | cover · my | strength: before I go hénce | and be | no more | seen.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

F *mf* LORD, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth * or ever the eárth and the | world were | made: thou art God from everlásting, and | world with | out · = | end.

*p* 3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a | gain ye | children · of | men.

*mf* 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are | but · as | yesterday: seeing that is pást as a | watch · = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them * they are éven | as a | sleep: and fáde away | sudden · ly | like the | grass.

*f* 6 In the morning it is grêen and | groweth | up: but in the evening it is cut dówn, | dried | up and | withered.

*p* 7 For we consume awáy in | thy dis | pleasure: and are afráid at thy | wrathful | indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret sins in the | light · = | of thy | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone: we bring our years to an end * as it wére a | tale · = | that is | told.

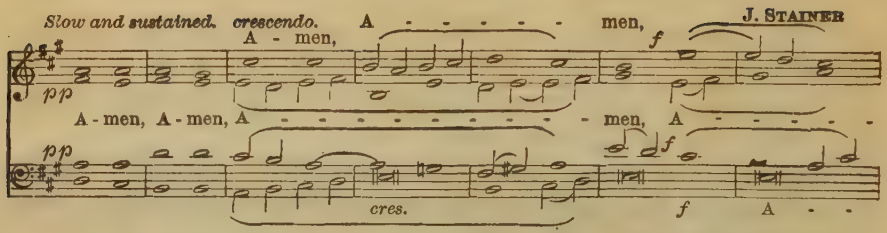
*mf* 10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten * and though men be so strong that they cóme to | fourscore | years: (*p*) yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow * so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

*cr* 11 O téach us to | number · our | days: that we may apply our | hearts · = | unto | wisdom.

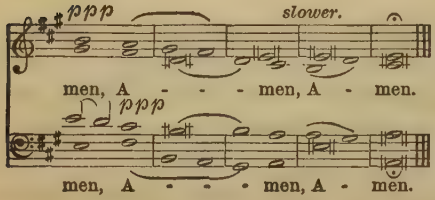
F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

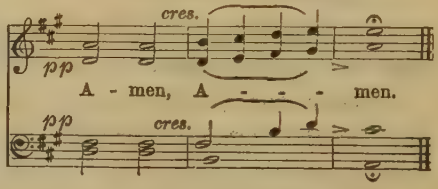
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

## 314 Sevenfold Amen

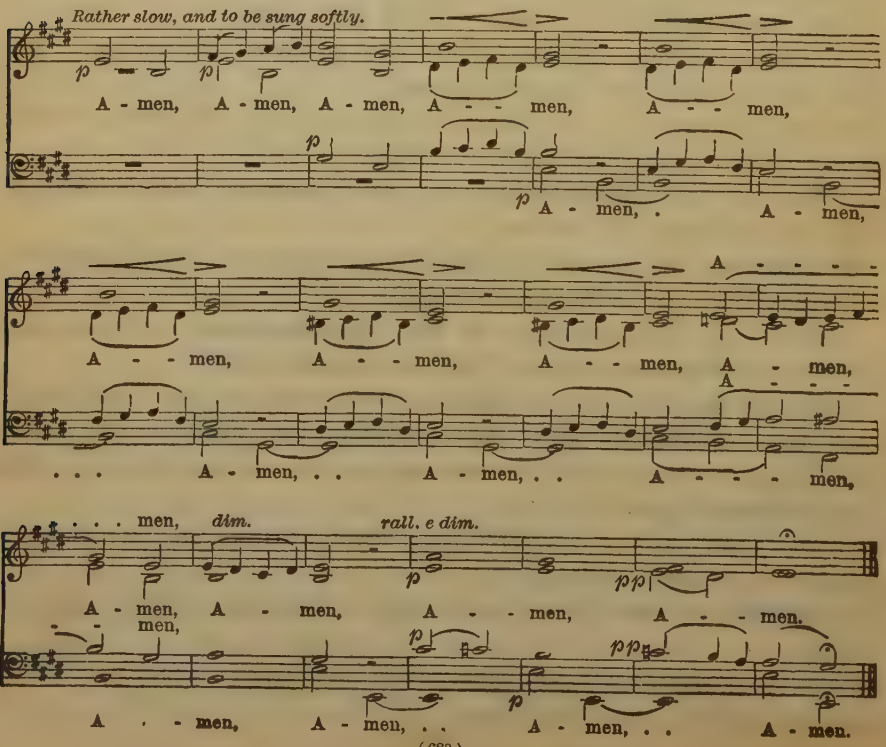


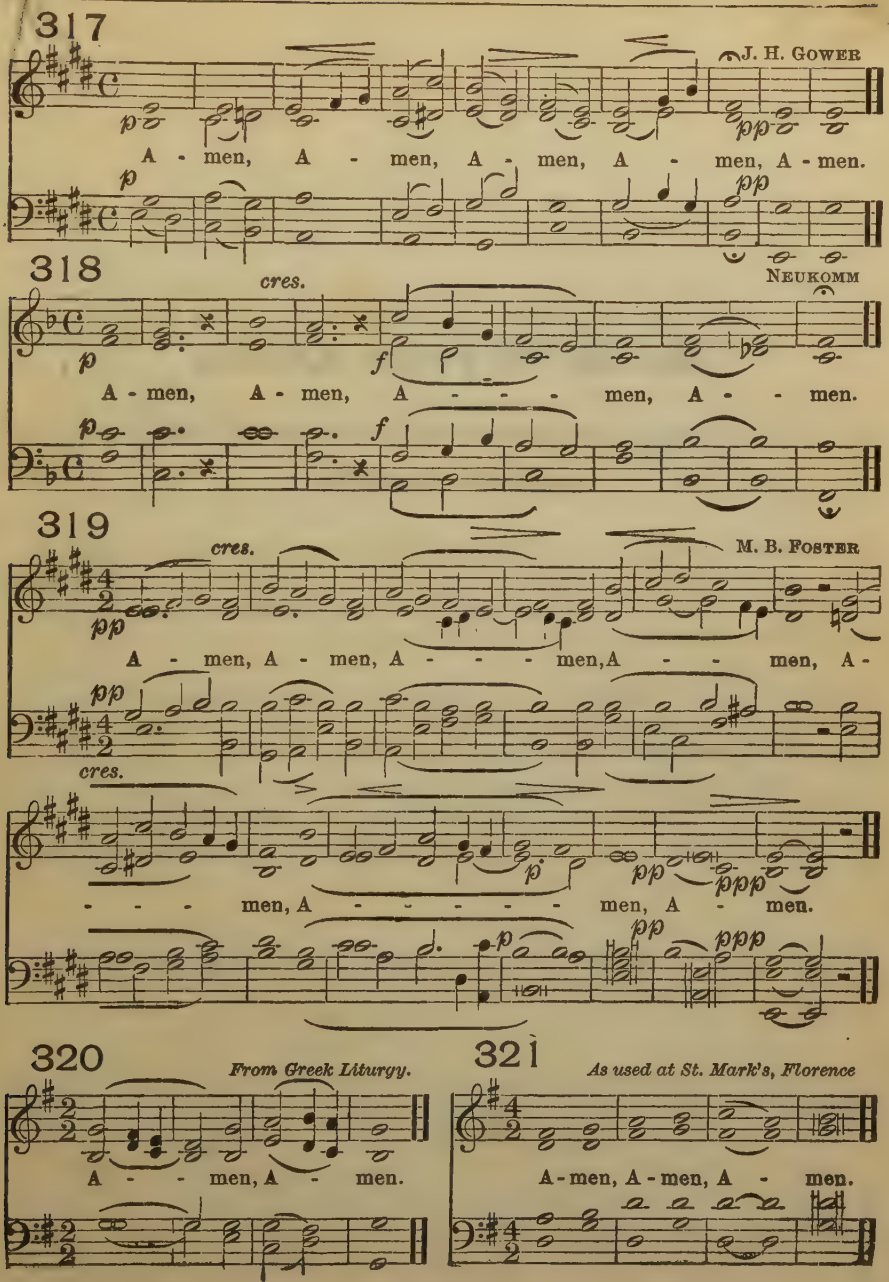

## 315 Dresden Amen




## 316 Bell Amen


Rather slow, and to be sung softly.
p
A - men, A - men, A - men, A - - men, A - - men,
p
A - men, . A - men,
A - - - -
A - - men, A - - men, A - - men, A - men,
A - - - -
. . . A - men, . . A - men, . . A - - - men,
. . . men, dim.
rall. e dim.
p
pp
A - men, A - men, A - - men, A - - men.
men,
p
pp
A . - men, A - men, . . A - men, . . A - men.


317
J. H. GOWER
A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.
318
cres.
NEUKOMM
A - men, A - men, A - - - - men, A - - men.
319
cres.
M. B. FOSTER
A - men, A - men, A - - - - men, A - - men, A -
cres.
- - - - men, A - - - - - - men, A - men.
320
From Greek Liturgy.
A - - - men, A - men.
321
As used at St. Mark's, Florence
A-men, A-men, A - men.

# Morning and Evening Canticles

PLAINSONG SETTING WITH HARMONIZATION BY

FRANCIS W. SNOW

## DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF THE PLAINSONG SETTINGS

1. Sing in unison the soprano part, which is the authentic plainsong melody of the various psalm tones, as indicated by the tone and ending numbers.

2. Do not hurry the syllables sung on the reciting note, or drag those which fall to the inflections.

3. Give every syllable its proper rhythmical accent and a very distinct enunciation with the full value of a syllable to those words which end in "ed" i.e., blessèd, promisèd.

4. Do not make any gap between the reciting note, and the beginning of the inflection.

5. Take a breath at the end of the intonation, unless otherwise directed by a long slur.

6. Recite the whole mezza voce, rather than sing it.

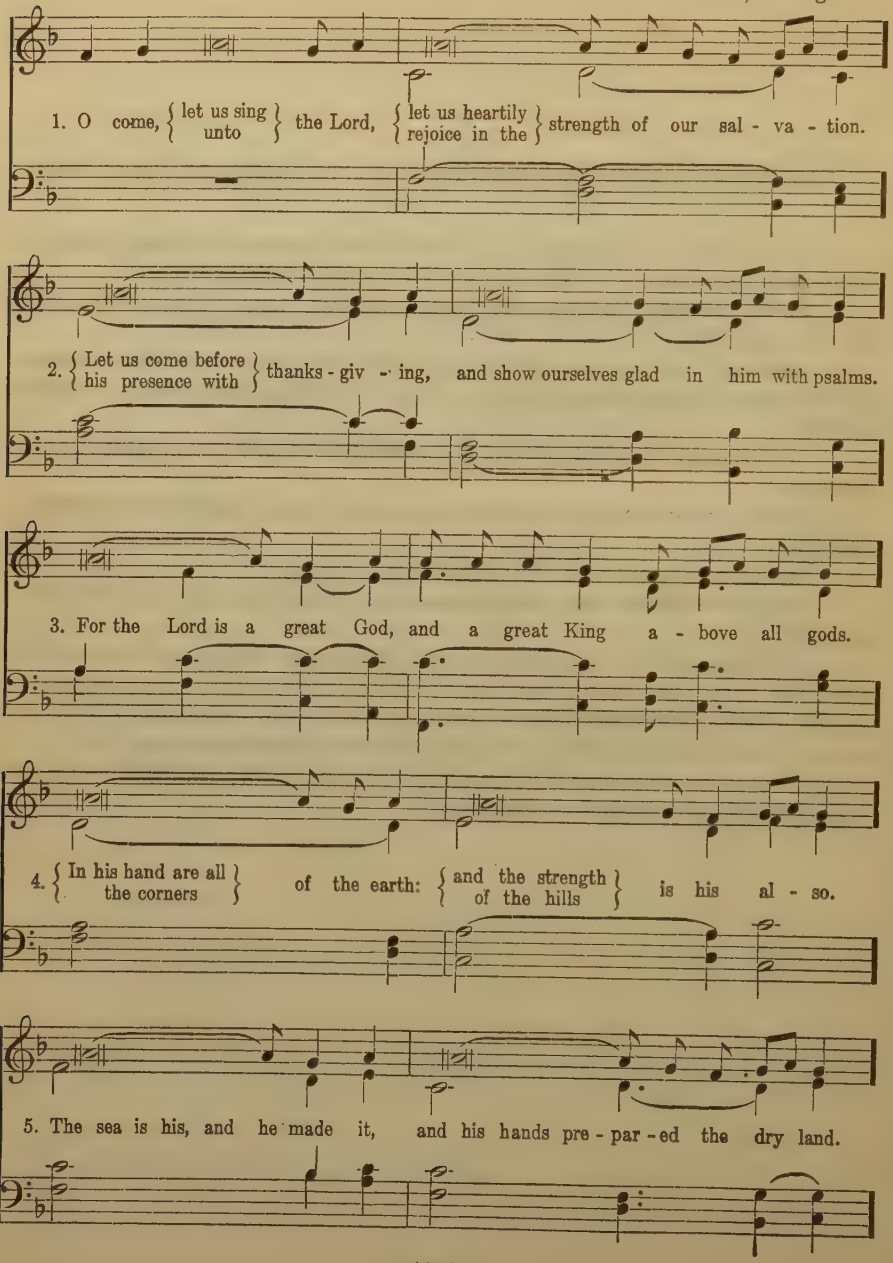
7. Sing the last note of the mediation and oî the ending, especially the latter, quite softly.

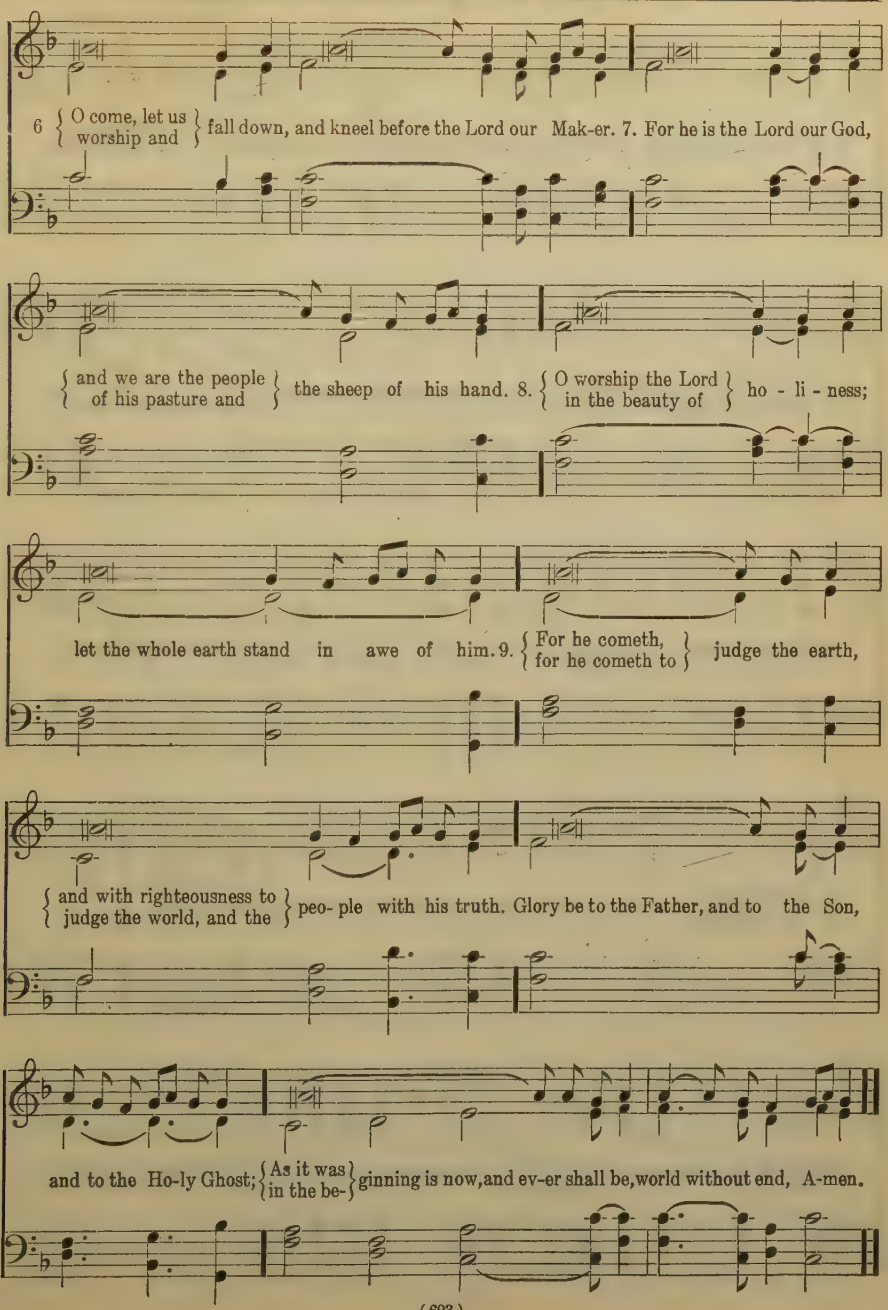
8. The first half verse should be precented, then the whole choir or the whole of the side of the choir should join in at the colon; the succeeding verses should be sung alternately, either from side to side, or men's voices alternating with boys' voices. There is no authority for singing the verses of the Gloria Patri full.

9. The accompaniment should be subdued and played on the Swell and Choir Diapasons, either alternately or together.

# Venite No. 1. Plainsong Setting

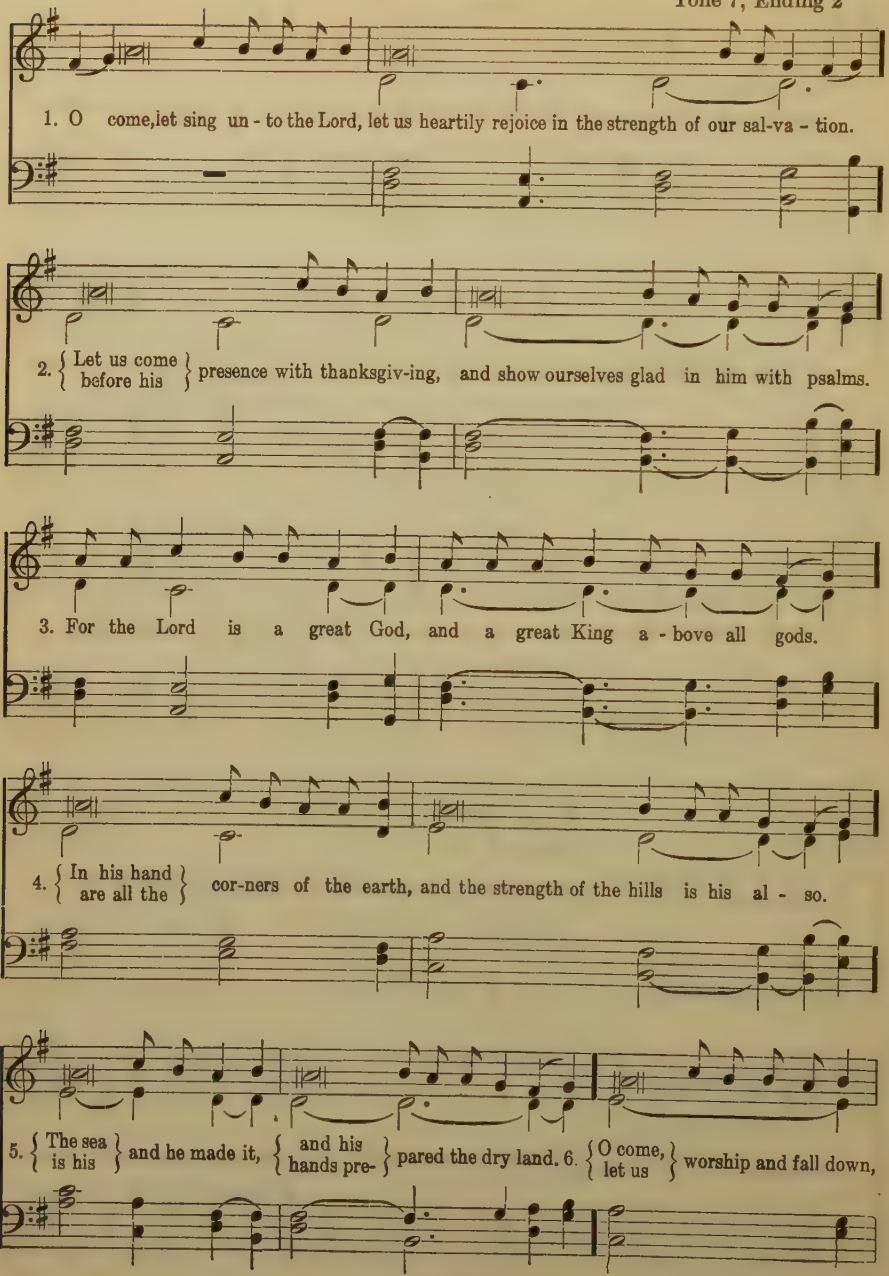
Tone 1, Ending 1

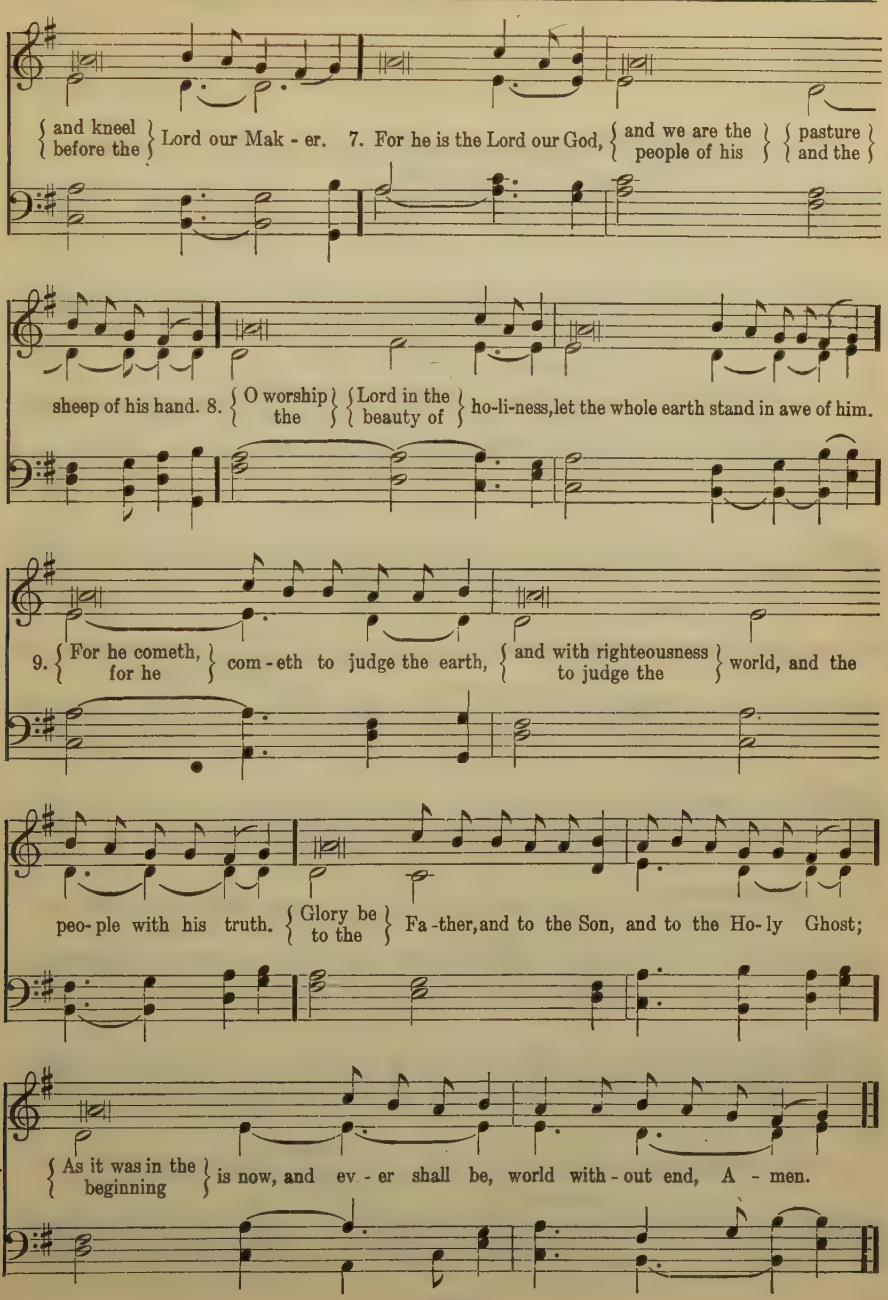

1. O come, { let us sing / unto } the Lord, { let us heartily / rejoice in the } strength of our sal - va - tion.
2. { Let us come before / his presence with } thanks - giv - ing, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a - bove all gods.
4. { In his hand are all / the corners } of the earth: { and the strength / of the hills } is his al - so.
5. The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands pre - par - ed the dry land.


6 { O come, let us worship and } fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Mak-er. 7. For he is the Lord our God,
{ and we are the people of his pasture and } the sheep of his hand. 8. { O worship the Lord in the beauty of } ho - li - ness;
let the whole earth stand in awe of him. 9. { For he cometh, for he cometh to } judge the earth,
{ and with righteousness to judge the world, and the } peo- ple with his truth. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; { As it was in the be- } ginning is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men.

# Venite No. 2. Plainsong Setting

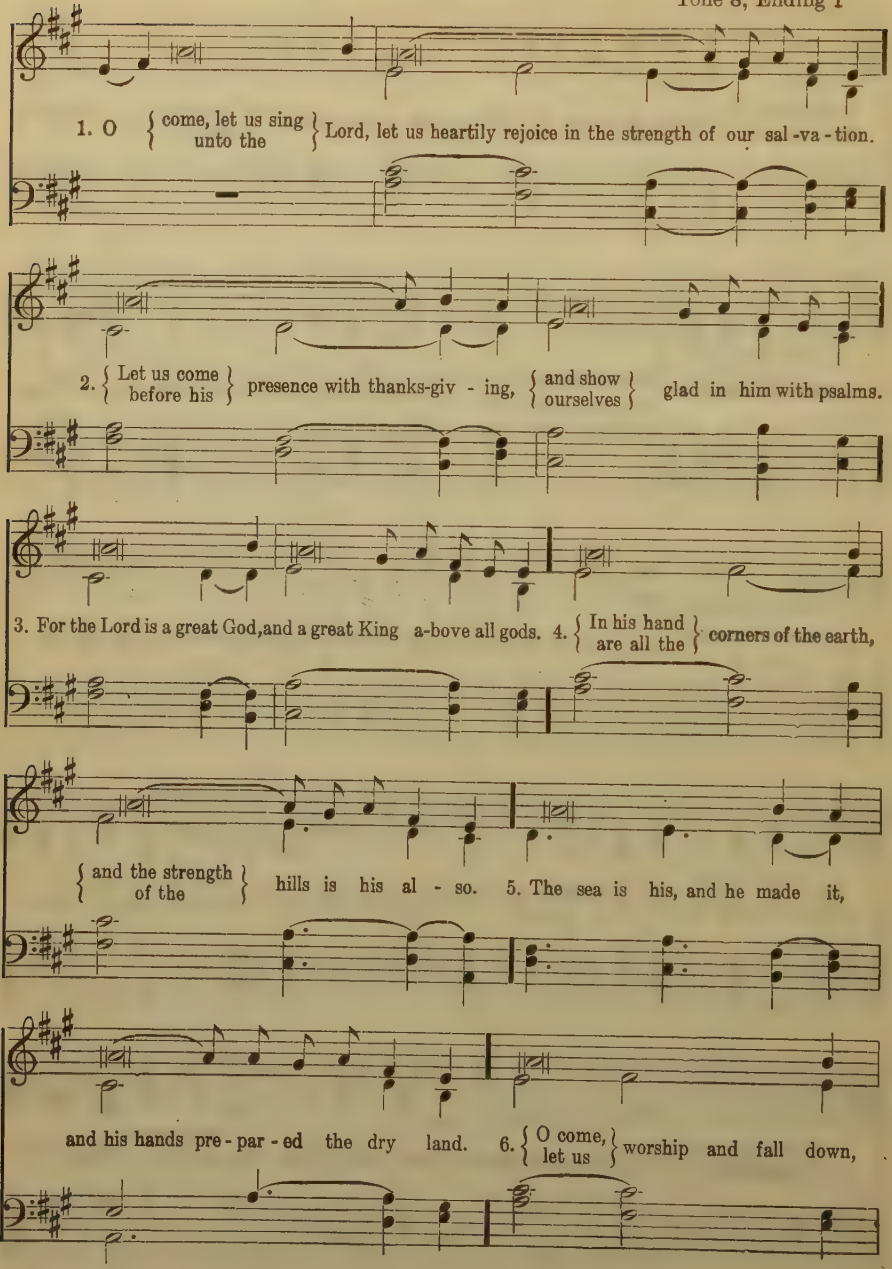
Tone 7, Ending 2

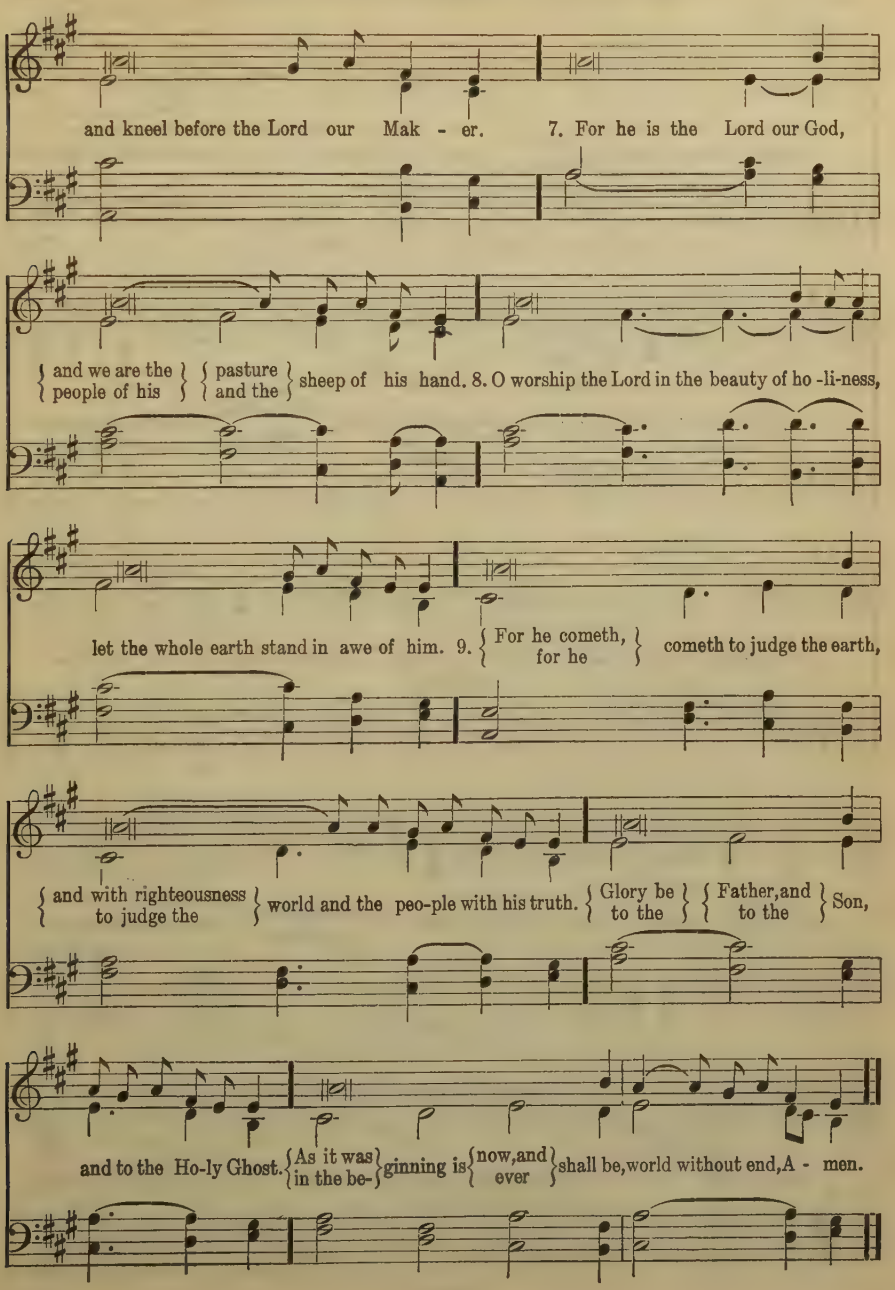

1. O come, let sing un - to the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal-va - tion.
2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiv-ing, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a - bove all gods.
4. In his hand are all the cor-ners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his al - so.
5. The sea is his and he made it, and his hands pre- pared the dry land. 6. O come, let us worship and fall down,


{and kneel / before the} Lord our Mak - er. 7. For he is the Lord our God, {and we are the / people of his} {pasture / and the}
sheep of his hand. 8. {O worship / the} {Lord in the / beauty of} ho-li-ness, let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
9. {For he cometh, / for he} com - eth to judge the earth, {and with righteousness / to judge the} world, and the
peo - ple with his truth. {Glory be / to the} Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
{As it was in the / beginning} is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men.

# Venite No. 3. Plainsong Setting

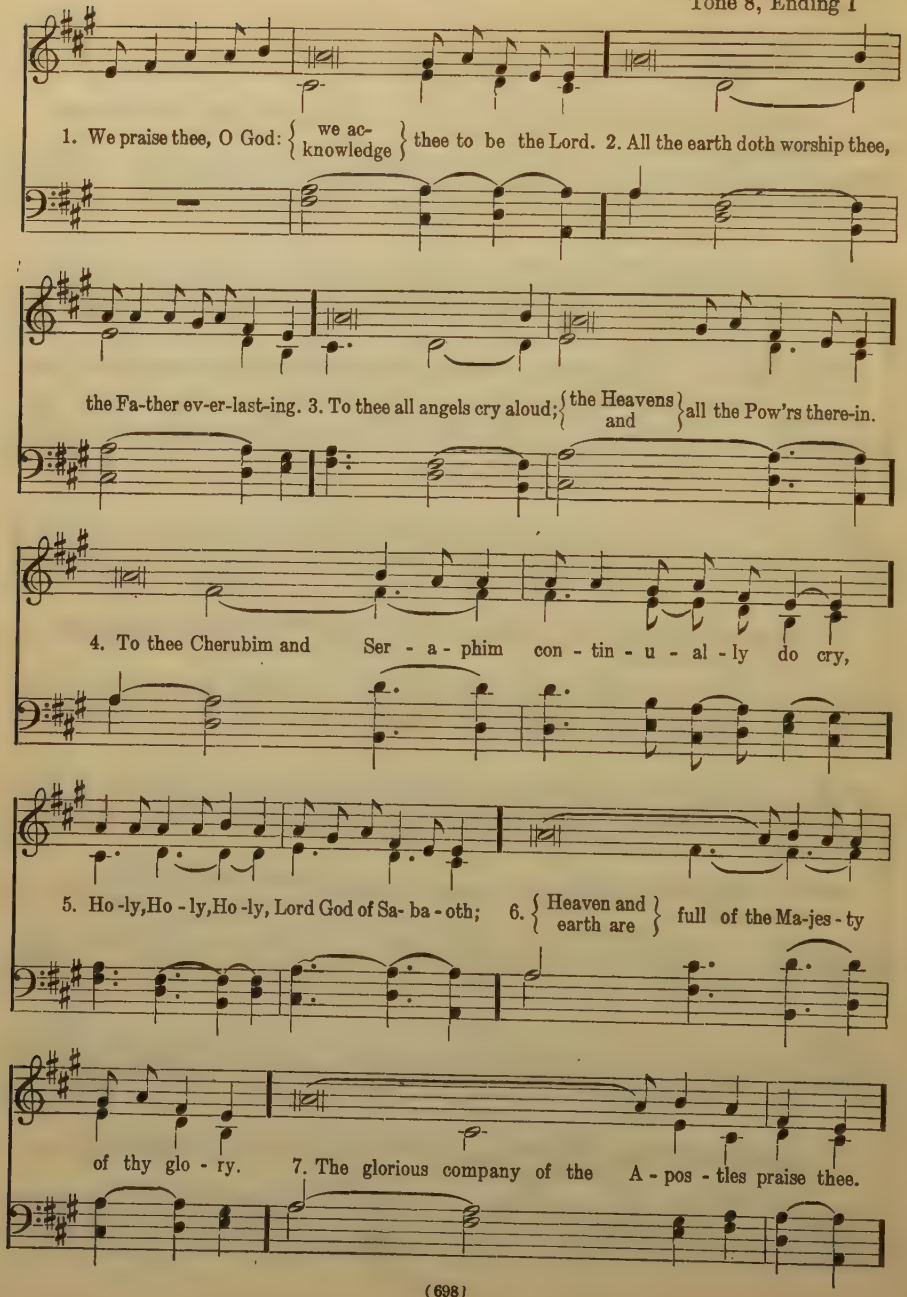
Tone 8, Ending 1

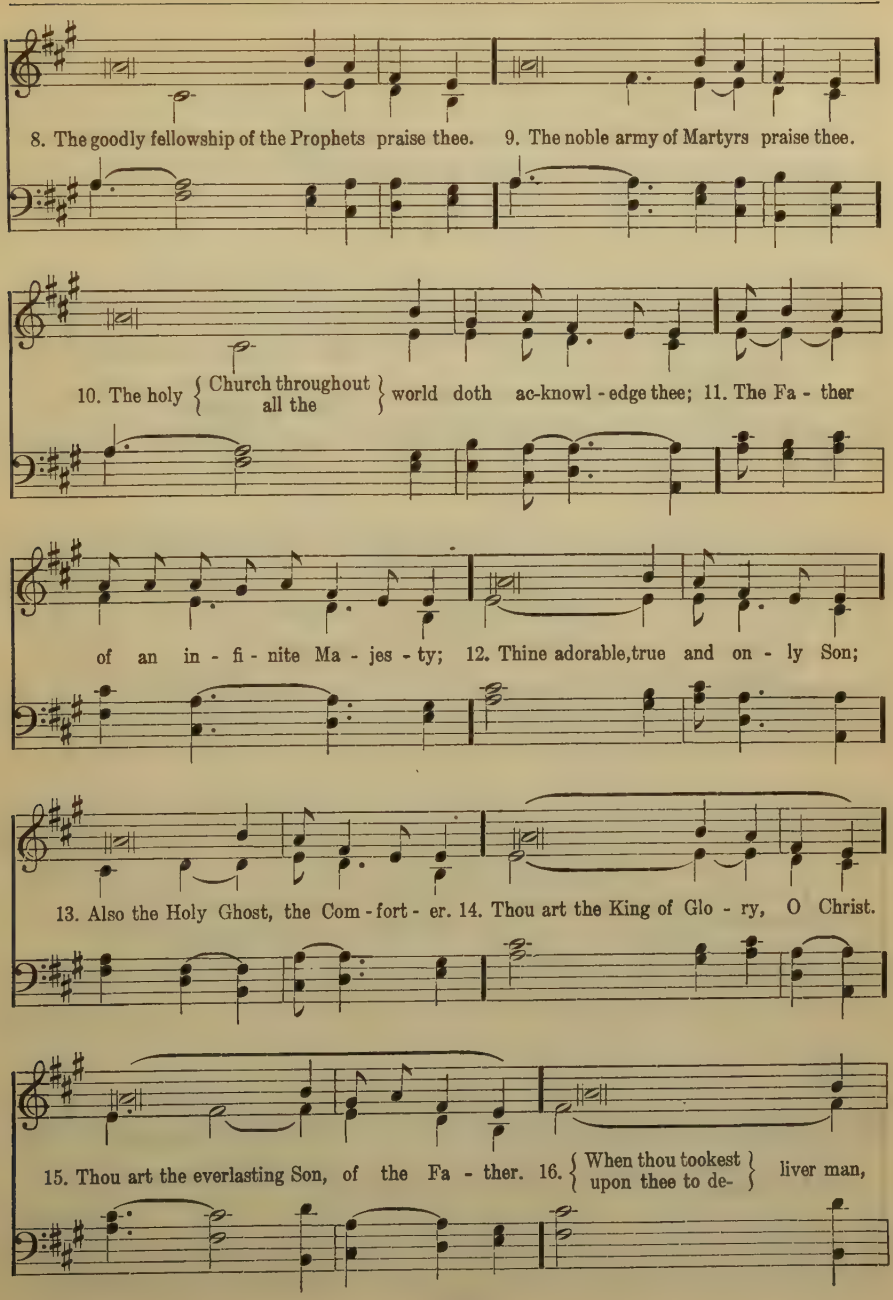

1. O { come, let us sing unto the } Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal-va-tion.
2. { Let us come before his } presence with thanks-giv - ing, { and show ourselves } glad in him with psalms.
3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a-bove all gods. 4. { In his hand are all the } corners of the earth,
{ and the strength of the } hills is his al - so. 5. The sea is his, and he made it,
and his hands pre-par-ed the dry land. 6. { O come, let us } worship and fall down,

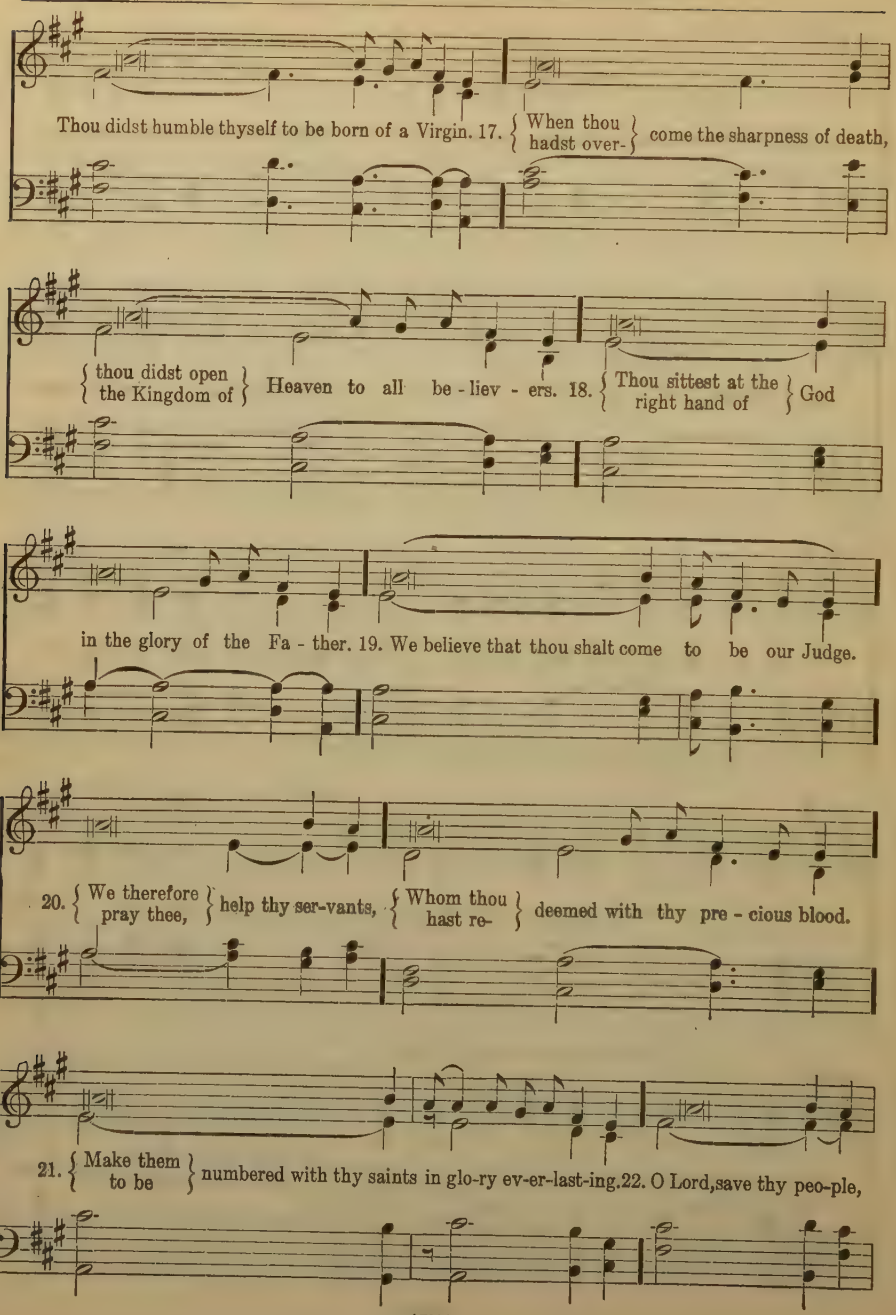

and kneel before the Lord our Mak - er. 7. For he is the Lord our God,
{and we are the people of his} {pasture and the} sheep of his hand. 8. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho -li-ness,
let the whole earth stand in awe of him. 9. {For he cometh, for he} cometh to judge the earth,
{and with righteousness to judge the} world and the peo-ple with his truth. {Glory be to the} {Father, and to the} Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost. {As it was in the be-} ginning is {now, and ever} shall be, world without end, A - men.

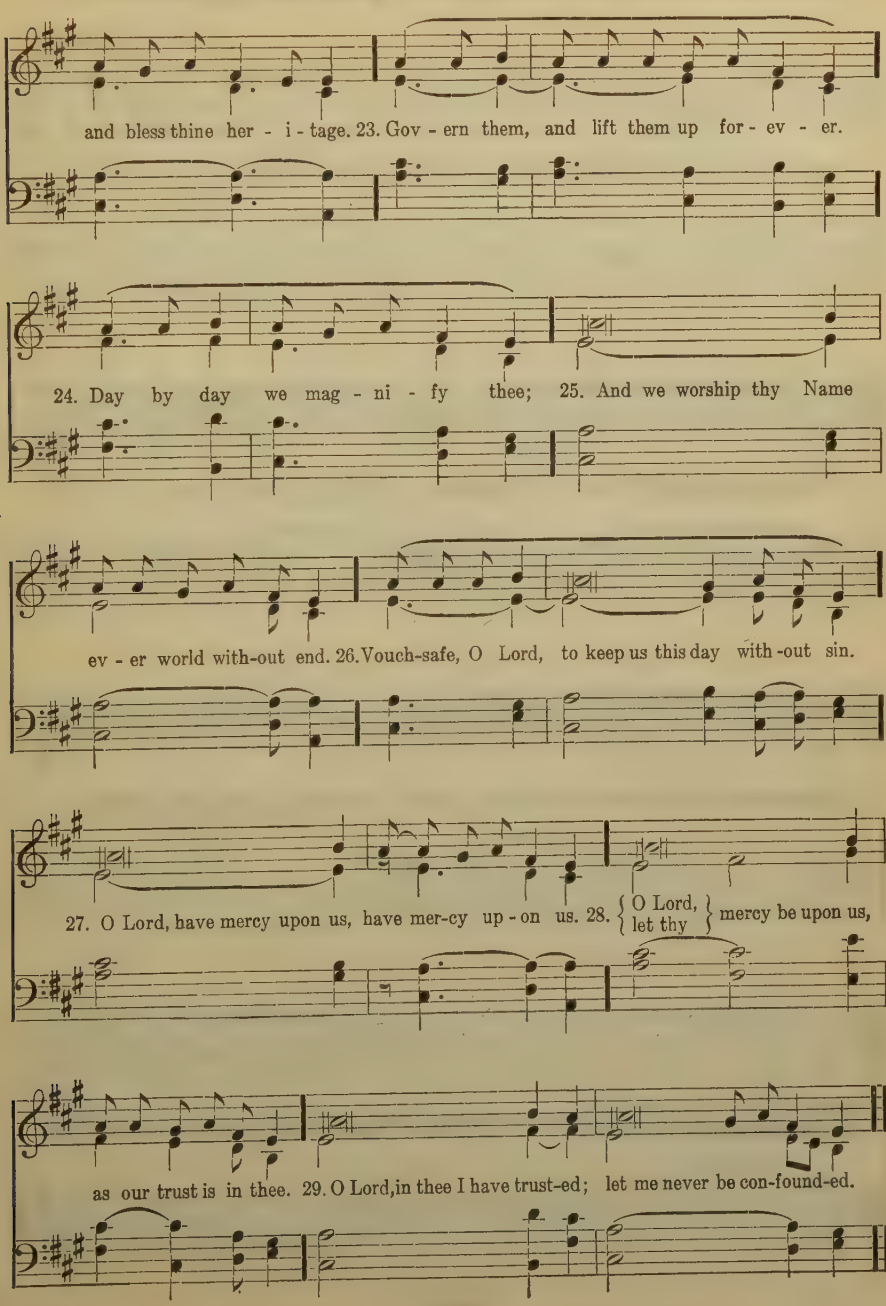
# Te Deum. Plainsong Setting

Tone 8, Ending 1


1. We praise thee, O God: { we ac- knowledge } thee to be the Lord. 2. All the earth doth worship thee,
the Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing. 3. To thee all angels cry aloud; { the Heavens and } all the Pow'rs there-in.
4. To thee Cherubim and Ser - a - phim con - tin - u - al - ly do cry,
5. Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa- ba - oth; 6. { Heaven and earth are } full of the Ma-jes - ty
of thy glo - ry. 7. The glorious company of the A - pos - tles praise thee.

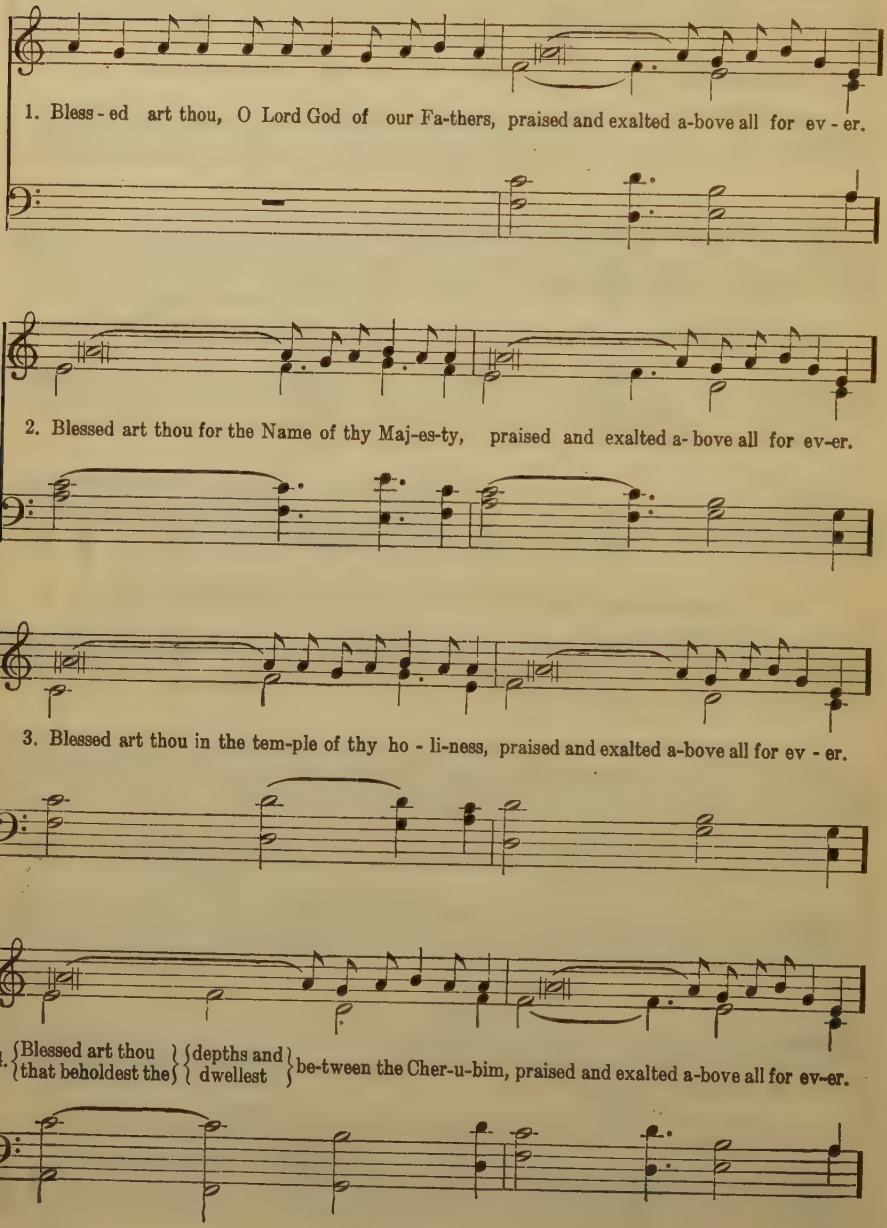

8. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
9. The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.
10. The holy { Church throughout all the } world doth ac-knowl - edge thee;
11. The Fa - ther
of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;
12. Thine adorable, true and on - ly Son;
13. Also the Holy Ghost, the Com - fort - er.
14. Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ.
15. Thou art the everlasting Son, of the Fa - ther.
16. { When thou tookest upon thee to de- } liver man,

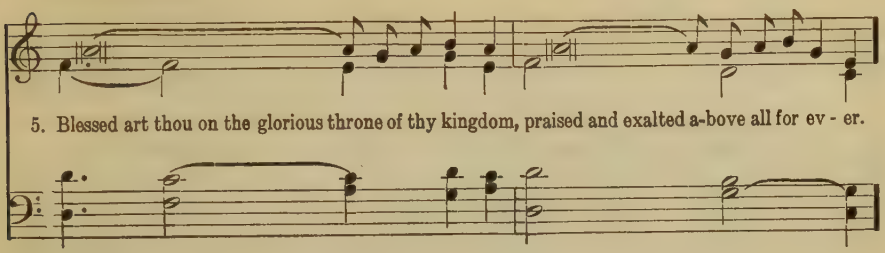

Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin. 17. When thou hadst over- come the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all be - liev - ers. 18. Thou sittest at the right hand of God
in the glory of the Fa - ther. 19. We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
20. We therefore pray thee, help thy ser-vants, Whom thou hast re- deemed with thy pre - cious blood.
21. Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glo-ry ev-er-last-ing. 22. O Lord, save thy peo-ple,

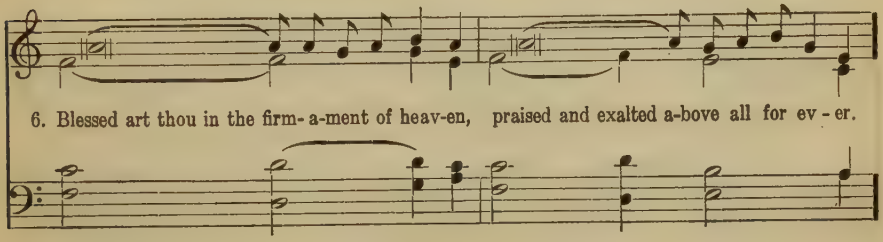

and bless thine her - i - tage. 23. Gov - ern them, and lift them up for - ev - er.
24. Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee; 25. And we worship thy Name
ev - er world with-out end. 26. Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-out sin.
27. O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mer-cy up - on us. 28. { O Lord, / let thy } mercy be upon us,
as our trust is in thee. 29. O Lord, in thee I have trust-ed; let me never be con-found-ed.

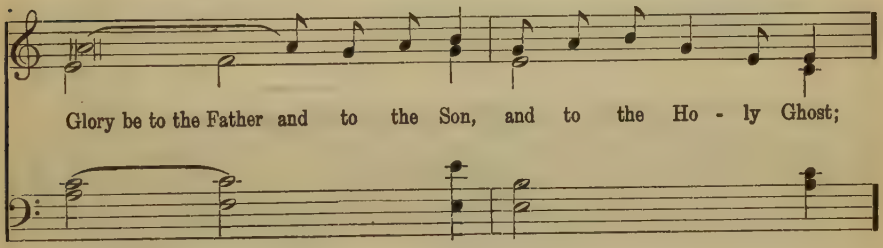
# Benedictus es Domine. Plainsong Setting

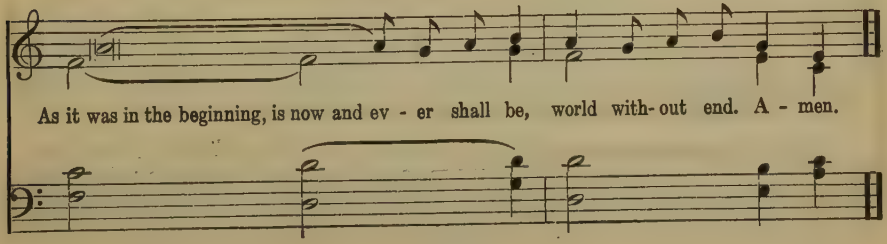
Tone 1, Ending 4


1. Bless - ed art thou, O Lord God of our Fa-thers, praised and exalted a-bove all for ev - er.
2. Blessed art thou for the Name of thy Maj-es-ty, praised and exalted a- bove all for ev-er.
3. Blessed art thou in the tem-ple of thy ho - li-ness, praised and exalted a-bove all for ev - er.
4. {Blessed art thou / that beholdest the} {depths and / dwellest} be-tween the Cher-u-bim, praised and exalted a-bove all for ev-er.


5. Blessed art thou on the glorious throne of thy kingdom, praised and exalted a-bove all for ev - er.

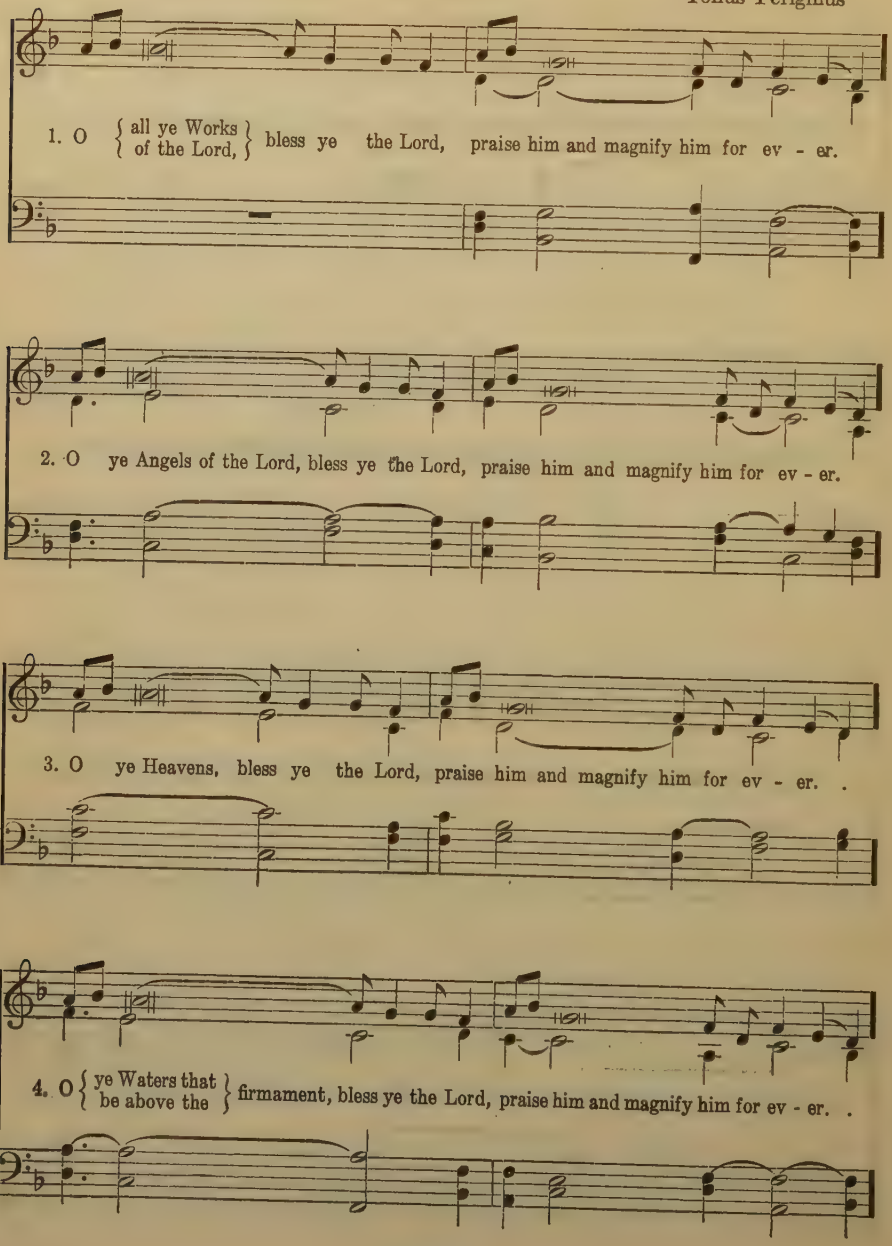

6. Blessed art thou in the firm- a-ment of heav-en, praised and exalted a-bove all for ev - er.

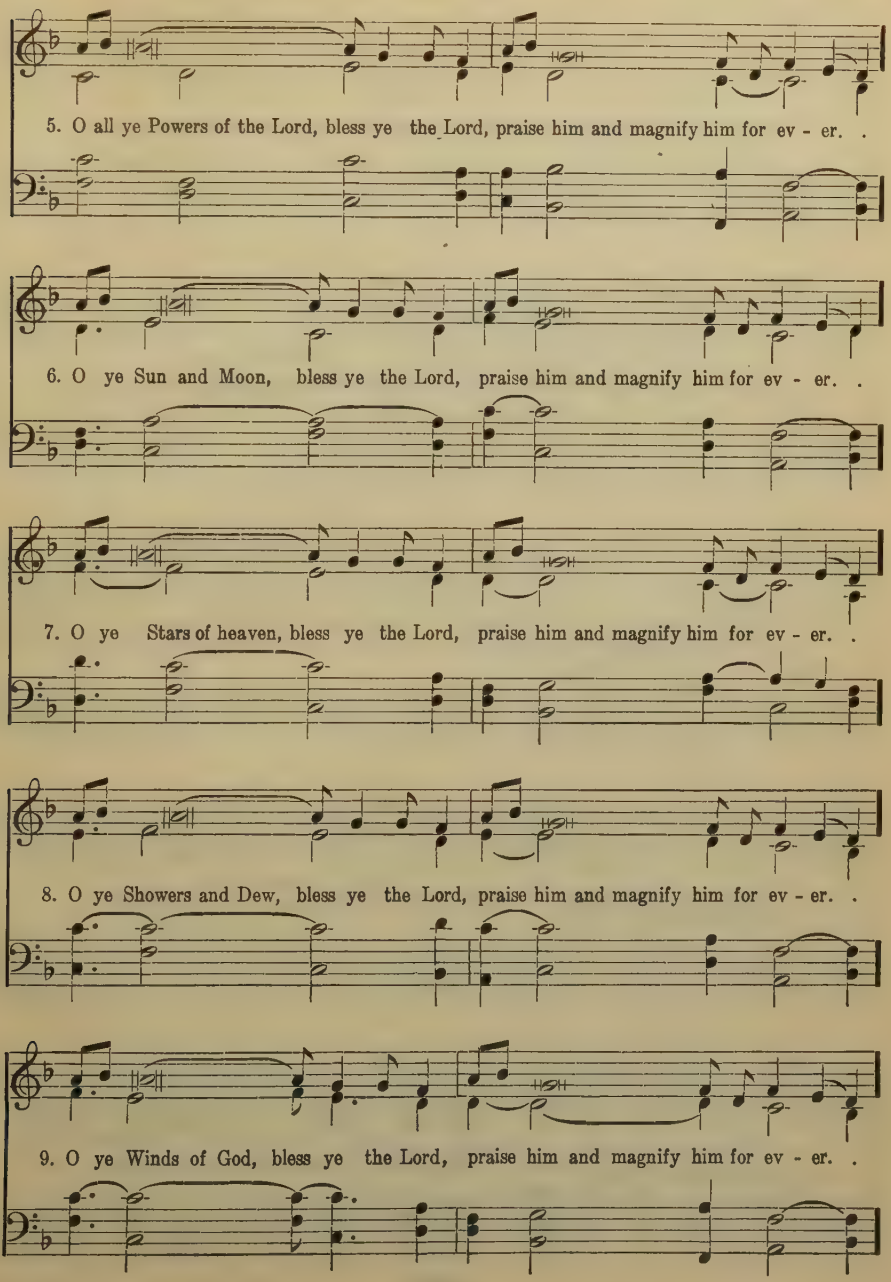

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

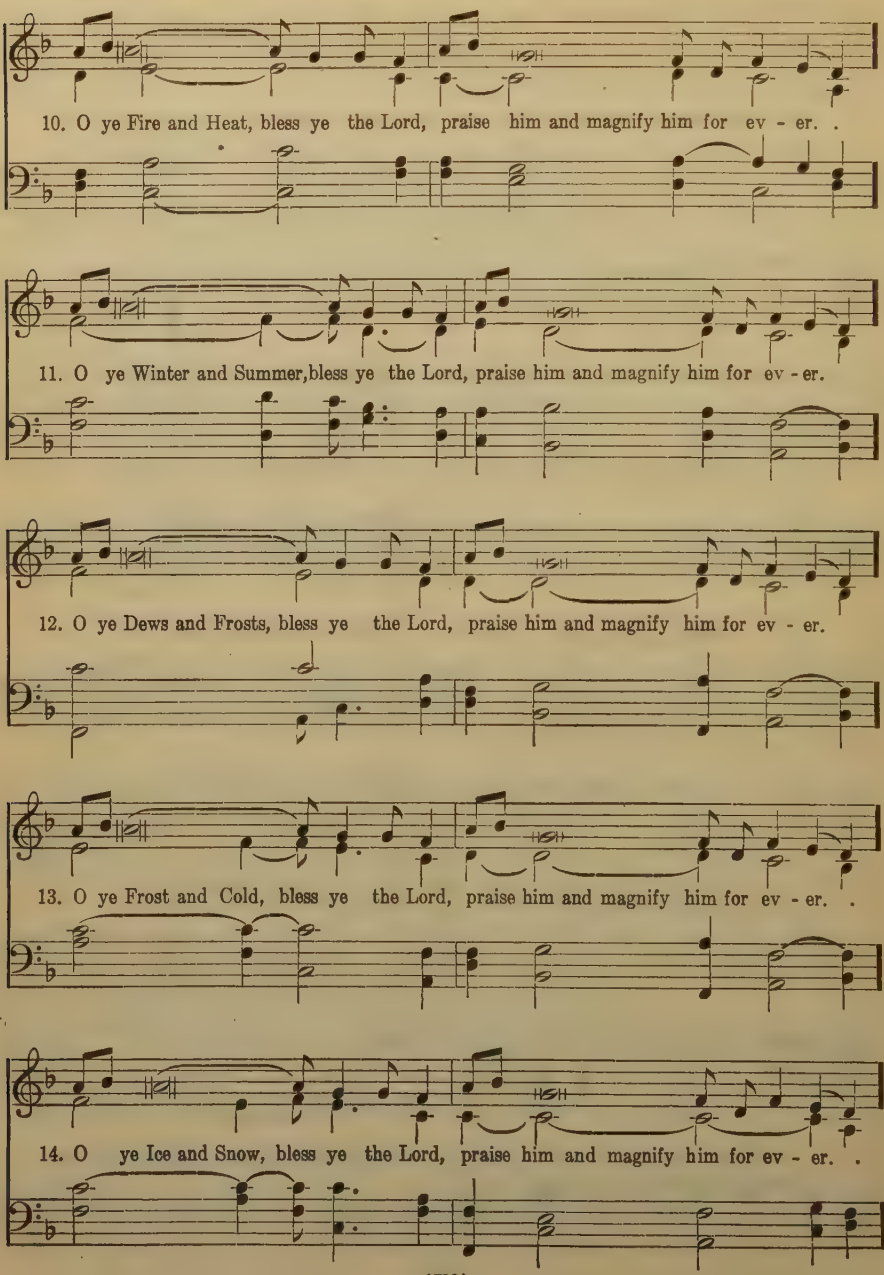

As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, world with- out end. A - men.

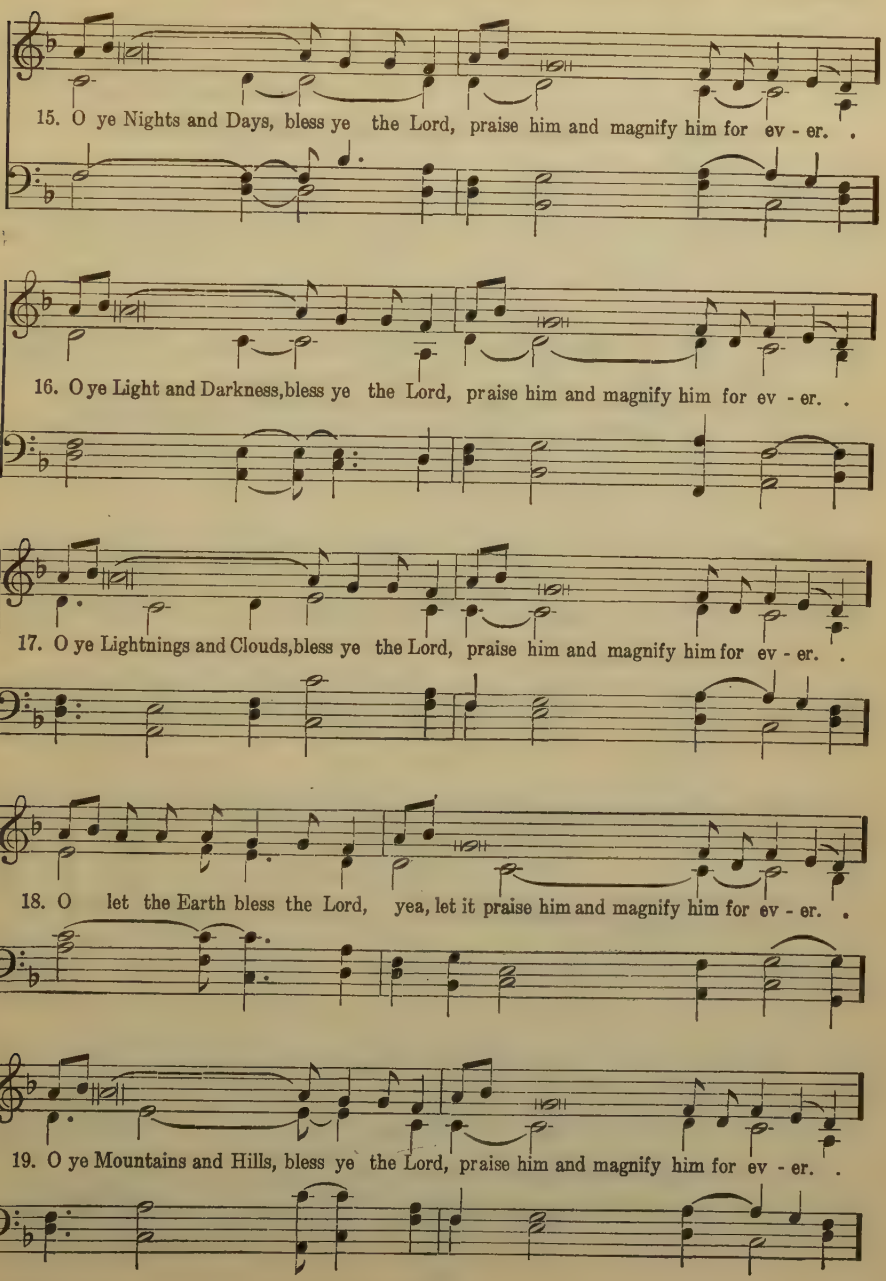
# Benedicite Omnia Opera. Plainsong Setting

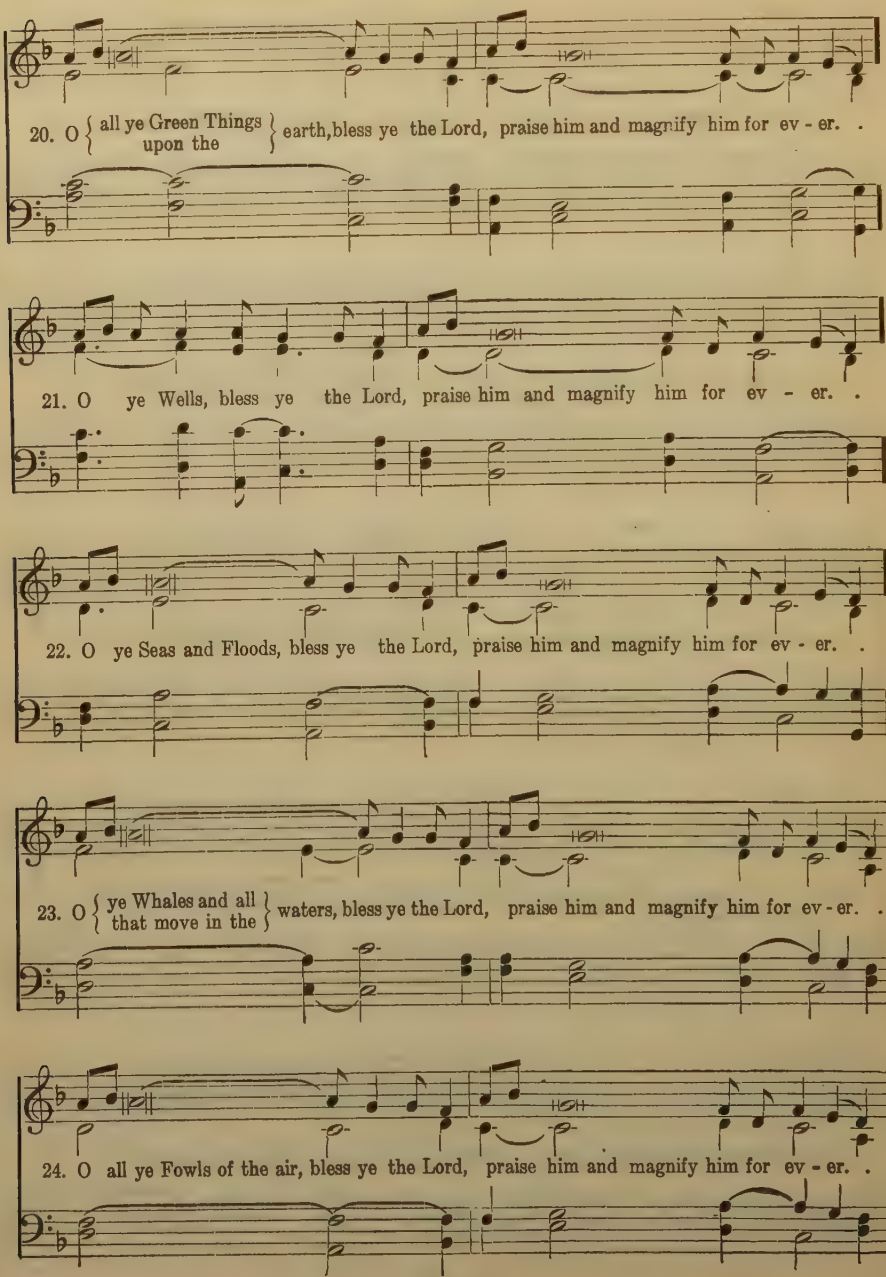
Tonus Peregrinus

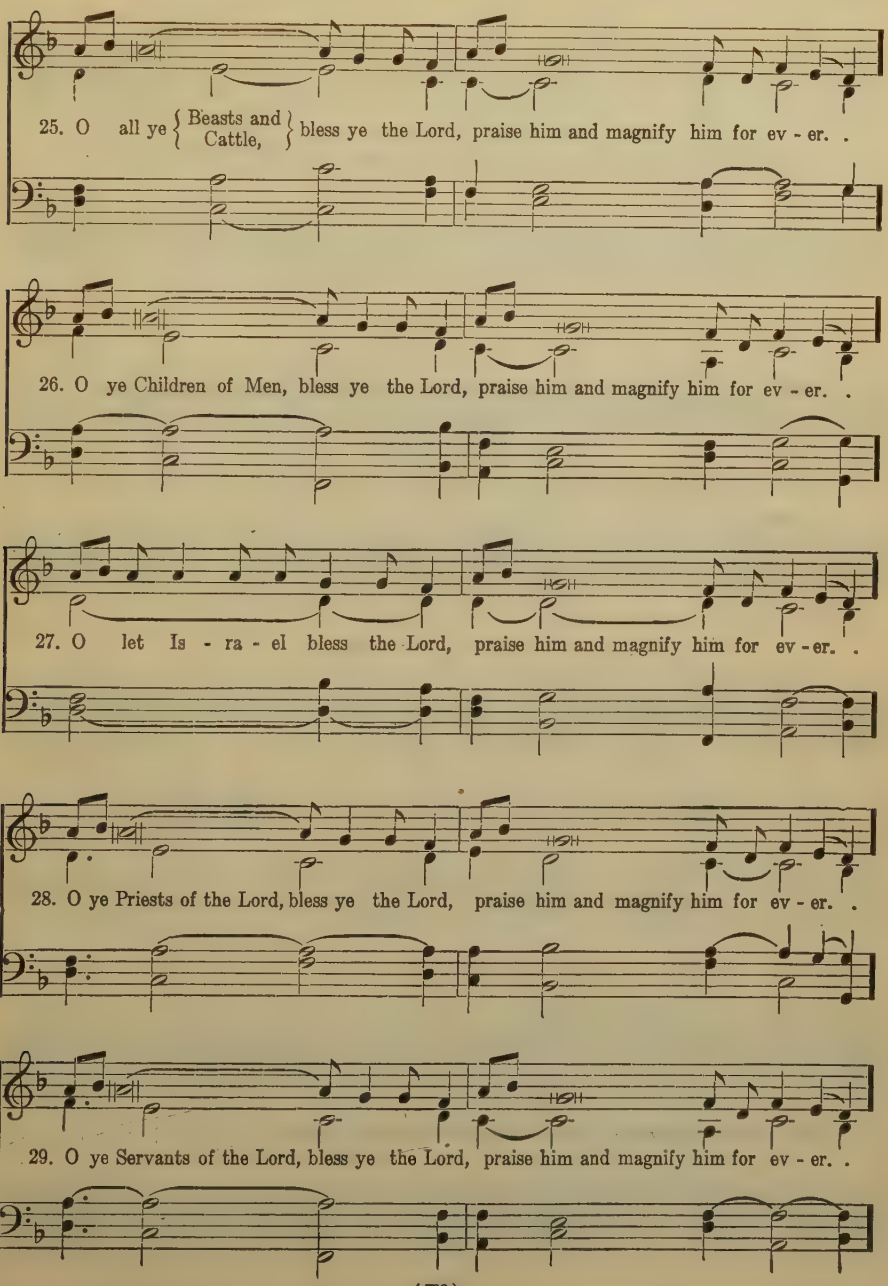

1. O { all ye Works / of the Lord, } bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
2. O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
3. O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
4. O { ye Waters that / be above the } firmament, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.

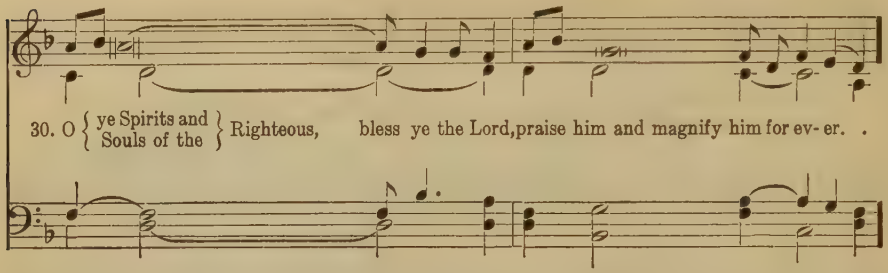

5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
6. O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
7. O ye Stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
8. O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
9. O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .

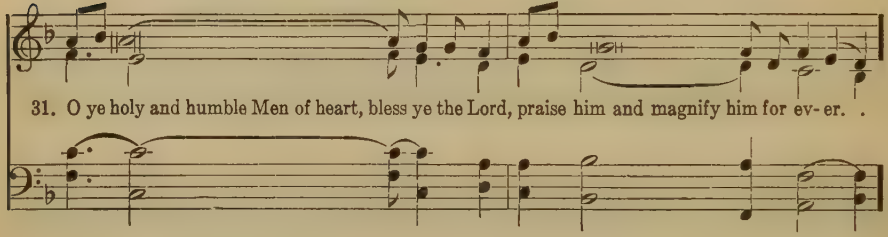

10. O ye Fire and Heat, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
11. O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
12. O ye Dews and Frosts, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
13. O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
14. O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.

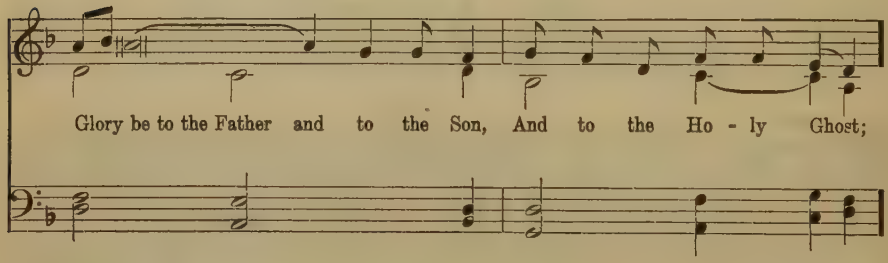

15. O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
16. O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
18. O let the Earth bless the Lord, yea, let it praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
19. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.

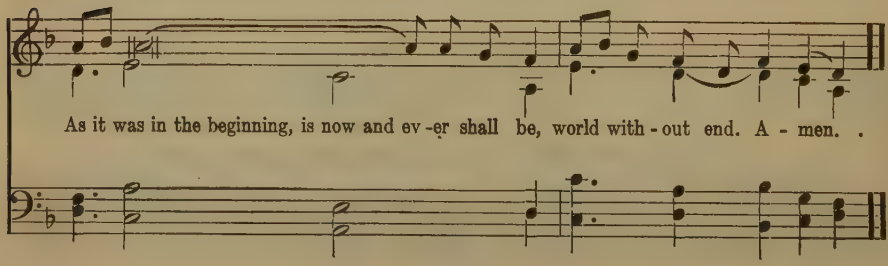

20. O { all ye Green Things upon the } earth, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
21. O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
22. O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
23. O { ye Whales and all that move in the } waters, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .
24. O all ye Fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er. .


25. O all ye { Beasts and Cattle, } bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
26. O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
27. O let Is - ra - el bless the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
28. O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev - er.


30. O { ye Spirits and / Souls of the } Righteous, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev- er.

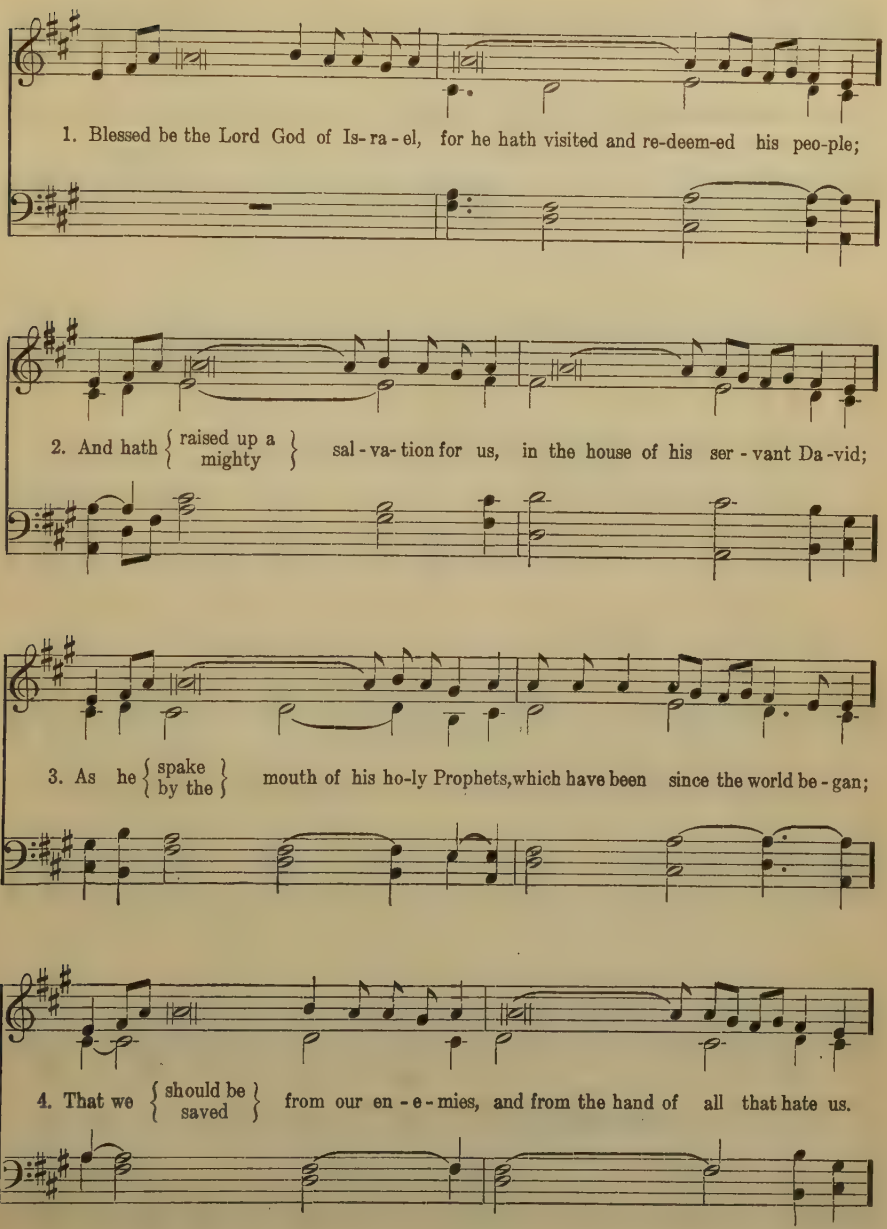

31. O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ev- er.

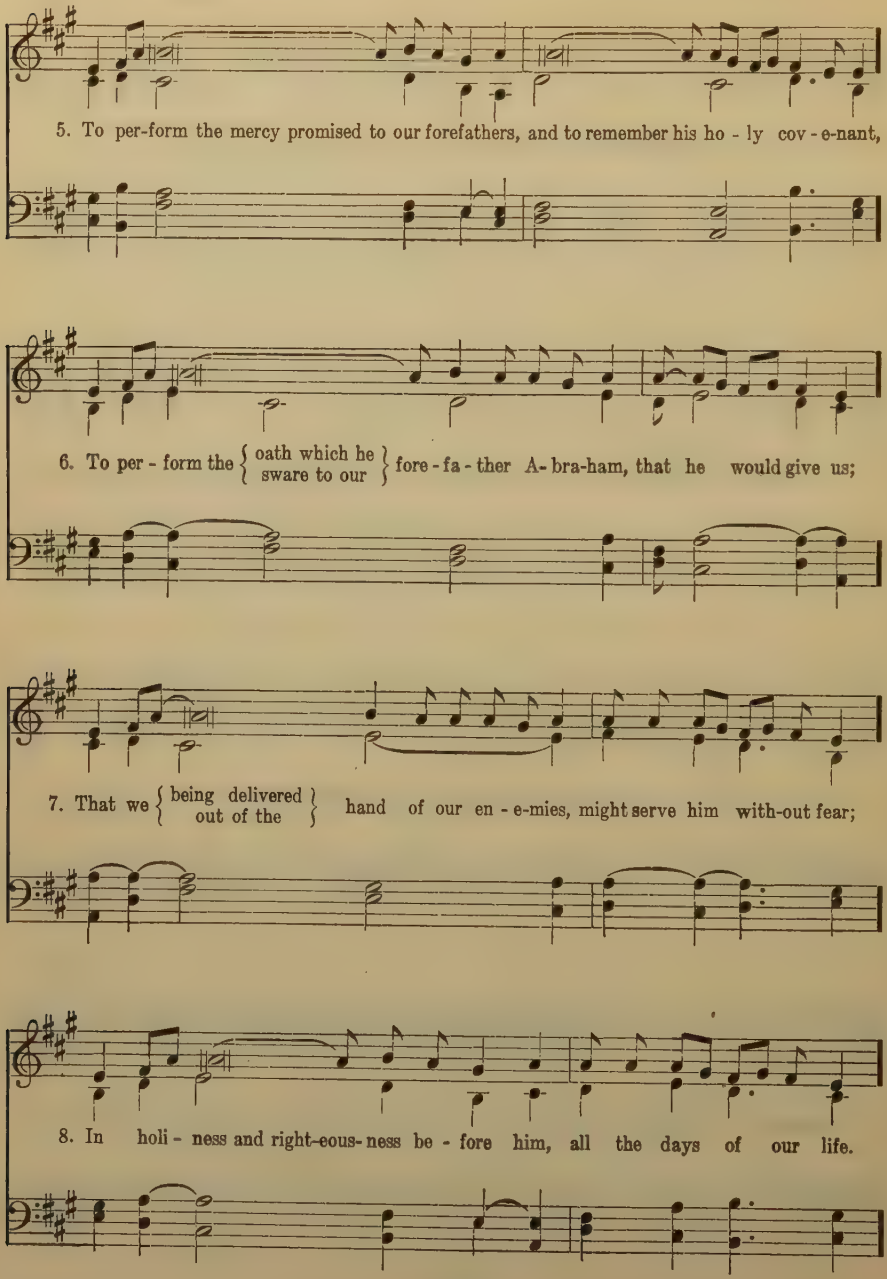

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;

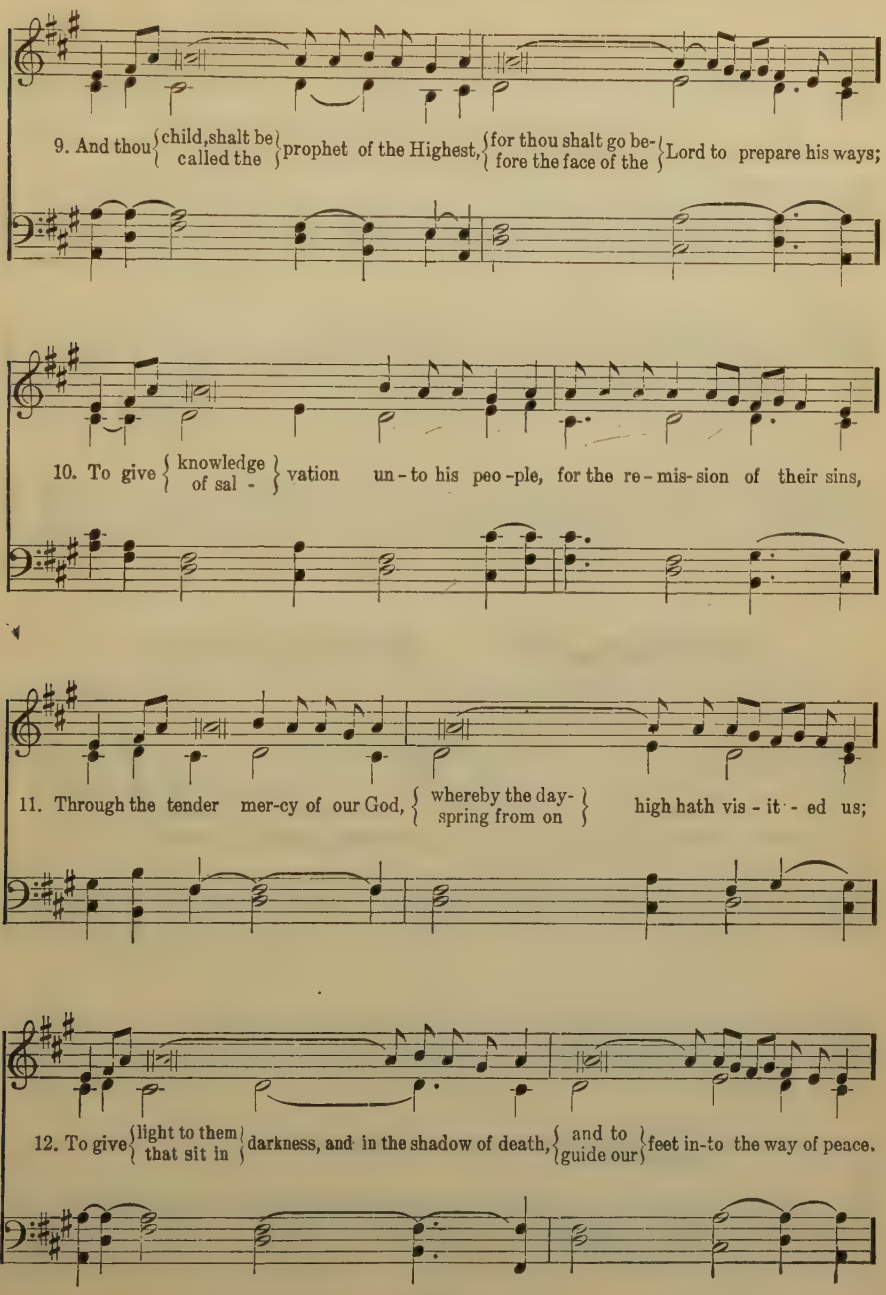

As it was in the beginning, is now and ev -er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

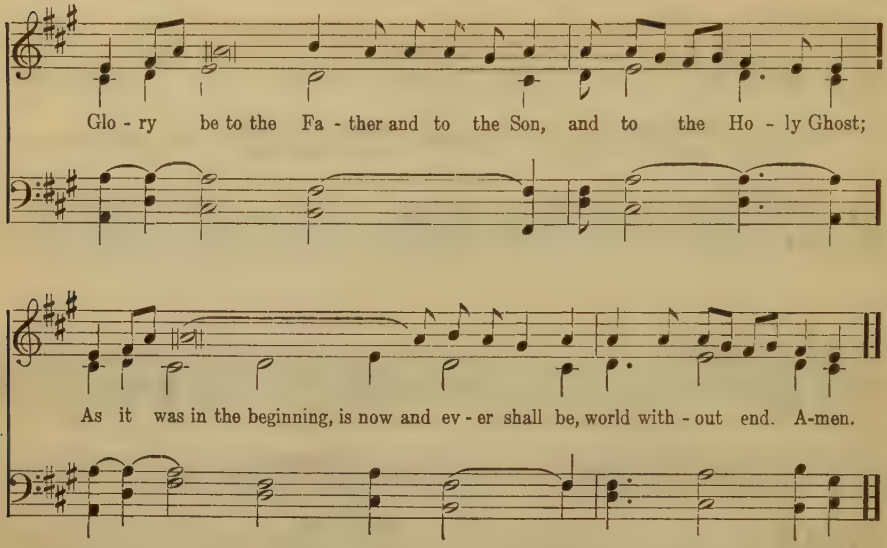
# Benedictus No. 1. Plainsong Setting

Tone 3, Ending 2


1. Blessed be the Lord God of Is- ra - el, for he hath visited and re-deem-ed his peo-ple;
2. And hath { raised up a / mighty } sal - va- tion for us, in the house of his ser - vant Da -vid;
3. As he { spake / by the } mouth of his ho-ly Prophets, which have been since the world be - gan;
4. That we { should be / saved } from our en - e - mies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

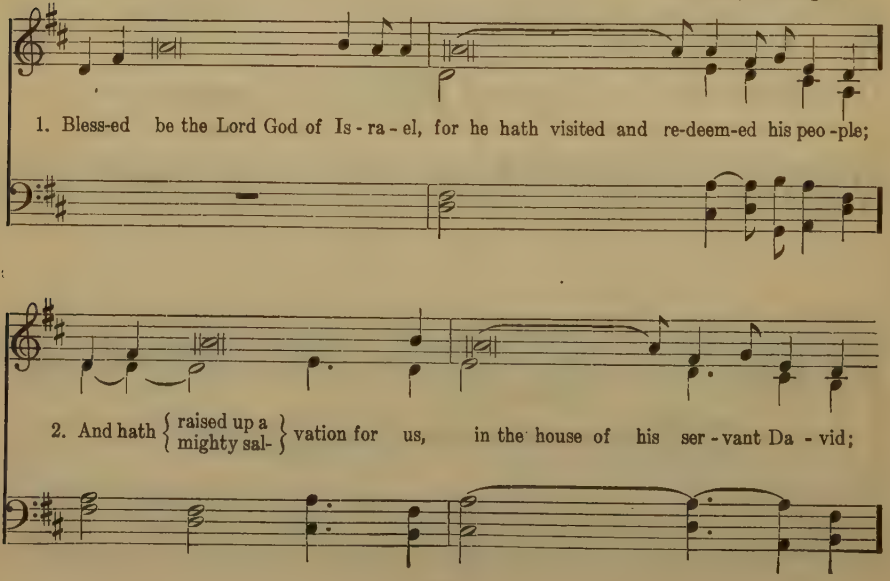

5. To per-form the mercy promised to our forefathers, and to remember his ho - ly cov - e-nant,
6. To per - form the { oath which he / sware to our } fore - fa - ther A- bra-ham, that he would give us;
7. That we { being delivered / out of the } hand of our en - e-mies, might serve him with-out fear;
8. In holi - ness and right-eous-ness be - fore him, all the days of our life.

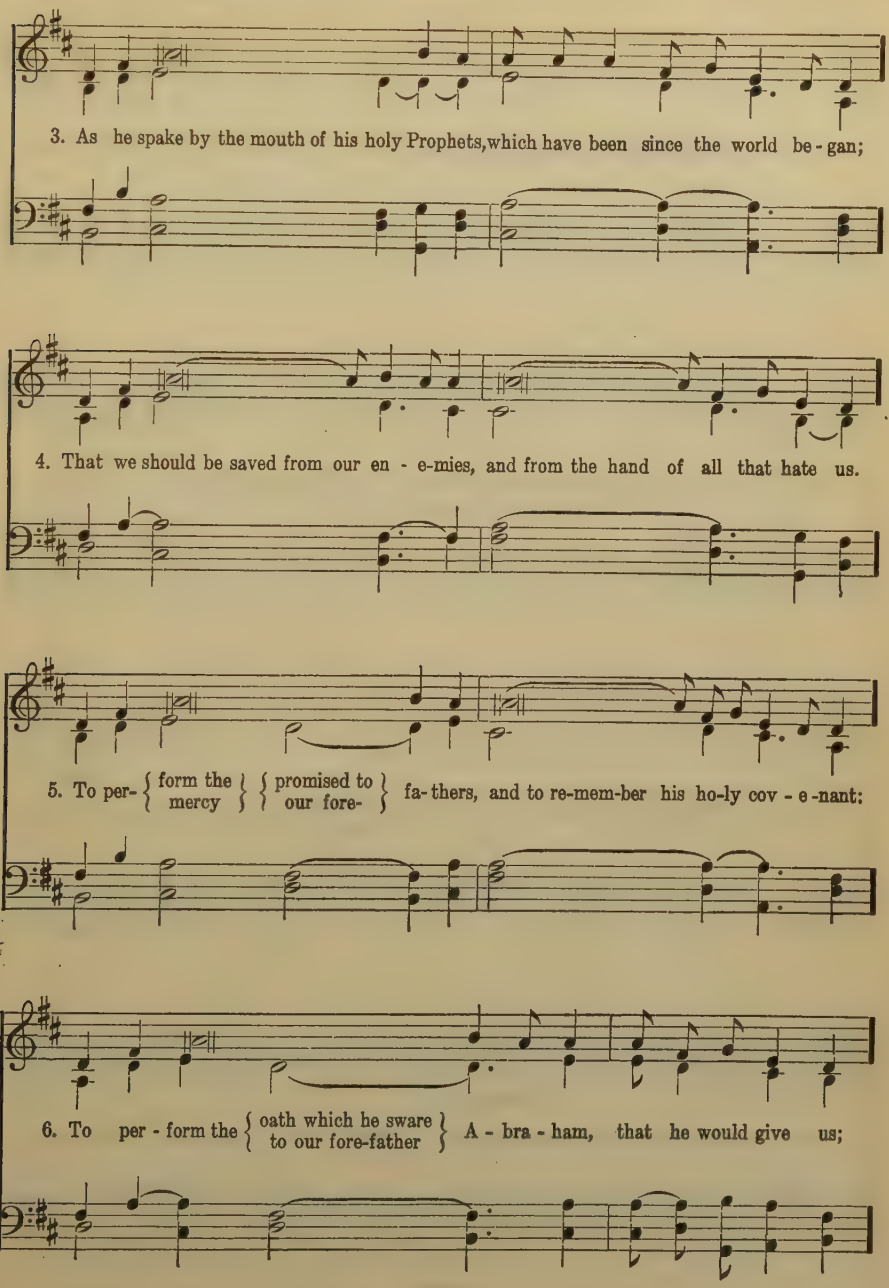

9. And thou {child, shalt be called the} {prophet of the Highest,} {for thou shalt go before the face of the} {Lord to prepare his ways;
10. To give {knowledge of salvation} un-to his peo-ple, for the re-mis-sion of their sins,
11. Through the tender mer-cy of our God, {whereby the day-spring from on} high hath vis-it-ed us;
12. To give {light to them that sit in} {darkness, and in the shadow of death,} {and to guide our} {feet in-to the way of peace.

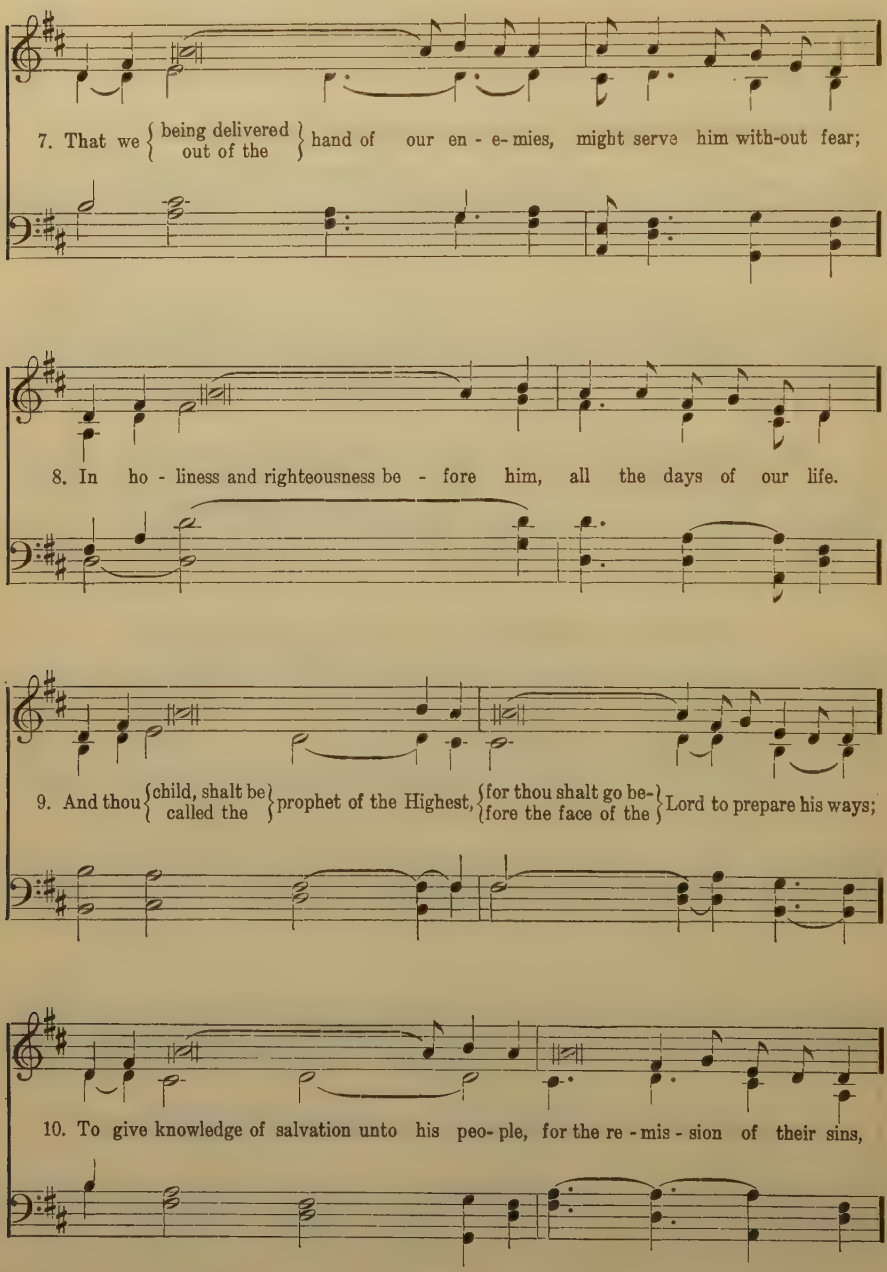

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A-men.

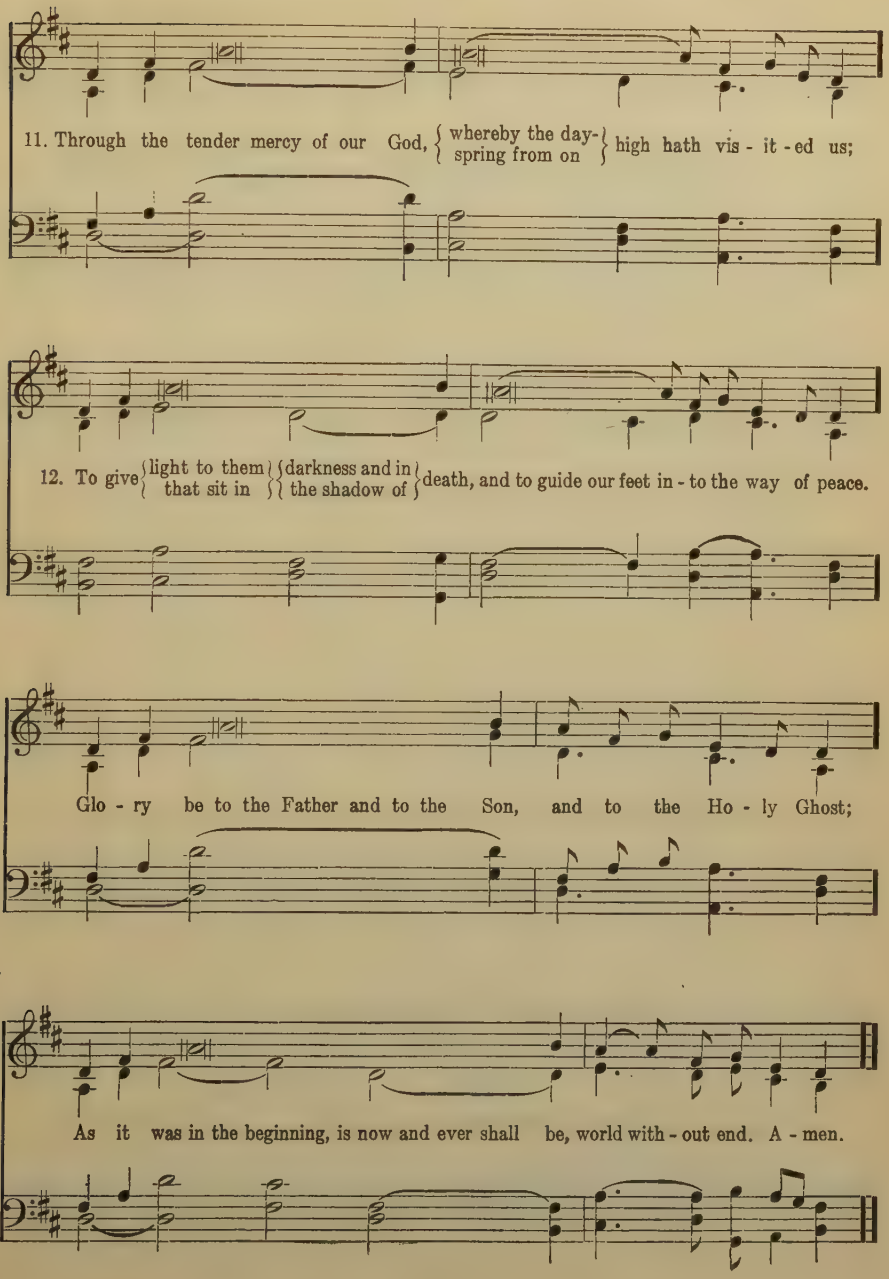
## Benedictus No. 2. Plainsong Setting

Tone 5, Ending 3


1. Bless-ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, for he hath visited and re-deem-ed his peo - ple;
2. And hath { raised up a / mighty sal- } vation for us, in the house of his ser - vant Da - vid;

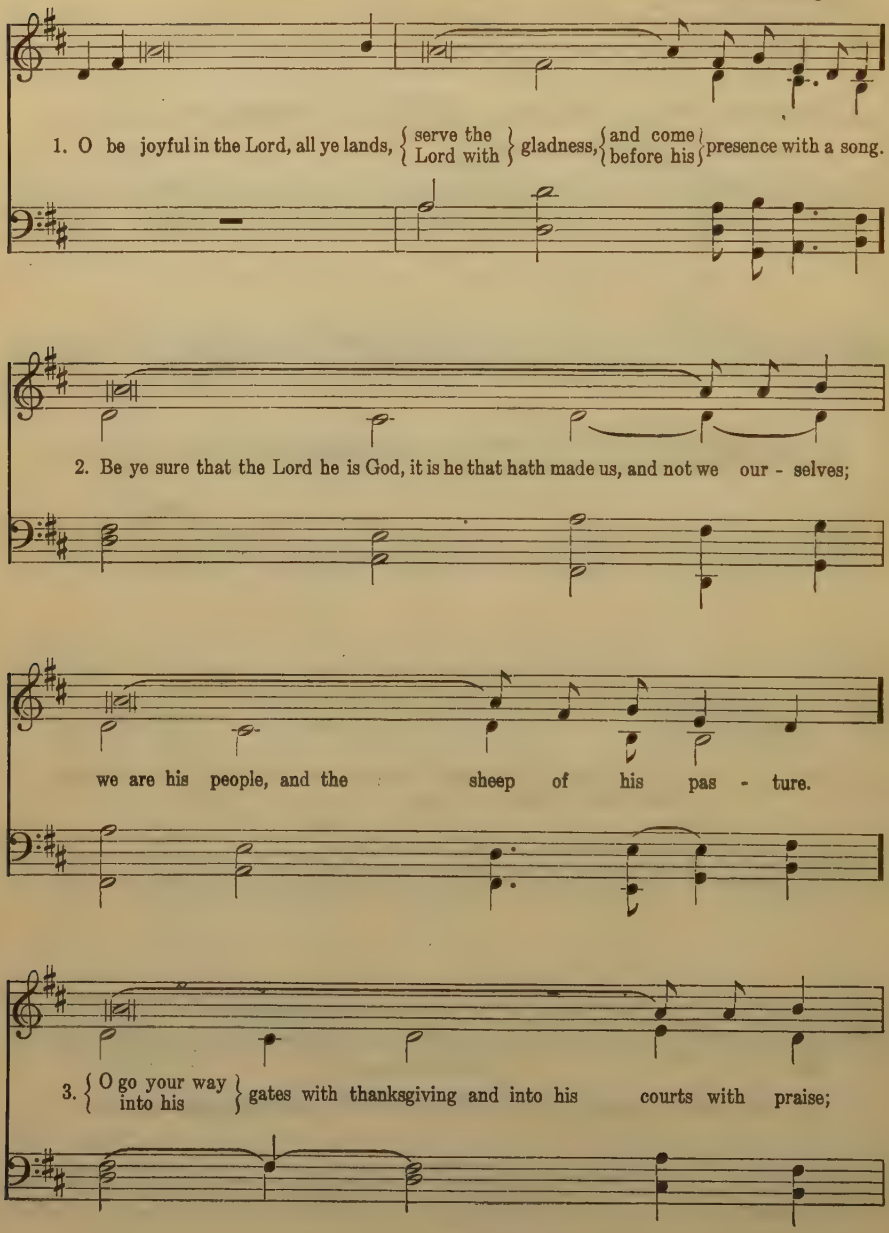

3. As he spake by the mouth of his holy Prophets, which have been since the world be - gan;
4. That we should be saved from our en - e-mies, and from the hand of all that hate us.
5. To per- { form the / mercy } { promised to / our fore- } fa-thers, and to re-mem-ber his ho-ly cov - e-nant:
6. To per - form the { oath which he sware / to our fore-father } A - bra - ham, that he would give us;

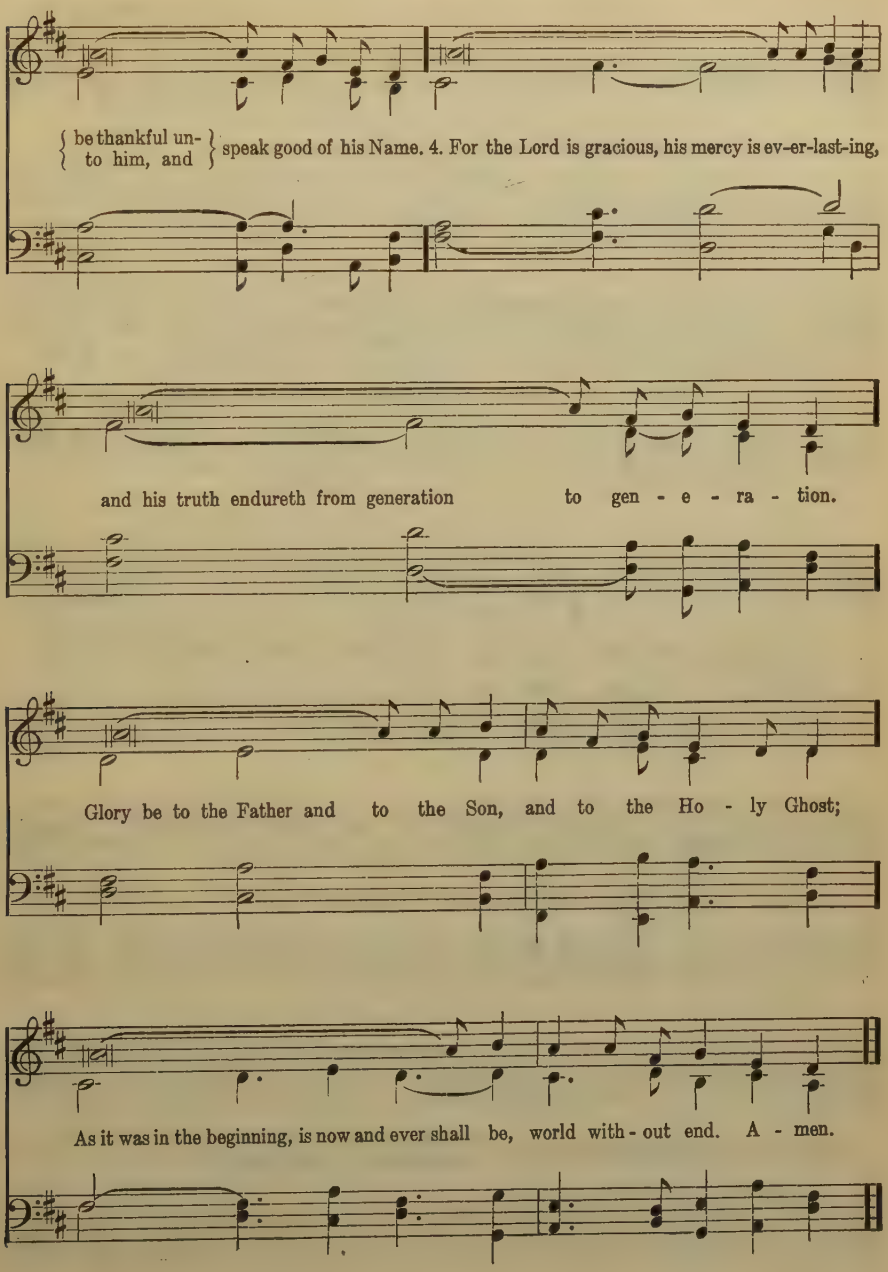

7. That we { being delivered / out of the } hand of our en - e- mies, might serve him with-out fear;
8. In ho - liness and righteousness be - fore him, all the days of our life.
9. And thou { child, shalt be / called the } prophet of the Highest, { for thou shalt go be- / fore the face of the } Lord to prepare his ways;
10. To give knowledge of salvation unto his peo- ple, for the re - mis - sion of their sins,


11. Through the tender mercy of our God, { whereby the day-spring from on } high hath vis - it - ed us;
12. To give { light to them that sit in } { darkness and in the shadow of } death, and to guide our feet in - to the way of peace.
Glo - ry be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

# Jubilate Deo. Plainsong Setting

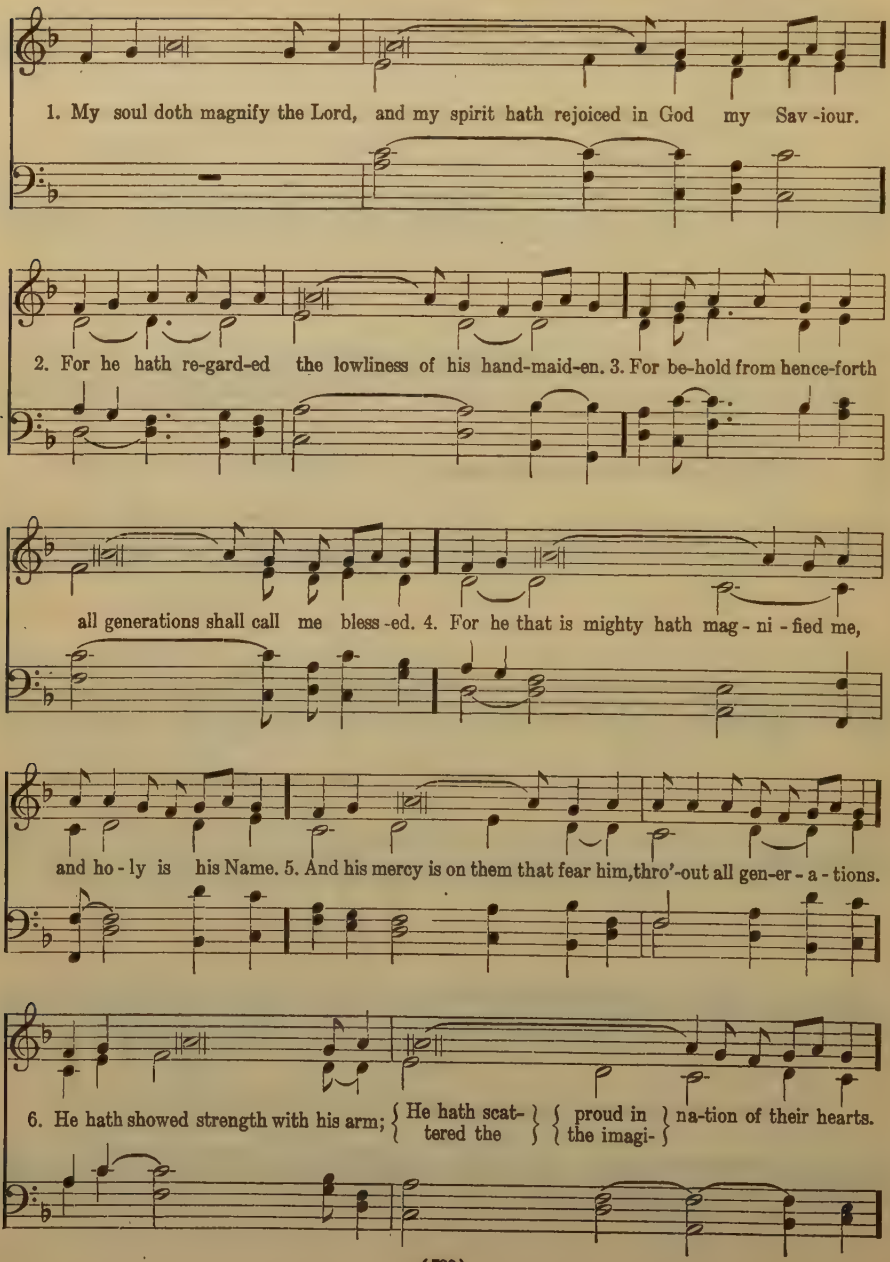
Tone 5, Ending 3

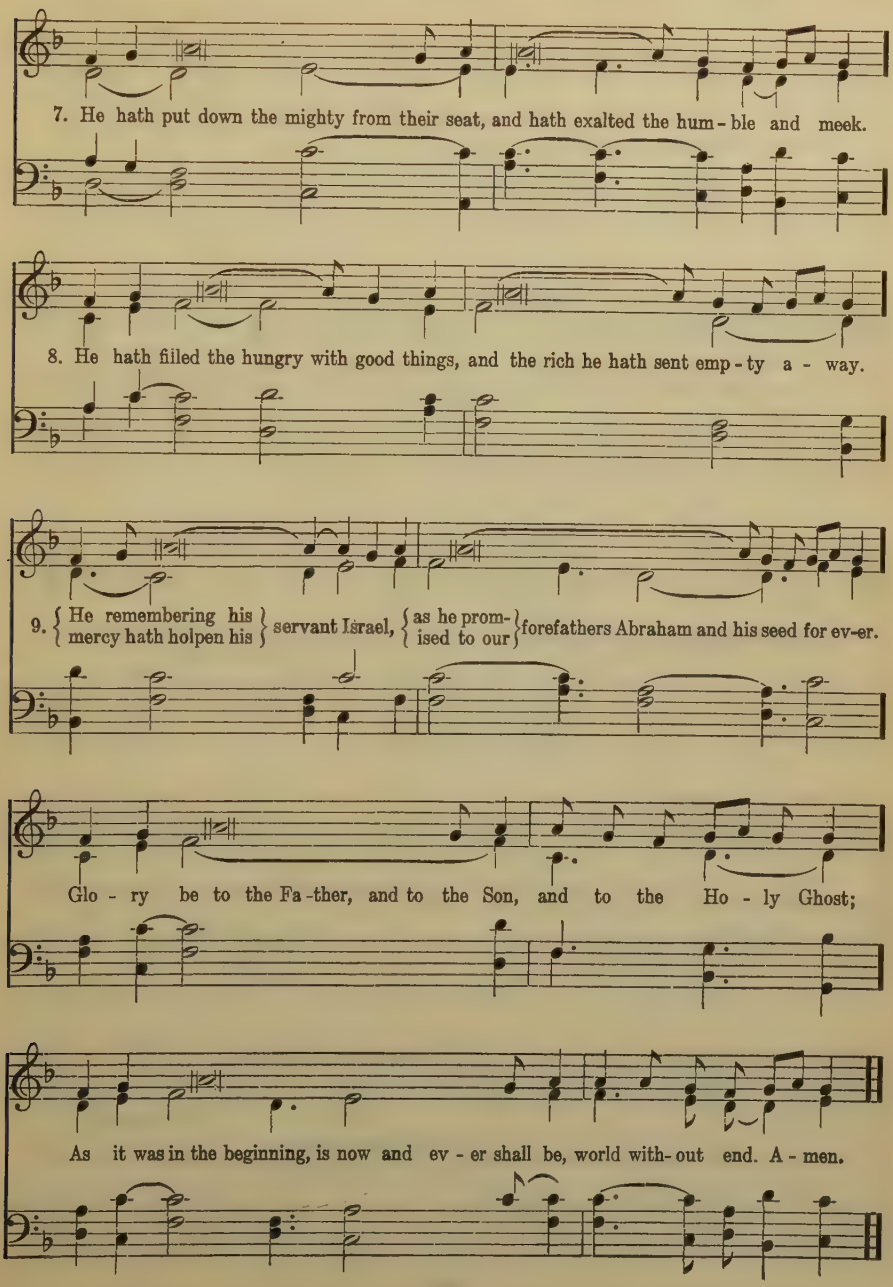

1. O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, { serve the Lord with } gladness, { and come before his } presence with a song.
2. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us, and not we our - selves;
we are his people, and the sheep of his pas - ture.
3. { O go your way into his } gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise;


be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name. 4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is ev-er-last-ing,
and his truth endureth from generation to gen - e - ra - tion.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

# Magnificat No. 1. Plainsong Setting

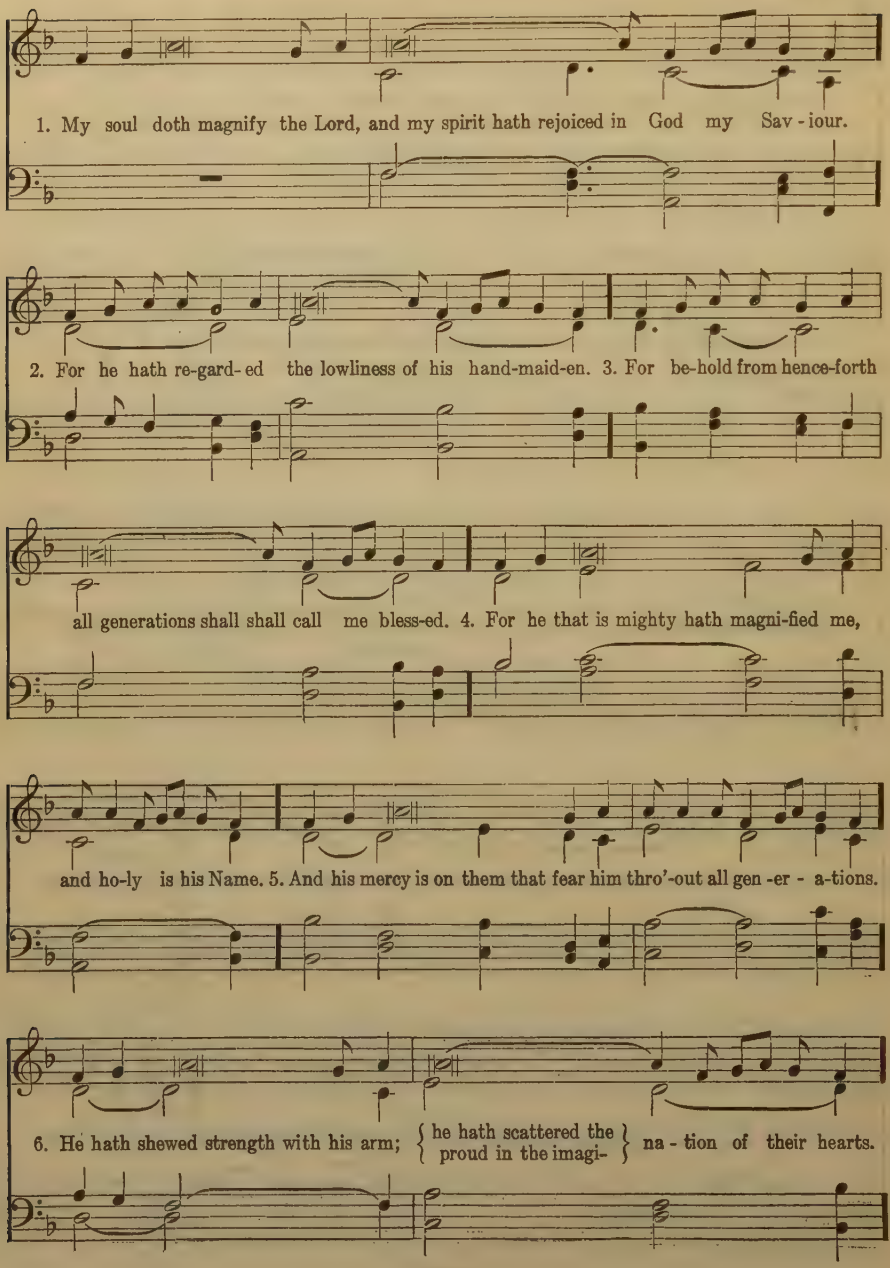
Tone 1, Ending 1

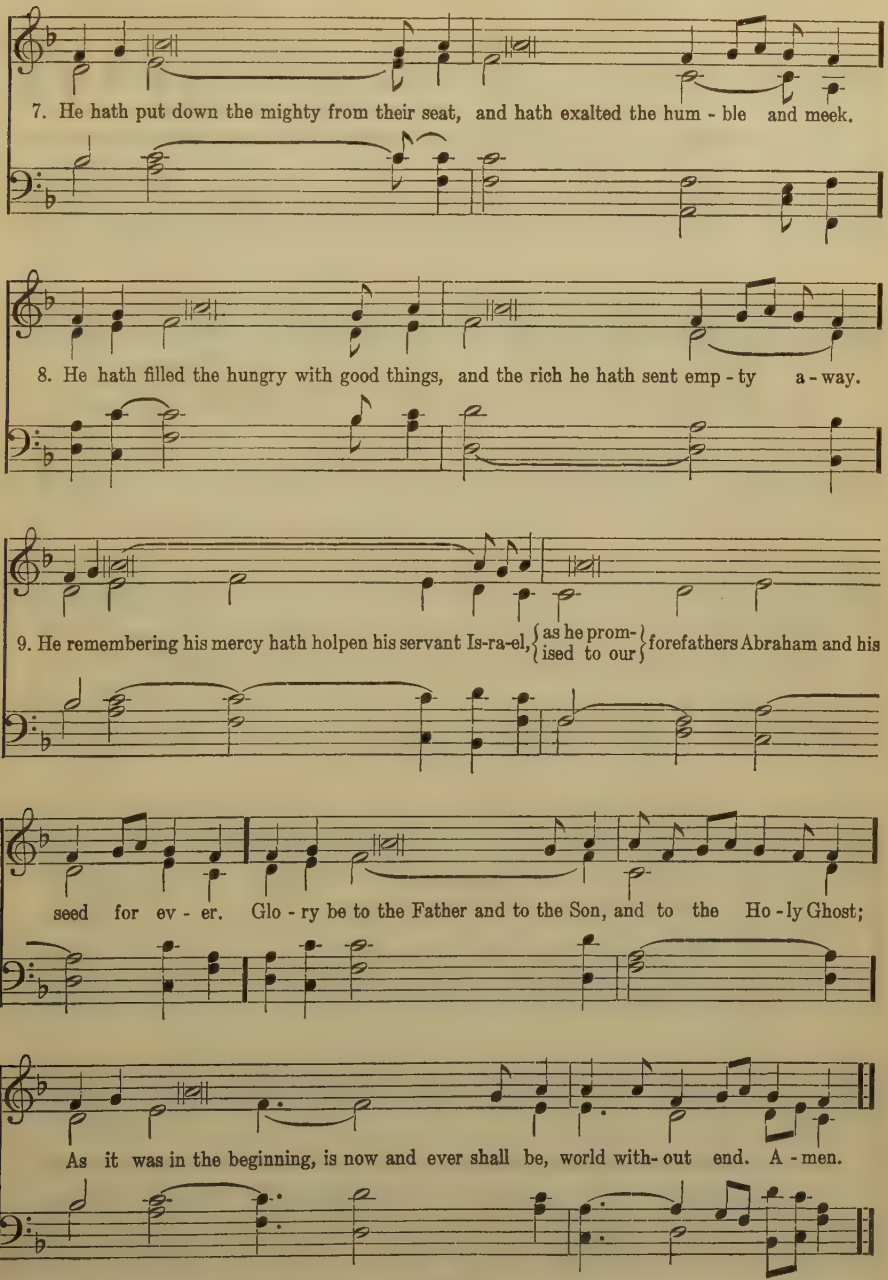

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Sav-iour.
2. For he hath re-gard-ed the lowliness of his hand-maid-en. 3. For be-hold from hence-forth
all generations shall call me bless-ed. 4. For he that is mighty hath mag-ni-fied me,
and ho-ly is his Name. 5. And his mercy is on them that fear him, thro'-out all gen-er-a-tions.
6. He hath showed strength with his arm; He hath scat-tered the proud in the imagi- na-tion of their hearts.


7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the hum - ble and meek.
8. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent emp - ty a - way.
9. { He remembering his / mercy hath holpen his } servant Israel, { as he prom- / ised to our } forefathers Abraham and his seed for ev-er.
Glo - ry be to the Fa -ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be, world with- out end. A - men.

# Magnificat No. 2. Plainsong Setting

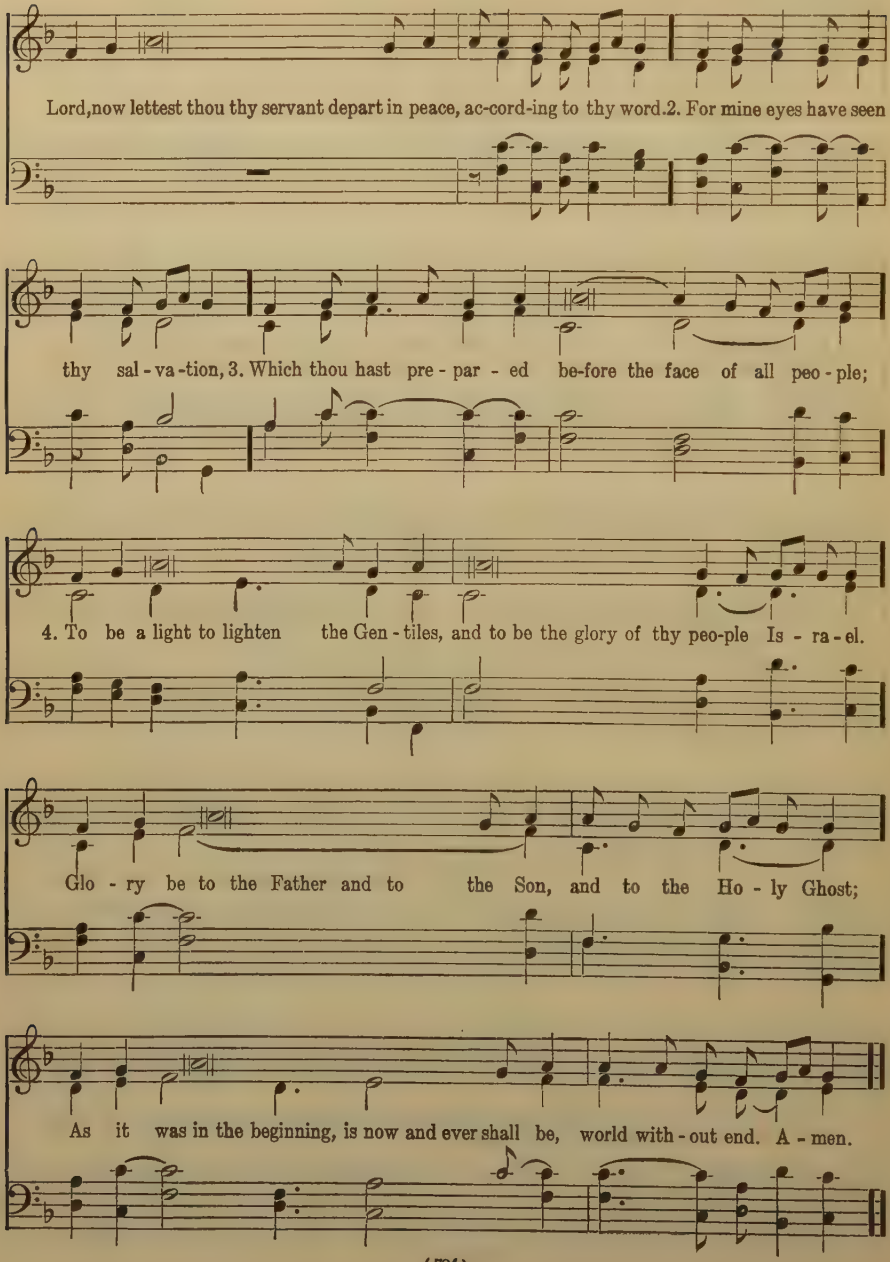
Tone 6


1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Sav - iour.
2. For he hath re-gard- ed the lowliness of his hand-maid-en. 3. For be-hold from hence-forth
all generations shall shall call me bless-ed. 4. For he that is mighty hath magni-fied me,
and ho-ly is his Name. 5. And his mercy is on them that fear him thro'-out all gen -er - a-tions.
6. He hath shewed strength with his arm; { he hath scattered the proud in the imagi- } na - tion of their hearts.


7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the hum - ble and meek.
8. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent emp - ty a - way.
9. He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Is-ra-el, {as he prom-ised to our} forefathers Abraham and his
seed for ev - er. Glo - ry be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with- out end. A - men.

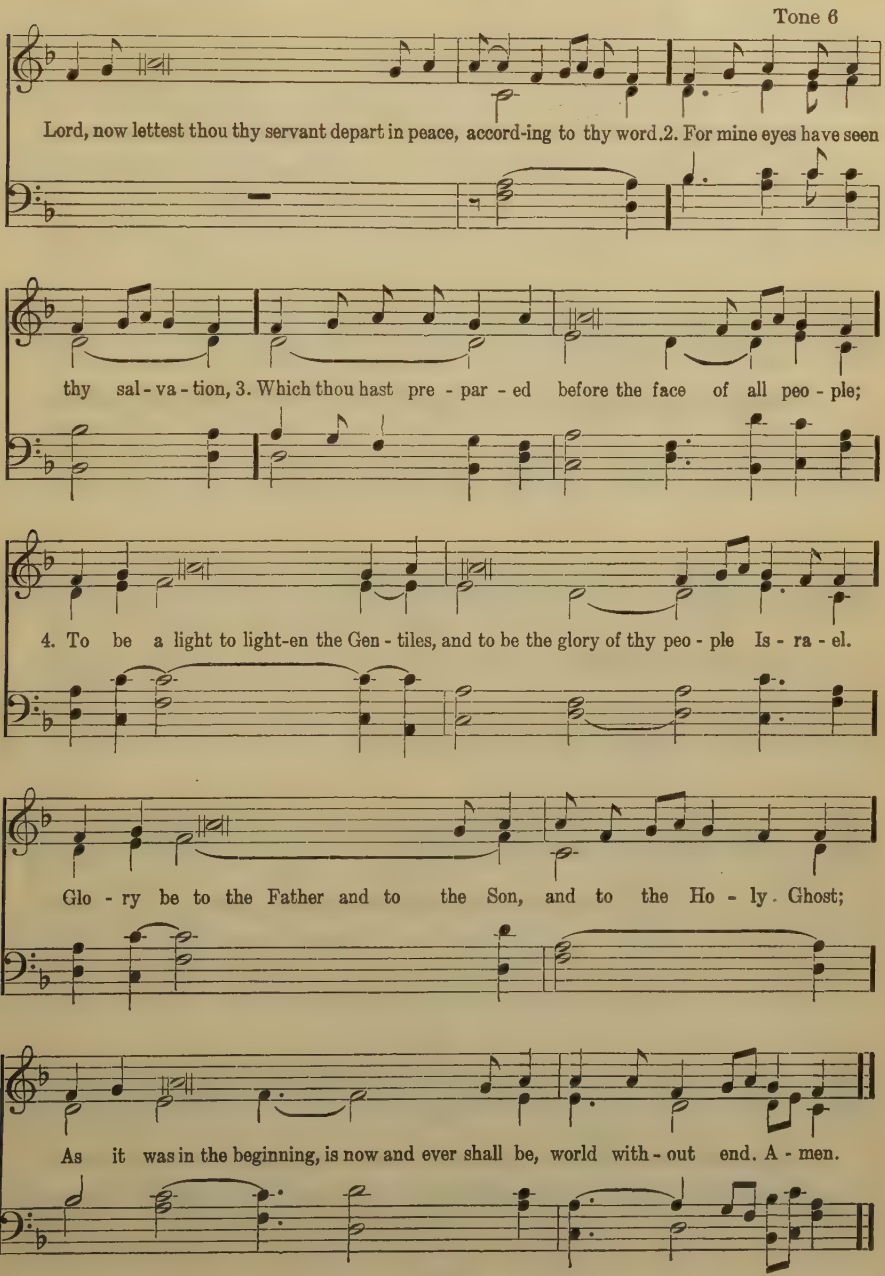
# Nunc Dimittis No. 1. Plainsong Setting

Tone 1, Ending 1


Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, ac-cord-ing to thy word. 2. For mine eyes have seen
thy sal-va-tion, 3. Which thou hast pre-par-ed be-fore the face of all peo-ple;
4. To be a light to lighten the Gen-tiles, and to be the glory of thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.
Glo-ry be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

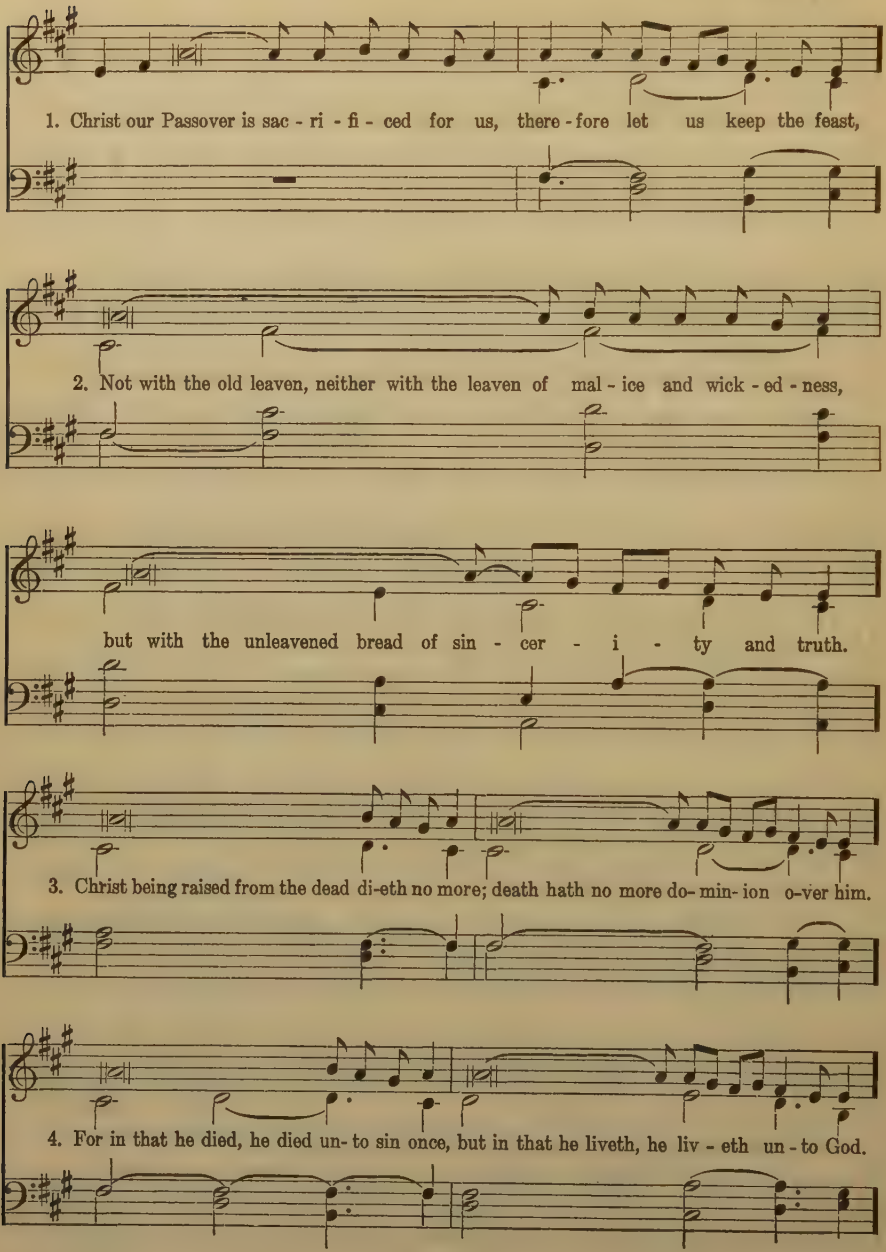
# Nunc Dimittis No. 2. Plainsong Setting

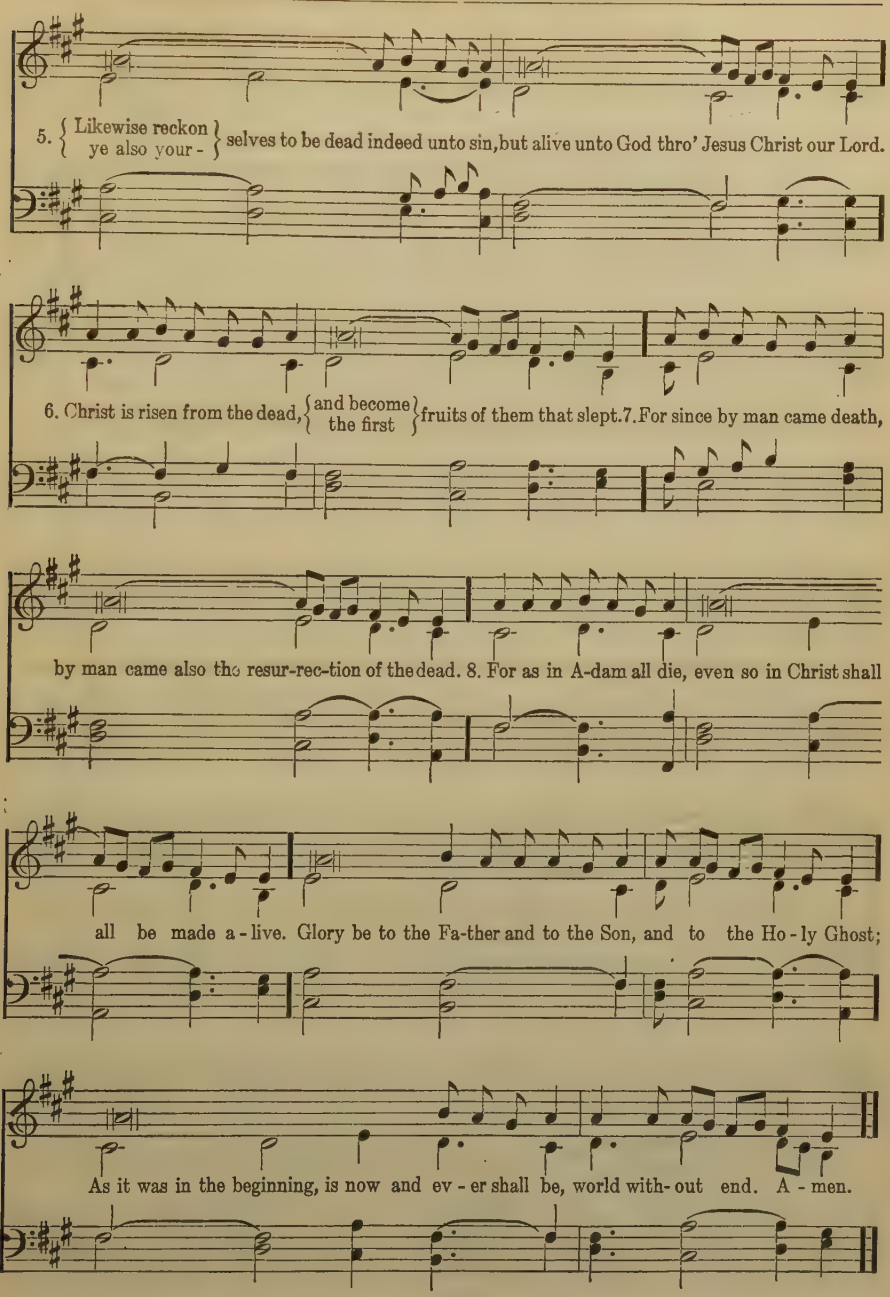
Tone 6


Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, accord-ing to thy word. 2. For mine eyes have seen
thy sal-va-tion, 3. Which thou hast pre-par-ed before the face of all peo-ple;
4. To be a light to light-en the Gen-tiles, and to be the glory of thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.
Glo-ry be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

# Easter Day. Plainsong Setting

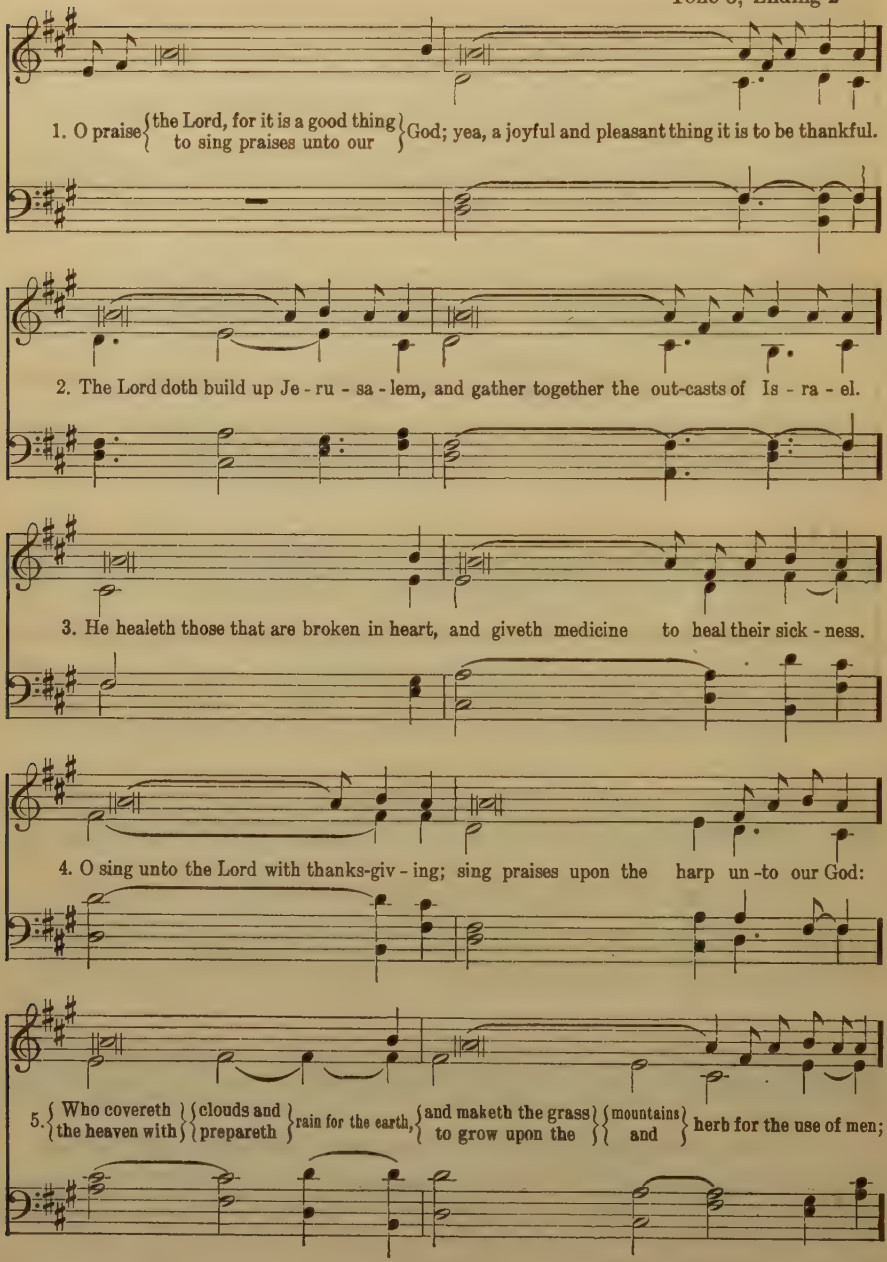
Tone 3, Ending 2

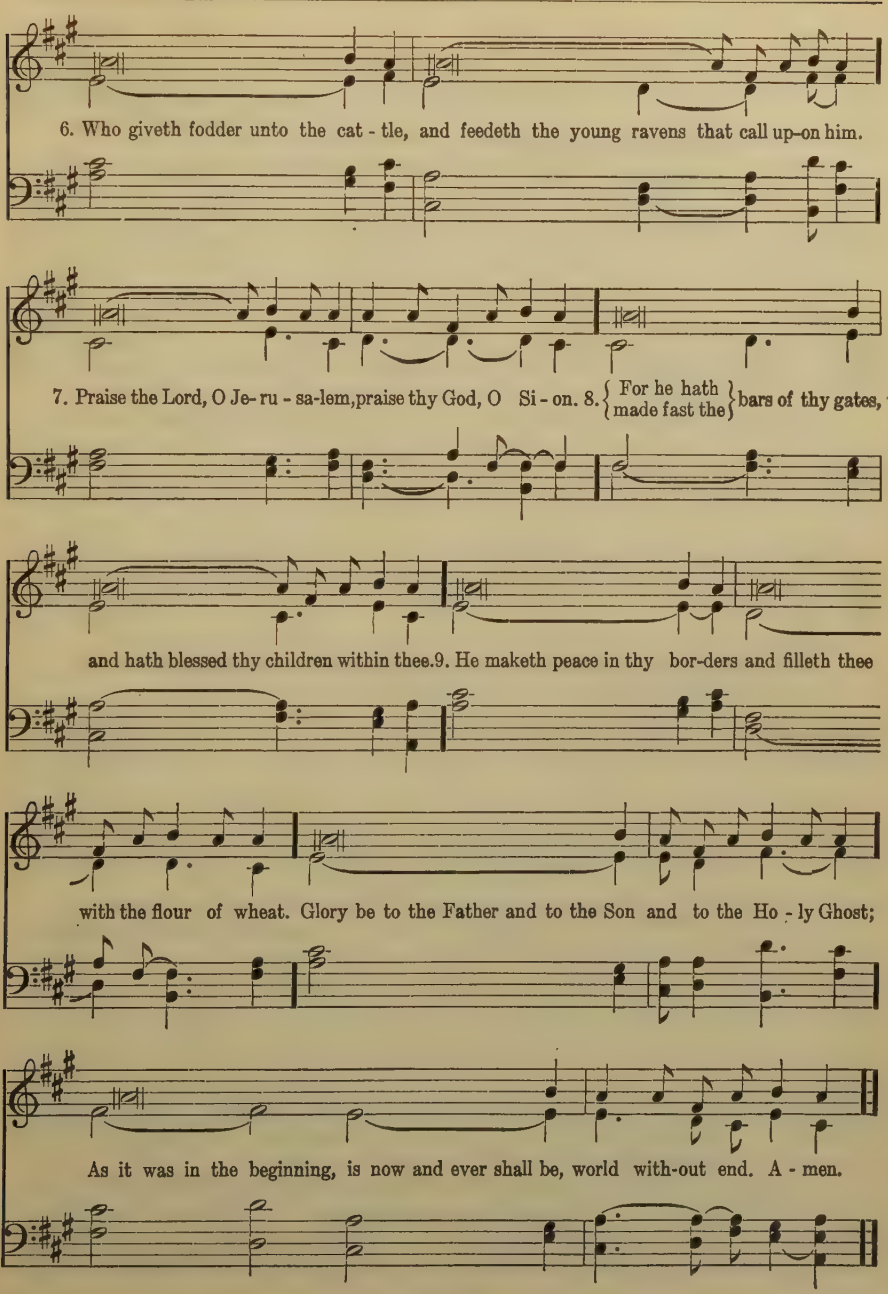

1. Christ our Passover is sac - ri - fi - ced for us, there - fore let us keep the feast,
2. Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of mal - ice and wick - ed - ness,
but with the unleavened bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth.
3. Christ being raised from the dead di-eth no more; death hath no more do- min- ion o-ver him.
4. For in that he died, he died un- to sin once, but in that he liveth, he liv - eth un - to God.


5. { Likewise reckon ye also your- } selves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
6. Christ is risen from the dead, { and become the first } fruits of them that slept. 7. For since by man came death,
by man came also the resur-rec-tion of the dead. 8. For as in A-dam all die, even so in Christ shall
all be made a-live. Glory be to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

# Thanksgiving Day. Plainsong Setting

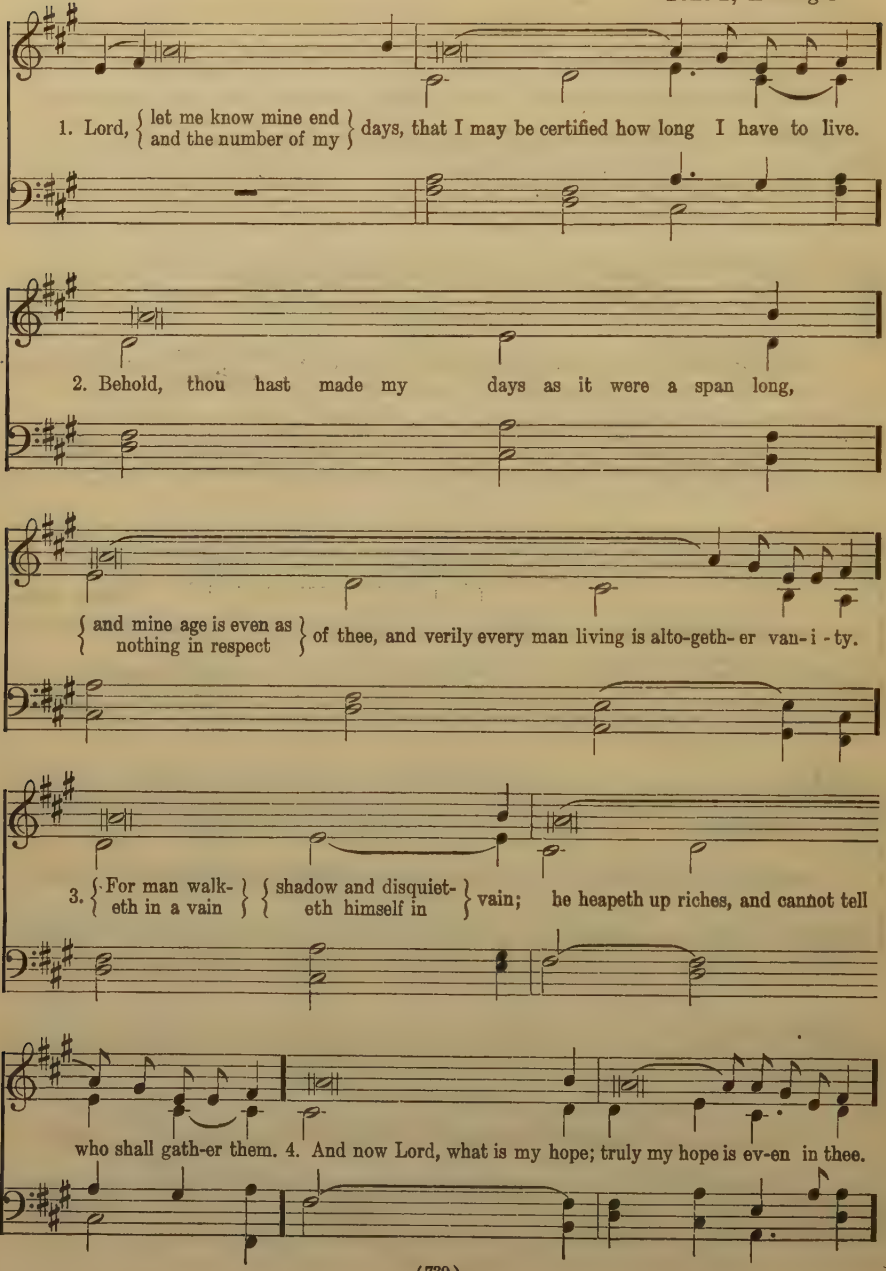
Tone 8, Ending 2

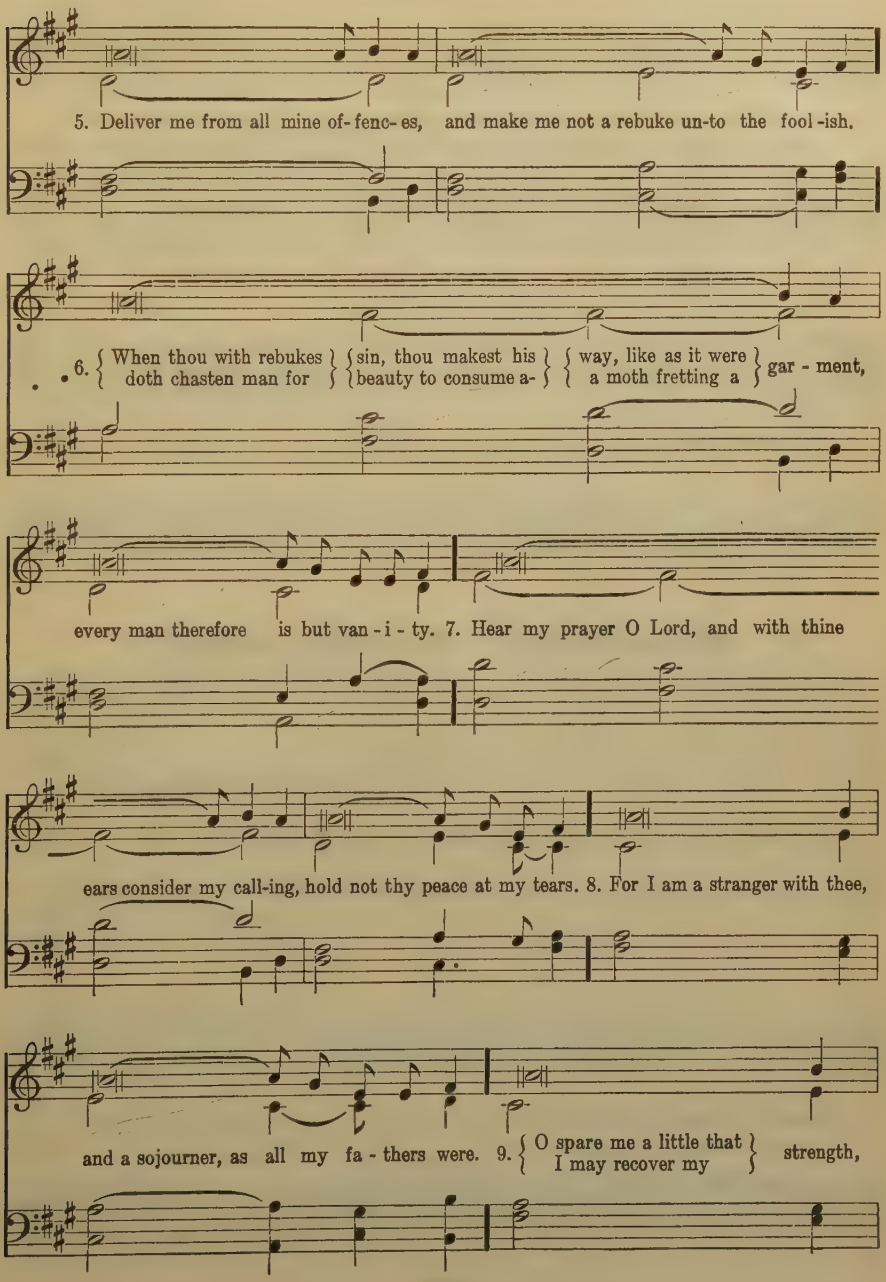

1. O praise {the Lord, for it is a good thing} {God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.
to sing praises unto our
2. The Lord doth build up Je - ru - sa - lem, and gather together the out-casts of Is - ra - el.
3. He healeth those that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sick - ness.
4. O sing unto the Lord with thanks-giv - ing; sing praises upon the harp un - to our God:
5. {Who covereth the heaven with} {clouds and prepareth} rain for the earth, {and maketh the grass to grow upon the} {mountains and} herb for the use of men;

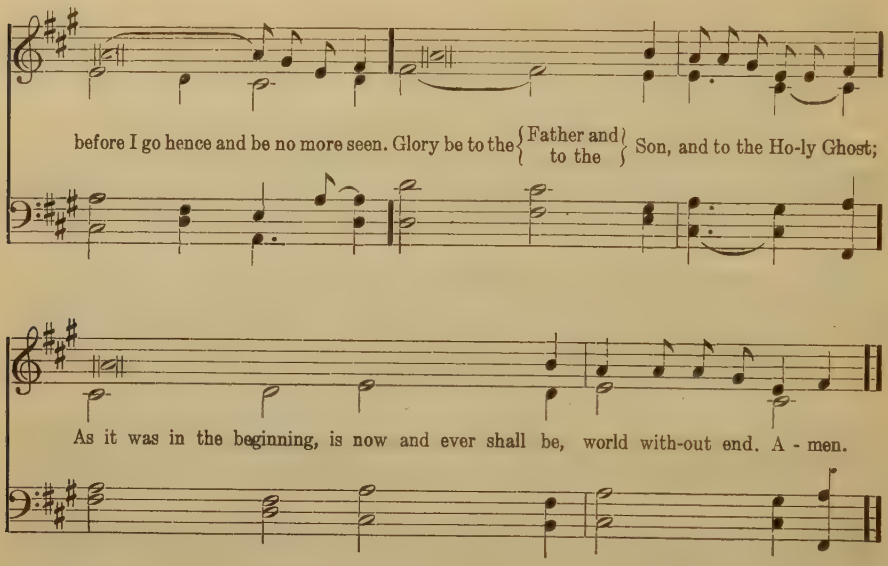

6. Who giveth fodder unto the cat - tle, and feedeth the young ravens that call up-on him.
7. Praise the Lord, O Je- ru - sa-lem, praise thy God, O Si - on. 8. { For he hath / made fast the } bars of thy gates,
and hath blessed thy children within thee. 9. He maketh peace in thy bor-ders and filleth thee
with the flour of wheat. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

# Burial Psalms. Plainsong Setting

Tone 2, Ending 1

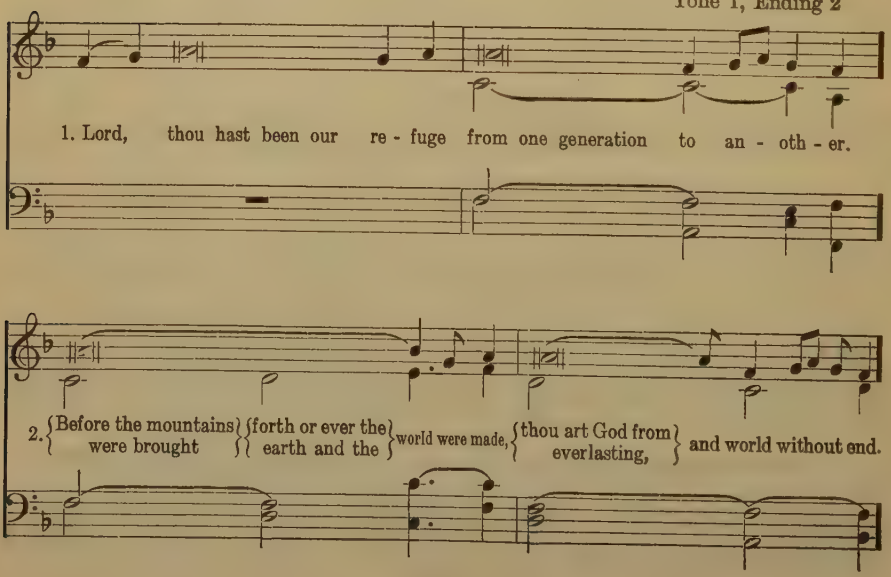

1. Lord, { let me know mine end / and the number of my } days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.
2. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long,
{ and mine age is even as / nothing in respect } of thee, and verily every man living is alto-geth- er van- i - ty.
3. { For man walk- / eth in a vain } { shadow and disquiet- / eth himself in } vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell
who shall gath-er them. 4. And now Lord, what is my hope; truly my hope is ev-en in thee.

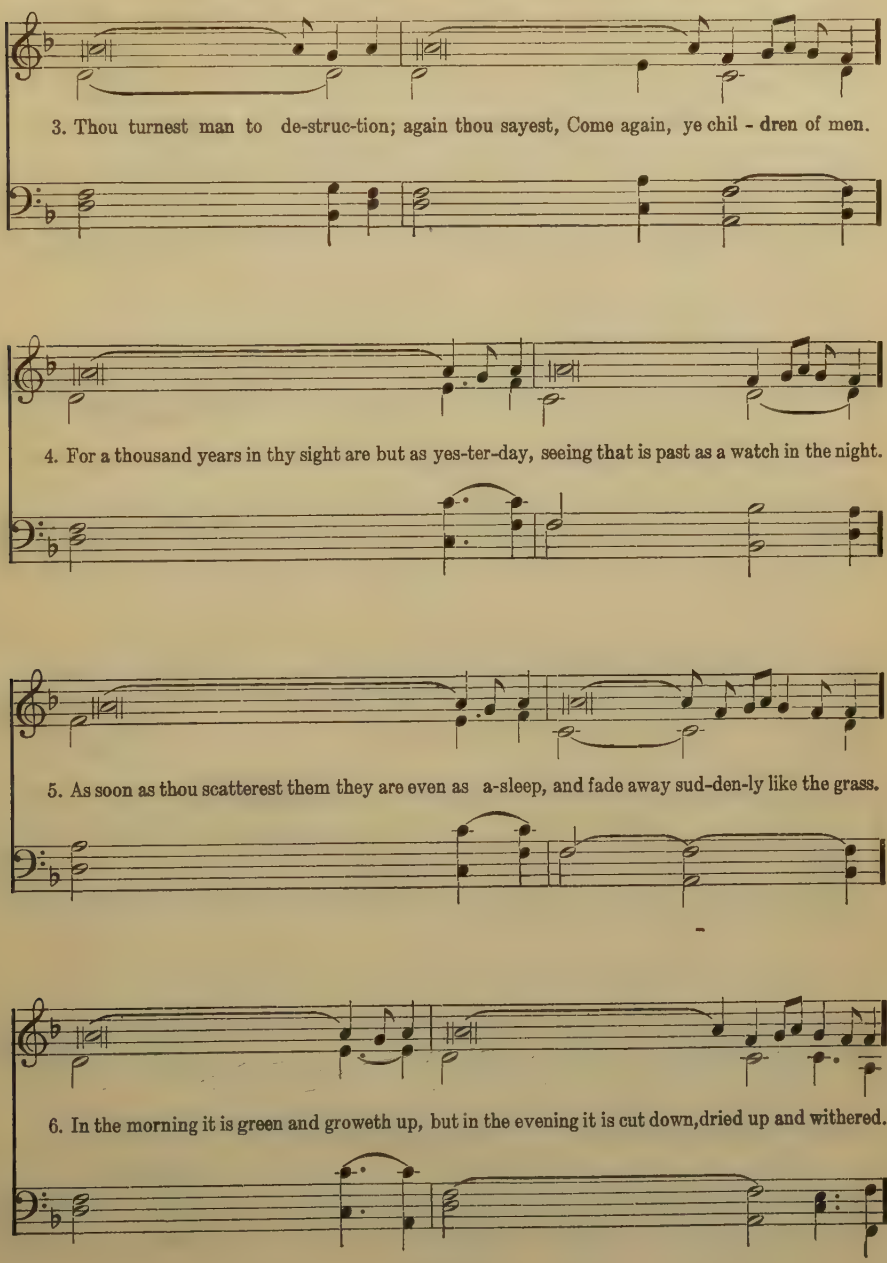

5. Deliver me from all mine of- fenc- es, and make me not a rebuke un-to the fool -ish.
6. When thou with rebukes doth chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume a- way, like as it were a moth fretting a gar - ment,
every man therefore is but van - i - ty. 7. Hear my prayer O Lord, and with thine
ears consider my call-ing, hold not thy peace at my tears. 8. For I am a stranger with thee,
and a sojourner, as all my fa - thers were. 9. O spare me a little that I may recover my strength,

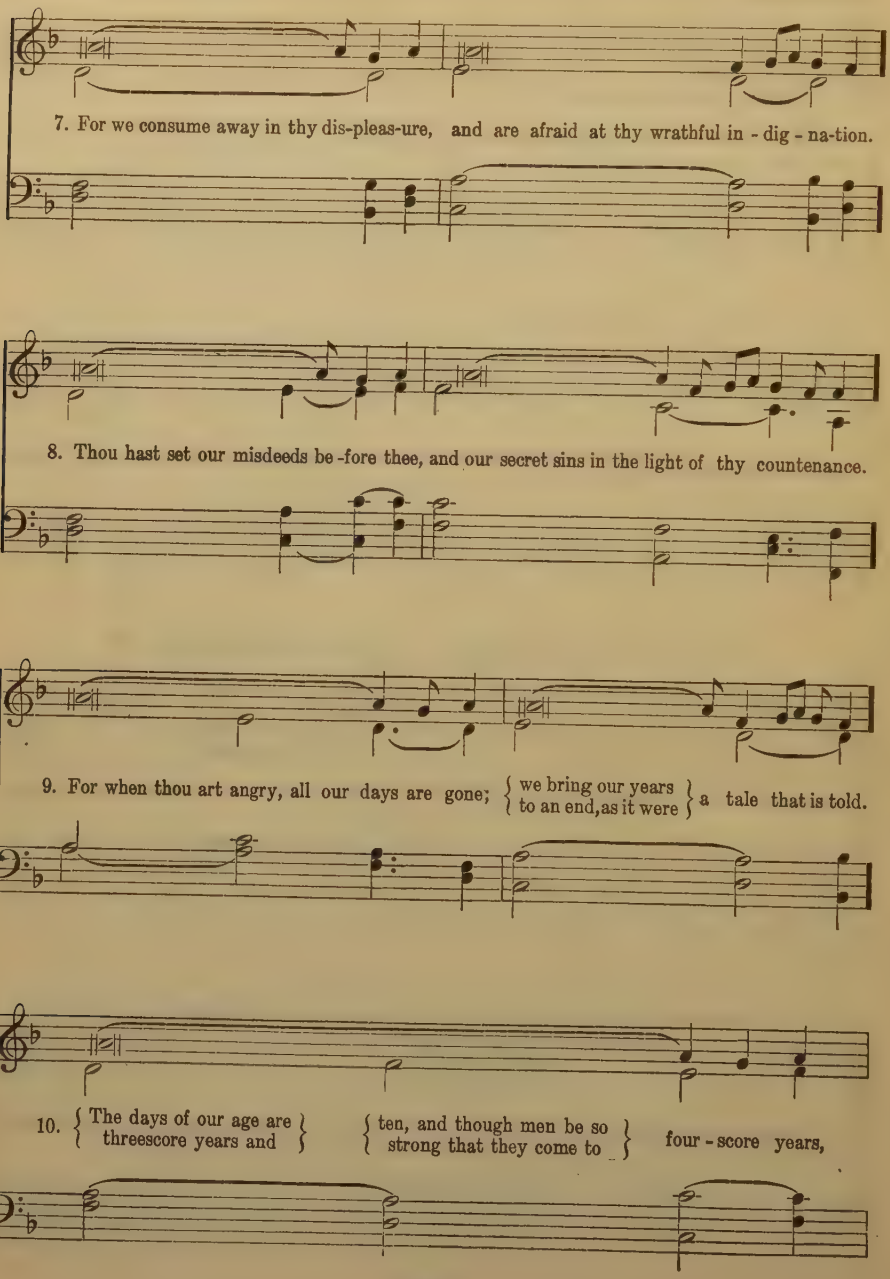

before I go hence and be no more seen. Glory be to the {Father and / to the} Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

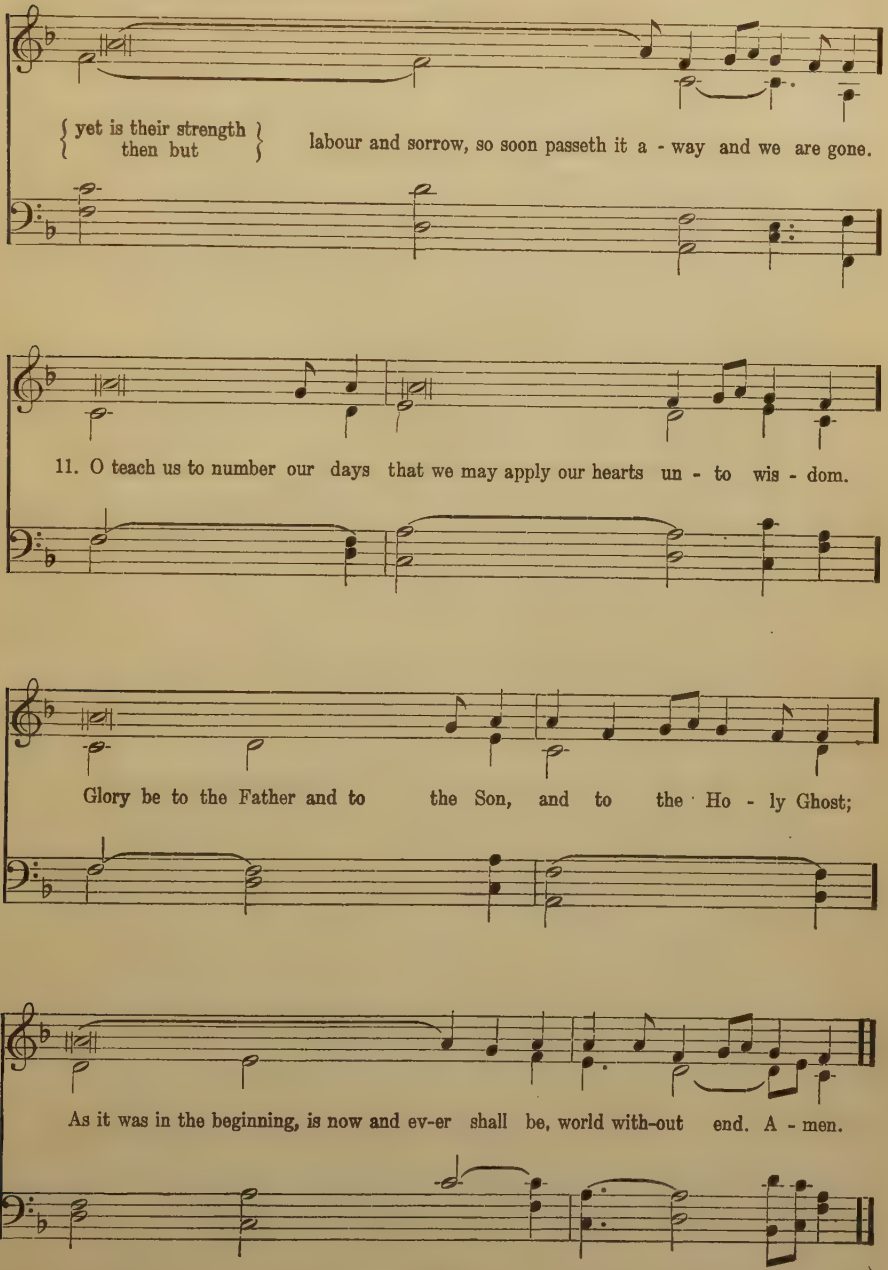
## Burial Psalms. Plainsong Setting

Tone 1, Ending 2


1. Lord, thou hast been our re - fuge from one generation to an - oth - er.
2. {Before the mountains were brought} {forth or ever the earth and the} world were made, {thou art God from ever lasting,} and world without end.


3. Thou turnest man to de-struc-tion; again thou sayest, Come again, ye chil - dren of men.
4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes-ter-day, seeing that is past as a watch in the night.
5. As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a-sleep, and fade away sud-den-ly like the grass.
6. In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down,dried up and withered.


7. For we consume away in thy dis-pleas-ure, and are afraid at thy wrathful in - dig - na-tion.
8. Thou hast set our misdeeds be-fore thee, and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9. For when thou art angry, all our days are gone; { we bring our years / to an end, as it were } a tale that is told.
10. { The days of our age are / threescore years and } { ten, and though men be so / strong that they come to } four - score years,


{ yet is their strength then but } labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it a - way and we are gone.
11. O teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts un - to wis - dom.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.